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Notice

"The Man-Stifled Orient" by Edward Alsworth Ross was crowded out at the last moment by Mrs. Hamilton's article on Ramsay MacDonald, who arrives in America April 15. Before this shift was made the cover, unfortunately, had been printed. We apologize to both authors as well as to our readers.

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The CENTURY MAGAZINE

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KEEP OFF THE GRASS

A Memorandum for Governor Smith and Mr. McAdoo

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

"CAN WE win in 1928?"

"Not if there is to be a repetition of the proceedings of the national convention of 1924."

Wherever the above question is asked by one reasoning, straight-thinking Democrat of another, the answer is likely to be substantially the same. The matter is serious and one that demands the sober thought of loyal Democrats throughout the country.

Let us go back a little. All speculations as to the result of the next contest for the presidency must take as a point of orientation the last Democratic national convention. Only in the most charitable view of the proceedings of that assembly can it be praised as an instance of democracy proving itself—a conference of 1446 delegates engaging in a prolonged struggle over the choice of platform and candidate, and demonstrating that wisdom which we like to believe reposes in any representative body of American citizens.

The exercises began on June 24, and the convention's twenty-nine sessions were not concluded until the early hours of the morning of July 10. There were few moments during the whole period when a disinterested observer would have gained the impression that the delegates were met as a deliberative body and were animated by no other desire than to make a wise choice of the fittest candidate, representative of Democratic principles, and likely to appeal strongly to the electorate. In 1920 Mr. Harding had received seven million more votes than were given for Mr. Cox, his Democratic opponent. This was to be borne in mind in view of the fact that Mr. Wilson's vote over Mr. Hughes in 1916 had been under a million, giving the Democrats a majority of only twenty-three in the Electoral College. The issue of the League of Nations, bequeathed to his party by Mr. Wilson and manfully supported by Mr. Cox, had failed to interest the people, and the Democrats faced the responsibility of finding more attractive issues on which to make their appeal.

At the hour the convention of 1924 met, the hope of Democratic success,

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with any candidate and on any platform, depended upon the harmonious intelligent action of the delegates and an early enthusiastic agreement upon a candidate conspicuously fit and likely to win to his support a very considerable body of Republicans and independents.

But defeat was foreshadowed long before the convention adjourned. After the deadlock became fixed, the country ceased to take the proceedings seriously. The gathering became merely a show, an exhibition of midsummer madness; and the radio, carrying to remote hamlets the clamor, the senseless demonstrations, conveyed the idea that a circus had become disorderly and unmanageable, with the performers and animals running wild.

The nomination of Mr. Davis on the one-hundred-and-third ballot was not the result of an honest compromise; he was caught up in despair after the major elements of the conflict were exhausted and realized that they were making themselves and their party ridiculous. Mr. Davis's fitness for the presidency was indisputable; hardly another man in the nation had so many qualifications. But folly must have its last fling. As if with conscious and malevolent irony, Mr. Davis was tagged with a running-mate whose name revived a distrust of the party without compensating gains. The merriment in the Republican camp over the antics of the convention became a howl of derision when Mr. Charles W. Bryan was named for vice-president, obviously to assuage the sufferings of those Democrats who would inevitably regard Mr. Davis as the tool of the money devils. It is to be said for Mr. Davis that he assumed the leadership of the party thus conferred upon him in an admirable spirit. His personal campaign was conducted on a high plane. With a feeble national organization and the party's morale shattered, he went through with the thing like a gentleman and a patriot.

Mr. Davis received a total of 8,386,503 votes; Mr. Coolidge, 15,725,016. These figures tell the story and point the moral. If 1928 should witness another such convention as the turbulent affair of 1924, the result could hardly be different. There are, in spite of much cynical testimony to the contrary, a good many American citizens who think, and they are not greatly disturbed by the thunder of the captains and the shouting. A party which strikes the key of farce-comedy in the transaction of its business may amuse, or it may become a bore, but short of a miracle it cannot win.

Experience is the least respected of all the world's teaching forces, but with the foregoing epitome of recent Democratic history in mind it would seem that with another campaign only a few months distant every effort should be made to avoid the blunders of 1924.

I do not believe that either Governor Smith or Mr. McAdoo could be elected president even if either could be nominated. The abrogation of the two-thirds rule, which is written in the very alphabet of Democratic convention procedure, might give one or the other the nomination, but it would be an empty honor. As the cards lie to-day, neither of these

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gentlemen would have the ghost of a show of being elected.

Democrats may as well face the prospect now. Governor Smith will not do, and Mr. McAdoo is impossible.

I have spoken frequently against the Klan organization in my own State, from the time it began operations there, took over the Republican party, and became a mischievous power. The meek submission of the Republicans to Klan domination has been a costly thing for the people of Indiana, resulting in constant political scandal, and with a deterring effect, not negligible, upon the prosperous course of business.

The intrusion upon our politics of religious issues is deplorable, in great affairs or small. But a spasm of intolerance is afflicting the country, nor is it confined to the manifestations of the Klan. The battles between fundamentalists and modernists in Protestantism offer phenomena equally discouraging. But we are obliged to deal with realities; and it is folly to pretend that at this time the nomination of any member of the Roman Catholic Church for the presidency, no matter how well fitted by intellect, character, or administrative experience he might be, could fail to precipitate bitter controversy. This is a humiliating confession. We of America should of course be greater than this. But political issues would inevitably be blended with religious questions without advantage to either. It is easy to imagine a national campaign not only strident with religious debate but likely to be profoundly disturbing in other directions, as for instance in our diplomatic relations. What hope would there be, the anti-Catholics would demand, for a fair handling of any difficulty with a Catholic country if the head of the American government were a Catholic? The lofty heights of bigotry and vulgarity attainable in such a controversy have recently been happily indicated by the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin, a Democratic senator from Alabama.

Governor Smith is wet. Mr. McAdoo is dry. Mr. McAdoo's Toledo speech, evidently prepared with care to launch his campaign for the nomination, failed to arouse any great enthusiasm in Democratic quarters. He certainly erred gravely in thinking that his idea of a federal constabulary to enforce prohibition would meet with favor among old-fashioned States' rights Democrats. A number of the leading newspapers of the South were quick to rebuke him for so flagrant an assault upon traditional Democratic principles. It is obvious that this idea of a broad extension of the federal police power to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment would suggest at once to many minds that the long-neglected Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments are equally worthy of attention. I seem to recall a time when "No Force Bill!" was the rallying-cry of Southern Democrats. Just how large an army would be required to stop the importation or the domestic manufacture of alcoholic beverages is an interesting question. Speculation on this point would be sure to figure prominently in any campaign that concentrated upon the Eighteenth Amendment if Mr. McAdoo were the nominee. The Bill of Rights

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contains certain guarantees which can hardly be trampled underfoot to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment unless we are ready to begin uprooting the most precious safeguards and guarantees of our freedom.

Prohibition is bound to be discussed in the Democratic convention of 1928, but it cannot be sanely considered if the two candidates who deadlocked the convention three years ago stand as the protagonists of the two sides of the question. What loyal Democrats everywhere demand is harmony. The morale of the party must be restored. To permit either a religious question or a moral question (if prohibition may be called a moral question) to become the paramount issue is an alternative that cannot be viewed with equanimity. Governor Smith, by combining both issues in his own person, would arouse a bitter hostility never encountered by any other presidential candidate. If nominated, Mr. McAdoo, with enforcement of the Volstead Law the chief issue in his campaign, would find himself leading an enfeebled legion to certain slaughter.

It is for the good of the nation that the Democratic party be maintained as a vigorous fighting body. It has, to be sure, trifled at times with its fundamental principles and been false to its own traditions; but surviving many defeats it offers the people their only hope of resistance to growing Republican rapacity and arrogance. Its perpetuation as an effective organization is not only desirable but essential if the people are to have watchful critics in Washington to detect and publish the increasing intimacies and alliances between the Republican party and Big Business.

The present political apathy is due largely to a feeling of helplessness in the electorate. There is a growing cynicism as to our politics by reason of the seeming impossibility of correcting abuses. Political corruption, of which there are constant evidences; the sale of senatorships to the highest bidder; privilege steadily broadening its domain; the lack of a courageous handling of such a problem as, for example, that presented by the plight of the farmers; the multiplication of political jobs; the marked bureaucratic tendency fostered by Republicanism —all blaze the path of Democratic responsibility and duty.

There was never any such body of faithful earnest partizans as the membership of the Democratic party. It is a splendid fellowship of patriotic Americans. With the business of keeping up local organizations in the face of repeated defeats, with few newspapers of influence to assist by enlightening the people as to the issues, the earnest loyal members have a right to demand sanity of its national conventions.

Deliver us from any more of that Madison Square stuff! This is the prayer of the rank and file of the party, and it might easily be turned into a threat. If the Democratic party must die, let it perish on the firing-line and not by inglorious suicide.

It may be said that in the Middle West, at least, the Democratic party workers, men and women, have no great interest in either Governor

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Smith or Mr. McAdoo. These gentlemen, with all their fine qualities, make no great appeal to the corn belt. The next campaign could not be a repetition of the Cleveland-Blaine fight. No such body of independent-thinking Republicans is in sight to support Governor Smith as rallied around Mr. Cleveland. The Republican party has rejoiced in the fat of the fleshpots too contentedly to encourage any such hope. Where the tall corn grows, the strains of "The Sidewalks of New York" would hardly thrill the Democratic voter on the farm and in the small town. And Mr. McAdoo, with familiar provincial philosophy, sees in the cities only sin and the bitter fruit thereof.

There are many Democrats between the Alleghenies and the Missouri River who do not even know from what State Mr. McAdoo hails. In the popular mind he is only a gentleman who once filled admirably the office of secretary of the treasury. His Toledo speech was like an exasperating interference on the radio.

Those dreary hours in Madison Square Garden during which the home-keeping Democrats waited and despaired caused a heartache that still hurts. There must be a new deal!

It would be a splendid manifestation of patriotism for both Governor Smith and Mr. McAdoo to announce immediately that in no circumstances and under no compulsion will they permit the use of their names in next year's convention.

KEEP OFF THE GRASS!

The sign is written large and requires the interpretation of no soothsayer or medicine-man. It is not I alone who would plant this warning firmly on the Democratic reservation. There are a good many thousands of us fried-meat-eaters, as well as Democrats of the paler academic type, who would like a chance to win next year. And it can't be done if the party is again to make a fool of itself. Our prolonged captivity has become a weariness. We cannot sit forever thrumming our muted harps by the rivers of Babylon!

With Messrs. Smith and McAdoo renewing their battle, or with either nominated, we should be exactly where we found ourselves when the gavel fell finally in Madison Square Garden. It would be ruinous to open the next convention with that same calamitous deadlock clearly in prospect before the ordering of the first roll-call of the States.

The eyes of the country are upon Governor Smith and William G. McAdoo. By eliminating themselves before the trumpet sounds for action, they would kindle hope in the hearts of Democrats everywhere.

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MUSSOLINI, THE POPE AND THE KING

From What Quarter Will Disaster Come?

GAETANO SALVEMINI

IF THE majority of Italians are not satisfied with the Fascist régime, why do they tolerate it? Why do they not rid themselves of it, as the population of any other civilized country would do?

When an Englishman or a citizen of the United States asks, "Why do the Italians not resist Fascism?" *resist* means for him to vote against, or get up meetings of protest, to write to the papers, or to demonstrate on the street-corner. He thinks that, should any one hamper him in the expression of these rights, the police would intervene to protect him, and the bench would vindicate him, if necessary, even against the police. He is so secure in the enjoyment of his free institutions that he cannot conceive a civilized country in which these no longer exist. He does not realize that in Italy all legal means of expressing one's will are forbidden. Associations are dissolved; the right of assembly no longer exists; elections are suppressed or falsified; the press is silenced; anti-Fascists are spied upon, their correspondence intercepted, their houses searched; a section of the police, that which bears the name of militia, actually commits the worst outrages against every personal and political liberty; the other section, the police proper, is paralyzed by the militia or its accomplice; the magistrates do not awake when men belonging to the party in power are involved in a political crime; anti-Fascists, if they are suspected of being politically active, are imprisoned, banished, interned, bludgeoned, or killed.

What could a liberal-minded Italian, averse to violence, actually do to "resist" the Fascist dictatorship? What avails moral strength against a party whose boast it is that it got into power by force and intends to stay there by force?

The words resist, oppose, revolt, in Italy to-day, can have but one meaning, to meet force with force.

But the problem of setting force against force is not an easy one.

Instances of individual revolt and revenge occur sporadically. But individual acts of despair are of no avail against a dictatorship which can rapidly concentrate powerful military forces. When some desperate outburst occurs in a town, Fascists often disappear for some hours, fearing a general uprising. But the militia is rapidly summoned by telephone from the neighboring cities, and reprisals reduce the place to a state of terror more suffocating than before. In purely local revolts

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the Fascists will always be the victors. The dictatorship can be fought only by a general movement throughout the whole country, so that the Fascists, attacked everywhere at once, have no chance to concentrate their forces.

But formidable *technical* difficulties stand in the way of a general uprising. Only school-boy romanticism could plan a revolutionary organization to include the whole of Italy, distribute arms, hold itself ready for simultaneous attacks under the orders of a central committee. A big centralized organization involves large expense, and the anti-Fascists are not backed by the bankers, industrialists, and big landowners. Moreover the police would speedily discover it and hand over its members to Fascist reprisals. History shows that no revolution ever came about through a big organization with a central committee. Large secret societies serve merely to earn money for spies.

Revolution in a large country can only break out if two circumstances conjoin: desperate unrest among large sections of the population; and some national event which stirs the people to its depths, sets the spur to its hatreds and hopes, and drives it everywhere to action, while, on the other hand, it discomposes and paralyzes the dominant party and makes it incapable of resisting.

The first condition is being prepared during these years by the work of the Fascists themselves. All the experiences of these years showed that each effort at legal opposition unchained a fresh murderous offensive and gave a new turn to the thumb-screw of "normalizing" laws. As a result the opponents of the dictatorship are forced to recognize that they must either give in, like animals at bay, or abandon the legal and resort to the revolutionary struggle.

The worst of all Mussolini's crimes against the Italian nation is that by destroying all belief in the integrity of the bench and by demolishing all free and representative institutions, he has choked the safety-valves by which discontent can let off steam in time of stress. People who claim that Mussolini has checked the revolutionary peril in Italy claim the reverse of the truth. In 1922, when Mussolini seized the government, the revolutionary peril was over, and he was able to seize the government because the revolutionary peril *was* over. The Fascist dictatorship has created a new revolutionary peril far greater than any that existed before its triumph.

But irritation, however desperate, cannot bring about a revolution, if the second condition is still lacking; that is, the incident which sets in motion the whole mass of the opponents throughout the whole country.

The murder of Matteotti in June, 1924, might have been the signal for such a revolt. But the public mind was unprepared.

Will such another moment ever occur?

∾

That the Fascist dictatorship will fall through internal dissensions among the Fascists, is a vain hope.

Fascism is indeed seething with violent dissensions; among the would-be "Samurai" the more skilful are already comfortably seated in the

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stalls, but many are still waiting in the queue; Mussolini multiplies officials, but it is no easy matter to find posts for all, and new "Samurai" are ever coming to the front. Thus the struggle between the "haves" and the "have-nots" becomes every day more bitter. The fifteen-year-old lad Zamboni, who attempted Mussolini's life on October 31, 1926, was a dissident Fascist.

But faced with the danger of an anti-Fascist rising, the Fascists will always present a solid front, whatever their domestic quarrels. Their internal dissensions undoubtedly increase the sense of insecurity among them, and may help to drive them to some stroke of folly, but will not alone be sufficient to cause a crisis.

It is likewise vain to hope that a grave economic crisis will lead to a political one. The Italians have an incredible capacity for tightening their belts; during the war they endured a standard of living to which no other people in the world could have adapted themselves. Stifled by the Fascist militia they will bear economic hardships in silence, until the day when some violent impulse *of an emotional origin*, like that of the murder of Matteotti, makes them rise as one man. They will then be capable of passing without transition from leaden passivity to unbridled revolt.

It is, again, vain to hope that the industrialists, bankers, and big profiteers will grow weary of being held to ransom by the Fascists, and, exasperated by some economic measure counter to their interests, will revolt against the dictatorship. Not only the armed militia, but also the machinery of trade-unionism, in the hands of the Fascists, can become a formidable weapon against the employers. Having called up the demon, the employers can no longer banish it. Their mercenaries have become their masters. Rather, they will seek behind the scenes to gain on the swings what they lose on the rebounds, and they will seek, naturally, to gain it with interest. Certainly the latent discontent of the employers may contribute to intensify in the Fascist party that state of insecurity, suspicion, and instability that one fine day will lead to a final folly and ruin.

Many in Italy and abroad believe that the Italian people will find a way out with the help of the Catholic clergy and the army. These are now the only organized forces in Italy, besides the militia and the trade-unions; and it is certain that if the clergy and the army turned against Mussolini and his followers, the ruin of the Fascist régime would follow forthwith. Every time the Fascists have met with resistance from the *carabinieri*, they have taken to their heels as soon as they saw that their opponents meant business. If tomorrow the army were to take the lead in an anti-Fascist offensive, there would be no need for a long and sanguinary struggle; the arrest of a hundred of the superior officers of the militia would suffice to settle the matter. Not only would the militia forthwith melt away, but many militiamen would suddenly reveal themselves ferocious anti-Fascists, and it would be harder work to keep a check on these anti-Fascists of the thirteenth hour than to combat the Fascists who had stuck to their colors. If at the same moment the

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clergy gave the peasantry the word to rise, very few Fascists in the country-side would escape immediate destruction. In the towns, the workers, now forcibly penned up in the Fascist unions, would only have to appoint leaders whom they trusted, and the unions would immediately become centers for the reorganization of the working masses.

But I do not believe that the clergy or the army can ever take the initiative in a rising against the Fascist party and the militia.

The subject of the relations between the Catholic Church and Fascism is one which cannot be adequately treated in a few pages. Only a prolonged analysis, documentation, and study of precedents could show the present policy of Pius XI and his collaborators. For the moment I must confine myself to an explanation of my assertion that there is no hope that the clergy will ever take the lead in an anti-Fascist rising.

First of all, the official teaching of the Catholic Church never authorizes active revolt against established authority. It admits only two attitudes as legitimate: active support of a friendly government by the clergy, or passive resistance to an enemy government. This is the abstract theory. In actual practice innumerable shades are possible, both of active support and of passive resistance. The choice of shade is dictated to the ecclesiastical authorities by the contingencies of the moment; for instance, by the stability of the friendly government, by the strength of the enemy government, by the hope of greater advantages, by the fear of greater evils, by the state of mind of the lower clergy and of the Catholic masses, by the mentality of the actual leaders of the church, and so on.

To-day, in Italy, the parish clergy and the peasantry among whom they live are in the great majority stubbornly anti-Fascist. Many priests have had to suffer Fascist reprisals; the parish priest of Argenta, Don Minzoni, was beaten to death by the Fascists. If the ecclesiastical authorities left the lower clergy to its own devices, its opposition to Fascism, without ever becoming an active revolt, could create serious difficulties.

But within the Fascist party there are two conflicting currents: the "clerical" current, led by Signor Federzoni, who advises the widest possible concessions to the Vatican in order to bind it to the Fascist cause; and the "anti-clerical" current, formed by the extreme Fascists, who demand the active support of the clergy, and, not finding it, would exact it by a large-scale use of the bludgeon. Mussolini with one hand allows the Vatican large concessions —religious teaching in the schools, restitution of churches and monasteries confiscated during the Risorgimento, loud manifestations of reverence—while with the other he displays the bludgeon ready to descend.

The Vatican, making the best of both worlds, accepts the good and escapes the evil. It does not seem to be overfull of candidates for martyrdom. The higher prelates, who live in contact with the nobility, are for the greater part pro-Fascist. The Jesuits are in the majority pro-Fascist; a Jesuit, Father Tacchi-

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Venturi, is one of Mussolini's intimate counselors. The cardinal secretary of state, Cardinal Gasparri, is notoriously anti-Fascist and the butt of intermittent press campaigns in the Fascist papers. But he does not concern himself in Italian matters. "Italy?" he repeats, rubbing his hands. "Italy belongs to another department." The "other department" is Monsignor Pizzarro, the state manager of the Fascist party in the Vatican.

Pope Pius XI forbids the clergy to involve themselves in political strife, as "the Kingdom of Heaven is not of this world"; thus the anti-Fascist parish priests are bound to shut themselves in their churches and confine themselves to administering the sacraments. But any cardinal, bishop, or Jesuit who wishes to make a public demonstration in favor of Mussolini and his government is assured that no superior authority will remind him that "the Kingdom of Heaven is not of this world." Pius XI strongly condemns the doctrines and methods of the Action Française; but he mildly deplores the identical doctrines and methods of the Italian Fascists, tactfully wrapping his criticism in an abundance of personal praise of Mussolini. If the mass of the lower clergy were not tenaciously anti-Fascist, the pro-Fascism of Pope Pius XI would be more decided and declared. But, in order not to shock too directly the feelings of his parish clergy, he is constrained to dissimulate his pro-Fascism with formal reservations, although in the decisive moments his moves are always in favor of Fascist policy.

With such a spiritual leader, it is an idle dream to expect the Catholic clergy to take the initiative in the struggle against Fascism. The parish priests will keep to their churches, standing aloof from politics, under the rigid control of the Vatican, as long as the Fascist party retains its power. Only after the Fascist breakdown will the parish clergy issue freely from their churches, and try to gather the peasantry again round the church and withdraw them from the influences of socialism. No church authority will then admonish them that "the Kingdom of Heaven is not of this world." The parish clergy will certainly be acting in good faith. But the future will tell whether the peasantry will be naïve enough to forget the Fascism of the pope in the anti-Fascism of the parish clergy.

As for the army, here too we find about the same proportion of Fascists and anti-Fascists as in all other population groups. The common soldiers, nearly all of whom are workers or peasants, are strongly anti-Fascist. The junior officers, actively in sympathy with Fascism from 1919 to 1922, became in the main anti-Fascist in 1923 and 1924. They were indignant at the claims of the militia officers—adventurers whose records were often stained with abominable crimes—that they be treated on the same footing as the regulars. After the murder of Matteotti the high military authorities profited by the difficulties in which Mussolini found himself to force him to purge the militia of the most discredited officers and to reserve all the higher ranks to retired officers of the regular army. This victory of regu-

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lars over irregulars provoked great discontent in the rank and file of militia and party.

Many hope that the return of the militia to its original methods of undisguised violence will aggravate the antagonism between the militia and the army. But while it is very likely that the irritation of the junior army officers against the officers of the militia still simmers below the surface, I do not think that this can bring about any important development. The junior officers will always obey their seniors, and this is as it should be. But the senior officers are nearly all pro-Fascist. They get from Mussolini all they want. Military expenditure goes on increasing, absolutely uncontrolled; pay and bonuses have reached a level that no soldier could hope for under any other régime; the militia—the armed guard of the Revolution—takes on itself the odium of all legal repressions and illegal violence, while the army has the *beau rôle* of remaining *au dessus de la mêlée*, thanks to the official theory that it must take no part in police operations but be used only in time of war. What interest would the army generals have in taking the lead in order to change such an agreeable state of things? To be sure, the militia gives rise to scandal; every now and then some house is burned down, some man is murdered. But is it the fault of the generals of the regular army, if these acts of the militia go unpunished? That is the business of the militia officers, the police, the magistrates. Every general of the regular army who is affiliated with the Black Shirts can honestly repeat the words of Cain: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Of course not every general of the regular army is affiliated with the Black Shirts. There are still some who are loyal to their oaths. But what can these do against the Fascists? They must obey the orders of the minister of war, and the minister of war is Mussolini.

To conclude, I do not think that the generals will ever take the lead against the militia; that is to say, against the Fascist party. There will always be subterranean friction between the generals, who wish to control the militia, and the militia, which does not intend to be controlled; but this friction will never take the form of open conflict, unless Mussolini and the militia leaders are driven to some act of desperate folly.

If the king were to abandon his passive attitude, the situation would change forthwith. The generals hostile to Fascism would have at last a legal command to obey, many of the others would be tied by their oath of allegiance, and the mass of junior officers and common soldiers would rise. But it is vain to hope that the king will abandon his passive attitude. He is incapable of any act of will. If a Fascist extraordinary tribunal condemned him to death, and no outside force came to set him free, he would face the sentence without emotion, or at most with that sudden nervous twitch of the lower jaw that is habitual to him; but he would never struggle actively against his fate. He feels the dishonor into which he has fallen, and suffers from it because he is well-meaning. He hopes that an occasion will present itself that will open the way for a return to the constitution. But no outside cir-

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cumstance can be of any use to a man who has not the inward strength which knows how to lay hold on circumstances, or to create them if they are not present. Thus he falls from capitulation to capitulation, from complicity to complicity, from shame to shame, seeking ever a position from which to organize resistance, and never finding it. The first position from which to resist is character, and character is lacking to him. There are kings who forswear themselves passively, allowing their ministers to violate the constitution while comforting themselves with the illusion that they have thus shaken off all personal guilt. Ferdinand II of Bourbon, "Re Bomba," belongs to this category; Victor Emmanuel III of Savoy has no such defense. He is not a man, but a machine for signing decrees. He is the *roi fainéant* par excellence. He is the last of the Merovingians.

If no change is to be hoped for either from the clergy, from the army, from the industrialists, from internal dissension among the Fascists, or from revolutionary organization, where can we look for the incident which will overturn the Fascist system?

I am convinced that it will be found in foreign politics. This is the weak point of the Fascist régime, and from this point will come its disaster.

The whole Fascist propaganda aims at keeping the country in a state of anxiety as to raw materials, the supply of which can be cut off at any moment, and as to the millions of men who, it maintains, can no longer live in Italy; and at the same time this propaganda aims at producing a state of apocalyptic expectation of some great *coup* by which Mussolini will provide raw materials and colonies for all those millions.

A clear-sighted French journalist, Monsieur Naudeau, who is rather sympathetic toward Fascism and who last year made a careful investigation of Italian conditions, described in "L'Illustration," July 10, 1926, the state of frenzied exaltation in which he found the Fascists, when he attended a demonstration at Milan in honor of Mussolini:

"The crowd was carried away by wild enthusiasm. All the people around me seemed genuinely to expect a miracle. They appeared to be in the grip of emotion caused by the direst suffering: they gave the impression of being assembled to demand solemn reparation for justice which had been denied them. Lads of fifteen or sixteen were the most excited of all. Suddenly framed in electric light, in a burst of music, Mussolini appeared on a third-floor balcony, majestic as a god of old. Then a great cry rose from below. One would have thought that a people crushed, ground down, and maddened by injustice had caught sight of their savior whose presence was a sure pledge of coming deliverance. It was clear that in the minds of the young men gathered there a vast national purpose was awaiting accomplishment. By such means grandiose dreams are fostered in these ardent spirits who see in Mussolini the man who shall immediately realize their dreams."

Signor Federzoni wrote in December, 1925, in "Rassegna Italiana": "We would like to be loved, but we prefer to be envied and feared."

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There is in the Fascist mentality a strange mixture of megalomania and persecution mania. On the one hand, they are convinced that all neighbors are threatening Italy; on the other, they are ever threatening all their neighbors to prevent them from threatening Italy. On the one hand, they are angry because Italy is not possessed of raw materials, and is under the control of Great Britain, which holds the gates of the Mediterranean, at Gibraltar and Suez; on the other, they threaten to make war to acquire the territories which contain raw materials and to break down those gates. But how can they make war without raw materials? How can they break down those gates if the British Empire is stronger than Fascism? At one moment they aspire to lift the Italian nation to greatness and to glory; at the next they maintain that in an anarchical country such as Italy a dictator is necessary, to impose discipline on the people by means of terrorism. They do not ask themselves: "If to-morrow the dictator calls this people to the colors for a war, will he be able to send them to death by means of castor-oil? In a war against nations, which are trained by the spontaneous discipline of liberty, could victory ever go to a country, like Italy to-day, split up by the Fascists into a minority of masters to whom everything is permitted, and a minority of slaves, deprived of all rights and protected by no moral law?" The experience of the World War showed that czarist Russia, kaiserist Germany, the Austria of Francis Joseph, all of them autocratically or almost autocratically ruled countries, collapsed; while the free and democratic countries, among which Italy then stood, emerged victorious from the awful ordeal.

All these contradictions and questions have no importance for the Fascists. In the state of apocalyptic expectation in which they are plunged, they are thoroughly sure that Mussolini will solve all problems, will overcome all contradictions, will answer all questions.

This fanaticism is a great danger for Italy and for world peace. Even if the leaders of the Fascist party are not fanatics but merely wish to arouse fanaticism among their followers, they arouse at least a dangerous fanaticism. One day these followers will break away from the control of the men who exploited their fanaticism, and will demand deeds, not words.

They hold the government without opposition, since they have suppressed by force every opposition in the press, in associations, in the Chamber. The root of the danger lies precisely in this. The Fascists, having demolished every opposition in the internal polity, have to find other obstacles against which to discharge their excitement. And not finding these obstacles in their own country, they have to seek them abroad. Dictatorship and war, as history shows, always go together. Dictatorship results in war—as an outlet for internal troubles, if for no other reason.

But when an international crisis arises, fair-minded men throughout the world must not charge the Italian nation with the responsibility, which is the burden only of the armed minority that gags and stifles

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the Italian nation. When Mussolini is pushed by domestic difficulties to make in his foreign policy a blunder bigger than the blunder of Corfu, bigger than the shameful Garibaldi blunder, then all other governments will be compelled to preserve the peace of the world. Then they will deal with Mussolini, and with the Fascist militia likewise, as they did with Wilhelm II and the German army in November, 1918. They will declare that they refuse to have anything to do with Mussolini and that they wish to deal only with the Italian people after it has been restored to liberty. War will not be needed in order to make this step successful. This impulse, of an emotional origin, will set in motion against the dictatorship the whole of the Italian people, and the dictatorship will collapse.

I hope with all the strength of my heart that Mussolini is still alive and still in power when the crisis comes.

If Mussolini were removed from the scene before the failure of the whole Fascist régime, Fascism would lose its great propagandist. Among his possible successors none will ever equal him in dramatic instinct and theatrical inventiveness. None will ever hold such immense sway over the hosts of militiamen and Black Shirts. No one else would be in a position to hold at one time the posts of minister of the interior, minister of war, and commander of the militia. The attempts at disorder, which would follow the death of the Duce, would give the king more than sufficient reason to declare martial law throughout Italy. A ministry of generals would take the place of Mussolini's cabinet.

And the new man to whom the militarist-capitalist alliance would pin their faith is even now ready and waiting. He is Signor Federzoni, minister of the colonies in the Mussolini cabinet from November, 1922, to June, 1924, and minister of the interior from June, 1924, till November, 1926, when Mussolini forced him to leave the Ministry of the Interior and return to the Colonial Ministry. As early as 1910, Signor Federzoni was the spokesman of the iron industry and the military and naval staffs. At this time Mussolini was preaching the wildest revolutionary anti-militarism. In the new political situation the militia, without Mussolini, would have to accept subordination to the regular military authorities and would be easily kept in check. The press would have a little more freedom to breathe. Fresh elections, duly controlled, would allow the Chamber of Deputies to regain a certain appearance of working. And this diminution of illegal violence and legal pressure would be trumpeted on all sides as the end of Fascism. Victor Emmanuel III would pass down to history as "the restorer of Italian liberties."

But all this would be nothing but deception and mockery. Fascism would not have ended, but only those more brutal forms of violence which do Fascism more harm than good.

Mussolini—as cannot be too often repeated—was not the creator of the Fascist régime. The Fascist régime is an alliance of big capitalists and high military authorities of which Mussolini is the figurehead and propagandist, even though, as chief

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of the militia, he has succeeded in creating a force of his own with which capitalists and military authorities have to reckon. If Mussolini passed from the scene, the militarist-capitalist machine, at the heart of the Fascist system, would continue to function, because it was not made by him, and has always gone its own way, while taking advantage of his propaganda.

An interesting legend—but a legend and nothing more—began to circulate in 1926, to the effect that Signor Federzoni is a "moderate Fascist," a "reasonable Fascist."

The "moderation" and "reasonableness" of Signor Federzoni and his friends consist precisely of this: they have no love for *useless* violence, but admit *useful* violence, which they allow *others* to commit while turning the results to their own profit. The "moderation" of Signor Federzoni and his friends is the "moderation" of the receiver of stolen goods, one who does not participate in the actual theft. Signor Federzoni is more prudent, more balanced, averse to those sudden impulses that sometimes drive Mussolini to acts of ferocity. But all the "normalizing" legislation has been framed, not by Mussolini, but by Federzoni and his associate, Signor Rocco, minister of justice.

The fact, however, that *some one* has been spreading the legend of a Signor Federzoni who is a "reasonable Fascist" is most significant. For it proves that *some one* is already thinking of the need to prepare the way for Mussolini's successor.

The alliance of big landowners, big industrialists, bankers, and high military bureaucrats, which forms the dominant section of the Fascist system, has already succeeded in setting up a legislation that gives it complete control of public administration, and thus of the country at large. The Fascist crimes created the terror without which such legislation would have met with insuperable opposition. Now that it is in force, crime is no longer necessary. But the memory of the crimes persists, and every one holds Mussolini responsible for them. He inspires fanatical worship in his followers, but he excites also the implacable hatred of his enemies. To the minds of the Italian people he will always be "the murderer of Matteotti." Worse, still, as long as Mussolini remains in power, there is always the risk of fresh crimes, which disturb the public conscience and keep Italy in a continual state of dangerous unrest, whether they are commanded by the Duce, in a moment of unbalanced excitement, or committed by his followers, roused by his bloodthirsty eloquence. To-day Mussolini is no longer a force but a dead-weight for the capitalist-militarist alliance. Were he to vanish, his successor could present himself to the Italian people with bloodless hands, and to all accusations could reply: "Am I to blame? What is done is done! Let us forget the past and adapt ourselves to the requirements of the future."

While the disappearance of Mussolini would be an inestimable boon to the Fascist régime, it would be a calamity for liberal politics in Italy and abroad. The state of hysterical excitement in which the Fascists have been living for six years must sooner or later give place to disappointment. Mussolini's histrionic skill may take

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them in for a time, but not forever, and when their frenzy begins to subside the Fascist dictatorship will no longer be able to stand. Sooner or later—and perhaps sooner rather than later—the Fascists will be faced by insurmountable difficulties. They cannot see these difficulties now, because they violently suppress all symptoms of them. But the difficulties are growing day by day, and when these difficulties are so formidable that no human force can overcome them, Mussolini, if he is still at the head of the government, will be hurled to ruin, and his party and its ideals with him. If, on the contrary, Mussolini disappears, there will always be a certain number of old ladies and retired generals in the world who will say: "The ruin of Fascism is a consequence of Mussolini's disappearance. If Mussolini were still here, Fascism would be invincible." The collective failure of the dictatorship would teach little or nothing because it would not be a personal failure of the dictator. Fascism would be robbed of its value as an experiment.

RED ROSES

HAROLD VINAL

High in some drowsy attic, now, her dream
Is stored away in musk and lavender,
And roof and gable, wainscoting and beam
Guard Phœbe's secret from the slanderer.
And no one knows how the blurred line might tell
The misadventure of an old romance;
These ancient walls keep Phœbe's secret well,
Whispering nothing to the Winds of Chance.

And seeing Phœbe now, aged fifty-three,
One cannot quite conceive how once allure
Was hers, and beauty and dark witchery,
But in her room of curtains and plush chairs,
She sits remembering her Matador—
And roses crushed to red blood on the stairs.

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THE RUINOUS WOMAN

ELMER DAVIS

IF YOU knew Alicia Rayleigh, as most people did, you probably called her That Dreadful Person. If you called her something more amiable, such as the Dash of Bitters, it was proof that you had never felt the sting of her barbed and restless tongue. Alicia wrote—news for a musical weekly, snappy personalities for a magazine that distilled the flavor of the metropolis for inland subscribers; she wrote right up to the twelve-mile limit, and what the libel laws wouldn't let her print she said at lunch.

She meant no harm, of course. Ronnie, the late Mr. Rayleigh, had always assured everybody that she meant no harm. . . .

Alicia was dining at the Plaza with Holderness. He talked, and she found her mind wandering, as if she were hearing a concerto that might have been exquisite over a squawky radio.

"Of course," he was explaining, "I don't expect you to be excited about me. You've known me too long. I don't even want it. I'm fifty-four, and I've had enough excitement. . . . So have you."

Her eyes came back from the other side of the dining-room.

"Really? That's news."

"So have you," he repeated, "though you're only thirty-eight."

"Dear me, Edward, you're terribly arithmetical. I'm thirty-three. Ask the election clerk, if you don't believe me."

"Let's see," he computed. "Eight years married, six years a widow, two years out of college before you married—"

"Only the idle rich," said Alicia, "have time for mental arithmetic. Only you, in fact."

"Only I am seeking you in marriage."

"Well! How do you know?"

"Your manner," he said critically. "Ladies of a certain age have an uncertain air, unless they're being pursued. They may still hope they're attractive, but they need somebody to second the motion. . . . I don't count, of course. I've always been around. But I've seen you when you were being pursued—by others. You looked reassured, Alicia—reassured and wistful. The wistfulness of a poor frail woman helpless in the hands of Fate. That always tells me that you're about to dash somebody's hopes—hopes that you've planted and raised by hand, till they grew up to the dashing-point."

"Edward, you're perfectly insufferable!" His gray eyes were immovable behind the rimless glasses; her black eyes stared into them sullenly, then roved about the dining-room.

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"I can't be a hermit," she protested. "I have to meet people; and I'm human. I—I need friends. I can't help it if the moment I get tired and blue and let somebody kiss me he loses his head."

"You won't need to help it much longer. . . . Oh, I know you, my dear. You like to play hell, and you generally succeed."

He paused to let her think it over, and supply instances from history. He and she and everybody knew she had played exactly that with Ronnie, for all that she was rather nice to him. Ronnie might have gone far, if Alicia's tongue hadn't raised up a new enemy before him at every turn.

"Why do you want me?" she asked. "You don't seem to think I'm good-looking, and you say I'm always playing hell."

"I want you because you amuse me. You ought to want me because I rest you. Ten years ago we'd have murdered each other on the honeymoon. But we're getting on. We'd be a good match now."

"So I amuse you, do I? Ah, my dear, if you only knew—"

"Knew all the things you've said about me? I know them. Everybody knows them. Things you say get around. But you can't hurt me because I have nothing to lose—plenty of money and no reputation. You can't hurt me by saying things about me; and you couldn't hurt me, as my wife, by saying things about other people. I'm rich enough to stand it."

As Ronnie hadn't been . . .

"Yes," said Alicia suavely, "since you've survived two indictments and an alienation suit I don't suppose anything I might say could hurt you. But I still don't see why you want me. I amuse you—well, I amuse most people. But nobody else seems to want me around the house—"

"The Dash of Bitters," he observed. "Good for a strong stomach—like mine. You see things with hellish clearness. Most of us can't stand it, but I can. Having no reputation of my own to lose, I enjoy watching you prick holes in other people's reputations."

"So you'd like to settle down with me to—slippered ease?"

"Not a bit. Keeping up with you would keep me young; my money would keep you young. You're tired, Alicia. You work hard. Either of your jobs offers unlimited opportunity for blackmail, but some quirk keeps you honest, and poor. Five years more of the grind, and you'll be old. Your beauty is the tricky kind; just a shade in the wrong direction, and it's gone. Marry me—sleep till noon every day, with a clever maid to take care of you—and you'll come back in a blaze of glory for seven or eight years more. Then, when you're forty-five and I'm sixty, we can lean back on the cushions of the limousine and watch the traffic go by."

"No!" she said furiously.

"No? Why not? Don't want to marry for money? What else do ladies of thirty-eight marry for? . . . Love?"

"N-no," she conceded, hating herself for not being able to say it with more assurance. "Not love—but what it does to you. Excitement . . . And to—to build something—" He was laughing silently.

"I didn't dream there was so much strawberry syrup in the dash of

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bitters. You're not much of a builder, Alicia. Your talent runs to tearing down. A very useful talent —I'm not decrying it; but don't try to build. Better buy into an established concern. . . . Really, my dear, you surprise me."

Alicia didn't doubt it. She had surprised herself. For years that streak of sentiment had shown itself only in the inverted reaction of sardonic cynicism; nobody but Alicia had known it was there. And now she had betrayed it to the last man in the world who would find it attractive.

"All the same," she said, though not quite so fiercely, "no."

"As you please. You may change your mind when you look into your glass to-morrow morning."

"After dancing till half-past three," she admitted, "one is apt to look a little woebegone at breakfast." (They were going on, after dinner, to the Wade Settlement Ball.)

"True. But when you're ready to go to bed at nine o'clock every evening it will be too late—even for me. I'm probably the only man you've ever known ten years without turning him into an enemy; but even my curious fancy may not last forever. I don't mind the tongue, but I'm rather exacting about the face."

Angry and disquieted, she would not meet his eyes; her glance slanted away over his shoulder; absently she smiled and nodded.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Matthew Leashe."

"Leashe the playwright?" She nodded; he turned and stared at a dark man, his fresh-shaven cheeks faintly blue, who sat by the farther wall.

"Mean-looking rascal," said Holderness. "Isn't he the one who loses wives?"

"Two of them died. The third ran off with a radio announcer."

"Ah, yes; I remember. They call him Bluebeard."

"I started that," said Alicia with a reminiscent smile.

"It sounds like something you started. Does Leashe know it?"

"Oh, yes. He's responded in kind. He told somebody that if there ever was another world war it would be my fault."

"Yes, that line's gone around too."

"I suppose so. But I see things, and why shouldn't I say them? I can stand what they say about me."

"I've no doubt," Holderness agreed, "that you're calloused to attacks on your character. But wait till they start on your face—it won't be long."

"Edward, you're unendurable tonight!"

"I see things, so why shouldn't I say them? . . . What happened to Leashe's wives?"

"One of them was killed in an automobile accident. . . . No, he wasn't driving."

"Then he may not relish being called Bluebeard, if he happened to care for the woman."

"Probably he doesn't relish it. But why should it worry you?"

"Because I'd like to break his neck for the things he's said about you. Sorry, my dear, if I intrude a feeling that seems out of place in our cool relationship; but I happen to feel that way."

"If you tried to break the necks of all the people who say things about me," said Alicia, "you'd be pretty busy."

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"I know it. Besides, one doesn't break necks any more."

"No," she said, "only banks."

She looked up, startled; that had popped out before she thought. One of the high points in Holderness's career had been the breaking of a bank, not at Monte Carlo. (The jury, fortunately, had disagreed.)

"See?" he said. "You're utterly incurable. Nobody else in the world would stand for that sort of thing, but I can. We'd get along."

"Perhaps, but—give me a little more time."

"If you like; but don't take too much time. Your charms won't keep."

"Then I'd better freshen them up before the dance," she said lightly. "Shall I meet you in the lounge?"

"I want another cup of coffee. I'll wait for you here."

"And I," she promised, "shall try to acquire that pursued look."

In the mirror of the dressing-room she stared at her face with the beginnings of desperation. She had no active desire to marry anybody—certainly not Holderness. But there were mornings when she felt very lonely, in her barrack room in a women's hotel. They would come more often with each year. Perhaps in another decade—

But long before then, it would be too late. She knew the tricky quality of what most people still called her beauty. Analyzed, it was hardly beauty at all—a dark brooding face, black brooding eyes; large arresting features; coarse black bobbed hair that curled about the big synthetic pearls on her ears. The effect of the composition was still beauty, for most observers, but the type of beauty that is only a hair's breadth from downright ugliness. Before breakfast it was apt to be ugliness now; to people who hated her—and there were more of them every year—it was perilously near ugliness even when animated by her restless fire.

The fire was growing fitful; there were patches of gray in the dull black hair—hair so notoriously black that she didn't dare turn it coppery with henna. The figure was still satisfactory, but the face was going. Rest and luxury and expert care could preserve it for another decade; but it might go to pieces in three years more of work and worry and this constant alertness against ever-present animosity.

The animosity was her own creation, but it was too late to help that now. When she was young and merry, people had liked her biting wit; they had spoiled her like a playfully scratching kitten. And now the kitten had become a somewhat mature pussy who was expected to purr on the hearth-rug and had never learned how.

One by one her admirers had dropped off—all but Holderness. She had always felt obscurely that to marry a rich man would be disloyal to Ronnie, who might have been rich but for her; but she couldn't marry a poor man. (Not that, rich or poor, she would marry another man like Ronnie—soft on the surface, smooth and hard within.)

There were of course special reasons for not marrying Holderness. When he said he had no reputation, he praised himself too highly. The reputation, and the traits that had

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made it, were amusing in a dinner-partner but might become a trifle onerous in a husband. But who else was there? Marriageable men whom a sophisticated lady of thirty-eight might endure are appallingly few, and more appallingly cautious. With her face going, Holderness might be her last suitable chance. He knew that; he could afford to play his hand face up on the table. He was sure. . . .

"No!" Alicia said it aloud, startling the maid out of a doze; then flushed slowly at the girl's hasty:

"Did you ask for something, madame?"

"Nothing I can get. . . . Think I look fit to go to a dance?"

"Madame is very distinguished—"

Distinguished! thought Alicia. My God! Even the maids see it.

A dance . . . Back home in Memphis, twenty years ago, something had always happened at dances. If it didn't happen of its own accord, Alicia could make it happen. But that had been twenty years ago. . . .

With her evening-cape drawn about her so as to make the best of her admirable figure, she swept back to Holderness's table.

"Ready, Edward?"

"Always, my dear—if you don't make me wait too long."

Matthew Leashe, frowning over his cigar, knew that people around the dining-room were pointing him out. Leashe the great playwright—two Pulitzer Prizes, four year-long runs on Broadway, two unsuccessful prosecutions by the Vice Society. Perhaps, he mused bitterly, they talked of his tragic life; for that too was a matter of public record. They were saying, perhaps, that he looked sad; that he must be thinking of the beautiful women who had loved him, and married him, and left him.

Mr. Leashe's sadness, in fact, had nothing to do with beautiful women; he was thinking about the poor business on the road this season and the troublesome second act of the play he was writing. He had wanted to forget that play at dinner, and at the Wade Settlement Ball; but Alicia Rayleigh, crossing his line of vision, had brought it back to mind. There was a woman in the play rather like Alicia Rayleigh, a dreadful woman; and it was his business to make her sympathetic.

Not too sympathetic, of course; she mustn't detract from the heroine. Miss Dolores Duvetyne, who was to create the heroine, would never tolerate that. Miss Duvetyne had been rather troublesome about the play already; unduly troublesome, considering that she wasn't married to him. . . .

Matthew Leashe bit through his cigar with a nervous start. Till this moment it had never occurred to him that Miss Duvetyne might intend to become the fourth Mrs. Leashe; but now that the horrid suspicion had come to mind there rushed in a whole swarm of corroborative details that had only been waiting their cue. Beyond doubt, the woman meant to marry him; and if she meant to of course she would.

For Matthew Leashe—this was his guarded secret—had always been helpless with women. He never knew what to say to them, and so he always ended by saying what they wanted to hear. His brusque man-

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ner, the hard cynical brilliance of his comedies, had been erected as a fortress to cover his weakness, a fortress apparently so impregnable that it usually discouraged attack. Only three women had ventured close enough to discover that the formidable stonework of the fortress was nothing but papier-mâché; and these women had all married him.

He knew what people thought of those three marriages. Bluebeard, that damned woman had called him, and the name had stuck. But Dolores Duvetyne knew better. She was extravagant and could find use for a rich husband. She was a clever woman; she knew him. And Dolores, after the play, was coming to the Wade Settlement Ball. He had meant to go late and meet her. He would have to go; Aunt Regina expected him. But Mr. Leashe decided to go early and leave before Miss Duvetyne arrived.

For his Fatal Mood was on him, the mood that recurred like an eclipse and almost as exactly calculable, when the great playwright felt lonesome and helpless, desperately afraid of the world he seemed to bestride. In that mood, three times, he had been married. Quite often enough. . . .

He withdrew from thoughts of Miss Duvetyne, back to this part that must be made sympathetic. The discovery of good in the worst characters was a feature of Mr. Leashe's plays which always went big on Broadway, where perhaps most people needed some reassurance that they were not so bad after all. This dreadful woman in his play was to be at least devoted to her husband and her children. Two children—that was the right number. . . . Alicia Rayleigh crossed his field of vision again, passing out with Holderness. Dreadful woman—yet Holderness was worse. The Mrs. Rayleighs, Leashe reflected comfortably, make their own hell. That point, astutely brought out—

He wished he knew how she felt—about her work, about the assorted hells she made for herself and others. That was the thing; first-hand information, the stuff of life. If he knew how she felt, it might give him an angle; and an angle was the thing, when you were trying to win sympathy for a dreadful woman.

Miss Regina Van Studdiford, stately and serene in her box, looked down at the soft-lit dancing-floor. Silver hair and silver gown, throat and shoulders revealed where possible, hidden where necessary under pearls and diamonds, made her a point of cool icy brilliance in the bright-hued ball-room. The dancers swayed and clustered, moved slowly on, each pair repeating the same pattern—black and white, ivory and a brilliant color—coat and shirt-front, shoulders and gown. Patterns, Miss Van Studdiford reflected, had such a way of repeating themselves.

One pattern in particular. This was the third time she had seen her nephew Matthew Leashe dancing with this dark woman in black. Incredible; the whole town knew what Matthew thought and had often said about Mrs. Rayleigh. Yet undeniably he had danced with her three times, and it was not yet midnight. . . . Miss Van Studdiford could not know that the pair beneath her were not the dreadful Mrs. Ray-

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leigh and the man Mrs. Rayleigh had called the Habitual Widower, but a lady who was trying to show Edward Holderness that he was not the last man on earth, and a playwright trying to get an angle on a character that must be made sympathetic.

So, as the Clanranalds left her box, Miss Van Studdiford remarked languidly:

"If you see Mattie Leashe, ask him to come up and talk to his old aunt a moment. I'm going home before long."

Mrs. Clanranald found them talking at the end of a dance. Across the room, Holderness stared blandly at them from an arm-chair. He didn't seem worried, Alicia noticed with regret; but perhaps she hadn't acquired that pursued look that he found becoming. After all, she had only been dancing with Matthew Leashe, and everybody knew what they thought of each other. To be pursued would be another matter, though not such an easy matter at thirty-eight. Still, she had made things happen at dances back in Memphis.

Time to get rid of Leashe, then; memories of what they had said about each other lay unquenchable between them. He had a simple wistful attraction, quite unlike the hard surface manner she had known before to-night; she could understand why so many women had married him. Still it was time to leave him—but just then Mrs. Clanranald appeared.

"All right," Leashe sighed. "Do you mind coming up with me, Mrs. Rayleigh? You're going to dance the next with me, aren't you?"

"Oh, I—" Alicia was about to say that she must rejoin Holderness; but at that instant Holderness rose and started for the door—the door, the cloak-room, and the flask left in his overcoat.

"If you like," she conceded. Then, to Mrs. Clanranald, "How's Billy?"

"Convalescent and fussy. . . . My son has been having mumps, Mr. Leashe."

"Oh, too bad!" But as she left them he remarked to Alicia: "Lucky to have a son to have mumps, though. I wish— You have two children, haven't you?"

"I? None." She looked rather wistful, and Matthew Leashe didn't know that she was remembering gleefully how effective her wistfulness had been, back in Memphis.

"Oh! Too bad. I— That is—"

"Too bad in a way," said Alicia rather wearily. "But after all, when one supports one's self—I don't see how I could give children a schooling. There isn't much to be said for these jobs of mine."

"I thought you rather enjoyed a chance to say things," he said dryly.

"One tires of saying things. Sooner or later, everything worth saying has been said, and a good deal that isn't worth saying."

Miss Van Studdiford smiled hospitably as she saw Alicia approaching with him, though she felt like the fire-chief as he turns in the third alarm.

"How delightful you look!" said Alicia, and meant it; she didn't dare hope she would look so well at sixty-odd.

"The Ruins of the Parthenon," said Miss Van Studdiford. "Wasn't that what you called me once?" And, as Alicia grasped vainly for an

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antidote: "I've always prized that as the supreme compliment. Even in ruins the Parthenon is so much more sightly than some modern structures that are only a little past their prime."

Again Alicia was helpless; but Matthew Leashe cut in abruptly:

"I've just come to tell you good-by, Aunt Regina. I'm leaving."

"Leaving before midnight? You are not sixty-eight."

"Have to get my second act straightened out. The thing's on my nerves; I can't amuse myself till it's finished."

"Heaven help the woman who tries to stop you in that mood," said his aunt. "I haven't seen you for so long, Mrs. Rayleigh. Can you come to tea to-morrow? . . . So nice of you. You know the house—on Seventy-fourth Street?"

Certainly she knew the house, Alicia reflected as she went down the stairs with Leashe, but she had never been in it. Why now? . . . Good Heavens! Alicia's eyes glinted; her cheeks were flushed. If not to Holderness, if not to herself, at least to Matthew Leashe's watchful aunt she looked pursued.

Half-way through the waltz that was to be the last before Leashe went home, he faltered, paled, and lost step.

"Dizzy," he stammered unconvincingly. "The air's bad in here. Do you mind? I believe there's a lounge down the corridor."

As they moved toward it she caught a glimpse of a splendid personage across the ball-room, surrounded by black-coated shoulders. Alicia knew Miss Dolores Duvetyne; she knew there were unkind rumors as to Miss Duvetyne's intentions on Matthew Leashe. If Alicia hadn't started these rumors, she had at least embroidered them, and spread them zealously. . . . So, then, there was an element of competition in this, the emulous eagerness of sport. More and more it was like the old days in Memphis.

Miss Van Studdiford permitted a frown to crack her well landscaped face as she saw them strolling toward the lounge. She knew Matthew's distrait air; the Fatal Mood was on him. And that dreadful woman! Miss Van Studdiford, of course, was unaware that the dreadful woman was at the moment only a drooping flower reviving under unaccustomed attention; and that Leashe was merely seeking refuge, while the Fatal Mood was on him, from the pursuing Miss Duvetyne, a refuge that was perfectly safe since he was with the cynical Mrs. Rayleigh.

On a soft couch, out of sight of the ball-room, Alicia leaned her head back on the cushions while he held a match to her cigarette. She lay back limp and graceful—the figure of a girl of eighteen, he reflected; yet there was a trace of weariness that stirred him. . . . In fact there was considerably more than a trace, but a trace was all that Alicia felt like displaying. The couch was soft; she didn't want to dance, didn't want to see Holderness; she wanted to rest. But Leashe was nervous, jumpy.

"How about this play you spoke of?" she demanded. "What's the matter with the second act?"

That, she reasoned, should be good for at least half an hour.

An hour and twenty minutes later by the watch that Edward Holder-

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ness was consulting with mounting impatience, a strolling couple passed the alcove where a graceful woman in black leaned back on a couch while a man strode up and down, gesturing restlessly as he explained his conception of the third and last act.

"Good Heavens! Mattie Leashe and Alicia Rayleigh! Considering all that they've said about each other—"

"I never believed either of them could think up all those lines alone. I'll bet they've always collaborated, mapped out their campaigns—you say this, and I'll come back with that—"

This, however, was a slander. The new zest burning in Matthew Leashe was only—he was quite sure—the delight he always found in discovering the hidden virtues of unsympathetic characters. And the character that troubled him would be sympathetic now—too sympathetic to suit Miss Duvetyne. . . . He sat down on the couch, limp and exhausted.

"Like it? Think it will get over?"

"What?" Alicia came back from absent musings. "Oh, of course it will get over. Your plays always do. I only wish you'd let a little more of—yourself get into them."

"They're supposed to be very like me."

"But they're not. You let every one think you're hard—ruthless—"

"It's what people expect. What they want."

"Oh, is it?" She was thinking of Ronnie, so pliant and genial on the surface, so utterly without tenderness within. . . . She looked up and saw Holderness impatiently passing the alcove. Leashe saw him too.

"Your friends can wait a little longer," he stated.

"Let them wait," said Alicia. "Why don't you write a real play—what you think, not what Broadway expects of you and the road expects of Broadway?"

He sighed, shivering.

"I'm afraid to, Alicia. If you knew what I'm really like—"

"What, for instance?"

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Two hours and fifteen minutes by Holderness's watch. He whispered to a bell-boy and vanished into the coat-room. Whistling, the boy came up to the couch in the alcove, and Matthew Leashe let go of Alicia's hand.

"Mr. Holderness's apologies—he's been taken ill and has to go home."

"Ill?" said Leashe. "Too bad. Quite right of him to take care of himself. . . . Then, Alicia, you'll let me take you home?"

"Why—" She had called him Bluebeard, the Habitual Widower; he had said that if there ever was another world war it would be her fault.

"Why, yes," said Alicia. "If you wish."

"If I wish?" Truly this was like the old days in Memphis. "Where do you live? Absurd that I never knew."

"The Lysistrata. Rather like a convent, I suppose, or a barracks of a women's labor battalion, but—"

"It's a shame," he said vaguely.

"What's a shame? If anything isn't as I like it, that's my own fault. I know that. And I'm contented—"

"Are you?" Leashe growled, and kissed her. She had known, of course, that he was going to kiss her;

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but she hadn't known she was going to like it so much. She sat up, distracted.

"My dear Matthew! This is—"

"This is the life," said the great playwright, and felt that he had emitted his most brilliant line.

Wildly she avoided his eyes. She knew she looked pursued now; she felt pursued. It was time to end this nonsense, by one poisoned thrust —something about his habit of marriage. But the words wouldn't say themselves.

"You poor little girl," he said softly. "You pretend to be hard and bitter, but I know better now."

"I know you better too," Alicia heard herself saying.

She meant to say a great deal more than that, to explain that this had gone far enough; but his lips silenced hers.

"Matthew!" she said presently. "You'd better not take me home."

"Why not?"

"I want to think."

"What do you have to think about?" The dreadful Mrs. Rayleigh could manage no more than a rather helpless smile.

"Oh—about you."

"Let me help you."

"No, you go home alone and think about me." He saw she meant it.

"All right. Then meet me at lunch."

"Can't, my dear. I'm working."

"Then tea."

"I'm having tea at your aunt's."

"That's so. Then I'll drop in. . . . Good old Aunt Regina! She brought me up, you know. She knows me. She must have seen this coming—"

"Oh!" said Alicia. "Perhaps she did. . . . You'd better not drop in, Matthew. Your aunt and I will want to talk."

"But you'll have dinner with me, of course. . . . Oh, Alicia!"

She expected, upon that, to be swept into his arms; but he stood eager and helpless, like a pitiable engaging little boy. Certainly it was not the technique of Bluebeard; Alicia couldn't help going into his arms of her own accord. Despairingly she recalled a phrase she had flung at Holderness: not love, but what it does to you; excitement.

There was no doubt about the excitement.

The next day, however, was the day after. Alicia lunched alone, in a daze; Leashe lunched with three men at the University Club, in rather worse than that.

"Alicia Rayleigh!" said somebody who had just been reading her column. "That woman is the Black Death. To think that all the taxicabs in this town keep on missing her, day after day. Dreadful woman!"

"Dreadful?" Leashe choked down his fury. "She's only more clear-sighted than the rest of us; that's all. She sees what people really are—"

He felt the shakiness of his voice, for he had been wondering all morning what she would think of him, when she saw what he really was in the bright light of day.

"Well, who the devil are you to jump up and defend her? Considering what you've said about her—"

"I never said anything about her in my life."

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"Then you've got the credit for a lot of good lines you never thought of. But I suppose you playwrights are used to that."

Leashe glowered, and busied himself with lighting a cigar. What he had said about her was all on the record. Still, she hadn't seemed to care last night. . . .

But did she know it? Perhaps—But that was hopeless. If she didn't know it, she soon would.

Alicia sipped her tea in Miss Van Studdiford's library. They had talked about painters and composers, and the decay of morals and manners, and now they had got down to Matthew Leashe.

"Poor Mattie!" Miss Van Studdiford sighed. "An old maid should never try to bring up children. He's led a rather miserable life. And yet he's made most of his own troubles. It makes me furious with him, and yet perhaps if I'd had better judgment— However, those women—"

"But after all, Miss Van Studdiford, he knows everybody."

"He doesn't have to marry everybody. The Habitual Widower! You have such a talent for piercing through to the truth, Mrs. Rayleigh. You make us all squirm sometimes; Matthew was furious when he heard you'd called him that. But he had earned it."

"It was quite unpardonable, I'm afraid."

"It was perfectly true. . . . And the worst of it was, he never wanted to marry any of these women. . . . I couldn't say this to other people, of course, but you are so penetrating; and it's a relief to find some one with whom one need have no reserves."

"He hasn't a reputation for reluctance," said Alicia.

"No, people think he's a Bluebeard. You started that too, didn't you? Well, for once, my dear, you were wrong. Matthew's too selfish to want to marry anybody, but he's like a cat; if anybody strokes him—anybody—he purrs. The boy tries to avoid women in his feeble way; he puts on this mask of cynical hardness, and most women are such fools! But three of them saw through it and married him. No doubt it will happen again."

"Oh, surely! He must be disillusioned—"

"What of it? The poor simpleton always makes this same automatic response when a woman makes love to him. A purring cat. . . . Gwen—his first wife—well, I hardly blame her. She had heart-trouble and knew she couldn't live more than a year. They had been boy-and-girl sweethearts, and she virtually asked him to marry her. Of course he couldn't resist. But I could have forgiven that if it hadn't given him the habit.

"Then Phyllida—she played the lead in his first real success. Of course he identified her with his heroine—read into her everything he'd written into the part—"

Pensively Mrs. Rayleigh stirred her tea. Last night, as they talked over the new play together, she had watched him writing all kinds of virtues into the part of a Dreadful Woman.

"Phyllida was killed in an automobile wreck, wasn't she?" Alicia asked hastily when the silence began to be audible.

"On her way to Atlantic City with

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another man," said Miss Van Studdiford. "That's a family secret, of course, but you're a person of discretion. . . . And then Laurette—the third—perhaps you knew her? You've seen her, at least. Wild, impetuous, high-tempered—the most unsuitable woman in the world for Matthew. He knew it; he didn't like her; but she flattered him, and petted him, and kept after him, and presently he began to purr. Thank Heaven, she became flagrant enough to be divorced."

"Such a pity," said Alicia vaguely.

"The marriage was the pity. She knew that underneath his shell he was absurdly sensitive, that he could never endure her tongue."

"Why did she marry him, then?" The question, Mrs. Rayleigh perceived, was painfully pertinent to current history; but she had to ask it.

"Why did they all marry him? For the money they thought he had. . . . Well, perhaps not poor Gwen, of course. She at least was reasonably disinterested, which is one reason why he'll never be able to give any other woman what he gave her. Phyllida and Laurette didn't know till they married him that he spends all he makes, or that my will was drawn twenty years ago and leaves everything to hospitals.

"Not that I blame them for not getting along with him. Matthew is a perfectly impossible husband, of course. He works in bursts. For weeks he lies about the house, idle, irritable, doing nothing, and letting the bills pile up; then the fit strikes him, and he works like a madman—refuses to go out anywhere, growls like a bear if he's asked to leave the typewriter long enough for dinner. No sensible woman would live in the same house with him. His wives had expected to be able to lie back and rest, and when they found they'd have to work as they would at any other job, to build something up, and with appallingly little help from Matthew—what can you expect?"

"I suppose so," Alicia agreed.

"Besides," Miss Van Studdiford pursued, "his shell is really too thin. It excites women to break through it, but the thrill of triumph doesn't last. To have broken through the shell no longer seems much of an achievement, when you know him. Anybody could have done it. And before long I suppose some one else will do it, and then—another divorce."

"What a pity!" Alicia mumbled.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Van Studdiford comfortably. "There, now! You've let me ramble on unpardonably. I can't talk about Matthew to most people, but it's always a delight to meet a mind like my own. A hard mind, that hates mush and syrup and cats who purr for anybody. . . . Oh, must you be going, my dear? Do come and see me, won't you? I get infinite joy out of those biting lines of yours. It's a wonderful gift; one that doesn't pass, either, like the more perishable charms. Hard on thin-skinned people like Matthew, but it's something to be able to say things that can never be forgotten."

In which case, thought Alicia as she came out into the street and looked for a taxi, Miss Van Studdiford ought to be happy.

By the time she dressed for dinner with Leashe, she would have cried, if

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she hadn't known that her face couldn't stand tears. For all day she had been going about quite foolishly; the city that for so many years had been black and white and gray was iridescent for the first time in a decade.

But it wouldn't do. That was evident now; indeed it had been dawning on her even before she talked to Miss Van Studdiford. . . . She knew she looked well this evening; but for the patches of gray in her hair she might have been twenty-eight. Still she felt very sorry for herself; helplessly buffeted—

What was it Holderness had said? A poor frail woman helpless in the hands of Fate, compelled to dash hopes that had been raised by hand till they got to the dashing-point.

"He knows me," she reflected cheerlessly. "Certainly he knows me. . . . Well! If I must spend the evening dashing hopes, I might as well make a thorough job if it."

She sat down at her writing-desk and scribbled:

"My dear Edward:

"No time like the present to break the news that I'm not going to marry you. Nor—if it interests you—anybody else.

"ALICIA."

Quite unnecessary, she knew; Holderness would still want her, and when she had got over this madness—but she forced herself to drop the letter down the mail-chute before she could change her mind. It was foolish, utterly mad; but she had never expected to be able to afford the luxury of making a fool of herself again. . . . She couldn't afford it, of course. That was what made it a luxury—a luxury she owed to Matthew Leashe.

They dined at Cadenabbia's, in an alcove that combined the propriety of the public dining-room with the seclusion of a private dining-room. Leashe had a gift for planning dinners; indeed it was something of a gift to be able to dine at Cadenabbia's at all. He might seem poor to his wealthy aunt, but his income was gigantic beside Alicia's. To refuse all this was the rarest luxury of all. She must savor it drop by drop; and she was furious as her gourmet's pleasure began to be spoiled by the reflection that the inevitable refusal wouldn't look like a luxury to Leashe. Yet she must hurt him; there was no escape. . . .

"Matthew, dear," she said rather dolorously, "I'm afraid it won't do."

"Quite right," he agreed. "I've come to the same conclusion."

"What?" She was astounded and furious. Was the wretch going to cheat her out of this unique opportunity? "Why do you think it won't do?"

"Why do you?" he countered. Alicia's lips parted, and closed in silence. She couldn't bear to tell him that after Aunt Regina's exposure it seemed a little too much like abduction.

"It would be so preposterous," she explained lamely. "Everybody knows what we've said about each other. We'd be laughed out of town."

He nodded. "But I could stand that," he observed. "Let 'em laugh so long as they continue to stand in line at the box-office. Curious—I'd supposed you could stand it too. I

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thought you had more courage, Alicia."

"I'm not afraid!" she exploded.

"No? It takes some hardihood to be Bluebeard's fourth wife."

She reddened helplessly.

"Matthew, if you knew how ashamed I am! Oh, no, it wasn't fair. It was rotten. You—you haven't the technique of Bluebeard, anyway. . . . But, you see, I can't help saying things like that. I couldn't stop even if I married you. Oh, I wouldn't say them about you, of course; but about other people. And that would ruin you."

"Too bad," said Leashe. "For of course I'm the one person it couldn't ruin. Whenever you'd think up a good line I could use it in one of my plays. I need all I can get. Too bad."

"Well!" said Alicia. "You don't seem to think much of my reasons. Let's hear yours."

He shrugged. "I'd hardly be offering you a unique compliment, if I asked you to marry me. Almost everybody has married me, at one time or another. . . . But you're not like the others."

Alicia's heart fluttered. Damn the silly thing, she thought furiously, and tried to keep her hands from trembling as she asked him:

"Why not?"

"Well—it's a delicate thing to say, but perfectly true. They all—more or less went after me. Rather as a sport, you see. It's no news that they all found me rather disappointing; but that was a chance they deliberately chose to take. But you—"

"Yes?" Alicia queried, in maddening suspense.

"Well, if you found me equally disappointing it would hardly be fair. Because I did all of this myself."

"You— Why, Matthew! Listen. I'm exactly like all the others. I went after you. It gave me a thrill of triumph to—to break through that shell and find you so perfectly sweet and delightful. I started this just—just to see if I were still young enough and attractive enough to start anything. It's all artificial—synthetic—cultivated. Any woman could have done it. And I won't be like the others. If you—if you purr like a cat when anybody strokes you, it isn't fair to take advantage of you."

"I see you've been talking to Aunt Regina," he informed her. "Though that was my line originally, about the cat. I invent so few that I insist on getting the credit, when I do think of something clever. . . . Well, if you started this, Alicia, you're certainly a good starter."

"Oh, I know," she said miserably. "You thrill and tingle and see everything in bright colors—and so do I. But I made you feel that way, and I'm not going to be mean enough to marry you like those other women. You're too nice."

"I don't see that at all," he observed. (His composure was infuriating.) "No matter how it was started—there it is. Any woman might have done it, perhaps, last night. No other woman could do it now. Suppose it was artificial and synthetic. How many things ever happen of their own accord? Somebody has to start them; but if they work, who cares?"

"Who cares?" she repeated weakly,

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wondering if she dared to believe there was a way out.

"Why, that's utter nonsense, Alicia. That isn't the reason why it won't do."

"Oh!" she said. "Well, why, then—for Heaven's sake?"

"Well—you say I purr whenever anybody pets me. If you married me, and some other woman tried to be nice to me—"

Alicia straightened up.

"Well! I'd like to see anybody—I mean, if it came to a competition in encouraging purrs—Matthew, you certainly don't think I'd let That Dreadful Woman take you away from me."

"Meaning—"

"Meaning the lady who had her eye on you last night. If you're likely to marry anybody who gives you any provocation, you'd much better marry me than Dolores Duvetyne. I don't care how many arguments there are against it."

He grinned.

"Neither do I," he confessed. "But I could see that you were going to have a reaction and feel that you ought to be noble and self-sacrificing. You know I'm easy, so you feel you ought to let me go . . . Alicia, I've said about all the nasty things about you that I could think of, but I never knew till last night the one thing that would be nastier than all the rest—because it's true. You're a sentimentalist—a shameless raw sentimentalist."

"So are you!"

"So am I," he agreed. "And we'd certainly be laughed out of town, both of us, if we didn't keep that secret—in the family. . . . Yet you were going to let me go because you wanted that final sentimental thrill of self-sacrifice. It won't do, my dear. Let me go by all means, if—"

"If?" (Her tortured nerves couldn't stand much more.)

"If you can look me in the eye and say you want to."

"You know I'm crazy about you," said Alicia weakly.

"I do now," he admitted with visible relief. "But I could never have been sure if—"

She straightened up; now that the tension was over, her black eyes were snapping again, with amusement and a little anger, and a reluctant admiration.

"Matthew! I do believe you've been—using a technique on me."

He grinned, like a cat—a cat that has just swallowed a particularly toothsome canary.

"I'm an experienced playwright," he told her. "It takes technique to bring out the—er—hidden merits of an unsympathetic character."

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A Review and Some Remarks

With the United States Steel Corporation as a Background

Elbert H. Gary

Within the last twenty-five years there has been a noteworthy change in the standards and practices of American business. A new technique of morality has been evolved. Even to-day many well-intentioned and fair-minded men and women are incredulous when they are told that business, large or small, involves delicate decisions as well as broad questions of ethics. Yet thousands upon thousands of business men all over this country, who as short a time ago as the beginning of this century were frankly skeptical whether ethics had any rightful place in business conduct, now assert that it is essential and controlling.

The managers of some large private corporations, a score or so of years ago, apparently believed that if their conduct was within the strict technical regulations of the law, it was immune from public or private criticism; that if no legal provision were actually violated, a corporation should be free to accumulate unlimited profits and might indeed treat with indifference its customers, its employees, its competitors, and the general public. In consonance with that unsound reasoning, not a few officials were inclined to take advantage of inside advance information to promote their own pecuniary interests, to the prejudice of shareholders.

In such cases moral principles were ignored. Competition was ruthless, tyrannical, and destructive. Weaker rivals were forced to the wall and destroyed, often by means not only unethical but brutal. The financially strong grew stronger and richer. Employees did not receive just consideration; wage rates were adjusted in strict accordance with supply and demand in the labor market, without regard to humane considerations; and employees themselves, as might have been expected, were governed by ideas which were entirely selfish, and in many cases arbitrary, unreasonable, and cruel.

Conditions such as these brought hardship to the general purchasing and consuming public. In the long run the costs of production and distribution were heightened, and they were then, as they must always be, passed on to those whose necessities compelled them to purchase and use commodities. The ultimate consumer paid the extra cost due to friction, misunderstanding, and ill-will in the industrial world.

Business throughout the United States is transacted to-day on a higher plane. Several forces have been in play to effect the change.

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In some instances the motives were not so worthy as in others, yet they were practical and influential with many who would not have been converted otherwise to higher standards, for ethical management brings additional profits to business. Sooner or later it pays in dollars and cents.

Public opinion has aroused and probably always will arouse the consciences of men and women. Our sleep is broken, our digestion interrupted when we oppose the will of the majority; and we cannot long enjoy life in the face of public disfavor. We dread the condemnation of the general public, especially if there is reason for it. This is true of most persons. It must be admitted that in the past business men have not always been just in their treatment of others. Some have been selfish and arrogant, occasionally giving good ground for complaint. It is not certain that business men have always treated their employees exactly right, or that employees have always been paid adequate compensation for their services. If it be said that employers have paid as much as their business would afford, the answer is, the producer should have charged more for his commodities, and the general purchasing public should have shared the burden of increased wages.

Business affairs are conducted now in accordance with the avowed belief that right is superior to might, that morality looms as large as legality, and that a due observance of both is essential to worthy achievement; that the rights of the customer must always be respected; that employees are business associates, and should be treated accordingly; that the stockholders in a corporation as well as all its officers are entitled to any information of value, immediately upon its receipt by any officer or partner; and that in no circumstances should there be preferential rights or opportunities, but, on the other hand, full and prompt publicity of all facts involving the public welfare or interest.

It is encouraging to note that the outlook, not only in the United States but throughout the world, is wholly changed. The present view is the antithesis of that which prevailed a quarter of a century ago. The seeming disposition of leaders in all nations is toward harmony of action. This augurs progress and prosperity. It means a higher world level of morals, a decrease of poverty, and an increase of the general comfort. The millennium has not arrived; we probably shall not see it in the near future; but conditions everywhere are improving. People on the average are growing better; in every department of human activity, in thought, in reading, in study, the world is made better and richer by a greater honesty of motive and intention. If one should ask whether there is a panacea for the ills that sometimes appear in the moral, social, political, and economic life of the nation, the answer would be:

"Yes, by the general adoption and practice of the golden rule."

It may be protested that this is impracticable. You may be sure that any one who makes such a protest has his neighbor in mind, not himself. There is no other rule of action that will insure perfection. Every one remembers when might was right, when jealousy, discord,

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and brutal antagonism prevailed, to the loss and suffering of all those engaged in the strife, and to the distress and impoverishment of the innocent by-stander.

That time has passed. Our minds and hearts have awakened to a realization that others in business are possessed of the same sensibilities as ourselves, and we have tried with success the experiment of treating our competitors as friends and companions, rather than as enemies. We now understand that except for a spirit of coöperation, born of fair and honest methods, many of us would have impoverished the owners of the properties put into our hands for management.

On April 1, 1901, about twenty-six years ago, the United States Steel Corporation, as a completed organization, established offices and opened its books. The stockholders and the general public have been informed in great detail by its regular reports, published annually and quarterly from the beginning, of the growth and volume of its business, the extensions it has made and the physical condition of its properties, its financial resources and balances.

The iron and steel industry has long been known as the barometer of trade. That statement is probably justified. Occasionally the industry is the thermometer of conditions as well; it is like the mercury moving up and down in accordance with the weather; and that is the saddest and one of the most serious things about it. Why, we ask ourselves, are we not always successful in our business? I offer the suggestion that, to a greater or less extent, it is because of lack of confidence in one another. Often we do not credit fully what our business neighbors say. We suspect they are moved solely by selfish considerations, and possibly this may be true; but do we not overlook the fact that it may be just as true of ourselves?

Possibly the worst disease that affects the business structure, at least in the United States, is the abnormal and unnecessary timidity, the ill poised mental attitude, of business men themselves. The substance and form of statements concerning present conditions and future business prospects often greatly affect progress and success. There is a right way and a wrong way of stating a fact for consideration. Those who are well advised ponder what they say. It is just as proper to say, "We consider that business is good; it is up to eighty per cent of producing capacity," as it is to say, "We consider that business is bad; it is down to eighty per cent of producing capacity."

The substance is the same, whichever form is used. No difference of net return is involved. Yet the psychological effect on those who hear the two statements may be quite different.

A robust faith in the good intention and integrity of one's fellows, and a tranquil confidence in the continued well-being of this richly endowed country, should be a part of every business leader's equipment. The lack of these qualities amounts, as I have said, to a disease, and must bear its share of blame for whatever failures American business has suffered. It should be remembered that business is not confined to cor-

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porations, or to any line of commercial enterprise. In some degree every calling in life is a business; and to the extent that business is involved in any human attempt toward livelihood or gain, these remarks will apply in due proportion. Big Business, so called, is more likely to be exposed to the public view, but small business is no more exempt from moral responsibility.

The iron and steel industry in the United States can do much to promote the golden rule in business. Perhaps it has done a good deal in that direction, although it is far from perfect, even between its own corporate members. Not only individuals but aggregations should become active participants in promoting the golden rule. Much of large business is negotiated; that is, many of the biggest commercial transactions are consummated in discussions between two or more persons, dealing as man to man but at arm's length. Frequently there are no fixed prices or precise basis for measuring or for valuations, and there is the need of reaching an agreement which is mutually satisfactory, or at least acceptable. Under these conditions neither side is obligated to expose what is in its mind as a minimum or a maximum of possible terms or prices. Yet in such cases there can be no excuse for misrepresentation or fraud of any kind.

It has been said on occasion that certain individuals absolutely have been dominant in the control and management of the United States Steel Corporation. Such a statement is wholly contrary to fact, indeed contrary to reason. Although in the earlier years there were differences of opinion, the corporation's plans and policies have always been carefully considered, and harmoniously approved by our finance committee and by our board of directors.

The United States Steel Corporation has been characterized as "a corporation with a soul." Whether or not the characterization is true might depend upon one's definition of the word soul. A definition acceptable for the purpose of this paper is that a soul is a controlling influence, possessed by individuals, corporations, or states, which recognizes, as of equal importance with its own, the rights, interests, and welfare of others—no greater, no less. Under this definition the United States Steel Corporation has striven to secure in all who are interested in its conduct the conviction that it is possessed of a soul. To say that it has sometimes failed in this effort is but to assert that its managers are human.

The management of a corporation stands fundamentally in a position of balance between three groups or factors: the security-holders, the general public, and the working forces.

The security-holders rightly occupy first place, because they own the properties and business, and their control must be recognized. Their capital makes possible the existence, the activities, and the success of the corporation. No enterprise would long continue active, or even remain in existence, if a majority of the stockholders were continuously dissatisfied. The managers of our corporation have neither minimized nor neglected the rights of the stockholders; but at times those rights have been ignored or

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threatened by public speakers and writers, especially when incompetent, prejudiced, or unjust. The stockholders should remember that although it may sometimes seem to them, or to some of them, that the directors have been unduly liberal in expenditures, it nevertheless has been the conscientious judgment of the management that what was done was calculated to result in the greatest good and the largest benefit for all concerned.

We do not manage the Steel Corporation for the stock market. I have repeatedly made this declaration. We try to make our securities intrinsically a little more valuable as years go on, and we have succeeded up to the present time. The corporation is doing a business or has done a business ranging from a billion and a half to two billion dollars a year; it has employed from two hundred and sixty thousand to three hundred thousand men; wages have been advancing as the cost of living advanced, and costs of materials have been increasing. Until the World War, competition from foreign countries was growing and becoming more strenuous; since the war, competition within the boundaries of the United States has been increasing, and has become extremely strenuous. Notwithstanding these conditions, the United States Steel Corporation has shown a steady advancement.

The stockholder's interests are always served and protected by conservative management, calculated to avert financial loss or disaster, whatever business conditions may be or whatever emergency may arise. From time to time the Steel Corporation has increased the dividends on its common stock; and we have made these increases as soon as we believed reasonable, and in amounts as large as we believed practicable, taking every factor into account. Requests for such increases have been many, sometimes in speech, sometimes in print. But with few exceptions they do not come from investors. Let me state a case as an illustration.

An individual wrote twice demanding an increase in the common stock dividend. Letters of the sort are usually anonymous, but this one was signed, and so we were able to examine the records. We found that the writer had been in and out and in again within a few months, that he had bought and sold and bought again approximately the same number of shares each time. That he is an investor is doubtful; rather, he is what would be called a speculator, which he of course has a right to be. He would like to have an extra dividend declared in order to dispose of his holdings at a profit; after which he would presumably repurchase, if something happened to depress the market. Such reasons as these do not appeal to the judgment of a real investor.

With regard to the general public, it will cheerfully be admitted that its interests are highly important. When they clash with private interests the latter must be subordinated. The management of a corporation, for its own good and for the benefit of its stockholders, must have constantly uppermost in mind the rights and interests of the public, not only as determined by the law but as best it can be ascertained from public sentiment, when this is clear and well defined. Nowadays

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the spoken or published expression of opinion, even though it voice undeserved criticism, will not be ignored by a wise management. If upon careful consideration it is found to be justified, criticism should be accepted and acted upon. There may be excuses for mistakes, but there can be no extenuation for an intentional wrong or unfairness. There may be differences of opinion as to what is fair and reasonable; often such differences arise; but we can and should act conscientiously in accordance with our best judgment, and from motives of honesty, as well as of friendship for others.

The public should be protected against combinations or agreements to monopolize or to restrain trade unduly; that protection still is, will be, and should be in full force. There is no tendency on the part of the courts or of any department of the government either to ignore or modify the effect of the Sherman Act when properly interpreted and applied. The law does not compel any one to compete with another if he does not desire to do so; it especially abhors competition which is intended to be destructive and dishonest.

All business men desire to procure just, even liberal profits, and would like to establish and maintain fair prices for what they produce and sell. The United States Steel Corporation wishes to have at least its proper and full share of the business that is offered. But we should not at any time endeavor, by unfair, unethical, or unreasonable practices, to gain for ourselves trade which normally would go to competitors. Competition is the life of trade, as it should be. It is not only desirable; it is necessary. We should not try to suppress it when it is fair and reasonable. Destructive competition is not fair, it is not reasonable, it is never beneficial in the long run to anybody, and it may become the death of trade. Fair prices bring the greatest good to the greatest number.

In the early days of the Steel Corporation there was a great deal of opposition from public men to its large capitalization and to its preponderance in the industry. It was thought by many persons, some of them leaders in public affairs, that any corporation which had more than fifty per cent of the business was a monopoly and therefore inimical to the best interests of the country. We believed that this attitude was reasonable, and we did not expand the activities of some of our companies as rapidly as we could. After we got down to a ratio of fifty per cent, we held that position as nearly as was practicable and proper. We want to keep our present position as near that point as possible, but not with prejudice to the stockholders, nor with injury to the public.

The interests of the employees of the corporation receive as much, as constant, and as liberal consideration as those of the other groups we have been discussing. Labor, so called, has never been more highly paid nor treated so liberally as to-day. Our corporation has appropriated for welfare work more than $160,000,000. This is not ground for boasting; it is good business policy. It is true that individual shareholders have occasionally questioned what they thought was undue liberality toward our workmen; but that was largely because they lacked full understand-

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ing of the subject, or information concerning it. It is profitable to the employer to treat the workman with liberal fairness. Employers in the United States stand generally for that kind of treatment. They believe in the open shop, which permits a man to work whenever and wherever he pleases, and can agree with the employer. It may truthfully be said that labor in this country is generally well cared for and is contented. In some businesses or places it is overpaid; in some instances, perhaps, it is underpaid, though it is believed such cases are exceptional and will be rectified. During the quarter of a century the Steel Corporation has been in existence, no material hostility has been shown and no serious complaint made to the management by our workmen themselves, either individually or in committees and groups formed by them —as permitted by our practice— which has not been cheerfully considered by the management and promptly disposed of to the satisfaction of both parties.

We do not approve of experimentation with the human factor in labor unless it is demonstrably practical and reasonable. If any one should assert a right to a voice in management, it is a fair and wise conclusion that this should find expression through a stockholding interest, in order that liabilities and responsibilities may be shared as well as profits. In these days capital offers to workmen the privilege of investing in its enterprises through the purchase of securities at low rates on the instalment plan. They are enabled thus to become partners. They share the cares and the advantages of partnership. Of this plan I thoroughly approve.

In America the opportunity is open to all to accumulate capital. To procure capital we must exert ourselves thoughtfully and skilfully, with brains, muscles, strength; we must study, we must think and experiment. We must be patient and persistent in the competitive struggle. Money is needed if one is to accomplish the best results in any profession or calling. The majority of the people of the United States are equipped for success. They are studious, industrious, progressive, consistent. Never have our young men and women had such fine opportunities in business, and everywhere there is an abundance of room at the top. There is no good excuse for failure. Money is plentiful; the per capita circulation is large; interest rates are low. No responsible worthy applicant finds difficulty in obtaining funds for legitimate enterprise. Our banks are strong and well managed and enjoy public confidence. Despite inexcusable extravagances, which are widespread and deplorable, the American people are fortunate in being well supplied with money, in having an abundance of educational facilities, and in the possession of a business life governed by high ethical standards.

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THE LAWN

And the Thoughts That Come as I Tend It

CHARLES PLATT

WE HAVE not always lived in the country. The sun has not yet made one round of the zodiac; it is now but in Libra, and I but making my first unenthusiastic acquaintance with fall grass. Yet am I compelled to write. And let no doubt be felt of my qualifications. True, when first I announced my intention of caring for this place, my friends smiled, most unpleasantly, but things have changed since then. I have now acquired wisdom—I know what I do not know—and I have, too, knowledge. Old gardeners, I notice, are slow in thought, as in movement; I must not delay. I am now inscient, in both meanings of this obliging adjective of relativity, and I must impart my experience.

Of course, to many, a lawn is just grass, and grass is—well, every one knows what grass is. But is it—or rather, do they? Within these busy months I myself have learned and now know, to run them over quickly in my memory, six kinds of lawn grass; and I know, by the same rapid review, seven kinds of growth that look like grass until you put on your glasses. And not only that, but I know too that grass and near-grass are not the only things that grow on a lawn. Here is the habitat of a flora fairly tropical in its variety, with all manner of undesirable alien immigrants. I may not yet have the words and names scientifically to record all these discoveries, but that is a detail. My knowledge is real, mystic; it deals with the very essence of things; it is a knowledge that fills one beyond the powers of expression. And how fascinating is the acquiring of this wealth! Each week, each day almost, brings its train of the new and the interesting. In the city, seasons are marked but by a change of underclothing—and not by that if you are sufficiently modern—but out here all is a delightful and evolving adventure. How monotonous is the city!

Think first of the weeds, and especially of those of the flower-garden. A moron once asked me, "How can you be bothered with weeding?" What a failure to appreciate values, how truly moronesque! Weeds make life joyous. They stimulate our wits. And how cheerful they always are! In my own case, not at first knowing weed from flower, I determined to try watchful waiting. If the growing thing should bring forth sweet blossoms, why, then—good! If it did not, if it proved contemptible in its burgeoning, then was it to be up-

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rooted and cast out. But it did not take long to discover that this plan was worth no more in horticulture than in politics; the well developed evil just naturally refused to be eradicated. "It grows like a weed." What hyperbole! Nothing in the world ever grew like a weed. If it grew that way then it would be a weed. I know now where Bergson got his concept of the *élan vital*, and Freud, his of the *libido*. You may plow weeds under, break them off, crush them, cut them, pull them up, and—lo! in a few days here they are back again. The fact is they prefer rough treatment. Like religion they thrive best under persecution. We have a small tract which showed promise of Queen Anne's lace and goldenrod and blackeyed Susans; and I gave this my care, hoping for a wild garden. Not a bit of it! These things would not have my care; they drooped in discouragement, lacking incentive; the smallest child might have entered our wild garden in perfect safety.

But see the moral of this happy struggle with adversity. And think, too, what a place would be without weeds. Why, it would be like a world in which all the reforms had been accomplished, or one in which the eugenists had succeeded in blocking evolution and genius. Think of the crushing ennui—all vice, all turbulence, all uncertainty, all worries removed; and no ambition, no hope, no necessity, no resolve, no mainspring in life, no character. Thank God, like a true gardener, on your knees, that such an existence was not inflicted upon us; and thank him, too, that neither reform nor eugenics can ever bring it about. The innate God-given tendencies of man will happily prevent such misery.

Not, of course, that we should be unreasonable here. We do not want too many weeds. Always Confucius and Aristotle are right: too much and too little are equally bad. There is indeed a kind of reformer that is truly dangerous, and that is the one with an obsession for law-making, the "anti." Here is one who is a real trouble-brewer, one who is increasing our weeds most uncomfortably. Nature, you know, has a way of fighting back. She has two ways of meeting efforts at suppression, two very good ways: she either multiplies the seeds more abundantly, or she develops new and more hardy varieties. But the fact is, further, many of the "evils" that are objected to by the soured egoists represent but a harmless leaking out of great primitive instincts, and it is not well to seal these up too hermetically. The safety-valve of a boiler may not be ornamental, but it has a decided value; and so with our psychological safety-valves. Even if one be annoyed by the occasional escape of steam therefrom, one is not warranted in plugging them up. Something may happen.

I am not so blind as not to recognize that there are repressions and laws that are in accord with the necessities of group life, but even these necessary restraints must be psychologically true and possible. Laws are not made, they are discovered, say Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Coolidge; and Heaven help the man who does not know them when he meets them. Heaven help, too, the nation that endeavors to substitute legal enactments for laws. You cannot *make* a

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thing right or wrong. If it were wrong to start with, no law enforcement league, no decree of government, can ever make it otherwise. A false start may by logical development attain to the dignity of a great social movement; it may receive the plaudits of nations—but it will still be false. And the longer it lasts and the greater hold it secures upon the people, the greater will be the catastrophe when it ultimately collapses—when the floods come and the winds blow and smite upon it.

I wonder what it is about working on grass that makes one so dogmatic. "Every thing hath divers faces, sundry byasses, and several lustres," and one should never be too positive; but then, on the other hand, as Cromwell used to say, "if the fact be so, why sport with it?"

I return. This lawn of mine—I say "ours" when my wife is by, but "mine" at other times, as I live on it and she but admires it—this lawn of mine, then, is a cut-up acre dribbling round the house, with a splurge here and there to the road and the woods. There are oaks and tulip-poplars, and spruce and arbor-vitæ, and pines, and hydrangeas and roses and lilacs and peonies and iris, and shrubs unknown to me by name. No straight up-and-down cutting this, but a twisting and turning and adjusting, up hill and down—a veritable epitome of life's progress.

It is in this leafy and bladed world that I have lived now for some months. Were I a chameleon I should have varied in shade but not in color—emerald green, grass green, and, occasionally, among the "blue" spruce, a Hooker's Green, No. 2. It is, I suppose, this ever-present green shade, always so helpful to lucubration, that has invited this writing. Here is where I have lived and delved six days of the week, and then, on the seventh, done a little weeding and edging. Do not be shocked. Our city pastor, knowing his flock to be well armed against the devil by his, the pastor's, winter instruction, fully trusts us to browse for ourselves during the warmer months. But, after all, let us see: Lawn, compare Chaucer, *laund*, a moor; and the Welsh, *llan*, *lan*, *lann*, an open place, a cleared place, a place for a church, a CHURCH! What more can a man ask? On the seventh day, then, being the first day of the week, I go out to my church and there seek some little thought and improvement.

And what thoughts come to one! I start with dandelions and dock, my attention all given to the matter in hand, and then, a black ant viciously attacking my knife as I encircle a root, off I go to Dr. Beebe and his Guiana laboratory. And then, recalling the doctor's aviation experience, I go with him to France; and then comes the franc, and Locarno, and Austen Chamberlain. Then Joey, the father, and so on to Birmingham, and to a Birmingham friend, a genial judge; and with this judge to Czechoslovakia, and to his work in Prague, and to Masaryk. And with Masaryk, remembering an early experience of his, I go to Edinburgh and to old John Chiene, my one-time professor of surgery there; and John Chiene brings me to John, my occasional helper in the garden—and here I am back on the grass again.

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I straightened up to take the kink out of my back—and to see how much I have accomplished during my sojourn in Europe and South America. Ah, this back of mine; I am growing old. But, speaking of kinks, unpleasant people sometimes try to detract from my merit by assuring me that, after all, I do this work only for my own pleasure. Some, they say, like one thing, and some like another. Such remarks come from shallow or vicious brains. This hedonistic theory is but the refuge of lazy people. One has many controls other than pleasure. I do this hard work because I have a sense of duty, or, that I may not sound vain, let us call it an obsession of task, and I cannot rest easy until this gets satisfied. It is not pleasure that I arrive at; it is but a relative absence of pain, mental pain—my body, of course may be racked like Caliban's.

I must put that thought down. What a blessing is a typewriter! One can use it even when one's fingers are all roughened and stiffened with grubbing. Lowell obstinately objected to this boon, said that he never could say what he had to say if he had to pick out his letters "like a learned pig." I remember a great English statesman who was equally bitter against the use of a steel pen. How we dislike innovations!

I go back, take breath, and proceed with my work. And I certainly must acknowledge to one pleasure in it: I have discovered through it an apology for one of my characteristics. We are all speciously expert in explaining away our defects, but here is a valid working argument. My friends say that I am critical and not constructive, that I can see plenty of faults but do not help to build. Now how about making a garden? Here, since spring, my work has been "destructive." I have planted nothing—thrown a little grass-seed, but that is all—and yet this place, which would have received only a conventional compliment last May, is now lauded by all comers. My grass excites the most unrestrained and unforced enthusiasm, and so does all the rest of it. And what have I done? I have criticized only. Meretricious luxuriance I have clipped and discouraged; false starts I have frowned upon. As I obtained knowledge and an appreciation of values, I have discarded and removed the undesirable. And now, behold what destructive criticism can create!

But I am not through. I am a student of gardening, and a student is never through. And, literally, there is no limit to a gardener's work, for not only is the routine itself compelling, but one's vision is constantly enlarging. Like a mother, one has to keep everlastingly at it, or the work will get behind; and, like a mother too, one has ever the fondest of hopes. The true maternal feeling, of course, I should not claim, but I do have a sense of paternity as I walk around; and I do not like to have my child hurt. The other day—it was just after a rain and the sod was soft—what harrowing sight should I see, but an elderly man with a wooden leg plugging his way down the grass. "A literary man—with a wooden leg!" Silas did not "drop into poetry," but he did produce a much bethumbed letter setting forth that he was conducting a drive to

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secure a more facile limb and, what with the high cost of living, had found it impossible to obtain the desired end unaided. Remembering that beggars may be messengers of Zeus, I contributed, and then watched, almost through tears, the timber-toed Mercury punch out another series of holes to the gate.

But there is hardly a day that does not bring or at least threaten disaster. We have an Airedale—not really ours, but a sort of nephew—who loves our place and loves company, and who entertains by preference here. Have you ever seen an Airedale romp? Ruggs's friends include another Airedale, a Boston terrier, and a young collie. These, you may say, make up the Gang, and it is wonderful what they can do. After a truly successful party, after a really good time, an examination of the grass would seem to indicate that dogs have talons and that they are a great deal bigger and heavier than they look. I have learned now to view all paleontological reconstructions from footprints and other like traces as probably false. I know now that they need not have been produced by monsters, by dinosaurs or mammoths; they may just as likely have been produced by Airedales.

The trouble is with the wetness. This summer the ground has been fairly soaked. And here comes another thought. Will all my painfully gathered experience profit me another year? Next summer may be parched and dry, and my neatly laid plans will then go agley. When I started in, I proposed to keep a book, a sort of general log and account book; but the book petered out, as I expected. I have been thinking of writing an essay to be entitled, ironically, and with apologies to Mr. Newton, "The Amenities of Book-keeping." This would tell, not of that effort which strives to prevent "ugly gashes" and bleeding gaps on one's shelves, which endeavors to maintain the happy balance between the recommending of a book and the lending of it; it would tell of more intricate and recondite matters, of figures, and additions, and estimates, and bills, and check-stubs. But, as I have said, I did start an account-book, and, having a canny appreciation of my weakness, I did not buy a new one. I found an old one, one nearly blank, the abandoned minute-book of a girls' club—the Jolly Fifteen—and after the page headed "Moves Passed," I began my record. The second month shows no entries. If next summer should be dry, however, it will not matter. To-day I know will be dry. The Weather Bureau says, "Probably showers"; but look at these fairy-cambric webs lying here and there on the grass and hedges. You cannot fool a spider; he has inside information.

Literary men with wooden legs, dogs, ants, yes, and moles. I suppose that the condition of the soil has kept these last near the surface. There was great excitement among the maids one morning when I first discovered a sprung trap and proceeded to dig out the furry rooter. I wondered at their interest until I found that the chauffeur had informed them that a mole was about the size of Ruggs, the aforementioned Airedale. Our cook, it seems, was planning for a new coat. You see,

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we all, even the maids, are city bred. But I have been thinking about that mole. Here I have killed in defense of order, my order. I have killed for an ideal, my ideal. What is an ideal? Is it not simply our own conception of the desirable? We get so wrapped up in our own *mores* and habits that these come to have moral values, and with these as material we then erect altars. "Democracy is an ideal." What does this mean? Simply that having been born to this political practice and having become adjusted to it we now believe it to be the best. Not a very weighty judgment that, is it? But this is all there can be to it, for otherwise one cannot well explain why democracy should be an ideal, when heaven, to which we all surely aspire, is itself an absolute monarchy.

But if an ideal is such a thin matter, what then is an idealist? Idealism has been identified as vision, an unusual perception of a distant and desirable goal. I cannot accept this. Vision is not limited to idealists. Other people can see as far—further! The test, to my mind, would be rather how one would go about attaining to one's vision, or indeed whether one would make any such effort at all. Does a man rush precipitately toward his desire, his picture, ignoring all obstacles and getting himself into a mess; or does he sit down and dream about it, doing nothing? In either case he will qualify; he is an idealist. I do not like to be unpleasant, but it seems to me that these idealists are either blind to the present, their far-sightedness being pathological and excluding that which is near, or they are just lazy, abhorrers of routine, haters of work. This would explain why their homes are so often disorderly and uncomfortable. This would explain why they cannot make lawns. For a lawn must be plodded with. One must weed endlessly on, admitting no vain thoughts of perfection. One must, as it were, let a lawn unfold, advancing one's standard only as each new step is actually accomplished.

Does that sound like drudgery? Well, that depends. Drudgery is an attitude, not a fact. A pirate may get bored to extinction, and the village dressmaker may throb with romance. And there is, too, always the unexpected to cope with. Take two or three days of a heavy rain, for instance. Where is your routine now? After one of these downpours, a path of ours, running down to the woods, took its destiny into its own hands and actually did run! Here was a problem. So far, my experience in the filling of cavities had been limited to the part of passive sufferer; but no knowledge, I find, is ever really wasted. I first drilled and gouged out round the edges until I reached healthy tissue, then I shaped the cavity in most approved fashion, and finally I filled with stones from the brook and polished off the surface. It was a good filling too, and still holds, its original, painfully amalgam-like conspicuousness now softened to a more pleasing tone.

Did you notice where I got the stones? I am surprised that I have not told you sooner of this brook of ours. We generally take people down to see it before we have quite finished saying our welcome.

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Not that it is so unusual among brooks—indeed I have sometimes detected an expression of disappointment as its slender stream bubbled into the view of the expectant sightseer—but the interesting thing about it is that it is there at all. A brook, like a baby, is a wonderful thing in itself. What man is so atrophied in memory and sentiment that the word does not recall some beauty of the past? Upon a mind burdened with commerce and finance, the word gently knocks—then enters. You start with surprise. You only half recognize it. Then suddenly there comes a recollection, a vision—a brook, some brook, which flowed somewhere, sometime, and that brook was *your* brook, and you loved it. What wonderful associations come dancing into consciousness now! Down in our brook we have overhanging ferns, and sweet clear water, and well rounded pebbles. The birds know all about it and have small use for the bird-bath on the lawn. No artificial plumbing for them with this cool offering at hand! It is only the occasional visiting city sparrow who is so unnatural as to prefer the modern tub.

Alas, I cannot tell you all, my subject is too rich. And how hard it is "being in the midst of the cariere of a discourse to stop cunningly, to make a sudden period, and to cut it off." I should have followed Pliny rather than my lord of Montaigne; I should have paused more often to remember my title.

But let me say just a word of this place at night. Do you recall Teufelsdröckh's wonderful view of his city? This place, too, is a city. Only instead of five hundred thousand two-legged animals, all horizontal and in nightcaps, we have here a population of many millions of four- and six-legged creatures, and night finds them in all manner of queer positions and places. Some are busy and some quiet. Some are serenading their loves, some sleeping; some are foraging and thieving, some murdering. There is the mysterious stir in the trees, the strange rustle in the bushes; there are silently swerving black things. There is contentment and repose, there are uneasy dreams, and there are nightmares. And there is wretchedness, and pain; here, too, maimed soldiers drag their weary way homeward, to homes where they will not be welcome. How weird it all is! The folks of the human city are not more real than is this tenantry of mine, nor, facing infinity, are they, it may be, much more important.

Truly a lawn in the country is a wonderful place. One turns from it only with the profoundest regret. One looks forward to the morrow only with the happiest anticipation.

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LINCOLN'S LAST STRUGGLE

And the End of His Long and Toilsome Course

WILLIAM E. DODD

IT WAS the third winter of the war. Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd were still in the White House. The doors of the fashionable capital, so long closed, opened now and then. The dean of Washington bankers, W. W. Corcoran, his slaves unwilling to abandon so noble a master, gave his first great reception, wild radicals of the new régime modestly elbowing their ways about. Then George Washington Riggs, not to be outdone, opened his "baronial estate and house," all the semi-secessionists there, Gideon Welles of the cabinet duly received if not lionized. And Kate Chase, a marvel for the daughter of an abolitionist, now married to a master of mills in Rhode Island and an honored senator, gave dinners to match those of the former wonder-working Mrs. Clement C. Clay, Paris gowns and crinolines as handsome on the figures of rich New Englanders as they had formerly looked on the slender mistresses of plantations. Nor did Mrs. Lincoln really milk her cow on the White House lawn every evening at twilight. Gentle Washington, abandoning hope that Lee would ever return in force, learned to look upon life with a little more indulgence.

The years had been long and dreary, and Lincoln's political family had grown used to their unwonted tasks, though they did not exactly love their chief. Henry Halleck, a thick-headed translator of the famous Jomini, never a battle to his credit, was chief of staff, a vain pretentious strategist too incompetent to be retained, too powerful to be dismissed, ever at hand—teaching Lincoln the game of kings. Edwin M. Stanton, bald, ill tempered, and blustering, at loggerheads with half the generals in the field and distrustful of the rest, the "American Carnot" marshaling the forces of an unmilitary people, and keeping close counsels with the president's enemies, was secretary of war and contemptuous of Lincoln. If Halleck or Stanton failed the president, there was Salmon P. Chase, unruffled and complacent, the secretary of the treasury, improviser of loans that ran into the billions and sponsor for hundreds of millions of doubtful greenbacks, Salmon P. Chase, intriguing by day and by night to supplant the Illinois lawyer whom "mere accident" had elevated to exalted station. With a Washington grown a little more friendly and a cabinet as little united as ever, Lincoln faced the unfriendly Congress that his emancipation proclamation had done much to give him.

Congress assembled on the seventh

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of December. Charles Sumner, unforgiving and magisterial, was the chief of all the senators, Benjamin F. Wade, his sawed-off gun at home in Ohio, chairman of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, worshipful follower—other commanding figures of that body: Lyman Trumbull, the upright; John P. Hale, the faultfinder; and Zachary Chandler, brusque and ruthless egotist, all bent upon purging a backslidden country of all its mortal sins. In the House of Representatives, Thaddeus Stevens, the weight of years and the plague of disease upon him, was master, a master of driving temper and relentless soul, an avowed enemy of Lincoln. Of equal importance was the young and handsome Henry Winter Davis of Maryland, a former slaveholder, now the scourge of all slaveholders, an ally of Stevens, a disappointed aspirant for the seat in the president's cabinet held by another Marylander, Montgomery Blair. Two of the most restless figures of all that tragic time. Lincoln had won the battle of Gettysburg. Would he win in the impending struggle with Congress?

On the first day of the session the president endeavored to secure a friendly speaker. Thaddeus Stevens and Winter Davis, perceiving the move, turned from their former candidate, Galusha A. Grow, to Schuyler Colfax, a Westerner, and beat the president's Western candidate on a big margin—defeat. On the eighth, the Louisiana plan of reconstruction, designed to make the South's return to the Union easier, a measure intended to bring about gradual emancipation and the earliest possible restoration of peace to the country, was read by both houses, a proclamation issuing to the people at the same time. Members of Congress restrained for a few days the wrath that observant men saw on many faces that day. Lincoln knew a little of what lay ahead. He meant to guide the process of reconstruction in all the war-stricken region and allow no vindictive policy to prevail. Stevens and Davis, Sumner and Wade, Chase and Stanton, were of another mind. They would take no dictation from any president. Would they take it from Robert E. Lee?

Lest the latter alternative ensue, Lincoln laid his careful plan: he must secure his renomination against an unfriendly Congress; he must win a smashing military victory against Lee; and then he must secure his own reëlection.

A serious program, so much waiting upon circumstance. When Congress finished its organization, the great committees manned by opponents of the president, the Republicans organized a Republican National Executive Committee, the earnest and upright Samuel C. Pomeroy, of Massachusetts and Kansas, the chairman, Wade and Sumner, Stevens and Davis godfathers. The young and hopeful James A. Garfield of the pious Western Reserve wrote home: "We hope we may not be compelled to push Lincoln four years more." It was the business of the committee to push the secretary of the treasury, and the work of the succeeding campaign began in a brisk hustling manner, little concern felt as to the consequences to a country torn by civil war. Horace Greeley, author of the cry "On to Richmond"

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in 1861, but none the wiser, still editor of the greatest newspaper in the country, the "New York Tribune," declared: "Lincoln's renomination means the revival of the fear that the disasters, the burdens, the debts and the hopes deferred will be revived." Theodore Tilton, editor of the "Independent," known far and near as the organ of Henry Ward Beecher, urged:

"The ship of state tosses upon a rough sea; who shall take the helm? A nation tired of war will submit to be duped for the sake of peace. Great statesmen are few in any country, but few as they are we must make diligent search to find one for the next presidency."

There was no mistaking the language of the prophets of Brooklyn. The "New York Evening Post," one of its managers a son-in-law of William Cullen Bryant, prosecuted under the direction of the honest, if indiscreet, secretary of the navy for gross frauds upon the government, made earnest protest against the hasty and ill advised renomination of so weak a leader as Lincoln. The young and enthusiastic Whitelaw Reid of the "Cincinnati Gazette" prepared the ways for Chase in Ohio and the Middle West and sought to undo the vacillating president, about to "surrender the cause of human freedom to the masters of slave plantations." As one turns to-day the fragile pages of the leading newspapers of that time, the conclusion becomes irresistible that the wise, the rich, and the good were sick and tired of Abraham Lincoln, just then calling for five hundred thousand more young men, young men to be drawn from the homes of farmers and workers, if not from those of greater folk who furnished substitutes at three or four hundred dollars each.

And this disgust with the president gave easy access to the scores and hundreds of agents of the Treasury Department to talk the cause of Chase and suggest the strange alliance of prosperous Eastern business men, making forty per cent a year, and the political abolitionists of the West. Benjamin F. Wade was as enthusiastic as his own ambition would allow; Winter Davis of Baltimore shouted aloud for the secretary of the treasury; Secretary Stanton gave secret assurance, I think, of his potent aid; Chase clubs sprang up overnight in the cities and towns of the country—the secretary himself absent more and more from cabinet meetings. On February 20 the hopeful Pomeroy published the secret circular which had been in newspaper offices for some time. The main points of this document were: Lincoln cannot be reëlected; and if he were reëlected, he would ruin the country with his flagrant corruptions and his weak compromises with the slaveholders. This was not the language of a narrow-minded party boss. It came from the head of the Treasury, a man who had long been known as one of the great leaders of the country. Lincoln must bestir himself, the sluggish Lincoln.

He was not unready, nor without clever supporters. William H. Seward, older and wiser, abandoning forever the ambition of a tortuous career, was already laying wires all over New York; and Thurlow Weed, partner in many a midnight contrivance, was ready for a new assignment, that same Thurlow Weed who

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had denied Henry Clay the presidency twenty-four years before, his hands now as ever upon the Whig business men of New York. The wiry Seward and the easy-spoken Weed made a pair it were well to have on one's side. Nor was the young pushing Henry J. Raymond, editor of the "New York Times," without influence. But outside the realm of party organization, there was Samuel Bowles, a man of clear vision and honest purposes, editor and maker of the "Springfield Republican," supporting Lincoln against Sumner, and boldly declaring that the Louisiana plan meant gradual and reasonable abolition of slavery. Interesting protagonists, these. A more interesting group was the race of Blairs, now almost unknown to history: "Old Frank Blair," who had laid many an intrigue for Andrew Jackson, living now in a great mansion there at Silver Spring, Maryland, a tall Kentuckian, oracular, unscrupulous, accomplished, slipping in and out of the White House at all hours of the day or night, ardent champion of the backwoods lawyer from Illinois, and not without reason: his son, Montgomery Blair, the postmaster-general in Lincoln's cabinet, a tall angular man of broad forehead and narrow shoulders, tight-drawn mouth and solemn visage, a fire-eater of 1861, chiding Lincoln for dickering at all with the rebels at Charleston, a deadly enemy of Winter Davis, the other boss of Maryland, ready to make hasty work of Chase, his colleague, and all other opponents of the president. Two interesting Blairs. There was another, Frank Blair, the younger, who had "saved Missouri" to the Union in 1861, a West-Pointer, a general in the Army of Tennessee and a member of Congress from St. Louis at the same time, choosing to sit in the House that stormy winter, his commission wisely deposited in a secret drawer in the White House. All the Blairs, owners of slaves, organizers of Lincoln support in Maryland, in Kentucky and Missouri, gradual emancipationists, heirs of the Jackson tradition, were enlisted in the war for Lincoln—Chase and Davis, Stanton and Stevens, making grimaces the while. But there was yet another member of the family, Gustavus Vasa Fox, son-in-law of the great house at Silver Spring, assistant secretary of the navy, a Massachusetts man, trained at Annapolis, tied up, as became men of that great State, with mills and industry, and not without money in his purse, giving orders to the bearded, wise-looking secretary of the navy, his *diary* slipped into a drawer as you entered the big room; he was not less a Lincoln man than the strenuous general in the House of Representatives. And Lincoln himself held leaders such as Joseph Medill of the "Chicago Tribune" firmly to his interest and drew into the camp the marvelous preacher-orator, Robert J. Breckenridge, one son in the Confederate army, another in the Union army, and a nephew in command of rebel regiments in the Valley of Virginia, as much a master of the shorter and longer catechisms as Wade himself. It was not a weak combination, barring the absence of the abolitionists—the masses of inarticulate people coming more and more to have faith in the harassed president.

The opening gun of the adminis-

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tration was an article from James Russell Lowell, author of "The Biglow Papers," "the apostle of culture," says James Ford Rhodes of the ponderous history, "speaking from the groves of the academy":

"The backwoods lawyer has employed the material of the rebellion for its own destruction. The chances of war are now greatly in our favor. The nation is united against any shameful peace. Mr. Lincoln has been wise to leave the shaping of policy to events. The drift of public sentiment is too strong to be mistaken."

It was encouraging to have so wise a man of the East say in the "North American Review" more than you would say yourself. Lincoln read the pronouncement twice, wondering whether he could be as great a statesman as was there portrayed, though history has confirmed the poet in what was then a mere guess. It was time for more active moves. Senator Edwin D. Morgan of New York, a great merchant who was able a little later to give away a million dollars, called the Republican National Committee to meet on Washington's birthday in Washington, Gideon Welles of the cabinet sitting with them. They read the Pomeroy circular, just then under discussion in the press, but said nothing fit to print; they resolved themselves into the National Union Republican Committee and called the next Republican National Convention to meet in Baltimore as the National Union Republican Convention on June 7, a month later in the year than the convention which first nominated Lincoln had assembled. But the Chase men cried out "premature," and Winter Davis hurried over to Baltimore and engaged the only available hall for the week of June 7 and put the keys in his pocket. Nearly all the Republicans in Congress were still for Chase, and all the papers in New York but two were opposed to Lincoln, if not in favor of Chase; but on the fifth of March the Union Republican caucus of the Ohio legislature met and declined to indorse Chase, the "favorite son." Lincoln had won on two counts: the National Committee favored his renomination, and the Union Republican party of the greatest Western State seconded the National Committee, though Lincoln's own State was long in serious doubt. Chase withdrew from the canvass, though he by no means ceased to fight what he called the "sly Illinoisian."

Lincoln was hardly content with the outlook, the great States of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts hostile to him. The spring was opening and military successes in order, successes which few expected. There must be a majority in Baltimore, even if Davis did not let them have the convention hall; and he unfolded his plan. Michael Hahn of Louisiana must hasten the organization of the new Louisiana, not forgetting the delegates to Baltimore; John Hay slipped off to Florida to make a State out of two counties, held by the army, and lead its delegation to the Union Republican Convention; John Steele of Arkansas was to superintend similar work in Arkansas; and Parson Brownlow of eastern Tennessee, who needed no prodding, would bring up the delegates from that bewildered commu-

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nity. In western Virginia the president's agents were teaching former slaveholders the rubrics of new and unaccustomed rôles. If New Englanders and Horace Greeley, Salmon P. Chase and the irreconcilables in the Senate and House would insist upon a bitter fight, Lincoln would present them with delegations from the border States and enthusiastic supporters from the "ten per cent" communities of the South, not to mention Robert J. Breckenridge and Parson Brownlow.

Although Chase withdrew early in April, the course of events in Congress ran steadily against the president, and Lincoln's friends endeavored to reply. Frank Blair was set up or set himself up to speak for the administration. On February 27 he gave distinct warning what he might say; but on April 23 he rose again, his general's commission still in Lincoln's possession, epaulets upon his manly shoulders, the proud father safe, I think, in the galleries, and began the most sensational speech that had been made in Congress since Charles Sumner indicted a whole people in "The Barbarism of Slavery." The secretary of the treasury was the butt of the driving if not ferocious attack: Chase had squandered the hard-earned money of the people to advance his precious candidacy; he had sent out hundreds of clever cotton traders with Treasury permits to finance the Pomeroy business; then Blair read a letter from a great New York banker which declared that Chase had given his son-in-law, Senator Sprague, a permit to buy cotton enough to make him two million dollars; and that the secretary even maintained corrupt gangs of radicals in Missouri and Maryland to break down the power of the chief who had made him. Any gentleman would resign his place in the cabinet when he thus set out to attack his chief. The House was in an uproar; senators, learning of the attack, were indignant; and the newspapers outside at once made a sensation—it was Abraham Lincoln reduced to the necessity of fighting, fighting through a Blair—Seward, Welles, and Bates rejoicing.

Had Lincoln read the speech? Did he direct such an onslaught by members of the House against a member of his cabinet? All the world asked these questions. The president was embarrassed, his general having overshot the mark; but some of the charges of corruption leveled by Chase's agents against the administration were answered. The leaders of the House called for an immediate investigation. Lincoln returned Blair his commission, raised him to the command of the Seventeenth Army Corps, hastened him off to Sherman, and seemed not a little pleased at the anger and demoralization of all his enemies in both houses, Chase and Stanton keeping discreetly away from cabinet sessions. There were no satisfactory answers to Blair's attack, James A. Garfield, prospective successor to the wrathful Joshua Giddings, writing sorrowfully again: "Lincoln will be nominated and a copperhead will be elected. Not a dozen men in Congress think otherwise." Nor was the prophecy wide the mark as things then stood.

The call of the battle-field pressed by day and by night. Lee and his

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praying ironsides waited there on the half-barren ridges south of the Wilderness; Joseph E. Johnson of the bald head and snuff-brown face, fifty-four thousand veterans about him, there on the hills of northern Georgia, waiting for the onset of Sherman and his hardened farmers. The gentle Lincoln, dreading the inevitable slaughter, permitted the elder Blair to slip off to Richmond and say to Jefferson Davis, "If you will let me write a reunited country into any agreement, you may write the rest." Davis, hardening his heart after the manner of the Pharaohs, declared there could never be a return to the Union. And Lincoln had to continue his vast preparations for the struggle, looking the while for a general to take the place of doubting Meade. The Blairs, always clever, suggested McClellan and opened correspondence with "copperheads" to that end. The young Napoleon, more popular every day than the preceding, could hardly promise what Blair asked; that is, not to think of running for the presidency against Lincoln. That was all McClellan thought of day or night that winter. Had not Stanton delayed and delayed the official report of military operations in 1861 and 1862 in the hope of weakening the general's candidacy, a report which declared to the world:

"This war should not look to subjugate states; it should not be a war upon the southern population; there should be no confiscations of property, no political executions, no forcible abolition of slavery."

Had not Lincoln done all these things? The report came out early in the winter, ten thousand copies printed for the special benefit of members of Congress. The "New York Herald," the cleverest of all the papers at that time, thought it contained weighty matter and wise policy. Horace Greeley, opponent of Lincoln that he was, said, "General McClellan is the Pro-slavery candidate and he will prove more formidable in the canvass than in the field." McClellan was indeed the candidate, and none had done more to give him a following than Lincoln himself, when at the behest of Stanton he had dismissed him from the command of the Army of the Potomac, the day after the last national election. On March 18 there was a "monster" mass-meeting in Cooper Institute, New York; the aged Amos Kendall, of the Jackson kitchen cabinet, presided and talked of the great general of the day and of the greater general of old time who was of the same mind. It was clear that the young Napoleon could not be made the commander to try fortunes once more with Lee. But who was to be chosen to the unenviable task?

General W. S. Rosecrans of Ohio, who had been approached by Horace Greeley to become a candidate against Lincoln, had ruined himself at Chattanooga; General George H. Thomas, the hero of Chickamauga, was a Virginian; and William Tecumseh Sherman, brother of the suave cautious senator from Ohio, of sharp and profane speech, was "crazy." There was no other than the little Ulysses S. Grant, disliked of Halleck and feared by Stanton, a West-Pointer too, and a commander with a record for slaughtering his men. It was a strange fate that made the son of a hard-boiled Democrat, tanner

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Jesse Grant of southern Ohio, the son-in-law of Colonel Frederick Dent, a shouting Democrat of Missouri and a slaveholder besides, the only available man to beat Lee, Mrs. Grant hiring out her negro servant for her own most needful support, a little while before. But war and politics make strange bedfellows. There must be a new commander of the Army of the Potomac, five hundred thousand hesitating volunteers and conscripts slowly gathering under the unwelcome call of February 1, gathering at a score of training-camps in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and the rest of the doubtful States. Time and tide would not wait.

The burly Stanton had gone to Louisville a little before Congress assembled, a train all to himself, to see and talk with Grant. The secretary and the general, none too friendly, met in a private room; they talked long and in solemn tones; they were to meet again at eight o'clock in the evening. The hour arrived, but there was no General Grant. The irascible and self-centered secretary paced the floor of his room; he sent out hasty agents to seek the indifferent Grant, the general not to be found. At eleven in the evening, the hero of Vicksburg appeared. He had been found, Stanton's intimate friend, Donn Piatt, said, at a place and in a condition not to be mentioned in a public report. How could Stanton recommend such a man, a Democrat and a slaveholder too? Did the reunion of a great country turn upon the answer to this two-sided question?

Lincoln pondered, made inquiries, and told some of his uneasy conscience-keepers that he would like to get a little of the liquor the general drank—it seemed to make him fight. But would the general take the command of all the armies, win a great battle, and then, like McClellan, set up for the Democratic candidate? The presidential bee was abroad, the "New York Herald" already advocating Grant for the Democratic nomination! Horace Greeley, too, the busybody, had sent John R. Gilmore, the propagandist, to tempt Grant into the Republican fold with the suggestion of the presidency. It was not a light matter, Lincoln's great cause seeming to depend on the whims or the ambitions of mere men. Then Lincoln learned that Grant's most intimate friend in Chicago, J. R. Jones, a busy livery-stable man, might know what was under Grant's hat. Lincoln sent for Jones, and Jones, as he was leaving Chicago, took a letter from the post-office. It was from the stodgy general at Chattanooga, who reported that politicians pestered him about the White House. He had no patience with such. He was a fighting man. The letter safe in an inside pocket, Jones appeared at the White House, Lincoln ruminating, walking about the room, his wrinkled face unrelieved. Surmising the cause, the visitor handed the president the precious letter. Lincoln's face eased; then it lighted up. "I like that kind of a general."

On the first of March Ulysses S. Grant was made commander-in-chief of all the armies, his own rôle to lead the attack upon Lee—it was no easy prospect, the little stoopy general from the West, his coat unbuttoned, his cap over his eyes, his boots none

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too clean, silent, meditative, his unlucky past sometimes pestering him, father-in-law Dent always about, and father Grant not unwilling to supply the army with leather; but it was General Grant, nevertheless, "Unconditional surrender" his motto. Lee knew quickly of the appointment, Lee who had displaced a long series of Union commanders: McDowell and McClellan; Pope and McClellan again; poor Burnside and the bewildered Hooker; and then Meade who had won a victory without intending it. Now it was Grant, "who would fight." Would it be the last? As I read history, the chances were with Lee that spring and not with the courageous new commander of the Army of the Potomac. Grant said he was not a strategist; he did not study Jomini, the master; he did not care a great deal about topography—a dangerous frame of mind, if Grant represented himself aright that spring. It was March, the country expectant, doubtful, Congress in a bad humor, though the Senate confirmed the appointment. The roads began to dry; and Lincoln issued a call for two hundred thousand more men on the first of April, all the hospitals in Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia providing more space and more beds, thousands and thousands of beds. Lincoln had entered upon the war for the Union; he could not retreat, his democracy "here and all over the world" at stake.

As the day of encounter approached, the grape-vine telegraph told Lincoln, cleverest of interpreters, that the people were tired of the long bloodshed, opposed to the repeated calls for soldiers; the price of wheat was high, and farmers liked their fields and firesides; the wages of mill-workers were high, and the workers were in a mood to resist the draft. Moreover the credit of the government declined every week, despite the efforts of Jay Cooke, his drives, and his expensive advertising. Horace Greeley indicated the feeling when he wrote:

"Why should not any man lend to his Government? If you have $1,000 in greenbacks, you get five per cent interest in gold and a gold bond, 48 per cent on the currency loaned. If you have $1,000 in specie, you can get $1,600 in greenbacks, lend it to the Government and receive $80 a year interest in gold and $1,600 principal when your bond falls due. Who can ask of his country better terms?"

Grant made ready to strike: David Hunter was in the Valley of Virginia, laying waste that fruitful source of Confederate supplies—Union commanders instructed to make ruthless campaigns; Benjamin F. Butler threatened from Norfolk with forty thousand men; Sherman had near a hundred thousand in front of Johnston, and Grant himself was ready to cross the Rapidan—a vast complex of moves and maneuvers all under the direction of the chief of the Army of the Potomac. On the fourth of May Grant crossed the river, marching southeast into the midst of the ghostly Wilderness, the bones of countless men and horses here as at second Bull Run scattered about or protruding from shallow graves, the skeletons of last year's conflict grinning at the beginners of another desperate attack upon the South. On

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the fifth Lee struck at Grant's right flank with all the weight and drive of a Frederick II, regiments and divisions shrieking the famous Confederate yell as they dashed upon the Union flanks. Grant had never felt such a blow, and his army was in a position where it could neither use its heavy artillery nor employ all its force. By the middle of the day the Union cause seemed desperate, and Grant thought of retreat as he threw himself, in a paroxysm of fear and excitement, upon his camp bed, a dangerous retreat, and posted regiments to hold the way open; Lee anticipating such a move, had hastened men to bar the way. A little later the Union commander observed that the momentum of Lee's attack was waning. Longstreet had taken the wrong road; the battle could not be finished that day. On the morrow Grant was safe, but he lost eighteen thousand men.

Two days later Grant moved again toward Spotsylvania Court-House, on the way to Richmond. On the ninth Lee met the Union troops there, and from that day till the eighteenth of May there were desperate encounters, Grant losing again twelve to fifteen thousand men, dead, wounded, and missing. Gideon Welles says he went down the Potomac one day consumed with anxiety, and met great fleets of transports bringing the wounded and the prominent dead from the battle-fields, other transports carrying fresh recruits to fill the gaps in the Union lines. But neither Lincoln nor Grant could delay. On May 19 Grant moved toward Cold Harbor, south of the North Anna, where he fell upon Lee again with the weight of half his army. He lost twelve thousand men in half an hour—the campaign had cost Grant fifty-four thousand men, Lee less than half as many! It was June 2, vague and disturbing rumors spreading over the North: the Associated Press announcing merely, "Heavy fighting in the Wilderness, three hundred and twenty-five men killed at Cold Harbor."

Grant was in doubt, his men angry, some of his ablest generals protesting. The stock-market tumbled in spite of assurances from Washington, tumbled till greenbacks were not worth forty cents on the hundred. The Union National Republican Convention was gathering in Baltimore, Thurlow Weed doing what he could to hold the "wild men" in check, the men who would defeat Lincoln and at the same time issue a challenge to the French emperor, just then setting up the government of Maximilian in Mexico. Foolish men, calling themselves patriots. The country could not stand the news from the front. It was not given. Lincoln was uneasy, his cabinet still at loggerheads. By a clever move Robert J. Breckenridge was designated to make the key-note speech; he proved a past master, lifting men out of their despairing moods. He reannounced the Lincoln plan of reconstruction. Governor William Dennison of Ohio reëchoed the moderate views of Lincoln when he took his seat as chairman of the convention. The president's Southern delegations were there, arousing the ire of Thaddeus Stevens, who would have preferred their scalps. Chase's friends were not without hope that Lincoln would lose, Frémont hanging about hoping to be nominated. The decision came

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when the vote was taken on the seating of the Tennessee delegation, led by Parson Brownlow. The delegation was at first denied a place. Then the Illinoisians reversed their attitude, as Illinois has done since at critical moments, and Lincoln became the master of the convention. The ten per cent delegations were not seated. It was not necessary. The president was renominated without recorded opposition, Andrew Johnson, the war Democrat of Tennessee, being named for the vice-presidency. It was a Lincoln victory, the first of the three he must win that summer—the irreconcilables returning to their places in Congress to renew their contest with the president on every item of his policy.

All eyes turned, if they had ever been averted, to the contest in Virginia. A despatch of a reporter that fifteen thousand new beds had been placed in the Washington hospitals gave the public deep concern, and slowly more and more of the casualty lists were published. Grant was denounced as "Butcher Grant," as if the killing of men were not the business of war. There was a growing demand that Grant be removed—the Union army dared not attack again at once, some men charging that Grant had left a heap of dead bodies all the way to the Rapidan. Grant paused and gave the country time to read the news from Georgia. There, Union forces made slow but sure headway, though neither the officials at Washington nor the people at home seemed to grasp the meaning of Sherman's cautious work, Sherman already more than half-way to Atlanta—only fifteen or eighteen thousand men lost. But nothing overcame the deepening gloom of the people and the press.

It was the moment for a masterstroke of Lee, by no means conquered. A strange inertia came upon him. He had been ill the preceding winter; after Spotsylvania he was again stricken, calling out upon his sickbed, "Grant must never pass us again, never." The illness of a general may be as fatal in war as the loss of an army. But I do not know that illness seriously affected Lee's movements that June. He surely miscalculated. Grant was his objective. Jefferson Davis warned him on June 9 that Grant might try to move south of the James River. Crossing the river in the face of a powerful enemy was no small feat. Grant sent two regiments toward Malvern Hill, where he might be supposed to cross; Lee sent similar detachments to the same neighborhood, and there was skirmishing and fighting. But at the moment, Grant was turning his columns southeast toward White House, where the Pamunkey becomes the York River. Thence the great army, with long trains of supplies, heavy guns, and droves of cattle, marched by long detour to the lower James from the twelfth to the fifteenth of June. On the latter day Grant began to cross the river at City Point; on the seventeenth his army was safe on the other side. Lee had not fired a gun; it was as great a feat as the move by which Grant had taken Vicksburg.

At the very moment that Grant made ready to change his base and cross the James, Lee planned the expedition of Jubal Early and John C. Breckenridge against Washington.

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Early took his whole corps from Lee's army on the twelfth of June and made the spectacular march, through the Valley toward Washington and Baltimore, which cut off the capital from the rest of the North for a period of two days. Lee learned with surprise on June 18 that Grant was approaching Petersburg. The maneuvers and marches through northern Virginia by Early and Breckenridge that June and July were the useless price Lee paid for the escape of Grant. It was a fatal moment, though the people of the North were unaware of Grant's great success. If Lee had caught Grant in the act of crossing the James River the consequences must have been incalculable. The stars were beginning to point dimly to the ultimate success of Abraham Lincoln.

But while Lee allowed Grant to escape, Winter Davis and Thaddeus Stevens pressed through Congress the Reconstruction Bill on which President Johnson was to be wrecked a year and a half later: there was to be immediate emancipation of the slaves; a majority of Southerners were to be compelled to take an iron-clad oath before any delegates could be seated in Congress; and the Southern States were to be compelled to accept the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution as a condition to any reconstruction at all—a drastic measure as compared with Lincoln's ten per cent plan. On the first of July Chase, still in harmony with the opposition in Congress, offered his resignation. The president accepted it, and Chase took his departure, leaving the Blairs unmolested. On the fourth the leaders of Congress presented Lincoln with their bill. He refused to sign it, members of the House and Senate making earnest and threatening protest, the tide of opinion in the North running against Lincoln.

On the twenty-eighth of June there was an uproarious mass-meeting in Cooper Institute, Lincoln's name jeered and hissed in ominous fashion. Theodore Tilton, editor of the "Independent," shouted from the platform that Seward had been seen drunk at the recent Baltimore Sanitary Fair. Orestes Brown, associate of Wendell Phillips, confessed that he had voted for the president in 1860. Now any man "should vote to defeat Lincoln and the party of shoddy." In Maryland and Missouri and in the Middle West in general there was growing unrest, even neighborhood warfare. On the eighth of July Horace Greeley declared in the "Tribune": "There is danger of social convulsions; but courage, countrymen, it is but the darkness before dawn." At that moment Lincoln was calling for five hundred thousand men, which would make a million two hundred thousand out of a population of twenty million since February 1. And, as if to intensify the fears of the country, the president set the fourth of August for a day of national humiliation and prayer! It looked as if the renomination, which the "Independent" said was but a gift of the president to himself, would be the last of Lincoln's victories.

Meanwhile the Democrats had not been idle. In the city of Peoria, Illinois, there was a monster peace demonstration, Lincoln blamed for all the ills of the time. The friendly

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"St. Louis Republic" uncovered what was thought to be a vast conspiracy of Mid-Western opponents of the war, Democrats and "copperheads" uniting to take possession of the State governments, take control of the coming Democratic National Convention in Chicago, and bring the war to an end. The story was worse than the facts, but the facts were serious enough. On August 12 there was an open-air meeting in Union Square, New York, a demonstration in behalf of General McClellan, the candidate of army officers in general as well as of conservative people in all the States. Hiram Ketchum and other prominent New York business men were listed as vice-presidents of the meeting. The "Evening Post" estimated the crowd at sixty thousand, the "Tribune" at thirty thousand. McClellan was undoubtedly the choice of the people for the presidency at that time.

As if this were not bitter enough, on the eighth of August the papers of the North carried the angry reply of Wade and Davis to Lincoln's refusal to adopt the Congress plan of reconstruction, as violent an attack upon the president as any this generation has witnessed, closing with the charge: "the President strides headlong toward the anarchy his proclamation of December inaugurated." On the eighteenth the papers carried a story that Lincoln had proposed an armistice to Jefferson Davis—the first news of the secret maneuvers of John R. Gilmore and Horace Greeley seeking a means of ending the war, Lincoln not unwilling even then if Southerners would but remain in the Union. In the midst of all this distress and gloom and lawlessness, the Democratic leaders, assisted by their own and the independent press, prepared for the greatest convention they had held since the days of Jackson and Polk. Eminent men all over the North, business men of great means and the smaller folk of conservative tendencies, in conventions and in mass-meetings, showed the strength of the ancient party. When the delegates met in Chicago on August 29, it was plain to all that the majority of the country sympathized with their efforts to compromise the differences between North and South, as indeed the reception of Lincoln's similar efforts had shown—it was to be a peace without victory.

The convention met. It nominated George B. McClellan on the first ballot and without opposition, the downright peace element of the convention very popular and very powerful. On the last day of August the country was of the opinion that Lincoln had no chance, Wade and Davis still agitating, Greeley and Chase still complaining and hopeless. A committee of leading Republicans, young Whitelaw Reid of the "Cincinnati Gazette," Horace Greeley, and George Updyke of the National Union Republican Committee, having entered into tacit agreements with some senators and other leaders of the party, made formal demand for the withdrawal of Lincoln from the ticket and for the further agreement to yield to the calling of another Union Republican Convention late in September, a convention that was to nominate another candidate, could one be agreed upon. Was it Chase? And to show how strong the pressure was, one has only to recall that Lincoln dismissed from the cabinet on

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the first of September his loyal friend, Postmaster-General Blair, to appease the wrath of Chase, Blair yielding gracefully to the unwilling request of the president, the bitter Winter Davis ready now to make speeches for the cause if not for Lincoln. Lincoln, watching from Washington with sorrowful eye the vast drift of opinion, wrote the remarkable note proposing to share with McClellan the administration of the government, in the event of his own expected defeat, and in curious fashion procured the signatures of all his cabinet. On September 1, 1864, the personal popularity and prestige of Abraham Lincoln had reached their lowest ebb, his very place in history in grave doubt, military success delayed till men thought the sieges of Petersburg and Atlanta would drag on till after the election—the North to lose everything if she lost that.

One of the strange turns of history occurred. Joseph E. Johnston, a slow man of the mold of McClellan, yielding ground during the summer of 1864 until Sherman and his unshaken army approached the far-flung defenses of Atlanta, found himself the object of as bitter popular attack in Georgia as McClellan had been in the North. Benjamin H. Hill, a fiery Confederate, carried the people's case to Jefferson Davis, sore pressed at every point and not forgetful of the fussy complaining character of Johnston. There was a momentous conference at the house of James Lyons in the suburbs of Richmond, the fate of Lincoln depending on the decision of Davis. For Johnston behind his intrenchments about Atlanta might easily baffle and thwart Sherman for months, as Lee baffled and thwarted Grant at Petersburg. But the people demanded a change. Davis removed Johnston.

John B. Hood, a militarist of the type of Jackson or Forrest, both legs shot off in Virginia, the rest of him tied fast upon his war-horse, took command. He fought a battle, not unlike that of Grant at Cold Harbor, and lost leagues to Sherman's eager army. Toward the end of August, the great Democratic convention in session in Chicago, Montgomery Blair about to be dismissed from Lincoln's unhappy cabinet, Lee still unbeaten at Petersburg, Hood made his next great drive upon Sherman and lost again—fighting in this case more fatal than running away. Atlanta fell September 2. Sherman informed Lincoln on the fourth. Once more the unreligious Lincoln called the people of the North into their churches. There was reason. The Republicans ceased to attack their president; the Democratic cause, till then ominous, began to flatten. Americans love success. Lincoln was successful, poor Chase and his chum Winter Davis willing now to touch their hats. The son of Nancy Hanks, by the help of the excited people of Georgia and the doubting Jefferson Davis, had the most decisive of all his military encounters to his credit. This was his military success. The fall of Atlanta meant the reëlection of Lincoln, the last item of his program won. The sun shone brightly in November, 1864. Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd began to be happy in the White House.

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But the president had learned many a lesson in the White House, a rare thing for any one behind the walls of that enchanted castle. While the leaders and makers of his party turned their thoughts toward vindictive penalties, he bethought him of the broken prostrate Southerners, his countrymen still. In the second inaugural address he said:

"Both the peoples of the North and the South read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. . . . The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. . . . With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in."

There was only one other leader on either side of that great conflict who could have spoken thus—Robert E. Lee. But Stevens and Sumner and Winter Davis sharpened their weapons as if the war were just beginning, heightened their hatreds and suffered passion and interest and needless fear to rule them. Toward the end of March, the forces of the Confederacy weakening every day, and Lee broken in fortune, in health, the president went to City Point, the irate Sumner with him, to advise with Grant, expectant of victory, and with Sherman, running up from North Carolina, the ungainly, modest, democratic chief of the great Northwest giving law at last to the aristocrats of the humbled South, Sumner calling again and again for the blood of the guilty, Sumner who had said to all the world: "there is no war that is honorable, no peace that is dishonorable." The president, in my opinion, gave Grant and Sherman the terms they later offered Lee and Johnston—adequate but not severe terms.

As Lincoln set his face toward Washington, Lee met Grant at Appomattox. The greatest soldier of his time surrendered with all the dignity any victor might have commanded to little Ulysses S. Grant of Galena, who bore himself with all the modesty greatness ought ever to command. It was one of the great moments in world history, the Union saved once and for all, "government of the people, by the people, for the people"—was it, or was there already a power in the North too great for Lincoln's democracy?

On the eleventh of April, all the North rejoicing as few peoples have ever rejoiced, Lincoln said from a portico of the White House: "Whether the Southerners have ever been out of the Union or not does not concern me. Finding themselves safely at home, it would be utterly immaterial whether they had ever been abroad." And three days later to the cabinet, poor Stanton present: "I hope there will be no persecution, no bloody work after the war is over. . . . We must extinguish our resentment if we expect peace."

There was forming all over the East a mighty group, business chiefs and resolute senators fanning the passions of simple men, a group that made ready to take from Lincoln the baton of leadership, the sort of men who rise in their might at the end of every great war and demand the dismissal of those who think to make peace by forgiving their enemies. The homely Lincoln had run his course, a long and toilsome course

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since that eager autumn day in 1854 when he teased and worried little Douglas at the Springfield fair, all the world shouting and deriding the unlucky senator—Lincoln "lifting the burdens from the shoulders of all men," poor, dazed black men running hither and thither about the devastated South. There had seemed to be troubles in 1854; there were amazing problems in 1865. But the hand of the assassin spared Lincoln the heat and burden of the ominous future. Mary Todd, herself broken and distraught under the pressure of it all, bore the remains of her husband, ambition all burned out, to the modest home in Springfield, whence they were taken to their last resting-place, all the world, forgetting what all the world had said and done, journeying there ever and anon to pay tribute to one of history's immortals.

THE VASSAR WALKS

LAWRENCE LEE

Oh, once I knew a St. Anne's girl,
When St. Anne's smelled of spring;
And, though the lilacs had come out,
She seemed a lovely thing.

Now she is there, and I am here;
Virginia's far away;
And I don't doubt that she is out
With other men to-day.

But I have seen the Vassar walks
Since last I viewed St. Anne's;
And there I met as trim a girl
As mine or any man's.

When violets bloom along the lake,
And Vassar girls pass by,
He must be blind who cannot find
A blossom for his eye.

It is not far to Vassar lawns
From Chelsea or Times Square;
And now that lilacs should be out,
I'll pack and journey there!

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THE MOLD

CLARICE BLAKE

THIRTY-SEVEN last month, I was —thirty-seven. An' I was goin' on nine when Pop was sick first. Years an' years I done for this fam'ly. It ain't right.

It could be right, but it ain't right.

The twins was sweet little things —by Gar, how happy I was when they come! Own sisters to me, an' mine to work for—Pop sick an' all. I thought they'd always be so. Well—

"My kids," I'd think, an' like that. But now it's come to me this is Pop's fam'ly. It ain't mine—an' I'm thirty-seven.

This here is right comfortable—only Mom sweepin' round me, like she's always doin'. She don't know what I'm thinkin' anyway.

The stove is nice an' warm. It's a terrible wind to-day. February is a drear month.

Pop used to work good like me. I remember some—an' Mom tells of it. But then he got his hand sore from that bullhead. They can sting, too, I know. He must 'a' been to Winton hospital near three months, when it got infected. He'd 'a' lost the hand, too, if he'd let 'em. "I guess not," he'd say, when they'd ask him. I bet they was awful mad, all right. Pop was set, once he made up his mind. But he was right, all right. It healed fine.

It healed fine, an' he come home. I remember how happy I was. I thought I'd just help, like before he was sick; he'd run the farm again, natchully. I was bone tired. At first, there—I got used to it, o' course, an' never thought—till now. Till just now.

He set round. I was surprised—only a kid. I couldn't know. He was soft, of course, livin' easy like he done, all them months to the hospital. He tol' me, when I asked him. "I got to take it easy," he says.

I remember the time I dug them potatoes. I asked him again.

"What's the matter?" he says. "Ain't you got sense? I can't do no diggin' yet."

I was such a kid I wanted to help him. "I'll dig," I says; "I like it, Pop. You can just pick up."

I'll never forget the way he looked at me, rockin' in this same rocker. I never said nothin' again.

I never said nothin' 'bout his settin', but it was a long time before I stopped thinkin', "Pop'll help with this; Pop'll help with that; Pop'll be round by that time." I kept countin' on him for a long, long while.

Well, we got through that winter somehow.

It come to me I was the man o' the place. I was ten. I wasn't so big built for my years, neither. Spring, an' I plowed.

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Mom changed too. I'd run to her, before Pop was like that. She'd joke me, real often. Cookies too. An' do little things for me that was real nice.

But, after, Mom changed. Natchul enough, I suppose. Pop settin' there, rockin', rockin', an' eatin' us out o' house an' home. No woman could stand it. But it made it hard on me.

When a feller comes in tired, it ain't no time to pick at him. An' never no fun a-tall. But I never thought o' fun in them days. An' when the twins come, they made up for it, all right. They certainly was cute.

Gee, Doc was mad. I never will forget his face. "By God, Mis' Barlow," he says. But Mom looked at him, an' he stopped. An' it was hard on her, too—she was dead right.

"An' the boy," he says, but easier. "You're wearin' him out, as it is. An' now this."

I remember how surprised I was that Doc thought o' me. I felt like cryin'. I wanted to tell him I was glad 'bout the baby, but I didn't, o' course. I went out.

It was a long time after that Doc come an' called me. I was in the barn.

"There's two of 'em," he told me. My skin prickled. "Girls. You got your hands full now, my boy." I was sixteen then.

Gee! I had a fam'ly! Ain't many kids o' sixteen got a fam'ly! By Gar, wasn't I the fool!

They ain't my fam'ly. An' I'm thirty-seven.

They ain't nothin' to me but two kid sisters. I been doin' for 'em for over twenty years, an' come right down to it, I got no strings on 'em. This last summer learned me that, even though they has steadied down, now that they got to.

At first, there, gee, wasn't they cunnin'! Molly had all them little curls close to her head, an' Glen had that dimple. An' now they both got both. But at first they wasn't so much of a pair. They always clung to me. Mom took care of 'em good, o' course. But it was hard on Mom.

I couldn't be in none—just passin' through. But how them kids would reach for me! It makes a feller step out. I worked good.

They got to playin' round like a couple puppies. Only more fun. I was a big feller by then—'bout eighteen, an' tall an' broad. I'd took a spurt there, an' grew.

The summer people begun to come in 'bout that time. They liked to have me round, seems. I made good money. I dressed them kids good.

They was cute. No hand-me-downs, always in pairs, like the Stuart girls down to the lake, summers. An' blues, for their eyes, like that artist said. It was fun, goin' over the catalogue an' pickin' the stuff out. An' when it come, by Gar, how they always loved their new things!

"You'll spoil 'em, Jamie," Doc says to me once. But I didn't mind. I guess I done it though. Well, a feller's got to have some fun.

Pop just set an' rocked. He didn't care. He never got the kids sorted out, after the first, even. But Mom was always pickin'.

"You big fool," she'd say, an' like that. But the kids would run to me. They was real sweet. It lasted

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a long time too. I ain't one to begrudge.

It begun easy. I didn't notice at first. They changed to me when them fellers from the military school was campin' down to the lake, that first year. Everything was dressed up an' stylish. That all was new, hereabouts. The girls was sixteen.

They got goin' round. I liked to see 'em.

O' course I liked to see 'em. Asked to the city folks' houses, they was. I was proud. I'd walk by in the dark, times, when there was a party, an' look in. My girls was the purtiest o' the whole lot—blues, I kept 'em in—an' their fluttery curls. I'd puff up.

I done no harm. I wasn't about to find fault or to pry. I was just lookin' on. There ain't much to do for fun hereabouts. When Molly says to stop, I stopped, but I didn't get the meanin'. Only after, when I heard 'em all jokin' the kids 'bout the "night-watchman," an' somethin' 'bout their old man, an' they laughed like they done. It give me a funny feelin'. I thought one or the other of 'em would speak out an' say somethin'. They knew I wasn't mean. They knew I wasn't no nagger. I liked for them to be gay. "Oh, *him!*" Molly says, an' Glen laughed too. It made me feel queer. I come away quiet.

It has grew. That was the first. I couldn't know, o' course, but it was a beginnin'.

That winter they went down to Dalleytown to the high school. By Gar, how wild they was! How they tore round, an' sung. How we ordered an' ordered! An' then the packages come!

They was real sweet to me them days—here to the house, where no city folks could see 'em, o' course. I remember they used to hang on each arm, an' tease me for this, an' tease me for that. An' sometimes they'd push me in a chair, an' one would sit on my lap, an' one would stand behind an' hug my head. I'd make believe I wouldn't give in to 'em. Lordy, them was great times. We'd keep it up. How they'd tease me, an' laugh! "You big fool," Mom would say.

I missed them kids that winter. It was awful lonely.

"You big fool," Mom would say. "You're just ruinin' them girls. You dress 'em gay, you board 'em good; they should work to Dalleytown, like all the mountain girls does, that gets to the high school." I guess she was right too. But a feller's got to have some fun. An' Pop never said nothin'. He just set an' rocked, like always.

I liked buyin' for 'em. I liked to give 'em things.

I missed the kids terrible. I driv down an' got 'em for Saturdays an' Sundays real often that first winter. It made it nice. After, o' course, they had other things they had to do, an' couldn't get home so often. They was awful sweet 'bout it, so I never let on I minded.

But I minded terrible. I was all alone. A feller's got to have somethin'.

I'd try to visit with Pop. He'd listen all right, but he never was no talker hisself. He just set here an' looked at this stove. "You big fool," Mom would say to me, after.

It was that spring Pop died. He caught cold. It was awful quick. I

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didn't miss him none. There was more room though. The house was too big, just Mom an' me. I missed the kids. It got terrible.

I went to see Sadie. It was hard to get to go.

I thought she'd be glad to see me. She ain't married, nor so young no more neither, an' we has always knew each other. I done it right too. I went up there a Wednesday.

Sadie done nothin'. She talked o' this an' that, like women will. But it come to me there in Sadie's parlor that there weren't no likely woman on the whole mountain would have me. An' I'm a big feller, an' strong, an' a good worker. Her house is white painted, an' lots o' new furniture. Got a new roof, got a victrola.

It's these summer people. They have changed everything—but me. I been too busy, doin' for my girls, so's they'd be like the summer people.

I'm awful rough. The pretty girls won't have me. Lots o' the plain ones got good hearts, I guess, if you get to know 'em—but you don't get to know 'em.

It was terrible stayin', but it was terrible to get to leave. I set there. After a while I come away.

I made up my mind then I was a old feller. But I felt bad.

I just settled down to do for them kids. It come to me they was the only fam'ly I'd have to do for. "I got them anyway," I thought. I worked fine, an' they was awful sweet, whenever they come home.

But last summer, it was, I heard 'em talkin'.

"Can we work him for it, do you suppose?" Glen says, low. That was it: "Can we work him." I felt awful funny. An' after, too, when they come an' asked me, so pretty. Like always, it was, only I felt different. I ain't never felt the same since, someway. It's too bad. Pourin' out for 'em all these years—an' then that.

This last year to Dalleytown has took every cent. I thought when June come, things would ease up. But I should 'a' remembered last summer. I didn't, but I should 'a'. The city folks, an' all. The boys to the military camp—by Gar, the kids needs a lot.

"They won't wear blue no more," I thought. "Everything else, seems, but blue, like that artist said. So their eyes look different."

An' their little wispy curls—I miss them curls. They're just a pair o' skinny boys, now.

When I come in, the night o' the accident, an' there was the crowd to supper, I was proud an' happy. "Them city fellers likes it to my house," I thought. I stood there by the sink, washin', an' combin' my hair.

I wasn't goin' in. I was dirty—tired too. But by Gar, it is my house. An' then Glen come out, when she heard me, an' says to be quiet, an' not let on, the boys was in there—well, I had a funny feelin'. An' not come in, she says—I could have supper after—they was nearly through.

I set there in the dark. I didn't want no supper. After a while I went out.

It was a grand night. Stars, an' the noise o' little bugs, like always on nice nights in August.

I felt like I'd lost somethin'. It

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come to me then my girls was gone from me.

I was stewin' over it in my mind there in the dark, when I slipped on the ledge an' fell. An' the rock come after, an' pinned me down.

I lay there quite a while. But it got so I had to call to 'em. I couldn't stand it no longer.

They got me out, an' to the house. Doc Gordon come. He fixed me fine. It was terrible.

I must stop thinkin' o' that. I can't stand it, even now.

Well—this all is right comfortable anyway. I never was rested before.

Yes, the city fellers got me out an' up to the house an' helped Doc too. An' I been here ever since.

Mom took care o' me good. But it was hard on Mom.

The girls started in when the schools opened, a couple weeks after. By Gar, that was six months ago. Don't time fly!

Glen there to the Ridge school, an' Molly to the Center. Twelve dollars a week apiece they makes. Twelve dollars a week, startin' in. Next year they figger to get more, even.

They ain't so brash spendin' of it neither, now they see how it's come by—an' Mom an' me to do for. They is lookin' ahead, like me.

Doc stops by. He says to me: "You got to get goin', Jamie. It's time you stepped out."

But I tell him: "Oh, I step about a bit. I got to get the use back, o' course. It comes slow."

"Keep at it, Jamie," Doc says. But I'm doin' fine.

Don't the wind blow outside there!

Lately he's been comin' in 'most every day. He's naggin' at me.

He used to nag at Pop, I remember. He shouldn't speak to me like he done.

"By God, Barlow!" he says this morning—different, he sounded. "Can't you see what's happenin' to you? Get up, man, an' do for yourself. I can't help you no more."

"I got to take it easy," I says. He made me feel bad, speakin' like that to me.

"You big fool," he says, like I never heard him; an' then he says, "I never would 'a' believed it o' you, Jamie." He's different someway, an' I feel bad. I like Doc fine.

I kind o' wish Pop was here, now I'm in the house this way. Six months. I got to take it easy. It would be comp'ny, even though he never was one to talk neither. Only there ain't hardly space for two good chairs, an' this one o' his is right comfortable.

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THE MENACE OF LEISURE

What to Do with the Sixteen-Hour Day

HELEN McAFEE

IN THE good old times before Labor was capitalized, the "twelve-hour day," which then prevailed, quite naturally meant the working half of man's existence. The other half was hardly worth mentioning. Among the workers, there was little energy left over for discussing it; and among the capitalists, little interest—only a few visionaries bothered their heads about a division of their employees' lives so perfectly balanced that it was easy to accept it as a part of God's plan for the universe.

Then we awoke one morning (no longer ago than yesterday in the scheme of history) and found that the workday had been cut to eight hours. Here was a true revolution in human affairs. But this was not all. Talk was at once let loose about a still further reduction of the "day." An eminent English industrialist ventured the prophecy that if every one of his fellow-countrymen did his part, none need labor more than four hours out of the twenty-four. And Mr. Santayana, alarmed by the idea of overproduction, went so far as to suggest that "in a world composed entirely of philosophers, an hour or two a day of manual labor . . . would provide for material wants."

Although Mr. Santayana's world does not seem imminent, "overproduction" has become a bugbear of the hour, and it is already possible to see a good deal of truth in these speculations. Despite a temporary reaction here and there, as in Fascist Italy, the work period in many activities and in many countries has fallen well below the classic eight hours, if an average be taken for the whole year, and especially if time be taken out, as in football matches, for breaks in routine—like relighting tobacco and waiting for Central. This decrease in working hours in the formal employments is, of course, due to the new organization of industry, with its "mass production" and its machinery—so abhorred by the Butlerites. But the picture is nearly as impressive when one turns to the less organized and more informally employed. Think of the housewife of to-day and the comparative nothingness to which labor-saving devices and electrical appliances, antiseptics and contraceptics, have transformed her once endless drudgery. No wonder we have on our hands a Woman Problem, although this—to come straight to the point—is merely a part of the larger problem of human leisure.

Considering the dramatic fashion

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in which it has overtaken us, one might have thought that this problem of leisure would be everywhere recognized. One might have supposed, too, that the revolutionary reduction in work time which caused it would have led to a revolution in terms. It is patently absurd to keep on calling the scant third of the earth's spin that we now devote to wage-earning a "day." It is equally absurd to keep on centering our discussions, as we do, almost wholly about work, when what Western countries are being more and more confronted with is the prospect of its disappearance. Business men, it is true, are beginning to realize the dilemma to which production of an increasing amount of *unused goods* is giving rise; but, except for a handful of sociologists and philosophers, few people seem to realize the dilemma of its alternative, the production of an increasing amount of *unused time.* Indeed the majority of us, living in an age when men have more leeway than ever before, frequently insist that we have "no time." How are we to get rid of this strange delusion? The first step is to abandon the obsolete phrases of a bygone age when a man's employment consumed at least half of his life, and to throw the emphasis where it now belongs, on the sixteen-hour day. Let us cease to worry exclusively about the bare third of existence that is devoted to work and take thought for the remaining two thirds that are devoted to leisure.

Mr. Santayana has observed that a part of the English people have developed to a greater extent than Americans the arts of leisure. This may be true, but it is true of only a small part. The great masses in England as elsewhere in the West must reckon up all their present resources and then proceed to improve and extend them if they are to solve their problem of the long non-working day.

How well provided are we with the wherewithal to fill it profitably? At the moment, reading, riding, and radio would seem to be the three fundamental R's in the modern program of leisure. Outside of eating, which offers fewer possibilities as a diversion in countries where it is divorced from genial drinking, and sleeping, which appears to grow less attractive as artificial lighting increases in efficiency, these are the voluntary activities on which the masses must mainly depend for aid in the consumption of spare time. Sports and games, and social occupations that exist for the betterment of mankind, such as "charities," or for the stimulation of the individual, such as the arts, are, after all, only for the chosen few. Formerly talk was one of the great human recreations, but we have been warned that talk, except of the most desultory telephone type, is, like letter-writing, on the decline. Our restless Time-Spirit is all against the revival of conversations of the comfortable Gargantuan proportions with which Dr. Johnson and his friends used to pass an evening. (The same decline seems to have begun in thinking, beyond the confines of the job. Prolonged contemplation, always more popular in the Orient than on our side of the world, is apparently alien to the nervous nature of the modern Occidental.)

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But although we cannot, as we frequently say, "stop to talk," we can and do stop to read—perhaps because this requires less constructive effort. The growing demand for reading-matter has generally been put down to the spread of literacy; but, like literacy itself, it should primarily be credited to the spread of leisure. Naturally it is being everywhere exploited. The good talkers and thinkers whom we are still fortunate enough to have with us are reserving their expressions more and more for print. So it is to books, magazines, and newspapers that we must go for one of the really solid substances with which to fill our unemployed time. Probably most people would agree that the modern newspaper is the greatest ameliorative device that civilization has yet provided for the victims of the sixteen-hour day. If you take the daily journals with all their feature stories and signed columns, and the Sunday editions with all their sections, not forgetting Real Estate and Finance, Advertisements, Sports, and the Funnies, you certainly have a time-filler of no mean importance.

But the magazines are also doing their part to lighten the load of leisure. The number and variety of current covers would dazzle a visitor who had not seen a newsstand since the nineties. And how rapidly they are still multiplying! A magazine that exists to-day only inside the brain of some ingenious pioneer may in six months be traveling around the globe in half a million gay bindings. The size of the editions is one of the outstanding economic wonders of the age.

Nor has the older and more conservative book trade been unresponsive to the pressure exerted by mounting leisure for greater abundance of matter. The day of the small biography, the compact novel, the slim duodecimo of verse is over. We want bulk. No Life can expect to attain a great sale unless it makes a thick volume—preferably two of them. Mr. Page's "Letters" may have been too long for a burdened chief executive, but they are not too long to please a public with sixteen vacant hours to get through. No abbreviated editions of copious memoirs for us; we cannot afford to miss a word. The classics must be reprinted with all the original text restored, and a generous introduction thrown in. Miss Rebecca West's suggestion that stories should be made both longer and harder was a straw to show the way the wind is blowing. Recently Mr. Wells, always a generous entertainer, has heartened his readers by executing a novel in two volumes—an adventure for which we were well prepared by the group-novels of Proust and Rolland, Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Bromfield, from each of whom we have already had many volumes, with the end not yet in sight. Bigger novels and more of them has been the slogan of successful publishers. Houses that insist upon issuing works in pocket size are obliged to placate the public by guaranteeing in advance a whole series or library in one field. So fearful are we of being left high and dry, with nothing to read. Choice collections of lyrics of the "Out, out brief candle" kind no longer satisfy us. We must have verse, preferably

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narrative, which, when it is put between covers, looks like a real live book. To compete with "Ask Me Another" questionnaires and similar exercises, it should take as long to get through them. Perforce the modern poet is not the idle, but the busy, "singer of an empty day."

But fortunately things to be read must first be written. And herein lies another convenient dike against the encroachment of leisure. Writing, once a specialized employment, is now being thrown open to the whole population. As a result of the foreshortening of the workday, authorship has been removed from the jealous grasp of the few—the highly privileged and the professional journalists. There is now, as far as time goes, no reason why a plumber should not set out on a family saga—indeed unless he is unusually resourceful in other types of diversion, there is good reason why he should do so to occupy his long hours off duty. I have seen no statement as to the present hours of yeggmen and tramps, but their recent invasion of literature seems to indicate that they too are "up against" a protracted leisure day. Moreover, to supply the ever rising demand, authors are being recruited from all ages as well as from all ranks. The number of our adolescent writers is growing apace.

There are some who deplore this democratization, as they call it, of a once exclusive art. They should have thought of this possible result when they advocated the sixteen-hour day and desired to have the masses taught to read. No normally aggressive person with time on his hands can look at other people's works indefinitely without having a healthy curiosity to see how a book of his own would look—at least in typescript. Publishing such experiments is another matter, which we cannot consider here. For the moment the question is less one of literature than of the economics of leisure. Living as we do in a realistic world, we may expect to see the sharpening hunger for printed pages, as a result of lengthening week-end and shrinking workday, somehow supplied.

Then there are the "pictures" (the movies or the cinema according to one's nation or station) to fall back upon. They may well be classed with books, as first aids to the idle, for two reasons. Primarily because most of their directors have failed so far to free them from entangling, and often bungling, alliances with reading-matter in the conventional sense. However eloquently a sequence of pictures may tell its own story, it must not be allowed, say these magnates, to speak directly to the public. (There was "The Last Laugh"; but the laugh in the end will be on the conservatives of Hollywood.) Yet in a more fundamental meaning the moving films are to be regarded as reading; for do they not revive the principle of the earliest kind of calligraphy—the archaic pictographs of very ancient peoples? In our libraries we read characters out of which all drama and universality have been lost. At the cinema we read the running characters of our common mother-tongue.

Obviously we are dependent upon all that we can take in of printed matter in the usual sense, as well as in the older sense of the movies,

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for assistance in shouldering our burden of leisure. One sometimes wonders in a crowded picture-show house of immense size what the masses did before they had the three-reel films. One answer is that they didn't have the free time to attend such affairs. A curve or graph representing the expansion of the movie and the printing industries would coincide in a remarkable fashion with the rise of the sixteen-hour day. How much further we can develop this resource in the future, is for the oculists to determine, for there is a physical limit to the use that can be made of the eye. Doubtless the psychologists will also have something to say about the number of books or films *per diem* that can be safely perused, for too much reading, like too little, makes Jack a dull boy.

But even two kinds of writing are not enough to fill all our spare time. Besides, man as he exists in Western civilization, unlike his Oriental brother, cannot always be sitting still, and our workday occupations, as we are frequently reminded, have been growing increasingly sedentary. These facts alone are sufficient to account for the present mania for riding about the world, whether in steamship or train, airplane or motor-car. Happily a good deal of leisure can be disposed of in this form of activity, which for the majority who indulge in it puts very little strain on the higher nervous system. This is notably true if one pushes one's travels into foreign countries and pauses now and again to look at an alp or a cathedral. But motoring without objective, whether in the air or on the earth, has also developed possibilities as a time-killer. It gives a pleasant illusion of "doing something," especially grateful to the still mobile millions employed at desks or machines, as well as to the old and retired. Like the craze for reading, its vogue is entirely logical.

And what of the future of riding as a resource for the leisure masses? It does not look so bright as it should. The danger seems to lie in the increased speed of locomotion and the consequent threat of a drop in time consumed. At present the transatlantic crossing, which with average luck may be prolonged to eight days, is an ideal way to use up free time. But what is going to happen to that vacation mainstay of hundreds of thousands—a summer trip abroad—when the eight-day sea passage is reduced to twenty-four hours by air? There is, I fear, grave peril of such an evolution within a generation, if not within a decade.

But, the reader will say, there is a more favorable outlook for motoring terrestrial than for motoring celestial as a consumer of leisure. The congestion of vehicles on our popular highways has already, it is argued, acted as a brake on speed, with a corresponding extension in the use of unemployed time; and the general opinion is that the normal increase of traffic should at least prevent any acceleration. But one cannot be sure about that. Men are singularly unimaginative where the facts of their daily life are concerned. May not the inevitable increase in traffic beyond its present well-nigh unmanageable mass force us into a totally new method of handling it; something, perhaps, in the nature of

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a *viator*, or moving surface for crowded roads, on the principle of the *escalator*, or moving stairway, which would admit both of far greater numbers of motors (since they could stand with safety end to end) and of far greater speed without the danger of collision which accompanies the present rate?

The human body is so constructed that it can only do about so much of one thing, no matter what opportunities are offered. As riding, like reading, involves eye-strain, it cannot be indefinitely relied upon for aid in passing the sixteen-hour day. This is where music comes in. It has large potentialities for the reduction of leisure, since it uses another sense. The routine of modern work imposes less tax on the auditory faculty than on the visual. Hence, when it is done for the day, our ears are still fresh. That is why we sometimes find attending a concert in the evening more recreative than reading a book.

And how well provided we are with music to ease the burden of leisure! Generally I think Mozart the perfect after-dinner diversion, but there are moods which nothing short of Beethoven will satisfy, or Bach, or Wagner; there are moments when we want to be ravished by the violent moderns, and other moments when we crave our own sophisticated jazz. But there are, or have been, great physical difficulties in the way of a musical solution of the leisure problem. For all except the few initiates, music to be enjoyed must be heard by the sensual ear, and this introduces the element of instrumental performance. Almost every one can read Sterne, let us say, and get the gaiety; but only a mere handful of people can play Mozart and get anything but the most dismal results. And although the number of good public interpretations is fortunately growing, they are still beyond the reach of the vast majority.

Not until recently, therefore, has music shown possibilities of coping with anything like its share of the sixteen-hour day. But the mechanisms for reproducing sound are changing all that. Granted that we have had to take them up to the present partly on faith, the ear by their aid seems likely at last to do its bit for the whole man. The radio, like the phonograph and other devices, is bringing music to people who in the past had to do without it. We may hazard a guess that the future amelioration of our leisure conditions depends in no small degree upon the success that science may have in perfecting musical reproduction.

Nor are the other arts—the theater, the dance, painting, sculpture—being neglected as possible, if not powerful, agencies for reducing the mass of spare time. Indeed so steadily has the increase in playhouses and museums (and of the crowds frequenting them) kept pace with the multiplication of non-working hours that one suspects here a nice mathematical relation between them, if one only knew how to put it; something that could be neatly expressed like Gresham's ubiquitous law or Euclid's delightful fable of the variables. Of late, the liveliest of all the lively arts has done even more than could have

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been predicted to help us while away free evenings. Doubtless the dispersion of the ballet after the fall of St. Petersburg has had something to do with the revival of dancing, as the dispersion of scholars after the fall of Constantinople had something to do with the Revival of Learning; though just now our own Charleston bids fair to outrival the influence of the old Russian capital.

Which brings us to a subject generally avoided outside "high-brow" groups—Education. At the school age when this is the business of existence, most people form such a prejudice against it, or say they do, that it is the last resource in the world you would expect them to return to in later life to help close the gaps between set tasks. Nevertheless they choose, great numbers of them, to do so, and they make their choice heard. Poor universities that already have their hands full with the upbringing of youth are compelled to take on the added effort of extension courses, both summer and winter, for their elders. Charitable organizations are forced to turn aside from charity to teach subjects for which they were never founded and for which they are but ill equipped. And governments are being made to divert energies and funds to found museums of every conceivable sort—science, crafts, history, archæology. People will even pay for these diverse educational privileges, and if they cannot obtain them at close range, they will go in for them at a distance, by "correspondence," or radio. With working time still on the decline, there is no reason to think that there will be any less of this demand in the future. The problem is to find sufficient personnel to meet it.

Just as charitable institutions have been driven into education, so immense pressure has been exerted upon them, since the establishment of the sixteen-hour day, to enter many other new and difficult fields of social work. They are being asked, it appears, less and less to relieve poverty and more and more to relieve idleness. The people whom they aim to serve not only want classes in many subjects, but they also want facilities for every conceivable sort of diversion. This evolution in our "charities," among which should be counted the far-reaching activities of the institutionalized church (and what church now confines its work to its tabernacle?), is one of the most striking features of the age. It is a phenomenon of the new leisure.

So far we have been considering the victims of the sixteen-hour day. When we turn from the average workers to the preferred classes, there is a still longer hiatus between tasks, lasting anywhere from seventeen to twenty hours. With these groups we should expect to find the leisure problem worse. Paradoxically it is often not so bad as when the hours off duty are fewer. This is due in part to certain modifying psychological factors, and in part to special circumstances. Certain varieties of activity which occupy less than the conventional working time—such as plumbing and bricklaying—seem especially to attract men of naturally contemplative temperament who are unruffled by the stagnation of time inside or outside

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of work hours. Then there is the type of person whose illusion of activity varies inversely with the amount he indulges in. One hardly ever hears the worker with the longest schedule complain that he is "driven to death" or that she has "a thousand things to do." These are the words of the twenty-hour-day man, or the woman who has no required hours of labor at all. Such people suffer very little from the heaviness of leisure because they are not aware of having any.

Of course, if the working time of one's vocation is phenomenally short, one can always seek a second vocation, and thus hope substantially to cut down even a twenty-hour schedule. Here is a further positive suggestion toward the future solution of the modern problem of leisure: the undertaking by every worker of several jobs. But would there in that event be enough jobs to go round? They are not too easy to find with our present more modest scheme. And over how many could an individual advantageously spread himself?

It is often remarked that if you want to get a certain thing done (usually it is a thing of no great importance), you will be most likely to succeed if you ask a busy rather than a disengaged person to do it. There is truth in this saying, though hardly for the reason popularly assigned. It is not so much because the busy individual is more efficient that he can be thus prevailed upon to add to his tasks as because he has a poorer perspective. He fails to see that the new task set before him is really not worth while, whereas the more philosophic idler grasps at once its futility. From this there might seem to be danger of deduction that with the growth of leisure we should all become doubtful in the end of the virtue of undertaking any job whatever. This is possible up to a certain stage; but then a *reductio ad absurdum* would be reached which would send us back to work again.

A case in point is the break-up of the Victorian "leisure class," which used to be much talked about. It is fast disappearing, if it has not, like the old Russian aristocracy, already gone. Bored by inactivity, its descendants have, for the most part, supplied themselves with jobs. Leisure now seems to be seeking a level. Along with the decline of the old working-day, there have risen certain new types of non-remunerative voluntary labor. Indeed the short schedules of the masses have furnished the unemployed rich with plenty of opportunities for self-respecting work. For example there has been an enormous growth in the purely recreative side of the work of charitable organizations, that have been forced to provide amusement for laborers in their expanding free time. To keep them manned and supplied with funds gives an outlet to a vast store of energy. An ambitious woman with an interest in such "causes" may now if she cares to do so fill her days as full of board meetings as a bank president.

So too with many other forms of communal effort, nearly all of them novel. Semi-charitable objects such as schools and colleges can assure their graduates lifelong careers in fund-raising. The recent opening of politics to women does not seem

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to have entailed a corresponding withdrawal of men, as might have been forecast; on the contrary, it is more likely to cause a doubling of the effort involved. Again, the innumerable women's associations and men's orders (some of them national or international in scope)—all phenomena of the new division of leisure—have multiplied by large figures the total of informal jobs. Thus the barrier between the former "leisure" and "labor" groups seems to be vanishing.

Curiously enough, a leveling process appears to be going on in the enjoyment of leisure as well as in its allotment. Without much distinction of class, people seeking diversion read books and magazines, ride about the earth in automobiles, and listen in on electrical waves. The moving pictures attract all social types and all ages. And the night life of cities, which has, as might have been expected, developed tremendously with the extension of the sixteen-hour day, tends more and more—perhaps under the influence of jazz and bootlegging—to become stabilized on a broad social basis.

Nowhere, however, has the tendency to democratize the diversions of leisure been more marked than in sports. Formerly sportsmanship was chiefly a matter of caste, and being a good sport was synonymous with being a "gentleman." For sports cost time even more than money, and the old army of steady workers lacked both. As the equalitarian economic process has gone on by which the "gentleman" has come to have less time and money and the "laborer" more, it was natural that the classes previously excluded from these forms of amusement should have turned to them as a means of writing off part of their accumulating surplus. The major popular sports—swimming and skating, football and baseball, cricket and golf and tennis—have all received new accessions as a result of the extension of leisure.

Yet although there has been a substantial influx from the "lower" and "middle" classes into the group that goes in for sports at first-hand, its total is still small in comparison with the whole population. Whether this is due to lack of facilities, to slowness of adaptation to change, or to a psychological complex—a feeling on the part of the great realistic majority that sports are in some sense childish affairs, a playing at life in which full-grown men appear rather foolish—it is not possible to determine. However this may be, it is clear that the bulk of modern mankind, even with ample time and money at its disposal, prefers to take its sports vicariously and so comparatively economically. Entire cityfuls delight in beguiling an occasional Saturday afternoon or an evening off in witnessing a football match or prize-fight for one citizen who cares to devote months to the training which might fit him to participate. Large numbers are willing to spend odd moments in reading of the exploits of a Lenglen or a Nurmi, but few desire to go further toward emulating them. Thus the net results in time expended are much smaller than might have been looked for. Sports have become a democratic but a limited resource to be reckoned with in the reduction of the sixteen-hour day.

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Only one section of society appears to have no leisure problem, and that is the children. As the number of offspring in many classes has decreased, the parents' margin of leisure has widened. Not so the children's. What with the elaboration of education and the organization of amusements, the modern child has scarcely a moment that he can call his own. While a great to-do has been made over the curtailment of the working-day of adults, little notice has been taken of the mounting hours of their juniors. In special cases—as, for example, the not very large proportion of children who are employed in factories—certain protective laws have been passed. Something should now be done about the schedules of the poor little rich folk and the moderately well off, who go to school all winter and to "camp" all summer, and carry, besides, two or three kinds of dancing and rhythmics, art crafts and home crafts, music, scout work, and half a dozen sports. If these conditions are not soon alleviated, the children may take matters into their own hands and form unions to revolt against their intolerable hours.

In every other section of society, the menace of leisure raises its head. And as organization and mechanical invention show no signs of abatement, it will probably grow more rather than less serious until the sixteen-hour day is left far behind.

One of the anomalies of the present situation is, as was said at the outset, that virtually no one—except for an occasional philosopher—admits the existence of this problem. The working-man never speaks and apparently never thinks of his sixteen-hour day; his talk is still all in terms of his old wage-earning period. Professional men, and other types of laborers with declining schedules, continue to assure the world that they have less and less "time"—whatever they may mean by that.

Now, this is all very interesting psychologically, however reprehensible it may be from the point of view of an accurate statement of facts. It is possible that this general denial of leisure is due primarily to the slowness of human adjustment. After a new idea is announced to the public by scientist or artist, a decent interval is always allowed to elapse before it is hospitably received. Perhaps we have not yet had time to become conscious enough of the new employment situation to express it in the new terms. Or possibly the failure to speak of the current sixteen-hour day is simply a sign of the common unwillingness of mankind to name any uncomfortable reality. Often denial of distasteful fact is a venial sin. But it becomes another matter when it prevents men from taking measures essential for their welfare.

From the brief inventory that has just been given, it is clear that our resources for the advantageous use of our present extra-job hours are anything but adequate—not to speak of the still longer hours with which such modern Napoleons as Henry Ford threaten us. If we are to solve our problem of leisure, it is high time that we set about facing it.

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TWO UNFOUGHT BATTLES

A True Secret Service Story of the War

THOMAS M. JOHNSON

"IS IT true, general, that a staff-officer lost a copy of the attack order?"

"Nothing so crude," the general chuckled. "He wrote to General Pershing describing preparations for the attack, and saying everything was ready for General Pershing to set the date. He used a fresh sheet of carbon-paper, then dropped it into the waste-basket. For five minutes he left his room. When he came back, the carbon-paper was gone—as he had hoped it would be. The German spies were on the job."

They surely were—on the job and completely fooled—and thanks to them, so were the German General Staff and its two presiding geniuses, Paul von Hindenburg and Erich von Ludendorff.

Thus it happened that during the crucial last months of the war, when the German Army needed every soldier and every gun to stave off defeat, its commanders were haunted by the specter of great American attacks, first in Alsace, then in Lorraine. They moved thousands of troops and many guns from points where they really were desperately needed, to reinforce other points that the Americans made them believe were threatened. The same fear influenced Ludendorff to advise the German government to seek an armistice. Yet these particular great American attacks never came off.

It was never intended that they should, for they were a colossal practical joke, a Yankee bluff that worked.

Making it work was one of the cleverest "under-cover" jobs of the war. The full facts have been buried in the innermost recesses of the Intelligence Section of the Army General Staff, and until now this true American secret service story has never been fully told. Even now, inquiries bring a chorus of "Don't quote me," so that the story had to be ushered in by an anonymous "general."

To begin with, only five men knew all about it, and all of them were generals. There were Pershing and Pétain, American and French commanders-in-chief; McAndrew, then chief of staff of the A.E.F., now dead; Fox Conner, then chief of operations of the A.E.F., now deputy chief of staff of the army; and Hugh A. Drum, then chief of staff of the First Army. Later a few others were let into the secret and participated in its execution, but never many. Among them were Colonel Willey Howell and Captain Sanford Griffith of the First Army Intelli-

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gence Section, and Colonel A. L. Conger, during the war a key man in the Intelligence Section at G.H.Q., and now American Military Attaché in Germany.

For more than a month, at the very time when the Allies were preparing and beginning to deliver the blows that ended the war, the Germans were kept guessing, and they usually guessed wrong, where and when the great new American Army, totaling more than a million strapping young doughboys, was going to strike. Right up to the armistice, they were not sure what was coming next. The deception was so complete that even American officers who were to lead in these "battles" were in the dark—as they had to be to insure success.

In August, 1918, almost everybody in France was talking about the big American attack on the St.-Mihiel salient that was then in preparation. German spies, less a joke in France than here, were busily reporting the talk, and Hindenburg and Ludendorff were getting ready. General Pershing and General Pétain agreed that something must be done to draw a herring across the trail and make the Germans believe that after all they would not be attacked at St.-Mihiel.

Soon afterward, about August 25, Captain de Viel Castel, French liaison officer at American Press Headquarters, returned to Meaux from French Grand Quartier and told a group of American newspaper correspondents, quite confidentially, a military secret. The American First Army, which was then being organized for its initial independent blow, might attain brilliant results, he said, by an offensive in Alsace, 125 miles southeast of St.-Mihiel. The Americans might push through and capture Mulhouse, on what was then German soil, only ten miles from the Rhine! Not only would the moral effect be great, but the wrecking of the Rhine bridges by shell-fire would seriously cripple German communications.

"Of course," he cautioned, "I do not say that the Americans *will* do that, but it is an interesting possibility, and I am sure that Captain Morgan would pass carefully worded despatches."

And Captain Morgan did pass, for such as wrote them, despatches to American newspapers, expatiating on the great military and political results that would come from a successful American offensive in Alsace. Let us hope the German Intelligence Section read those despatches.

The despatches indicated as the place of attack a natural breach in the mountain wall between France and Germany, a broad pass called the Gap of Belfort. On the French side of the Gap was the historic fortress city of Belfort; on the German side, Mulhouse, then, Teutonically, Mülhausen. From the dome-like summit of the Ballon d'Alsace, a near-by height, one can look through the Gap and see the Rhine, dimly beyond.

The Belfort Gap was the point on the entire Western Front nearest to that river of story and strategy, and it was also the only point from Metz to Switzerland where an Allied army could advance over level ground. Prospect of an attack there would give the Germans a real scare, would

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be a most unwelcome war baby for the famous Alsatian storks to lay upon their door-step, but up to August 27, 1918, they had had no reason to expect anything of the kind.

That night, Major-General Omar Bundy, commanding the Sixth American Army Corps, sat at dinner with his staff in Bourbonne-les-Bains, in the American training area, about seventy-five miles northwest of the Gap of Belfort. General Bundy was in charge of training several divisions recently arrived in France. It was understood that some of them might participate in the American attack at St.-Mihiel then scheduled for September 10 or thereabouts.

Then came a rap on the door, and in walked Captain Howe, bearing important confidential despatches from G.H.Q., and, with them, mystery and drama.

So important were the despatches that General Bundy and Brigadier-General Briant H. Wells, his chief of staff, left the room to read them. They found that General Conner, acting for General Pershing, directed General Bundy to take his staff at once to Belfort where, at the Grand Hôtel et du Tonneau d'Or (the Golden Cask, fit name for a mysterious rendezvous), he would receive from Colonel Conger the special instructions of General Pershing. The orders commanded absolute secrecy, and were so worded that General Bundy and General Wells could think but one thing: they were being sent on a mission of greatest moment. They returned to the dining-room, where the corps staff grew silent as they saw their generals' grave faces.

"I wish to see Colonel Baltzell, Colonel Mackall, and Colonel Barden—at once," said General Bundy.

These three officers he directed to be ready to start next morning for an unknown destination where they would stay an indeterminate period of time, and not a word to a soul about it. When they set forth in the morning, the three colonels, General Bundy and General Wells, Captain Verney E. Pritchard, and a French liaison officer, they left Colonel Charles H. Bridges in charge, to continue the training of the several divisions in that area.

"But where are you going?" asked Colonel Bridges.

"We can't tell you," said General Wells, and the cars drove away.

At the Tonneau d'Or in Belfort they found Colonel Conger, imperturbable, almost professorial in manner, but with keen eyes behind the mask. He at once impressed upon General Bundy the need for secrecy, and then told him there had been so much loose talk about the St.-Mihiel offensive that the news had leaked into Germany, and General Pershing had decided to call off that attack. The actual attack would be made about the same date, September 10, but through the Gap of Belfort, with the Rhine as objective. General Bundy and his staff were at once to occupy headquarters in the center of town that had been engaged for them by Captain Griffith and to prepare plans for the attack.

It would be a powerful blow, Colonel Conger disclosed, as befitted the first all-American attack of the war. Some two hundred and fifty thousand men, with a strong artillery, would take part. The seven front-line divisions would be the

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Twenty-ninth from New Jersey, Virginia, Maryland, and the District of Columbia; the Thirty-fifth from Kansas and Missouri; the Thirty-sixth from Texas and Oklahoma; the Seventy-eighth from western New York, New Jersey, and Delaware; the Seventy-ninth from northeastern Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the District of Columbia; the Eightieth from Virginia, West Virginia, and western Pennsylvania; and the Ninety-first from Alaska, Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Nebraska, Montana, Wyoming, and Utah. Detachments from each division were now arriving in Belfort to reconnoiter the trenches they were to occupy. But the Germans must know nothing of the change in plan; all must be done most secretly.

That would be difficult in Belfort. The Alsace front had been quiet so long that this influx of American generals and other officers almost made Belfort's famous rock-hewn lion sit up and take notice. Those who indeed did sit up were the German agents who had found this city with its many blond, German-speaking Alsatians a happy hunting-ground, with plenty of cover. It was only ten miles from German soil, only a few miles farther from Switzerland, hotbed of spies and a center of the German spy system. As the news spread, much of Belfort's male population converged upon the Tonneau d'Or, to stand in the lobby and crane eager necks, every moment becoming more curious and more excited.

They saw General Bundy leave to stir up what had been the quietest sector of the Western Front, a rest-cure, where French soldiers, and German too, were sent after exhausting service, for a well earned *repos*. There in the trenches, they smoked their pipes for hours without hearing a gun fired and looked out upon a No-Man's-Land overgrown with daisies; or else, in a forest glade a few hundred yards from the front line, sat safely at rustic tables and drank the fine foaming beer of Alsace. It was a good old war. The trenches must be held, of course, but in a spirit of live and let live. The French troops enjoyed the scenery, of which there was plenty. The deep green fir forests, the swift-rushing streams, the villages, varicolored and oddly designed, set amid the blue Alsatian mountains—they really are blue—made it a land of pure delight.

As the sector of this paradise that seemed most promising for attack lay between Altkirch and Thann, General Bundy paid a visit to Major-General Charles G. Morton, commanding the Twenty-ninth Division, one of those designated for the attack, which was already in the line. Major-General W. M. Wright, commanding the Seventh Corps to the north, was directed to submit a plan for an attack through the Belfort Gap. General Wright submitted the plan but advised against such an attempt, saying, "Too many casualties for the return we would get."

Colonel Conger called on the staffs of the Seventh and Eighth French armies, commanding in Alsace; and backed by orders from General Pétain, who was in the secret, he got them to give up their battle-maps to the Americans, who, he said, were making an *étude*. That aroused some perturbation among our French allies. *Quoi donc*, they wondered,

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was this American *étude* all about. Did their sometimes too ardent allies propose to stir up this rest sector with alarums and excursions? They hoped not—most sincerely they hoped not.

But it looked so. All along the twenty-mile front selected for the attack, American reconnaissance parties were now examining trenches, dugouts, gun-positions, rest-billets, which they believed their respective divisions were soon to occupy. It was too bad, Colonel Conger told them, that this could hardly fail to cause talk by the French troops and even by the Alsatian civilians who, in this peaceful sector, were permitted to remain in their homes close to the front. Colonel Conger expressed a pious hope that the German observers would not see the unusual activity in these usually almost deserted trenches.

Meantime the Sixth Corps staff had prepared a tentative plan for the coming attack, containing many recommendations as to how the secretly forming American First Army could most readily break the German front in the Gap of Belfort and cut the Rhine bridges near Mulhouse. This plan Colonel Conger took to Chaumont, to show it to General Pershing.

Immediately on his return, on September 3, Colonel Conger sought a conference with General Bundy. General Pershing, he said, not only approved the plan but had decided to make the attack even more extensive than had been contemplated. He especially liked the recommendation that as soon as the Rhine was approached, the Alsace attack should be followed and supported by a second attack to the north, in the Vosges Mountains, launched by French and American troops there, including the Sixth Regular Division. He wished the staff to study that problem a little more fully.

What General Pershing actually had said was something like this:

"We can't have the St.-Mihiel attack ready until September 12. We'll have to string out this Alsace affair a little longer, and this seems the best way."

When the battle of Alsace was originally discussed at First Army headquarters, between General Pershing and General Hugh A. Drum, it was agreed that as few as possible should be in the secret. So Colonel Conger set the staff to work on this new phase of the battle plan. The stern businesslike silence of this group of American officers, working day and night in their centrally located but tightly closed headquarters, heightened the tension of the crowd in the Tonneau d'Or lobby. Belfort buzzed with gossip.

Now was the time, Colonel Conger decided. Surely reports of what was going on must have reached Germany. Now was the time to furnish confirmation that Hindenburg and Ludendorff could but accept as proof that a strong American attack in Alsace was coming. He had been encouraged by the frequent appearance of several gentlemen in the hotel, even in his own corridor. He hoped they were the very gentlemen he was looking for.

Then came the crowning episode, the turning-point in the great battle of Alsace. In his room in the Tonneau d'Or, Colonel Conger sat himself

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down and wrote a letter to General Pershing. He put much into that letter. He reported that all was ready for the big attack through the Belfort Gap, if General Pershing would but set the date.

Colonel Conger made a copy of the letter, using a brand-new sheet of carbon-paper. When he had finished, he held up the carbon-paper to the light. Every word to the American commander-in-chief stood out, clearly stenciled. Colonel Conger crumpled up the carbon-paper and threw it into the waste-basket. Then he left the room.

For five minutes this clever intelligence officer walked about the lobby of the Tonneau d'Or. Then, too anxious to wait longer, he returned to his room. The waste-basket was empty! It had taken no longer than that.

With the comfortable feeling of a task well done, Colonel Conger went again to Chaumont, and the door of General Pershing's office in Barrack B was closed tightly after him, perhaps to bottle up the laughter of the C.-in-C. at what his Sherlock Holmes had to report.

"It's working fine," he said. "String it out just a little longer."

So back to Belfort went Colonel Conger, to assure his little group of earnest workers that General Pershing was well satisfied and that, even though they had heard with alarm that some of their seven divisions were moving directly away from Alsace, all was going "according to plan." General Pershing now wanted a special study made of the ground in the Vosges where the northern attack would be made, to support the one in Alsace.

The reconnaissance parties had finished their work, and were sent to tell their division commanders that they had made good progress in preparing for an Alsace attack, while General Bundy and General Wells went to Remiremont, in the Vosges, thirty miles northwest of Belfort, the headquarters of General Wright's Seventh Corps. There they studied roads and the supply situation in the event of an advance from that quarter. General Wells was beginning to ask himself some questions about this rather lengthy preparation for an attack by troops that marched away from the place where it was to be made, when the dénouement came.

General Pétain, commander-in-chief of the French Army, appeared suddenly in Belfort. He held, rather ostentatiously, a conference of all the corps and division commanders in the region. To the German agents who reported the conference, it doubtless looked like part of the preparation for battle. What really happened was that General Pétain thanked the assembled generals for their coöperation with the Americans in preparing the battle of Alsace, and told them, for the first time, that the battle was never to come off. It was, he explained, a ruse. General Morton was at the conference, and it did not take him long to reach General Bundy. "Have you heard that this is all a fake?" he asked.

"No," said General Bundy, "I have not, and it doesn't matter. We have obeyed our orders. If it isn't a fake, we are ready to attack as soon as our troops arrive. If it is a fake, it's a good one, and I hope it works."

It took a real soldier to forget professional dignity and say that. He

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realized, of course, that not one more person than was absolutely necessary, no matter how trustworthy, could have been safely informed of the plan—that secrecy was essential.

The end justified it all. The stirring up of the silent places in the Alsace front had its result. The Intelligence Section found soon after that three German divisions, thirty-six thousand men, had been moved from near St.-Mihiel more than one hundred miles southeast to the region of Mulhouse, to help repel the expected American attack. Then on September 12 the American people and the world were electrified by the first terse United Press despatch sent by F. S. Ferguson, announcing that the real attack upon St.-Mihiel salient had commenced. It was instantly and completely successful. The German reserves there were too weak for a counter-attack. The ruse had worked.

So the same game was tried again. Immediately after its victory at St.-Mihiel, the American First Army swung into preparations for a second and greater blow at the Germans in the Meuse-Argonne region northwest of St.-Mihiel. Now if the Germans could be made to believe that five hundred thousand American troops, with guns and supplies, were moving from the St.-Mihiel region not northwest but southeast, in exactly the opposite direction from that in which they really were going, the First Army would again be able to surprise the enemy. General Pershing, General Drum, and Colonel Howell held a conference at First Army headquarters at Ligny-en-Barrois, out of which grew the battle of Lorraine.

This was a more elaborate "battle" than that of Alsace, for all were learning by experience. It was decided to create the impression that American reserves were moving, and that other preparations were afoot for a great converging attack upon the powerful German fortress of Metz, a natural sequence to the St.-Mihiel victory.

About September 15 German observers stationed on the Vosges foot-hills in the Lunéville sector, quiet as Alsace since the disturbing Rainbow Division had left, reported that Allied aviators were becoming very inquisitive about the German rear areas. Planes with the red, white, and blue marking were flying far behind the lines, evidently seeking photographs and information. This was one of the early premonitory signs of a far-reaching offensive. It was followed by another, equally well recognized. The Allied artillery aroused itself from its wonted lethargy, and began dropping shells far behind the German lines, upon points untouched for years. The artillery fire was so handled that German observers, noting every detail, could conclude only that preparations were being made for the barrage and concentration fire that precede and accompany an attack.

Then Brigadier-General S. D. Rockenback, commanding the First Army tanks, received a mysterious order to send twenty-five tanks on "a mission extremely dangerous, that must be handled with great discretion." General Rockenback was then making every effort to assemble as many tanks as possible for the Meuse-Argonne. The A.E.F. never

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had tanks enough, and for this attack had no heavy tanks at all. The tank commander could not spare twenty-five light tanks and said so, but General Pershing ordered that they be sent anyway.

So the twenty-five tanks, commanded by officers especially chosen for gallantry, reported to Major-General Joseph T. Dickman's Fourth Corps in the old St.-Mihiel salient. The young officers, fully understanding that this was a desperate job, agreed that rather than be captured they would kill themselves.

On the night of September 21–22, German listening-posts in the Hindenburg Line, across the Woëvre plain, heard the unmistakable clatter and rumble of tanks behind the American lines. Next morning, their observers spotted tank tracks leading from one patch of woods to another. There were a good many tank tracks. The next night the noise was repeated, with even more tracks the following morning. A large force of tanks seemed to be concentrating behind the American lines, and tanks are used only in attacks. The young officers succeeded so well that they brought down a terrific German bombardment.

At the same time, only a few miles away, the greatest military figure of the war stepped for a moment upon the scene and played a brief "bit" in the farce. Marshal Foch, Allied commander-in-chief, made a flying visit to Alsace and Lorraine in his special train. He and General Pershing went over the St.-Mihiel battle-field just as the tanks were assembling; and the next day found the director of all the Allied armies holding conference in the large and rather conspicuous city of Nancy, near the front, with Generals de Castelnau and Gérard, who would command an attack in either Alsace or Lorraine.

Afterward the marshal explained that trip by saying he had been informed that Ludendorff was complimenting him by having his goings and comings closely watched, and he wanted to "give him a little change."

In the meantime, down around Lunéville, Colonel Conger had a set-back. The reconnaissance parties had worked so well in Alsace that he tried them again. Each division in reserve of the First Army sent to Lunéville a party of officers and men, who sallied forth to go through the trenches and get from the French occupants information necessary for an American relief. They were enthusiastic—too enthusiastic, when they proudly reported back to Colonel Conger that they had taken pains not to arouse the suspicions of the German observers, crouching with glasses in the tree-top observation-posts of that wooded sector.

"Good Lord!" said Colonel Conger to himself. "What have they done?" They had borrowed French uniforms and worn them all the time they were under German observation! Some other way must be found to complete the Germans' deception. The Meuse-Argonne attack was to begin September 26, now only a few days off.

But General Drum's First Army staff was not lacking in resource. So while the Germans prepared for trouble in the Lunéville sector and beyond St.-Mihiel, their wireless stations east of Verdun, seeking to

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intercept Allied messages, succeeded —and got an awful jolt. Messages in English, a considerable number of them, suddenly began to fill the air. They were in code, of course, but a code the Germans could decipher, and when they did they came to this astounding conclusion: A great many American troops—they identified the wireless stations of half a dozen divisions—were moving up to the front, east of Verdun and northwest of St.-Mihiel, behind the thin screen of French troops who held the front-line trenches there. They belonged to a new American Army, the Tenth, and were exchanging messages which, though carefully worded, could only mean that a general attack might be expected.

General Drum and Colonel Parker Hitt, the radio expert of the army, were creating an American Tenth Army for the first and only time in the history of the A.E.F., from a few radio stations—a feat unique in our military annals.

The intercepted and decoded messages were considered so important that they were sent immediately to Hindenburg and Ludendorff. They knew another American blow must fall soon, somewhere. Apparently here was the priceless intelligence that told where. Orders went out to hasten preparations for defense of the front on each side of Metz, from east of Verdun to the Vosges, and to redouble vigilance in seeking information about the coming American attack. Besides this, such reserves as could be spared from other parts of the front must be massed in German Alsace and Lorraine, and east of the Meuse.

That is why, when on the morning of September 26 the nine attacking American divisions, two hundred and forty thousand men, jumped off west of the Meuse all the way to the Argonne Forest, they found immediately facing them only five weak German divisions, sixty thousand men. They were able to advance, at some places, seven miles before the Germans could bring to the real point of danger the reserve divisions that had been awaiting elsewhere the attack that never came. This took two or three days, and meantime these American divisions, most of them inexperienced in battle, had dealt the Germans one of the hardest blows of the decisive campaign of 1918.

When the battle which began that September 26 ended on November 11 in victorious armistice, the Intelligence Section set out to find how its practical joke had looked from the other side. It came in contact with an officer of the German Intelligence who, even now, must be called only Colonel X. During the war he had the very important job of receiving and acting on information, from whatever source, that came in about Allied plans and movements. He had been on the receiving end of all the decoy misinformation, and he had duly weighed the reports of the American activities in Alsace. Then he had written to Ludendorff:

"I recognize quite fully that all these preparations made for attack may perfectly well turn out to be a *ruse de guerre* intended to mislead us as to the real point of attack. However, there is nothing to indicate that it is not the real point of attack, and our danger there is so great that I

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deem it imperative to have these divisions."

Upon this advice Ludendorff sent the thirty-six thousand men to Alsace. Then indications of the coming battle of Lorraine, the converging attack upon Metz, began to pour in upon Colonel X. The wireless messages, the tank tracks, the airplane flights, the artillery fire, all were carefully studied. The German troops were still so disposed as to protect the southern front against the new danger.

Ludendorff took that danger very seriously, for the southern sector, that of Alsace and Lorraine, was of the whole Western Front the section nearest the Fatherland. A breakthrough there meant invasion. In his mind's eye, Ludendorff saw Metz overwhelmed by a shimmering flood of bayonets that poured onward toward the Rhine. The Central Powers were crumbling; already Bulgaria had collapsed. Threatened with desertion by her allies, no wonder Germany looked to the strengthening of her own defenses.

Crashing blows were dealt those defenses in late September by all the Allied armies on the Western Front, coördinated in masterly fashion by Marshal Foch. On October 2, the leaders of all parties in the German Reichstag assembled to hear a report from Ludendorff of conditions at the front. Much depended on that report, for if the German Army could not hold out there, the jig was up.

When they heard the report, they concluded that the jig certainly was up. The report was delivered by Major Baron von dem Bussche, of General Ludendorff's staff, who had memorized and repeated almost verbatim what Ludendorff had told him to say.

"Things are bad now," was its burden. "They will get worse, not better."

He said, word for word:

"From the North Sea to Switzerland, preparations for attack are in progress. The most extensive are against Lorraine and Upper Alsace, and we are forced to distribute our reserves and to keep the whole front in a state of readiness for the attack. Considerable forces have to be stationed especially in Lorraine and Upper Alsace, for the defense of German territory."

The battles of Alsace and Lorraine had done their work. After emphasizing the danger that these "battles" represented to him, Ludendorff gave many other reasons why there was only one thing to do—seek an armistice. Germany's allies were falling away; her own armies were being rolled back slowly but inexorably. The German soldier was losing his nerve; to-day he still fought; to-morrow—who could tell? There was talk of revolution. The Reichstag leaders listened to the voice of doom. Soon after, an armistice was asked—the armistice that took effect at eleven o'clock on November 11, 1918.

So two battles that never were fought, and never were meant to be fought, helped to end the world's greatest war. It was a neat piece of work, of which General Pershing could say afterward, laughing delightedly:

"Rather think we foxed 'em."

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SMILING TO THE END

FRANKLIN HOLT

GINA WAS a scrawny pale-faced little Italian girl when I met her in Genoa in 1916. I am not sure just what her age was, but I think she must have been about eight, judging from her meager little frame.

Ragged, undernourished, and rather dirty, she appeared before me one day where I sat on a bench in the park. In her thin little arms she held her baby brother, Vittorio. Together they regarded me with steady and unembarrassed curiosity. I observed that Vittorio would have been more sightly if some one had kindly but firmly blown and wiped his nose for him. Neither he nor Gina seemed to be distressed by it, however.

After I had sustained their silent examination for what Gina evidently considered a genial and propitious length of time, she volunteered the information that her father had that morning been sent to the front.

"He'll never come back again," she stated in conclusion.

"But why?" I demanded, startled by her matter-of-fact tone.

"He's sickly. Mother says he'll die of exposure up there in the mountains if the Austrians don't kill him first." She spoke with the calm resignation of one used to meeting misfortune frequently, who realized the futility of the struggle against life.

"But it may be good for him—the fresh air," I protested.

"It will kill him," Gina stated firmly, "and then mother and I will have to run the tailor-shop alone. Mother can cut almost as well as father. I sew the buttons, but now I don't have much time on account of taking Vittorio out in the park. When he dies, though, I'll be able to help more."

"Is the baby going to die?" I asked in awe.

"All mother's babies die. Vittorio is sickly like father. He's almost two now, and the last one died when he was two years and twenty-one days." She looked at Vittorio with affectionate regret, tossed him, and then set him with motherly solicitude down among the warm pebbles of the park path. Looking up at me again she announced with abrupt satisfaction, "Your pants are ripped."

"Are they?" I pretended surprise, though as a matter of fact I had known for some time that such was the case, and had learned to assume a posture while sitting which I had believed concealed my misfortune from the public eye. Nothing escaped the keen eyes of Gina, however.

"Yes, they are," she said positively. "It's a bad one too—and will get worse if you don't get them

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sewed. Mother will do it for you cheap because you are a friend of mine." There followed a silence while shrewd eyes looked me over. "There's a button gone off your sleeve, and your lapels are all spotted with grease." There was a note of feminine reproach in her voice that recalled similar observations made by my mother. "It doesn't pay to let your clothes run down," Gina continued. "You come with me, and mother will fix everything fine for you—while you wait," she added, reading reluctance in my face, and assuming probably that it was caused by unwillingness to lose time. She didn't know, of course, as I did that I had in my pocketbook only eighty Italian lire, or the equivalent of eight dollars at that time, and that with those eighty lire I must manage to finish the month—food, lodging, and laundry—and that more money would not be forthcoming from the school of languages where I taught English until the first of the next month.

"How much would it cost?" I asked tentatively.

"Two lire," was the prompt and businesslike reply. "Come on." She lifted Vittorio into her arms again and set off.

We found Gina's mother, the Signora Sarti, sitting in rather a dark room and working at a soldier's uniform.

"It's for my husband," she told me. "He looked so terrible in the uniform they gave him. It didn't fit at all; and him a tailor, you know. He was ashamed. He'll be so surprised when I send him this."

Gina set Vittorio down, took a piece of the gray-green uniform cloth between expert fingers, and rubbed it.

"Wool, mother!" she exclaimed. "Where did you get money for it?"

Signora Sarti looked deprecatingly at me.

"We're poor, you know," she apologized, "and Gina is such a business woman!" This last was said admiringly. "We always send her to buy things. She gets them cheaper than we can."

"I don't let 'em cheat me," Gina asserted proudly. "I bargain." Her keen eyes now flashed to her mother. "You sold your earrings!" she accused. "You hadn't ought to. They were grandma's." Mother and daughter crossed themselves with a simple gesture of respect for the dead.

"*Buon' anima!*" Signora Sarti murmured religiously. "They're only pawned," she added. "I'll get them back before they're lost."

"No, you won't, and you know it," Gina corrected with that firmness which characterized all her statements. "They're gone for good."

"Father was so miserable about his ugly uniform," Signora Sarti defended, misty tears already in her eyes. "He couldn't bear an ill-fitting suit." She looked at me for appreciation, and I in turn looked at Gina. Somehow, with her sophisticated eight years, she dominated us both.

"Yes, that's so," Gina agreed heartily. "Don't cry about it, mother. Though I don't know how you will manage now to pay for Vittorio's funeral."

"I know," sighed Signora Sarti. "He's such a good baby too; never cries. Gina," she added, "take a

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lira off the mantle and get some milk. I don't know what I'd do without Gina," she confided when the child had gone. "She does everything. Her father idolizes her. He's sickly, you know. They oughtn't to have sent him away. Of course I'm glad to have him fight for Italy," she hastened to add. "He didn't mind going, only for the ugly uniform they gave him."

That was my introduction to the Sarti family, and after that I saw them frequently. Gina took Vittorio to the park regularly, and I sometimes walked back to the dark little tailor-shop with her to watch the progress of the uniform.

"It goes slowly," Signora Sarti told me. "I have to do the paying things first."

"And how is your husband?" I asked one day about three weeks after the first encounter.

"He doesn't mind it. Says he is feeling better."

"Ah!" I cried in triumph to Gina. "Didn't I say it would do him good?"

Gina, however, shrugged pessimistic shoulders. "It isn't over yet," she predicted. "If he doesn't sicken, then the Austrians will kill him."

Signora Sarti, whose face had brightened for an instant, now looked tired and hopeless again.

"The child sees into the future," she whispered with awe. "She is always right. I don't know what I'd do without her. She can interpret dreams."

"I see visions," Gina added serenely. "I saw father lying wounded under some barbed wire last night."

"Not *dead!*" gasped Signora Sarti.

"No. He wasn't dead *then*," answered the extraordinary child, and if I hadn't already had abundant proof to the contrary I should have believed her to be an unfeeling little ghoul, such was her *sang froid*, I might almost say her satisfaction, in speaking of death.

"But you mustn't believe in dreams and visions," I told them. "That is just plain superstition. They don't mean anything at all."

The mother looked surprised, almost as if I had pronounced a heresy, yet I could see hope struggling in her ignorant pathetic face. She believed I must be well informed because I was a *professore* in a school. Also she wanted to believe that Gina's vision was wrong. She loved her husband.

"You don't believe in dreams?" she questioned doubtfully.

"Certainly not!" I assured her. "Dreams are rubbish."

"He says dreams are rubbish, Gina. Perhaps it's all right with your father." The mother looked pitifully at her daughter for support, but that strange little pallid-faced child held her ground tenaciously.

"I saw father wounded, lying all bloody under a mess of curled-up barbed wire."

"She saw him," Signora Sarti whimpered.

"Bloody, with the barbed wire on top of him," added Gina, as if describing an actual fact. "I couldn't see his face."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, desiring desperately to dissipate the ugly impression their superstition had thrown them into. "You see? You couldn't see his face. I'm sure it wasn't your father."

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"Yes?" came the eager credulous cry of the mother. "Oh, I hope you are right!" Then to Gina, "You didn't see his face, did you?"

"I didn't have to. I *knew* it was father." She spoke positively.

Signora Sarti's piteous eyes came back to my face. "She *knew* him," she echoed, all hope again vanished.

"You mustn't believe it!" I protested. "You'll see it was just a mistake. I'm sure your husband is all right. He wrote himself that he was feeling better."

And when a week later they got another letter from him saying he was gaining weight, I was very triumphant. "Now do you believe me that dreams are rubbish?" I cried.

Signora Sarti smiled happily, but Gina looked unconvinced.

"I saw him as plain as I see you," she said, looking at me from those cavernous eyes of hers. "Vittorio's got a bad cough," she added. "He says his head and his back ache." She had him in her arms at the time and began to sway back and forth with him soothingly, an affectionate motherish expression on her wan face. Then suddenly I saw her close her eyes and totter. Before I could get to her, however, she opened them again and laughed a shrill little treble. "I had such a funny feeling," she said. "It was kind of scary and kind of fun—just like I was going too high in a swing. You know the way your stomach feels." She sat down then, and I could see that her fleshless little legs were trembling.

"Vittorio is too heavy for you to carry," I cautioned. "You look as if you didn't feel very well yourself."

"*O Gesù Maria!*" cried Signora Sarti. "You're not sick, Gina?"

"Me? No!" the child denied. "What could you do if I got sick? Both me and Vittorio on your hands." She laughed with that high voice of scorn. "I just felt queer for a minute."

Vittorio began to whimper then, and she cuddled him sweetly.

"Mother's most finished father's uniform," she announced a moment later. "Show it to him, mother. It'll be ready for the buttons to-morrow." Her dark eyes shone bright with satisfaction as Signora Sarti fetched the uniform for me to see. "Won't father be tickled?" Gina cried. "There! There! Vittorio," she soothed. "What is it, Star of Gold? Do you want to go to bed? Mother, he's sick. Do you think Dr. Brunelli will come if I beg him to?" She got up from her chair, rather unsteadily I thought, and moved over to the bed where all three of them slept.

"We owe him fifty lire already."

"Maybe he will come again." Gina covered the whining Vittorio and started for the door.

"I'll go with you," I said. "The doctor has to come." Signora Sarti was crying as we went out.

"She can't get used to their dying," Gina explained when we were on the street. "This is the way the last baby went."

"Don't always be harping on death!" I reproved her sharply. "The baby is sick, but he isn't dying." Then at once I regretted my rude words, for the child's peaked little face began to twitch spasmodically. The chin quivered, the flat chest heaved, and she began to cry with heroic quietness, walking along by my side all the time.

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"You needn't think I want Vittorio to die," she said. "If I could die for him I would." The words were said with passionate earnestness but very simply, and I felt a lump rise in my throat.

"I'm sorry I spoke like that," I told her.

"That's all right. You feel kind of bad about Vittorio too, don't you? I know. Men don't cry. They get cross. I don't generally cry either. Father says I bear up wonderfully—but Vittorio and I, we get along awfully well—and I feel worse than usual. Here's Dr. Brunelli's."

"You wait outside," I said.

"He'll come quicker for me than for either mother or father," Gina demurred. "Maybe I better go."

"I think he'll come," I assured her.

"Well, you try—and I can go afterward if he won't," she agreed.

I found her sitting quietly on the steps when I came out. There were two bright red spots on her cheeks, but I laid them to the crying.

"He'll be along in half an hour," I assured her.

A look of new respect came into Gina's eight-year-old face.

"And us owing him fifty lire too!" she murmured incredulously. "I didn't believe he'd come even for me."

Half an hour later we knew that Vittorio had the influenza. His was one of the first cases that heralded the epidemic that took a toll of from three to four hundred persons daily. For a city of the size of Genoa that is a frightful number; so alarming indeed that the authorities had recourse to night-time burials in order not to increase the terror that had caught hold of the people.

"And this girl is coming down too," the doctor said with a hand on Gina's forehead. "Both of them must stay in bed."

"Me in bed?" scoffed Gina. "I'm not sick."

"You'll stay in bed," the doctor insisted.

"And who will go and stand in line for the bread and the milk in the morning?" Gina demanded. "You maybe?" Her laugh trilled high, and after the doctor had gone she denied with scorn that she felt bad. "The more people are sick the more money he makes," she told her mother. "You know I can't go to bed."

"I want you to go to bed for the rest of the day," I asked her. "Won't you do that for me? Then if you feel all right to-morrow you can get up. You can keep Vittorio company if you're in bed with him," I added quickly.

"I suppose I could," she agreed doubtfully. "Mother, can I sew buttons on father's uniform if I go to bed?"

Signora Sarti with a worried face was looking from one to another of us helplessly. At a nod from me she told Gina she could sew buttons; and Gina with a weary little sigh of which she was quite unconscious lay back among the pillows with Vittorio.

"Bed feels good," she announced. "I was just a little tired. To-morrow I shall feel fine." But looking down into those unnaturally bright black eyes and the pale cheeks with the spots of red, I doubted once more Gina's correct vision into the future. She was a sick little girl, and it had been only her Spartan courage that had kept her up till then.

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"I'll come and see you to-morrow morning before I go to school," I promised.

"Maybe we'll have father's suit done," she called after me. "It's going to look fine on him."

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But next morning there was not such happy news for me. Signora Sarti opened the door for me with eyes red from crying, her sobs breaking out afresh at sight of me.

"What is it?" I asked, quick fear clutching my heart. "Gina?"

Signora Sarti shook her head.

"My husband," she gulped; "my husband—" Then she began to gasp and moan hysterically.

"Father is wounded," came the thin but matter-of-fact voice of Gina from the bedroom. "You wouldn't believe me when I saw him, but I knew I was right. The Austrians bombed him. He's coming home."

"But if he's coming home," I cried, "he can't be very seriously wounded."

"You don't understand," Gina said patiently. "One of his legs has been blowed off. They don't send 'em home unless they're no good for fighting any more." She pointed a thin arm at a gray-green uniform that lay over a chair-back. "We finished his suit last night."

"He'll never wear it now," came the voice of the unhappy Signora Sarti. "He's done with soldiering."

And into the eyes of the sick child before me I saw tears start forth.

"I hadn't thought of that," she whispered weakly. "Poor father! He would have been so proud to wear it. It was all wool and would have looked good on him. He's to get here to-night."

"How's Vittorio?" I asked.

"Worse," she said quietly. "It's good father gets here to-night. Vittorio is like to die before next morning. Our babies all die just before the sun comes up. I guess it's easier for them then. They go right up without waiting to be buried, don't they?" Her eyes searched mine earnestly. "I hope so, for I don't know where we'll get the money for a funeral. Grandma's earrings were the last valuables we had."

From the sewing-table came the muffled sobs and moans of Signora Sarti. Her face was buried in her arms, her spirit broken.

"Mother takes it hard—and me in bed!" Gina reproached herself. "I didn't mean to stay, but I felt a little wabbly, and mother said I shouldn't mind about the milk this morning. Vittorio won't drink it anyhow. They don't," she told me, "not when they are real sick."

"But *you* should have some," I said. "Where do you go?" I got up from where I sat on the bed.

"You've got to go to school," Gina reminded me. "I'm not so particular anyway. I had some black coffee, and that's better than milk to make you sit up. It makes you feel *good*." She tried to put some of her old-time enthusiasm into her voice, but the result was pitiful.

"You need *milk*," I replied, my throat muscles contracting somehow in a manner that made me appear to speak sharply.

"Now you're getting cross," Gina pleaded. "I'll drink milk if you want me to. I just didn't want you to be late to school."

Late to school! Think of the child! I didn't go at all that day.

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I didn't care how many pupils waited for their English lessons nor how many big-mustached school-directors threatened to find another teacher.

But Gina was asleep when I returned with the milk. Poor wan little child! Not even the black coffee she had so unwisely drunk could keep her from dozing.

"She was awake all night soothing Vittorio," her mother whispered to me. "Vittorio didn't want any one but her—and she said she felt all right. Maybe I was wrong to let her." The pathetically ineffectual face turned questioningly to me.

"She has tired herself out," I answered. "We'll keep her quiet after this."

"It's wonderful the way she listens to you," Signora Sarti said with the beginning of more sobs in her voice. "She's always talking to me about her *Americano*."

"S-s-sh-h!" I cautioned. "We must let her sleep."

Vittorio waked her up before long, however, when he turned over and whimpered. The little lad was too sick to know what he was doing.

"Some warm milk, Gina?" I questioned. "Do you want some?"

"See if Vittorio will take it." But Vittorio wouldn't.

"I'll try," Gina said. "I don't seem to want it, but I guess it will make me feel better." She let me raise her in bed and put the cup to her lips, swallowing with brave gulps.

"Father must be almost here," she calculated. "Little Vittorio, do you hear? Papa is coming back to us." So weak that her voice was a mere thread, she was trying nevertheless to give courage to the baby brother. She did not yet seem to realize that she herself was as sick as Vittorio. It was the sort of courage that ties a man's throat in knots.

"Just lie quiet," I begged her as I laid her gently back on the pillow.

"Yes," she murmured docilely. "I *like* to lie quiet. It's *good*." Then presently she was dozing again—pale, emaciated, so tired! Signora Sarti sat beside them and watched. I myself could not stand the curious pain, the spasmodic gripping of my heart that came at sight of those little childish faces asleep, those eyelids that drooped so tranquilly with long black lashes on the cheeks, the mouths with feverish lips closed in such sweet repose. I had to look out of the window, or I should have strangled with tears.

A sharp knock at the door. Signora Sarti rose and went to it. A soldier stood there, ill at ease, loutish in his heavy boots and poorly made uniform. He stared at Signora Sarti and could not speak. The look of compassion in his eyes was worse than words. A chill fell over me, and I saw Signora Sarti put her hand to her throat.

"Well?" she questioned fearfully. "Is he here—my husband?"

"Yes." The soldier cleared his throat.

"Then—"

"I was to ask you if you wanted the procession to start from here at your house or from the station. The body is there now."

"Oh-h-h-h!" wailed Signora Sarti. "I knew he wouldn't come back alive." She began to shudder. Then she remembered the soldier who stood waiting at the door, and straightened up. "Come in. Take

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a seat. Oh! Then he is dead at the station!" She began moaning again.

The soldier looked uncomfortable, hesitated, but finally stepped inside —not removing his hat. He was a peasant. He understood death, but he knew nothing of social usage. He continued standing.

"From the house," Signora Sarti announced suddenly. "I want him brought here. But I have no money to pay for it."

"It won't cost you anything," the soldier said eagerly. "He was a soldier. It will be a military funeral."

"Well, that's good," Signora Sarti nodded. "He had a right to a good funeral. When will they bring him?" She was arranging everything calmly now. We had both forgotten the children for the moment, but now Gina's thin voice startled us.

"Father must wear his new uniform," she said. "I want him to look nice." So calmly she spoke that I was not sure she understood. "It's good we finished it last night, mother; but it's too bad he didn't get to see it. It was all wool," she told the soldier. "Good cloth." Then a little regretful sigh escaped her. "I should have liked to kiss him. May I kiss him when they bring him here?" she demanded.

"It's to be to-morrow morning," the soldier stated.

"You'll come too, won't you?" Gina asked of me, and I told her yes. "Let me have some more milk," she asked then. "I want to be strong for to-morrow."

Poor little waif! Her courageous spirit could not understand that the body was less mighty than her will. She drank her milk, lay back, and put a cuddling arm about the wee Vittorio.

"I'm going to sleep again," she said serenely; and so the two children remained until night fell. Then Gina awoke, and in the darkness we heard a cry of pained surprise. "Mother," she called, "Vittorio is cold. Mother, I think he is dead."

A little sob, a request that the lights be put on; that was all. Gina was "bearing up fine," as her father had said she always did.

"I had him in my arms, mother, anyway. It couldn't have hurt him. I guess he wanted to see father and couldn't wait till morning. And, mother"—the little voice assumed the tone of one who felt and accepted all the household responsibility—"Vittorio is to be buried with father. You see it was all right about grandma's earrings. Father has his uniform, and Vittorio has his funeral. Don't cry, mother. Everything is going fine."

The mother, however, knew what little Gina did not know, what her brave soul could not suspect, for she never considered a possible harm to herself; and Signora Sarti flung herself beside the bed which held a little dead son and a very, very sick daughter, and she cried with long heartbroken sobs.

"Little Star of Gold! Little Star of Gold!" she repeated again and again while she clasped Gina's hot hand; and that unselfish spirit, thinking she was weeping for Vittorio, tried to console her with her matter-of-fact logic.

"Never mind, mother. We won't have any more babies to die now."

"No, darling, no," cried the mother, "no more." And I too felt the stinging tears roll down from my eyes.

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"Good night!" I choked. "I'll be here early to-morrow morning."

"Kiss me good night like father used to," Gina asked; and to this day if I close my eyes I can feel that feverish arm go around my neck and hold me near. "*Buona notte, Americano,*" the small voice whispered.

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I thought probably that was the last I should see of little Gina alive, but I had not counted on her indomitable spirit. She was still able to smile at me next morning.

"They're bringing father at nine. Mother has asked permission to have Vittorio go with him. Wasn't it lucky?" And when her father was brought at nine o'clock it was Gina from her bed who gave the directions in her thin voice—where to put the coffin while the new uniform was put on, how Vittorio was to be placed beside his father. "I'm still kind of wabbly if I stand up," she confided to me, "or I would do more. I did get out of bed during the night to look at Vittorio, but my legs wouldn't hold me up, and mother had to lift me into bed again. When it's all finished you'll carry me over and let me kiss them both, won't you? Mother says I can't go to the funeral."

When the moment came to lift her out all wrapped in blankets—I was amazed at the lightness of the bundle. The poor, meager little frame weighed no more than a child of three.

"They look happy," she said to me. "Mother, they look as if they were sleeping. I don't mind not going to the funeral. I thought I should, but I have seen them here. I am glad." Her voice trailed away to a faint sigh. Her eyes closed, and she lay tranquilly against my breast. "Mother!" The voice came suddenly, with surprise, but the eyes remained closed. "I am seeing a vision, mother. I see father and Vittorio. Father has both legs. *Both* legs, mother. I see him just as plain as I see you. He is standing. He is holding Vittorio's hand. They are walking toward me. *Mother!*" The voice thrilled with joy. "*They are smiling at me.* Vittorio is beckoning. Father is holding out his other hand. Oh, mother, I feel so *queer*, just as if I were in a swing and going up—too—too high." The strength died out of the voice. "Where is my *Americano?*" Then: "Mother, I want to go out with father and Vittorio. We are going to the park I think. It's so sunny, mother." She smiled—and died.

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J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

He Relied on Idealism and It Worked

MARY AGNES HAMILTON

THE OTHER day I took an American friend, who follows British politics closely and knows most of our prominent figures by name though not by sight, to the House of Commons. One always gets a fresh light from the impressions of an intelligent stranger, and with interest I watched his quick eyes traveling over the scene and taking it in.

It was a "big" day. The chamber was crowded. Questions were going on as we took our places, and there did not seem to be a vacant seat anywhere. Order-papers rustled like leaves. Every one was there. The two front benches, on each side of the table before the Speaker's Chair, the table that carries the mace and the sacred boxes which are thumped in moments of tension by the great, were both packed. At first it was not easy to distinguish faces, even when one knew them, and I was glad my friend sat in silence for some time. Suddenly I heard him say:

"Who is the man on the left, about the middle of the bench? With curly white hair and remarkable eyes. At first I picked him out as simply the handsomest of the bunch, but the more I look at him the more he impresses me. He's alive; those eyes of his are taking it all in, though he sits with arms folded. . . . Ah, he's up now. . . . This is great."

A period of confused bustle had been followed by a low rumble of cheering, and now, out of the blurred indistinctness, a voice carried itself up to us by virtue not so much of volume as of musical quality of tone, aided by a firm enunciation of essential consonants. As Ramsay MacDonald—for it was he and not Stanley Baldwin, Lloyd George, or Winston Churchill who had been thus picked out as the "real" man among the shadows—went on speaking, this sense of authority grew.

"Hard man to answer, this. . . . That's a good point—he knows what he is talking about. . . . Fine—he's got them there. . . . Oh, very good indeed."

He laughed as cheering and counter-cheering broke out, and an interruption was swiftly seized and turned to advantage. Other speakers followed. All the big guns were out in action. But I observed that my friend's attention always returned to MacDonald.

"I'm surprised," he said, as we came away. "He's not in the least what I had thought. You have to see people to get the hang of them. . . . I didn't agree with him, of course: never should; but that's neither here nor

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there. He's got the stuff. Brains—looks—voice. No wonder he stands out. And he's got something the other fellows haven't. Personal quality? Vision? I don't know. But there it is. . . . He's seen something big, bigger than himself, and it shines through." He laughed and shook himself. "You see, I'm all het up about the fellow."

I smiled back at him. "Yes," I said. "That's why many people hate him so much and nobody can stop talking about him."

For two reasons, this observer's reactions are worth recording. The first, and more important, is that they register the impression which nearly every one gets who encounters MacDonald in action—whether he is seen handling men in committee or conference, acting in an executive capacity, or speaking in any kind of public meeting. He is, by universal admission, a perfect chairman—fair, tolerant, and efficient. He is equally formidable as a fighter on the floor, and has had a wide experience of both rôles. The fighting instinct is indeed so strong that some have doubted his pacifism—even after 1914—as they enjoy the calling out of his resources that occurs when he has his back to the wall. Any one who heard him howled down at a Trade-Union Conference in 1916, and in 1917 saw him turn chill hostility into irresistible enthusiasm, went up to the Labor Party Conference at Liverpool in 1925 with eager anticipations of a "good show." The Left Wing critics had assembled their cohorts; the Communists gathered for a final assault; the nervous disquietude that followed on the 1924 election seemed to provide the ideal atmosphere; the "London Times"—not prone to idle prophecies—declared that MacDonald was in "for the fight of his life" and was obviously hopeful of an issue that would sink him and the Labor party together. MacDonald took the gloves off, and the upshot of the conference was a demonstration of his unchallengeable ascendancy. He is never so dangerous as when he is "up against it." In a crisis, he calls upon his *daimon*, and it obeys him. Its appearances are incalculable except in so far as they follow this law of necessity.

Some hint of it, however, is almost always there. His speeches are not always good, but he never makes one without giving his hearers something—a turn of phrase opening long vistas of idea—to work like a ferment in their brains when they go home: some line of light that travels in and out among the circumlocutions and the close time of the argument that baffle reporters. They feel power and, over and above it, an odd lifting personal quality.

People who meet MacDonald socially may and often do miss this. For such occasions he has the charm of friendly approachability, a remarkable memory for faces, a quick interest in little things, a somewhat naïve penchant for prolix and unrevealing anecdote, and a general culture that surprises those who expect a Labor leader to be ignorantly crude and flatteringly simple. Finding him agreeable but not dangerous, they are relieved but also disappointed. He has no ambition to seem dangerous: that, for him, belongs to "nursery politics." "Sweet

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reasonableness" is his social line. But any one who imagines that this good form of his implies weakness or softness of fiber makes a great mistake. He is on easy and familiar terms with his convictions, and has no need to parade them or typify them in a red tie and hobnailed boots, nor any fear of their being jeopardized by his clothing the external man in the correct garb of ceremonial observance. Nor is this all. MacDonald has the pride and the shyness of the Scot—all the Scot's stingy economy, all his queer secretiveness. Nothing will induce him to wear his heart upon his sleeve, or, to put the same thing in another way, to talk socialism at the dinner-table. It is the same thing; that is the point. His gift, his *daimon*, the thing he has which other politicians have not got, is a faith which makes him go, which is as much part of him as the blood in his veins, and, as little as that, to be made a show of.

Here is the second reason for welcoming the testimony of direct contact. The quality my American friend sensed is hard to convey by description or analysis. It is the explanation of the extraordinary devotion to MacDonald felt by the rank and file of his own party and, resentfully, in the last resort, by any and every critic in it, of whom there are plenty; of the exasperated hostility with which he is derided by Liberals and Tories, who cannot understand it; and of the bitter and unrelenting campaign directed against him by the communists in Moscow and elsewhere. It made him from 1914 to 1922 the target of an abuse such as no one since Gladstone has had to meet and, at the same time, defeated every effort in those years to keep him out of the lime-light. It helped to give a special luster to his brief premiership and a sense of catastrophe to his fall.

The one short word we have to indicate the quality is genius; but that overworked expression does not, of itself, tell one much, and helps not at all to particularize the thing MacDonald possesses. Perhaps one can get nearest by a comparison. In personal magnetism, assisted in either case by masculine beauty and a musical voice, as well as in a certain baffling aloofness, maddening to colleagues, in intellectual power and in intellectual limitation, and in oratorical command, there are close resemblances (as well as minor suggestive differences) between Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Gladstone. But there is one remarkable distinction between them. Gladstone, dying in 1895, entirely failed to see that the creative phenomenon of the time, in Europe, and above all in Britain, was the awakening self-consciousness of the working class and the stirring of a revolt against commercialism that affected all classes. Mr. MacDonald had, by the time he entered his thirties, grasped this fact and equipped himself in relation to it. If it is true of Gladstone, as a modern historian has put it, that "there was no great thing he did or wanted to do," it is not true of MacDonald. A vision of a great thing to be done brought him into politics, has colored all his work, and has been conveyed, by him, to some millions of his fellow-countrymen. The special quality both of his thinking and of his speak-

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ing derives from their connection with a central idea. No such idea has visited his parliamentary competitors. Discontinuity speaks from voice and action of the most brilliant of them, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill.

The dreams of the boy color the life of the man. In his formative years of poverty in Lossiemouth, young Ramsay MacDonald fed his imagination with the legends, stories, and ballads told him by a remarkable grandmother, learned a fundamental realism and sincerity toward life from a no less remarkable mother, and, in his brief school-days, devoured every book on science on which he could lay his hands. When at eighteen he came up to London he was determined to be a scientist. An illness deflected him; but scientific training gave him, for good and all, his socialist method. He was and remains an evolutionist. For him society is a growth; proceeds by adaptation, not by destruction. Looking at the facts and forces of the nineties, he decided that the period of Liberalism was over and set his hand to building a new party to express the new ideas permeating the minds of then isolated groups and bring them into vital contact with the organized trade-unions. Those who were there know that it was in the main to the determination, energy, and patience of its young secretary that the creation of the Labor party in 1900 was due; know too that but for MacDonald the first victories of the new party at the 1906 election would have been impossible.

He created a new party. More, he gave that party not only a program but a philosophy. The British Labor party is socialist; since 1918, when its constitution was amended to include "workers by hand and brain," broadly socialist; since 1925, when a new program of action based on "avowedly Socialist principles" was indorsed, specifically so. The socialism of the British Labor party is evolutionary, scientific, and democratic. MacDonald has been the main force in making and keeping it so. His has been the guiding brain in the party ever since 1894, when Keir Hardie hailed the new recruit as its "greatest intellectual asset." Then he brought with him a connected and coherent social philosophy, which has been deepened and enriched by experience but not essentially changed. The views set out in "Socialism and Society" (1908) or "Socialism and Government" (1909) are the views of "Socialism: Critical and Constructive" (1921); they are the views he has impressed on the mind of his party. He has suffered for his consistency, and the party has profited by his suffering. Thus, believing as he did in reason and coöperation as the instruments of social and national development, he was a pacifist before 1914 and in 1914 stood on his position. He could, in the fatal July-August days, have entered the war government. He refused and, instead, went out into the wilderness. He held a section of the party stanch and at the same time held it back from self-righteous sectarianism; in 1918, thanks to him, it was possible to close the divided ranks of British Labor and resist the communist wave that split every socialist party on the Continent. He fought communism

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as he had fought militarism in Britain with argument and logic—above all with a positive socialist philosophy—and beat it. More than that, he was able to hold British Labor true to the internationalism taught it by the pacifist section, with the result that to-day the Labor party is in the unique position of never having seen red about Russia, either for or against.

This consistent belief of his in coöperation and consent is the key to his success as a foreign minister. It was an even more important asset than his unique knowledge of foreign countries and conditions. Discussion of the achievements of Britain's first Labor government is frequently wide of the mark because the premises are not truly stated. The government was, from the start, in a one-to-three minority. It was let in by Liberals and Tories who believed that Europe would break it. MacDonald assumed office because no socialist can refuse service, with a perfectly clear conception of what could and should be done. At the Albert Hall in January, 1924, he said, "We believe we can give peace to Europe." He knew, as every one did who thought about it, that until peace was given to Europe there was no constructive thing anywhere that could be begun. The ground had to be cleared off. His own realism was complete. He knew too that he could do it, and how. In office he used the weapons, and only the weapons, he had consistently advocated out of it—coöperation, good-will, frankness, and friendliness. He did not talk of the British army and navy; he relied on idealism, and it worked, as it will, when single-mindedly pursued. Nine times out of ten the idealist excommunicates himself because, at the test of action, his mind pays tribute to the materialist illusion. MacDonald's did not. He knew his facts, and he knew in what he believed. The London settlement ended the period of war mentality and started that of coöperation. Locarno is a partial fruit of the new method; the Geneva Protocol would have been a more complete one. When he had reconciled France and Germany, MacDonald turned to Russia. Idealism again, if you will. There was and is much in Russia he did not like, but "Russia exists." Europe is a family; its members have got to live together. "We are not to be our own judges, here or hereafter." The Russian treaties were an essential part of his peace policy. When the Liberals allied themselves with the Tories against the treaties, they made the general election of 1924 inevitable; when they entered into a pact with the Tories, they made its result inevitable. Inevitable, but not permanent. The great Tory majority of November, 1924, is already visibly breaking up. Every by-election since has registered the rising tide of Labor sympathy.

In the biography of his wife published in 1911, Ramsay MacDonald told the world as much as he desired any one to know of his private life. The book is a literary phenomenon in many ways and in none more so than in its obliteration of the personality of the author. It is a picture of Margaret Ethel MacDonald, not of her husband. What it tells us about him is, in the main, the curious fact that it was, and is, as natural to him

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to speak to the world as it is unnatural to speak to any individual. Parsimonious in the small change of affection to the living, he can overflow with generous appreciation of the dead. Death moves something primitive in him, for here again he is a Scot and walks near the great mysteries and simplicities, achieves poetry in his prose when he writes or speaks of them. Moreover death, apart from ceremonial aspects which appeal to him, is the great separator, the great revealer of individuality.

MacDonald is a singularly definite individual himself; perhaps for that reason he is little interested in or aware of the individualities of others. He has no talent for intimacy, and lacks, as a leader, the trick of creating individual attachment to himself, though he possesses in high degree the power of creating group attachment. People complain that he is hard to talk to; and most of his difficulties, as premier, were due to a misplaced and childish secretiveness about small things. For instance, he mentioned to no one that an old friend had given him a motor-car, though, had he done so at the time, every one would have been glad to know that an overworked and underpaid public servant (a British prime minister gets £3500 a year after income tax has been deducted) had been secured this measure of relief. Nor did he tell any one that, when he went out of office, he gave up both the car and its endowment. This mystery-mongering of his is the more irritating since, in all larger matters, his honesty and sincerity are transparent. He has nothing to conceal. Scandal has never touched him. In more than thirty years of public life, no one has ever found any failure of loyalty with which to accuse him. His record proves him immune to ordinary temptations of ambition.

The critics on his hearth fulminate, in the main, against his patience, and the fact that the trumpet has never been his instrument. He does not believe that the walls of Capitalism will topple at its breath. Dazzled by the goal, they are impatient of the road, and annoyed by his insistence that "the space between the 'is' and the 'is-to-be' has got to be traveled." The rise of the party has been so rapid that they understate the solidity and strength of the resistance to it presented by habit, the actual organization of society, and the fears which their own ill considered, illogical, and ill tempered vociferations excite. Between his cautious reasonableness with its tender respect for tradition and romantic delight in beauty of form, and their impassioned unreasonableness, there is a constant internal warfare. It constitutes his major obstacle in the task of converting opinion.

No one knows that better than he. The life of no leader of a progressive party is a bed of roses; his pillow is adequately enough stuffed with thorns to satisfy the bitterest of his opponents or the most captious of his friends. Presumably he finds consolation in the fact, which acts as the final exasperation of his critics, that they know, even better than he knows, that the future of Labor in Britain is as closely tied up with him as its past has been. He made Labor government possible in 1924; he makes it possible, even probable, in 1928 or 1929.

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THOSE QUARRELSOME BONAPARTES

VI—Napoleon Entertains at Montebello

ROBERT GORDON ANDERSON

THE PALACE of Montebello was alight. The illumination from doorways and lofty windows streamed down through miles of terraces and vistas, over gleaming statues and lines of guarding soldiers to the valley and the far-off spires of Milan.

The Bonapartes, once more gathered together under one roof—all but Lucien—were scattered through the various apartments of the palace. They had come quite a way from the shabby lodgings of the Rue Pavillon—even from the house on the Via Malerbe, though that had not been without its dignity. No longer was life a question of shoes and hats for the girls, sixty-centime dinners for Napoleon, or for Lucien the signing of vouchers and shooing rats from a wine-barrel. Now there were robes and banquets quite imperial in splendor. Never outside of fairy-tale had there been so swift a climb—and all due to a much criticized brother—a little man who would have been lost in any crowd, except for the fact that crowds had a way of opening up for him.

It was eight o'clock. Josephine's maid had disappeared; and she herself was clasping ornaments with enameled gold and black lions at wrists and shoulders and surveying the effect in a full-length mirror. From a desk in the cabinet adjoining came the rapid scratch of a quill pen; but Napoleon looked up between the paragraphs that marched at double-quick across the pages. On his moody face, as he glanced through the doorway at the loveliness of upturned arms and bust and shoulder, was an expression of tenderness mingled with bitterness and despair. But Josephine, unconscious, only hummed an air that carried echoes of Gipsies, of far-off tropical isles, of voodoo women of Martinique. There lovely women were accustomed to dancing on volcanoes; and there were volcanoes smoldering in the eyes of the man who sat with poised pen in the next room. Yet when the quill dipped in the ink-well again, the letter to the Directors had all the usual vigor and despatch. In the lines one might have caught his own incisive stride, each word an echo of his boot-heel. The Directors, rulers of France, muddling things up there in Paris, should have heard and trembled. Strange dual nature that could burn with such devouring passion, yet drive the spur and crack the whip with such merciless precision.

Josephine, however, did not tremble, though for the moment her new position had lost something of its

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fascination. She was surrounded by Bonapartes—Joseph and Louis on the floor below; Jerome above; Eliza and Pauline, with their newly won husbands, in an adjoining wing; and Letizia with the budding Caroline just a turn to the right and one to the left down the hall. And all, she felt, were sitting in judgment on her; and the verdict was not at all favorable. She did not show her exasperation, as she reflected, by pouting prettily like Paulette: she was too sweetly gracious for that; her eyes grew misty instead.

She came to the door of the cabinet.

"Your mother is handsome and your sister Paulette *très charmante*," she began tremulously and by way of propitiation; then: "But no, no, Napoleon, you cannot tell me. They do not like me."

"It is wise now to keep unhealed the breach they themselves opened; so we can extract the tribute you ask and gain advantage when the time comes for settlement"—thus scratched the quill, referring not to the Bonapartes but to the Venetians—then the quill stopped.

"You distress yourself unnecessarily, my beloved. Fear of this sort brings about the very thing feared. You show your apprehension and distrust too plainly in your manner. This prevents your coming together. My mother and sisters differ from you in race and temperament; but they will learn to love you as you will them, if you are patient. Each should give in a trifle. Come, my darling, will you not try?"

But the beautiful eyes, so near to tears before, were shedding them now.

He embraced her.

"Only have patience," he repeated; "but there, dry them"—he did that for her. "You must look beautiful for the reception to-night. There will be many there."

The statement had a magical effect. The tears stopped; and Napoleon finished the despatch, and handed it, sealed, to an aide, then hurriedly made the turn to the right and the one to the left, down the hall to his mother's apartment. Quite characteristically, since crowds and doors opened so readily before him, he forgot to knock and entered with something of the manner he described in a letter to Josephine as "bursting in."

Letizia, though stately and handsome as of old, felt a little out of place in all this new splendor. She had just thrown around her shoulders a valuable Cashmere shawl and arranged on the still chestnut curls the jeweled head-dress, both gifts of Napoleon. Her only regret was that he had not let her do her own buying. Then she might have looked well enough and still have put away a part of the money against a rainy day, inevitable even to those who had climbed to palaces.

Paulette had come in, a few moments before, to see about the hang of her skirt, for, much to her disgust, Napoleon had not yet allowed her a personal maid.

"Still, it's almost like being a princess," she said, as her mother bent over the rebellious flounce, "to be entertained in a castle by one's conquering brother. Right now, *maman*"—she was affecting French terms—"we're as good as royalty!"

"It does not pay," answered Letizia, as well as she could, with a gold pin in her mouth, "to boast, or spend too soon."

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Napoleon, entering, caught the words. "That is foolishness, signora," he broke out. "If not for yourself, you must look well for me." He turned to his sister. "I wish to speak with your mother alone, Pauline."

With a *moue* Pauline swept out of the room. This young Corsican might have all Italy and France at his feet, but not his family. Nevertheless she loved him and was beginning, just a little, to fear him.

"Signora," he began, once the door had closed behind the train, "you should not treat my wife so haughtily. She has her faults, but they are trifling. And her virtues are magnificent. These you should recognize; remember that she is a joyous creature, sensitive, and easily hurt; that she fights single-handed, and there are many of us in the family descended like devouring locusts upon her; also that you are older than she. It is you that should make the advances."

The fine eyes sparkled, and she drew herself to her full stature in a way that made it seem greater than it was. "In my day, my son, the old were not required to make advances to the younger." It was a skilful use of the comparative, for Josephine, at thirty-five, was but twelve years her junior. "Nor, Napoleon, did a son speak to his mother as king to subject!"

Nettled, Napoleon turned.

"There are two Napoleons now, mother: one the son from whom you can always claim respect; the other the representative of France whom you in turn must respect."

She looked at him searchingly. Here was something, not known before, though perhaps foreseen—something for his own sake to fear.

"I shall do my best," she answered, not with submission but with patience, "to win the affection of my daughter-in-law." She paused, and her voice trembled a little. "If only, my son, I could be sure she will make you happy!"

Without a word, Napoleon turned and left, pleased neither with himself nor with his family. Something like the distinction he had just made may before have found lodgment in his head; but the actual utterance of it, the opening of a gulf between himself and his mother whom he adored, left him vexed and not a little ashamed.

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But now the halls below were filled with gay uniforms and even gayer gowns; and the music of hautboy, flute, and violin floated through the corridors. It was the telling moment for the family to descend the grand staircase, from the youngest to the oldest, and at last the conqueror himself, with his bride, radiant on his arm.

They took their places, the family ranged in proper order near him, Napoleon and Josephine, not on a dais—yet—but in a central bay that for the present served. Here they received, with all respect for courtly precedence, dukes from Piedmont, Parma, and Modena; suave mitered legates from Rome; Austrian envoys trying hard to hide their truculence and hate of this island upstart; ambassadors from the newly carved Cisalpine and Ligurian republics; owlish professors; savants with faces like their own parchments; ruddy Swiss; and olive-cheeked nobles, with their perfumed ladies, from Ferrara and Verona, from Vincenza, Bologna,

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Mantua, and Milan, from Bergamo, Brescia, Bassano, Naples and Venice, and Sardinia and the Ionian Isles—a long line come to kiss the sword that had conquered them. If so, why not doubly conquered through Josephine's eyes, though, to do her justice, she cared not so much for conquest as to be liked, admired, and, by a creditable group, discreetly loved.

To Josephine it was the wine of life. She dressed superbly; and she made an appealing picture in a cloud of muslin caught up with those prettily incongruous gold and black lions at her shoulders, others at her wrists. As she acknowledged the salutation of bishop or ambassador with that ever graceful bend of her neck or lent her hand to be grazed by the fierce mustachios of old grizzled veteran or pressed by some handsome subaltern, she smiled—perhaps a little more sweetly on the last, still sweetly on all.

As for the young conqueror, no longer did his boots smell of grease, an epaulet hitch up on one shoulder, or a bit of shirt show between waistcoat and breeches, as sometimes it had, in spite of his love of order and personal cleanliness. Josephine had "polished him up"; and Letizia, who stood a pace to the left and the rear, gave her credit at least for that.

A group of diplomats now approached, their correct wigs in symbolic contrast with the hair of the republican generals, which was left *au naturel.*

They came to plead against the dismemberment of Venice, for already this young general was carving up his kingdoms; and resentment, as much at being forced to supplicate a young island upstart as at any injustice, characterized their manner.

"Venice," said they, "heir of all the ages, should not be torn limb from limb!"

"The Directors of France have made their decision, citizens of Venice. I will forward your memorial to them; but I fear the time for compromise is past. And you must admit that the conduct of the Venetians has not earned it."

He had been admirably self-controlled, but to his mother it seemed as if the spasm that had contracted his features at the first indictment came not so much from anger as from violence he was doing to something deep within. But Dandolo, a Jew of persuasive voice yet dignified bearing, was speaking again.

"But your Excellency," he said, "the Directors will listen to you. Indeed, if without offense I may be permitted to say it, it is the brilliant conqueror of Italy who not only wins victories but makes the treaties. A word from you—your moral force—"

But the "brilliant conqueror" knew these wily Venetians. It was not for nothing that they had chosen this public place for their presentation rather than the sanctity of his cabinet. Knowing their cause to be almost hopeless, they planned to gain sympathy or to discredit him. So he broke angrily forth:

"And if I make them, Citizen Dandolo, I do not ask the conquered for advice. Nor will I use this *moral force* to keep in power your senile Senate. Already I have shed the best blood of France to carry freedom and republican institutions to Venice as well as all Italy. By the

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terms of peace Austria has agreed to the partition. The glory of Venice long ago departed, and you will be happier with your cities secure under stronger rule than you are now in their decay, as you dream of your vanished splendor. So think you I will start more wars to bring your doddering doges back?

"And let me ask you something, Dandolo. Which of all the Italian peoples has most mistreated us, for years scoffed at us, and boasted of Italy as 'The Graveyard of the French'? Recently, for once, you did more than boast. You fired on our frigates in times of truce, and at Easter you turned on our soldiers walking peacefully in Verona, stabbed them in the back, filled the streets with the murdered. Then, not satisfied with that, your brave soldiery rushed into the hospitals and slew the wounded in their cots.

"So much for France, Dandolo; and since you have asked me to bring my *personal* word to the Directors, now for myself." He bent forward, boring in with his eyes. "Who was it, friend Dandolo, that rode out of Venice at night to bribe the Directors to abjure my treaties?" Now his eyes swept the whole group. "Know, citizens of Venice, that the Directors of France are not to be bribed!

"Yet so you would have dishonored me before the world. And you ask me now to beg clemency of the Directors for perfidious Venice! Be thankful, Dandolo, that I do not clap you in chains but let you go free!" He finished, then, with an angry gesture, turned to his aide-de-camp, Marmont: "On with the dance!"

"If you think he is in a rage now," said Rapp to Madame Pauline Leclerc, *née* Bonaparte, who was much taken with that irrepressible young officer, "you should have seen him when we met the Austrian envoys in the Tyrol. Old Heavyfoot Cobenzl, their chief, swore your brother was drunk. But he wasn't, not he, though he hadn't slept for three nights; and, under the circumstances, those two glasses of punch should have gone to his head. They would have, to any other man's. Anyway, he gave old Heavyfoot three hours to consent to his terms; then he seized a priceless vase, one Amorous Kate of Russia had sent the emperor. 'If you do not sign,' he said, 'I will smash you like this!' And crash, he drops the vase, shattering it into a thousand pieces.

"Nor had he lost his sense of humor, either, for a moment later, when he noticed an empty dais in the room, he asked, 'For whom is that?' 'For the emperor, who is absent, but here in spirit,' replies old Cobenzl. 'You had best take it out,' says your brother, quite to the point, 'for I never see a seat higher than mine without wanting to get in it!'"

By now most of the gaily clad throng had passed, blithely chattering or swaying, in anticipation, toward the music in the adjoining room. Napoleon did not dance; and Josephine passed in on the arm of the Duke of Modena. The most adroit foreign minister, eager for alliances, could not have found fault with her choice of partners for the next few dances. Not so discreet, however, were the glances she exchanged with the black-haired Hippolyte Charles, who hung in constant attendance near her chair, or on the words she whispered to him from behind her

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fan. These tactics did not escape the vigilant eye of Napoleon, as he lingered for a few moments to converse with his generals and the foreign envoys.

"Who is that drawing-room monkey?" he asked, drawing Joseph aside.

"One of our new brother-in-law Leclerc's lieutenants," said Joseph, adding grimly, "She flirted with him all the way down."

"*Et tu, Brute!*" Napoleon replied sadly; then: "But you mean it well; and sometimes it seems to me that you are the only one I can trust. Still, you place a wrong interpretation on innocent actions. You do not understand Josephine. She loves joy, light; but she has the best heart in the world."

Joseph studied him, wondering how far, for his brother's own good, he might go.

"I understand," he answered with tact; "but forgive me, my dear brother, if I suggest that you warn her. Already there is too much talk for one who shares your fame. Your wife should be above suspicion.". . . It was delicate, this use of the pronoun instead of the "Cæsar"; imagination could supply that. But perhaps this is wronging the discreet Joseph, since, though he was wholly for his brother now, his republicanism might not have permitted him so to play the devil.

Meantime he had paused; then, carefully, and not without conscience, he planted the barb:

"They were saying in Paris that Josephine got your command for you through Barras; even that his livres paid for the house she purchased in the Rue Chantereine."

Napoleon's hand was like a vise upon his brother's arm.

"Are not Toulon, Vendemaire, Italy, answers to the first scandal? The second is too vile to notice, though I could answer it by showing the deed. Josephine paid only sixty-four hundred francs down to Julie Carreau, Talma's mistress, for that house, before our marriage. The balance I took over after our marriage. Surely the princely Barras would have been more liberal! . . . But you have looked after my interests, as you saw them, brother. I thank you. Now say no more. Only make my excuses. Tell them I am engaged—anything." Then, to Bourrienne, "Follow me, in ten minutes!"

So, bowing and smiling, he left the hall, hurried up the staircase, and brushed past the sentry who stood on guard before his door.

Within, he paced up and down, consumed with wrath. He had given Joseph his answers; but this persistent gossip was maddening; and if so much smoke, why not some fire? That wretched Barras story he would not believe. Still, if there *had* been anything, what had come before marriage he could forgive, *not* what came *after!*

And now to match him against this monkey with his drawing-room tricks, to the monkey's advantage, as Joseph had reported—and he had heard it before! . . . Was there evidence or only gossip? And why, even if there were no grave cause, was she so indiscreet? Why did she show so little consideration for him?

But there was work ahead. So he sat down at his desk in the cabinet.

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It was a pretty thing of delicate French marquetry for which he did not particularly care. Still, it never mattered on what he wrote; a rock or a knapsack would do. The desk had been placed there with other furniture of the same period to brighten the grim Lombard setting for Josephine's arrival, though in its fragility it should have groaned under the invisible wires which stretched from it to the armies of Italy, the seacoast, Paris, Belgium, Austria, and the Rhine. At it he was the chess-player, sitting blindfolded and playing on many boards.

There was Genoa, for instance, out of which and its environs he had just made the Republic of Liguria. There English ships rode in the harbor; English agents were busy with intrigue in the capital. And his own were moving everywhere, offsetting the foe, and meantime leaving a pinch here, a pinch there, of the yeast of republicanism. Faypault was in charge, watching out for him; but at a distance of a hundred leagues he must watch Faypault and also check the moves of each of his assistants. If only he could have multiplied himself a few times!

In Venice there had been more trouble. There, too, his men had circulated, spreading the yeast of republicanism and the fire of rebellion against the doges. This time the yeast had fermented all too well. The reactionaries, who had no taste for the wholesome bread of freedom, had risen in the night, murdered three hundred of his soldiers, as they walked peacefully through the streets, then slaughtered those in the hospitals. He had sown the wind and reaped the whirlwind. But was that his fault, any more than the Easter riots in Ajaccio, which followed hard on his intrigues—such necessary intrigues, if one were to advance a cause and get anywhere! He himself would not harm a dog, would stop a ship to circle for an hour about a spot to save a drowning man. Still, no use crying over spilled blood. Those massacres must be turned to advantage. So he had written the Directors to keep the rupture open. They had ample cause now for the partition and the tribute.

Then there was Belgium. Austria was defeated but could still carry on the war. She must take loser's terms, yet must have something. He would give up a few of these Venetian cities for the far richer land of Belgium.

And that was not all. The Army of the Rhine; he must keep an eye on that. Desaix, who idolized him, was there, would watch out for his interests. The Directors? Mediocre men whose vanity must be appeased, all at a distance, while he made his treaties over their heads. Fortunately the day and night had twenty-four hours, and besides these duties he had little to attend to, except drafting new constitutions for his republics, building fortresses, deploying troops, investigating army peculations, writing despatches, interviewing spies, attaching to himself new allies, placating disaffected generals—and his turbulent family—and listening for Josephine's footstep on the stairs.

The ten minutes were now past, and Bourrienne, announced by the sentry, entered the chamber, rather diffident for one once so overbearing. He had arrived from Paris that

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morning, having been sent for by Marmont to act as secretary to the chief; and though the two friends had not met since the old restaurant days, there had been no conversation between them, beyond the formal greetings in the hall below. It was with something of a shock, therefore, that he received only this command:

"Take this, Bourrienne: 'Section I. The Constitution of the Ligurian Republic.'"

Nevertheless he wrote down the paragraphs, bits of the French constitution, of old codes, and other articles which Napoleon from study believed would fit Genoese conditions, and which he shot out, not from notes but from memory, as rapidly he paced the room.

"There, that will do." Then he stopped and faced his secretary and a situation pregnant with both drama and embarrassment. Here was the proud Bourrienne who, but four summers ago, had patronized him, escorted him to a brother's warehouse to pawn his watch, invited him to meals, and boasted about it—taking dictation from him! And the once shabby protégé, now the talk of all Europe, held not only his friend's fortunes but those of many others in the hollow of his hand.

But Napoleon had not meant to snub him. He had been quite sensible of that shock; but he had business on hand, and it was better for Bourrienne to accept at once the situation without any sentimental nonsense. The business over, Napoleon was friendly enough.

"I thank you, my old comrade, for being so discreet, and not trespassing on our former friendship. In public there must be some constraint, as you have the wit to see; underneath we are as of old. If you are faithful, my dear Bourrienne, I shall reward you well."

A moment the deep blue eyes in the thin face studied the others, seeing them a little sulky, perhaps. At least Napoleon did not seem satisfied with what he found.

"The difficulty," he said, after Joseph entered and Bourrienne left, "is to find old friends with capacity for what you can offer. They continually resent the changed conditions, expect still to live on the old basis. And their constant brooding on another's success spoils their work.

"Take Bourrienne now. He is a man of gifts, yet he will always have a grievance. He will never forgive me for those few one-franc dinners he gave me; would wave *l'addition* before me if he could, instead of earning the rich posts I should be glad to give him. I am afraid the same applies to Lucien."

He sat down, waved Joseph to a chair. Joseph also seemed under some constraint. Perhaps he felt that the little sermon had been intended for him as well as for Bourrienne and Lucien. And it is indeed hard to adjust one's self to sudden glory, particularly when that glory is not due to Providence or one's own merit but to the very vivid personality of a younger brother.

Still, Joseph, who was growing increasingly handsome in a grave way, and would have made the excellent judge that he looked, or the just executor of a large estate, was on the whole a safe man, and his reports were to be relied on. Two of these Napoleon now desired. The first concerned conditions in France.

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"It looks more than ever," Joseph began deliberately, "as if another revolution threatened. The royalists are gaining every day; and in the Club Clichy they plot the overthrow of the government. Already they have won many seats in the Legislative Councils, and they control one Director."

"And the rest are asleep," Napoleon broke in. "They have lost all the energy of '89 which won the Revolution, and do not realize that the victor must be ever vigilant to maintain what is already won. In a false security they dawdle over affairs of state and will come near to bringing the Bourbons back—though not if I can help it. Already the Revolution has done much for the world; and that would be the crime of the ages!"

"Still, you must go warily," returned Joseph. "Directory and Legislature are deadlocked. I would advise espousing neither party too soon."

"And so let the Bourbons back! Never!" returned the younger brother with heat. "But you are right on one point. It is wise not to champion too openly the present Directors, who, with the exception of Carnot, are all muddlers. Meantime we must plan to get our own men in."

"Yourself for one," proposed Joseph—the just judge again playing Apollyon. But Napoleon would have none of it.

"My victories for the present are on the field of battle. First I must consolidate my position there, make secure the glory already won. The other field I shall not enter until I head the pack. That day will come."

Then he returned to the subject from which Apollyon's temptation had deflected him.

"It may be wise also not to take too *open* a part in the politics of Paris. Let the people *appear* to settle things themselves, or they may raise the cry of 'Dictator!' But one thing must *not* be uncertain, that I and the army are republican to the last man. If they lift one finger to restore the Bourbons, I shall loose my battalions on Paris!"

He thought for a moment about ways and means.

"To-morrow I shall send Lavalette on. He is careful, discreet. With you and others we can trust, he can circulate quietly, circumvent the plots of the Club Clichy, and prevent more of the Councils from going over to the Royalist side."

Here he paused in his pacing, angry. "But you are not listening; your mind wanders!"

And indeed, for an interlude, Joseph had not been listening. He had been saying to himself: "Why so much of that parade-ground peroration? He is ridiculous. Can he not credit me with some sense?"

Now, Napoleon was seldom ridiculous even when hectoring, lecturing, or riding the high horse; and he did not credit his brothers with any too much wisdom. So he went on, after calling Joseph back to that attention which all, sooner or later, gave to this frail but dynamic personality:

"Be wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove. Win to us allies from all classes. From coffee-house and gutter, spread anew the gospel of republicanism. Open the minds of all to the dangers of reactionism. Above all, direct the eyes of Paris

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to the armies and to Italy! Let them learn to look on us as a woman on her protecting husband, the strong right arm of France!

"Meanwhile I shall aid you with proclamations to the armies, which you shall have printed in the 'Moniteur,' also in circulars for wide distribution. See that these, too, are read in the Councils and before the public on fête-days. The Directors I shall myself stiffen by advantageous treaties with our foes and new possessions. There shall be gestures enough!"

Joseph, not unreasonably, had another word of caution. "Have you counted on Hoche? He has won *his* victories, on the Rhine; catches the crowd; is handsome, dashing—"

"Too dashing," returned Napoleon. "He rides for a fall. . . .

"Now a little later, after you have prepared the ground, I shall send Augereau to Paris, to give them a picture of what the army is like. He looks as if he snorted fire from his nostrils and drank a quart of blood before breakfast. That will be impressive. And he is more than merely reckless; he will act with effect, throw all the troops in the capital around the Tuileries, if they try to overthrow the Directors. And he will do it without any instructions from me. This is not only what I like, but is helpful, since we must not appear to have too many fingers in the pie."

Here he took his brother's hand affectionately.

"Louis le Grand said, 'I am the state!' You, Joseph, must preach, for the present crisis, 'The Army is the state!' Later we can give them another formula. . . . And now farewell! I have won success, but with it the bitterness of knowing there are so few one can trust. Of you I am never doubtful. You, my dear brother, have my deepest confidence and love."

This parting message he delivered with utter sincerity and with that melancholy which is never long absent from men of daring imagination who have trusted much to a Fate even more inscrutable than themselves.

From below came the sounds of the music, the lilt of women's laughter. For that second report, which concerned not the field of war or politics, but the ball-room, he did not ask.

His mother could have given him this report—and of a conduct of which she did not approve—as she sat by the wall in a massive Lombard chair which made still more august her impressive bearing.

"Does not mother look well?" said Paulette in an intermission. "There's not a white thread in her brown hair and not a handsomer pair of eyes in the whole room. And her complexion, without rouge, is better than yours or mine, Eliza.

"I am pretty, but I shall fade quickly," she added with strange foresight for her eighteen years, perhaps a premonition of that dread disease which would destroy her and the brother upstairs as it had their father. "I would give anything to look as she does at forty-seven!"

Letizia had received courteously the celebrities who had presented themselves, answering them usually with short sentences and some re-

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serve, now and then being roused into the longer periods and precipitous Corsican eloquence of which she was capable. But she was glad that now they had left her to her thoughts. They were many this night.

For one thing, she could look on Pauline's beauty with less disquiet. For Paulette was married—*hum*, yes, safely enough—even if it had been on pretty short notice, in the chapel below—so short, gossips said, as to be virtually a confession. Well, Leclerc was a good match; and favorite daughters had made slips before now.

And indeed most of the children had married well—Joseph to the good Julie Clary, who brought a very nice *dot*, along with a good enough disposition; and Eliza to their old neighbor Bacciochi. True, he played the violin so abominably that Napoleon had threatened to throw him out of the palace. But then Napoleon was no judge of music either; the falsetto in which he sometimes hummed "Malbrouck" was quite as bad. . . . There was Eliza now, approaching with her husband. Certainly no beauty, with her thin flat chest and her longish legs made worse by those high-waisted gowns. But how much her features were like Napoleon's! No, after all, she was *not* bad looking, and she had done well enough. Bacciochi was dull, but he would be a generous husband.

If only Lucien had shown as much foresight! . . . Poor little Christine Boyer! She was a sweet child and well meaning, even though an innkeeper's daughter. Napoleon would look after them and their babies, if Lucien did not thwart him. And that is just what he might do. . . . It was sad for a mother to see her children, once so united, in spite of their quarrels . . . drifting apart . . . to become virtual strangers.

But *quest' è troppo!* There was that Beauharnais woman again!

"How many times has she danced with him, Paulette?"

"I do not know. Five, I think, *maman*."

"Seven," corrected Eliza.

"*Basta, basta!* It is all so humiliating to Napoleon. I cannot forgive her. She is a light woman."

"Give her sufficient rope, mother. She will do for herself."

"You cannot always tell. Strong men have a way of becoming enslaved by just such women. And she is not only light but extravagant. Panoria Permon writes me that she bought *forty* hats in one season. That was when she was supposed to be poor. What will she spend, now that she has a successful husband!

"And," she went on, "fame as a general does not necessarily mean wealth. Your brother's salary is only twenty-thousand francs."

"Fifteen, mother," declared Paulette. "Junot told me."

"Signor Junot should not gossip about Napoleon with his sister, nor should you allow it. Even so, it's that much the worse. The creole will ruin him."

For one thing she knew about her son: he was, in matters of personal conduct, honorable. He might take enough of the booty his arms had won to maintain the appearances necessary to his rank, but not one sou more!

Suddenly, however, she felt ashamed, and exclaimed:

"All this talk is disgraceful. Ten

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against one woman; it is unfair! We must do what we can to win her love!"

There was another occurrence that night that also troubled her. She could not forget her son's face when he answered those gentlemen from Venice. Was he growing hot-headed, uncontrollable? Would he go about smashing kingdoms in a temper, even though he would not stoop to loot a treasury?

In the throng she now caught sight of a face, a young man's, which she vaguely remembered. It was youthful, with a fine expression which without derogation might be called "sweet." Searching her memory, she suddenly recalled the young man who, seven years ago, had come with Madame Sallicetti to the Via Malerbe. They had talked about a certain young lieutenant; and he had been very enthusiastic. The two were almost of an age—yes, had birthdays on the same day. Seeing Eugène Beauharnais, the bride's seventeen-year-old son —Letizia liked the boy better than his mother—she asked him to bring the stranger to her.

They came across the floor, and he was presented. A "Citizen" Revillé —yes, that was it, though once there had been a prefix and a "Monsieur." He seemed glad to see her, and she noticed that his face grew luminous as they talked together.

"We talked of my son before. Do you remember?" she asked, the first formalities once passed.

"Yes, signora, I remember it well."

And now this most reserved of women could not but yield to the call of confidence she had felt so long ago; and the question came out:

"What, signor, do you think of him now?"

"As before, signora. Our prophecies were right. He has gone far."

"*Pardon;* it was your prophecy." Then the question almost followed, quite as before: "Would you say, up the right road?" But this, at least, was withheld; and the young man continued, with great enthusiasm:

"He is a magnificent leader, signora; one of the greatest the world has seen or ever will see. He is both general and statesman, and so few have been that." Then he paused, and she was sure he had sensed her unspoken question and was trying to find the answer for her, as at that other meeting when, to reassure her, he had said, "All his instincts are right." And now he answered:

"It is hard in this world for a practical leader always to measure up to the ideal; life is too complicated. But you can depend on it, signora, that your son will advance civilization further than has any other man for the past seventeen hundred years. He will be much criticized; but none of his critics will be able to show such a harvest."

"You must have an interview with my son. He will get you a post where your talents would show—oh, do not shake your head; for you have them, monsieur."

"If I could only help—but I cannot," he replied, bowing his thanks. "As I told you before, my dear signora, I am but a spectator of the scene."

"A spectator of the scene!" Her son was anything but that. Being Corsican and therefore superstitious, she began to feel that this extraordinary young man, born on the same

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day as her son, was her son's other self. Seven years ago he had come at another time which she had felt to be critical—after that dream of the meteor streaming in splendor across the skies, with herself and chattering brood of youngsters in its trail. It was uncanny. She tried to shake the feeling off, to tell herself that the stranger was but a very intelligent young man, possessed of ideals beyond the times—perhaps an abbé, without a post, in a godless age—but nothing more. Still, her mystical sense of him would not down. Like Brutus, she was sure she had had her apparition. But what he was does not matter, since he served as a symbol. But now he had gone, and she was not to see him again for many years.

It was with these disturbing reflections that she rose, bade those about her good night, and left the hall. It was not so long ago that Napoleon looked up at her as she held the candle in her hand, in the house on the Via Malerbe, and had wished that some day he might see her on the staircase of a palace. He had fulfilled his wish, but she was not happy.

"Tell the general his mother would like to see him," she told the sentry. It seemed strange to be kept waiting at her son's door. Still, he did not keep her long, and received her with something of tenderness.

"My son," she began as soon as he escorted her to a seat, "you have gone far; but you are still my son; so permit me to urge one word of caution. Have you thought well on this dismemberment of an ancient kingdom? Is it consistent with the principles I have taught you?"

She had expected the eyes looking down on her to blaze; but they did not; simply held hers for a moment, then turned away. She wondered what conflict—if conflict there were—was going on in the soul those eyes masked. Then he spoke—wearily, she thought; and again she cursed the woman who she was sure had brought that look.

"Signora Mother," he said, "these things are not in a woman's province. There are practical reasons."

She paused, wondering what she might say. She was not given to analysis; and her ideas of honor were, like primitive people's, sharply cut, blacks and whites, chiefly pertaining to personal conduct. Still, she had a fear that all was not well. Perhaps there was nothing wrong, and he knew best; but she wanted so to say the right thing, something that would influence him on the road he was to travel.

"Is not 'practical' sometimes a dangerous word?" she asked. "Cannot an act of state be judged simply as wrong or right?"

Still he was patient.

"I will try to explain. This Venice has long been a thorn in our flesh. She has conspired against us, attacked our soldiers, sunk our frigates, after peace has been signed. And her government is too corrupt to live.

"Now—what do I plan? For do not think, signora, it is the Directors that decide. It is I. Very well, I trade a few of her effete cities for Belgium. That satisfies Austria's pride; and the rest of Venetia I link with the strong Cisalpine Republic.

"What is lost? Practically nothing. Simply a decaying kingdom which, like a water-logged ship,

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would sink anyway. Even the traded cities are but little worse off under Austria, while the western are far safer with a flourishing state. Furthermore I win Belgium for France; and as the representative of France, I must look to her interests and win new territory, to make her strong. We cannot stand still; and we need money, land, troops, to hold off our foes—England, Spain, Austria, Prussia, all Europe. For every king is determined to see the Revolution go down and to put the Bourbons back. They hate republican institutions, you see, for our success may mean the loss of their crowns.

"And I will be frank. I will admit I have intrigued for it. I am no priest, neither am I an idealist dwelling on the mountain-top. I live in the valley with millions of fighting, cursing, lying men, many of whom would like to see my downfall. I do not fight unfairly; and in matters of personal conduct I do not forget the principles you have taught me. But with all this intrigue around me, I must fight guile with guile, match spy with spy, buy those that can be bought, and falsify bulletins to stave off panic after defeat. And, mother, answer me this: what matter a few bribes, false rumors, lies, when conditions force me to them, and when by them we set the world free?"

She felt baffled; there was so much that was incontestably right in what he said. Nevertheless she had not found the reassurance she wanted.

"Forgive me," she said at last. "All I want is that you shall act nobly—always—so that, whether you succeed or fail, when your time comes you will have nothing to regret."

So she went to her room, and Napoleon to the adjoining chamber to see if Josephine had returned.

In an open portmanteau he noticed a packet of letters carelessly left by the maid in the hurried unpacking. Mechanically he picked them up, ran his eye over the superscriptions, noted the preponderance of masculine handwriting, started to open one, then, as if ashamed, threw them down. The disarranged pile revealed one in his mother's large, sprawling, but painstaking script. This, without compunction, he opened and read.

"I have received your letter, madame, which could not but strengthen the impression I had of you. My son had told me of his happy union, and from that moment you possessed my esteem and approval. Nothing is wanting to my happiness but the pleasure of beholding you. Be assured that I entertain for you a mother's affection and that I love you as one of my own children.

"My son encourages me in the hope, and your letter confirms it, that you will soon pass through Marseilles on your way to join him. I rejoice, my dear madame, in the pleasure the sojourn here will afford me.

"In the meantime be assured that my children, following my example, have dedicated to you the same devotion and affection which they entertain for their brother.

"Believe, madame, in the love of

"Letizia Ramolini Bonaparte."

He could almost see his mother at the task. She had her gaucheries, and her French was execrable; Eliza, fresh from St.-Cyr, must have trans-

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lated it; but the august phrases were Letizia's own. She had done her best, yet it was scarcely designed to attract one of his bride's *sensibilité*, if she read between the lines. Never in the world would they find each other.

But now at last there was a step on the stair, a turn of the door-handle; and Josephine was there, redolent of triumph, humming lightly that Martinique song. The song died and the triumph dimmed, as she saw his eyes. She kissed him—perfunctorily. He did not return the embrace.

"Josephine," he said, "dismiss your maid. I wish to talk with you."

The woman gone, he began, not angrily but sadly:

"Why do you distress me with these flirtations? They are harmless, you say, but surely it does not become you, as my wife, to receive the attentions of others.

"And what can they give you that I cannot give? I have just won seventy battles and conquered many kingdoms. The battles need not concern you, but the kingdoms should; also the jewels which, as I promised, I will pour into your lap. And can any of these sycophants give you a love that is deeper than mine? Yet with *me* you are chary even of your kisses."

She did not answer, standing with head bent over the tray into which she had just dropped a gold lion, the muslin dress falling away from a soft shoulder. The sight, which always gave him delight, now perversely added to his mental torture.

"*Mon Dieu*, what have I done?" he broke out frantically. "How have I deserved such treatment, I who think only of you, live only for you!"

So he strode from the room. But, a little later, he heard his name called—a choke—a sob. He entered the bedroom where she lay, clad in a diaphanous robe for the night. She was in tears—they came so easily to the poor Josephine. Still, he could not stand them. The storm was over. The last rumble died away. She perceived this—looked up—brightened—then patted the pillow beside her, beckoning with her little finger. And because he wanted to forget, he, the conqueror, obeyed that little finger.

The hours passed. She lay asleep, dreaming of who knows what petty triumphs, and smiling as she dreamed. But he was once more awake. In the midst of his own triumph he had tasted the bitterness of defeat. He parted the draperies and looked out on the stars shining over the valley. And once he had said that there could be no bliss like this, to lie under the stars in the soft white arms of a loved woman. . . .

Ah, Josephine, Josephine—you may grow affectionate from habit and be revered and called "the good" throughout the world. But you have missed your chance. There is a time for the wax and flame to meet for the eternal sealing of the compact. Soon the match burns out. Later the compact may be tied up somehow with the string of affection; but the bond is loose—and the fire has gone out.

(To be continued)

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The CENTURION

JOHN ERSKINE

READING AND WRITING:—When you consider the amount of writing done in the world, with the small chance of literary success, you are tempted to conclude it is in itself the most exciting of human occupations. Even when we can't get a soul to read what we write, we keep on, saying, "After all, I have the satisfaction of expressing myself." Just what does that satisfaction consist of?

When you think of the number of books read by this busy world, in the persistent hope of finding a good one, and the much greater number of manuscripts read free of charge and at unspeakable cost to eyesight, in the hope of finding a book fit to print, you conclude that reading comes next after writing as the most widespread of excitements or nervous diseases. Either reading or writing may of course be an art, but first it is useful to think of them in bulk. There is an art of cooking and of dressing, but it is impressive occasionally to see in the mind's eye the wide world getting up and going to breakfast. I submit there is something more astonishing—the vision of humanity getting up every morning to write and read its magazines. There is great business on foot—deeds of mercy waiting to be done, political and economic problems to be solved, discoveries to be made in science, food to be provided, beauty to fall in love with, each other to educate. When I have heard specialists pleading for these matters, myself thrilled with a vision of chemistry, of politics, of philosophy, of history, even of the study of the Chinese language, I have sometimes thought of addressing to the orator an ignoble remark: "Dear sir, people can be persuaded to follow your calling. They can't be stopped from trying to follow mine."

Evidently the impulse to write and to read is not a bookish thing; it is as vital and necessary to daily comfort as eating and breathing. It is a give and take of life, an exchange if not a communion of spirit. It is the most profound of human relations—more so even than the relation of the sexes; for man often gets on without matrimony, but less frequently without writing and talking, and in the extreme case, though he takes a vow of silence, he still reads. Why does he?

Until we know more about the experience of reading and writing, our inquiries into other fields of knowledge are somewhat futile. We hope to increase our empire of truth by experience, by research, by philosophizing; and most discussion of scholarship turns on these methods of

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collecting the material. When we have collected it, nothing remains but to write down the result, and let our fellows read it. This last process, we have hitherto taken for granted, is a simple one, like tying up a bundle with a piece of string; it calls for a little dexterity and a reasonable amount of practice. Most colleges assume that the entire student body can be taught to write in the freshman year. Other colleges act upon the wild hope—and are rather proud of it—that all the freshmen have learned to write before they arrived. I won't say there aren't sound reasons for not asking them to take a course in writing. Perhaps the professors can't write, either. But this is not the reason usually given, and it seems no exaggeration to say that few people, least of all the educated, realize the difficulties involved in writing and the mysteries involved in reading.

There seems a fair probability that we may shortly begin to investigate these two occupations, and may build up an esthetic which really takes account of our mental behavior when we read and write, which will diminish the smugness in our assumption that we know how to express ourselves, and which will define, not only some of the ways and means of communicating with our fellows, but also the limits within which communication is possible. Some things can be said but not written. Some people have ideas which cannot be put into words at all—unutterable thoughts. Many of my students have them. And we hear of emotions or intuitions which cannot be thought out. Before we begin to write, it would save time if we knew which was which; and before we try to teach people to express themselves, we ought to have clearer notions than we now show signs of, as to what in their experience will bear expressing.

Traditional Criticism:—Traditional criticism of literature is in this respect almost entirely worthless. It flatters your emotions or it deceives your mind, but in neither case does it teach you to write. It flatters your emotions when it is of the appreciative kind—Sainte-Beuve's kind or Matthew Arnold's or James Russell Lowell's. In their essays you find more subtle reasons for liking the books you already like, or disliking those you already dislike; or if you happen not to agree in liking and disliking, then you and the critic disagree. That's what we mean when we say we don't like Matthew Arnold as a critic. That's what we usually mean when we say that competent criticism is lacking in contemporary America; we wish there were more critics to praise our books. But in one sense at least our current criticism in magazines and newspapers is quite as competent as Arnold's or Sainte-Beuve's: in neither case can you learn from it how to write. Sometimes the traditional critic tries to ennoble his judgments by making them authoritative, by casting his vote with a more certain air. If we agree with him we are convinced. We used to have a critic at the Poetry Society who pronounced final judgments. When a poem was read and discussed, this critic would wait till small things like technic and craftmanship were dis-

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posed of, and then would say, "This poem will live," or "That poem will not live." The spark in either poem was so feeble that only an inspired person could distinguish the degree of vitality, and, aside from the evident inspiration, we never knew how the critic came at the result, and we got no help toward producing immortal poems ourselves. It's an old tradition. It is said that Porson once dined with some other Cambridge scholars, and after dinner, having drunk too much, as his custom was, he went to sleep. Nothing in the conversation roused him till one man said of a certain contemporary, "That poet will be read when Homer is forgotten." Porson came to and added, "And not till then!" But if Porson seems to have the advantage of the Poetry Society critic, it is only in wit; his remark, by itself, is no more enlightening as to what makes a poem great.

If we could ask Porson to go further into details, he would say the sort of thing which deceives our minds. He would tell us that a great poem has a noble subject, a significant plot or fable, important characters, and a grand style. That is the traditional formula. Matthew Arnold seems to have thought the grand style enough. We then go completely off the track and ask ourselves which subjects are noble, which plots are significant, which characters are important, and which styles are grand. The result of these questions, of much altercation, tearing of hair and of reputations, is that we fall into schools, according to the kind of subject, plot, character, or style we like. Some critics are hard on Mr. Masters because, as they say, the élite of Spoon River aren't as élite as they should be; while others who feel that Spoon River is God's country cannot forgive Edith Wharton for writing, as they say, about society morons. Meanwhile we don't know how to teach the art of writing like Mr. Masters nor like Mrs. Wharton, nor, on the basis of this kind of criticism, the art of writing at all. Our formal literary esthetics seems to be still in the medieval state—in the state of science before Francis Bacon, when effects were described as though they were causes, and man lived in a perpetual frustration, attempting to control the action of nature by imitating its results. "The hairs of the eyelids," said the schoolmen, "are for a fence to the sight." The eyelids are a protection, of course, but it is not the protection which produces the eyelids. "A great poem will have important characters," says the critic. If the poem is great, the characters will seem important, but by themselves important characters, even if we knew which they are, would not make a poem great.

I take it that the scholars, the professors of literature, are no more stupid in this matter than the unacademic men of letters. But since we give our time to it, perhaps we ought to be wiser. We need more Francis Bacons among us to ask why we stick to our syllogistic methods and allow nature to slip out of our hands; why we collate the outward characteristics of books, instead of observing what produced those characteristics; why, seeing man's insatiable desire to read and write, we do not investigate the phenomenon, not as a bookish problem, but as a recurring attitude in nature.

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"I sing but as the linnet sings," says the poet. He seems to be excusing himself, on the ground that he can't help it. Since Tennyson's time the poets have preferred to say they wrote to express themselves, to achieve their own personalities. A later school says that if you don't express what is in you, if you repress yourself, then whatever otherwise would become art turns to a sort of poison inside of you. You write, as it were, to get rid of the poison. This explanation seems rather gross, as though the poet resigned himself to writing by way of psychic sanitation. I would not say, however, that its grossness makes the theory unsound with respect to some poets in all ages. We really don't know why men write, in the first place; but once they begin, they usually keep on, and they do so because they like to. Two reasons are given for their liking to: the joy of creation, and the love of an audience. It is hardly worth while to debate which is the correct reason, for they are essentially the same. The joy of creation, I suppose, is the joy of living. We live all we can in our first-hand lives; and the experiences which are still unattained, or which we wish to repeat, we live at second-hand, in art. Boys like to play baseball, but, next to that, they like to read baseball stories. Next to that, if they can write at all, they like to write them. If there were no baseball stories in existence, the boy would make them, not in writing at first, perhaps, but certainly in his talk about the high moments of the beloved game. The creative impulse is as strong in the reader as in the writer. This is perhaps easy to grant, but sometimes we find difficulty with the idea in another form, that the writing expresses the reader as much as the writer. Probably it expresses the reader more. The writer who has learned that fact will have respect for his audience; he will begin the study of his art with some attention to the creative act of reading.

WHO SHALL BE EXPRESSED?—In what I am to say now, I should be sorry if you found any suggestion that a writer should compromise with his readers, talk down to them, or in any other way be untrue to himself. But a false loyalty to one's self has prevented many people from learning to write. The art, as I see it, consists in putting that best part of you, to which you should be loyal, into terms which your hearers will understand. It's a question not of the subject-matter but of the language. If I have a message for a German audience or a French, I don't debase my message by finding out what words the Germans or the French are using in the present century, and on their home ground, though there are always upright and unpoetical folk like Mr. Ford who think it would be better if the Germans and the French learned the American language. If I use a certain word, as I say, in a certain sense, it is wise to be sure my readers will understand it in that sense. Before I can form a line of verse in a pattern which I like, I ought to know how my expected audience is in the habit of reading verse. Before I can say what I mean in a story, I had better know what that kind of story means to my audience. Once I know, I can

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say what I want to in the way most likely to produce the effect I desire.

This simple principle, if once it is grasped, opens up the mystery of writing and reading. It explains why this form of human communication is as exciting as a game. Of course the writer wishes to say what is on his mind, but much more he wishes to be sure his audience understands him. And the moment he realizes the fascinating mystery of our minds, as reader collaborates with writer in any story, that moment literature becomes visibly a creative art.

The French praise poetry with a beautiful word; they call it *évocatif*. At its best, that is, they say it calls out of the reader the life half buried within him which is still his life, but which he did not realize until the poet said the magic word. We know the experience from a humbler angle, when we go to the theater and get lost, as we say, in an engrossing play. At its best the drama evokes our natures to such a degree that in imagination we are living on the stage, and the adventures our eyes and ears attend to seem not external to us, but of our very being. When we leave the theater after such a play we usually experience a little shock, a let-down, as it were, a coming back to earth and remembering what our actual fate is. No amount of information which the writer could impart out of his own life could ever equal in importance to us the experience he has evoked out of our natures. We go to a play, then, in the hope of finding ourselves there, and we read books in the hope also of discovering, through some evocative word, sides of our nature we have forgotten, or never yet observed.

After all that has been said about poetry, the theories for judging it, the methods of writing it, this one simple principle remains, that literature is great when it calls out of us a richer imaginative life. From this one principle we can easily build up a method of judging stories, plays, and poems—a rather ruthless method which often will enrage the literary man who likes complicated ways of going about such things, but still a sound method. If a story provides me with an immense amount of information about life, if it excites my curiosity and then satisfies it, as detective stories do, or if a poem reports to me in detail the emotional state of the poet, I take the liberty of observing that all this by itself is not enough. The literature which does only this has never been great literature. Much of our modern poetry full of intellectual subtleties is absurd when compared with the great lyrics or epics of the world, for in these great things, whether they are the product of simpler men in folk-ballad or legend, or of supreme artists in sophisticated times, the reader has his chance; he finds himself in the poem; he recognizes life instead of having his curiosity excited about some phase of it for the first time. I open a modern volume and read:

"A bird chirped at my window this morning,
And over the sky is drawn a light network of clouds.
Come,
Let us go out into the open,
For my heart leaps like a fish that is ready to spawn."

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As information this is all clear to me until the last line. There I am handicapped by my ignorance of the habits of fish in that critical condition. But even if I knew about the fish I protest that nothing is said there about my own heart, and I am little interested in the condition of this fellow-poet whose feelings happen to be advertised in the public print. But if Burns says his "love is like a red, red rose," I need not have the slightest interest in Burns and his love; I need only to cherish a love of my own which finds itself quite naturally expressed in the simple and obvious metaphor. A poet once said that all poetry began when Adam named the animals; the function of art, he said, was to lay the name on the thing. Our first ancestor, according to this theory, looked at the horse and exclaimed, "I realize at last that's a horse!" But this is to exclude the audience. A more complete theory is to say that poetry begins when Adam utters the word "horse," and the animal gives a start of surprise and recognition, and says, "There! That's what I am!"

A YOUNG PORTRAIT-PAINTER EXHIBITS

BARBARA MADISON TUNNELL

I heard them saying as they sauntered by
That he had analyzed us as he drew,
Had looked upon us with a ruthless eye
And probed to depths which we ourselves half knew.
Intently we had struggled to withhold
The secrets he saw fit thus to expose,
Setting down tragedy with brush as bold
As that which paints a wart upon a nose.

His portraits do not fake as faces can;
The likeness is complete in every case;
It is, indeed, the genius of the man
To underline the scars we would erase.
When he is older maybe he will lend
His canny art to help a face pretend.

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The ROVING CRITIC

CARL VAN DOREN

THE SPRING LESSON:—Let us suppose a case. Suppose George F. Babbitt, having heard that Sinclair Lewis's "Elmer Gantry" (Harcourt, Brace) is a "preacher novel" and "hot stuff," has decided to read the book. Babbitt is himself not much of a hand to go to church, though he does not mind if his wife goes, and he sends his children to Sunday-school, where they will get good moral teaching an hour a week and will be kept, for that long and maybe longer, out of mischief. For some reason or other, he has always been a little uncomfortable with preachers. They cramp his style. He knows that there are good fellows among them, but, after all, they are preachers, set vaguely apart from the world, and not quite the same as the men that Babbitt sees every day down-town. Moreover, they hold their services on Sunday, which is Babbitt's day of rest. If he went to the morning sermon, he would have to get up earlier than he likes to do for anything except golf. By evening, of course, his day of rest has tired him out. And yet he has never managed to get over the feeling that maybe he ought to go to church more regularly. Every Sunday his conscience whispers to him, from time to time, that he is playing hooky from religion, which is a good thing for everybody.

Without, of course, being aware of his desire, he wishes he had a better excuse for playing hooky than he has ever found. In "Elmer Gantry" he finds it. So this is the way preachers behave! Babbitt has heard cynics wondering whether half the preachers, if the truth were known about them, do not keep a bottle hidden behind a row of Bibles; wondering if, when preachers call on the women of their congregations, with the men-folks away, they spend the whole time talking about spiritual problems. This book makes it look as if the cynics were right in their suspicions. Elmer Gantry can tip the bottle with any man, and he has a way with the women. Babbitt cannot help licking his lips as he reads. Imagine seeing this all written down in black and white! There is no doubt about it, he says, preachers are the same as ordinary people, except that they have advantages which the average man never has. Traveling all over the country, for instance, with a lady evangelist, like Sharon Falconer. Getting in with the big guns in every town. Having a chance—Babbitt does not put it quite so neatly—to have all the publicity of a saint and

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all the privacy of a sinner. Plenty of pay for very little work. This is really too much. A snide game, that's what it is. Babbitt concludes, for the moment, that the preachers will henceforth get small pickings out of him.

On second thought, indeed, Babbitt will probably, like most of his friends, change his mind. Come to think about it, he knows preachers who are certainly not like Elmer Gantry. Anyway, a few preachers like that make no great difference in the long run. The church is a big institution, which ought to be supported by all who have the best interests of the community at heart. Religion is a good thing for everybody. Why, even the lowest savages have some sort of religion. The United States would be badly off without it. Still, Babbitt will be less troubled the next time he drops his wife at the church and himself goes on to the golf course.

No one can ever be quite sure, when the dust of the present scuffle has blown away, whether Sinclair Lewis had his ear closer to the ground than any one else, or whether he himself created the row. It ought to be plain, however, that he has chosen the most spectacular method of attack. The medieval satirists employed it. In an age of faith, they did not examine the faith itself, to see whether it was sound and realistic enough to satisfy the intelligent. They clamored that priests were drunken and sensual, Elmer Gantrys surpliced and tonsured. The common man, who would have grown impatient under the strain of a theological debate and who would have murdered the heretics who might have said his religion was partly superstition, caught up the clamor. The clamor has lasted from that time to this. But in the United States, thanks to the absence of an established church and the presence of many tolerated sects, there has been, since the seventeenth century, no great pressure put upon the easy-going layman by any ecclesiastical organization. Of late this happy condition appears to be undergoing a change. Certain of the more powerful sects, joining their zealous forces, have set out to say what science shall be taught in the schools and how Sunday shall be observed and whether men shall go to church or not. Skeptics have for some time been disturbed by such a development, but, since skepticism calls for a considerable boldness of thought, there are seldom many skeptics in a country. The work of throwing off ecclesiastical tyranny has in the main to be done by persons who are merely emotional and instinctive in their behavior. These are the persons whom "Elmer Gantry" reaches. It tells them, in a familiar idiom, that clergymen are drunken and sensual. The Babbitts must do the rest.

CATO FROM CONNECTICUT:—Sinclair Lewis may have invented Elmer Gantry, but Heywood Broun and Margaret Leech had only to interpret the hero of "Anthony Comstock: Roundsman of the Lord" (A. & C. Boni). Incredible as the man may seem to the eye of reason, he is perfectly real to the eye of history. The man existed. A solemn, priggish rustic from Connecticut, he came to New York, was shocked by certain

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things he saw, and set out to make the city look like his native village. What he specifically directed his attention to was pornography, as found in the books and pictures sneakingly circulated for the satisfaction of immature curiosity. But he could not confine himself to the work for which he was employed by various other persons of a similar zeal. He came in time to hold that nude sculptures and paintings, no matter how dignified in aim or execution, belonged in his sniveling category; and to hold that literature and the stage should refrain from any treatment of sex topics except the most uncomplicated. Whatever virtue he may have had in his earlier functions turned to the vice of intemperate and illiterate fury, and he made himself one of the national nuisances. The American art, and particularly the American literature, of the new age had to make its way over his kicking, howling body.

Miss Leech and Mr. Broun, in their well documented and well bred biography of the fanatic, do not attempt finally to explain the original mystery of his character. They hint only that he was a person of immature curiosity and frustrate impulses, and that he sought to keep from others the temptations which he obscurely recognized in himself. Pathology may in time determine his precise form of aberration, if he had one. The general observer, however, will perceive in Comstock the powerful instinct which everywhere leads the primitive moralist to want to bring all human beings into a single type of behavior, because such a moralist regards as sin what to more civilized judges may seem a mere difference of opinion. But Comstock was more than primitive; he was also acutely dogmatic. The range of differences of opinion which he was willing to tolerate was extravagantly small. Nor was he alone in this. He found backers who gave him money and a position from which to fight. He was consequently not a lone crusader, not a prurient missionary at war with the natural man, but a symbol of his generation. In him there came to a head the prudishness of late American Victorianism, battling terrifically to stop what seemed to it the tide of impropriety rolling in from the wicked world. He was a trivial Cato, bound to keep the morals of his country still somehow provincial and republican. Now that he in his own person is no longer a menace, however much comstockery may yet survive in other forms, he has the interest of dinosaurs and pterodactyls—extinct but somehow magnificent for sheer horrendous bulk. Comstock is an unforgettable fossil in the American menagerie.

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WRECKER OF ENGINES:—The name by which Colonel T. E. Lawrence was known among the Arabs whom he assisted in their revolt against the Turkish Empire was ordinarily "Wrecker of Engines," in reference to his technical task of destroying the railroad from Damascus to Medina. Seen on a still larger scale, he still should have the title, for what he did to the railroad with his small crew he did to the route between Europe and India with his horde of desert tribes. He used the whole revolt to block the

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road by which the Germans and Turks might have got to the Allied, particularly the British, possessions in Asia. Colonel Lawrence's exploit was thus above all an act of British patriotism, creating a kingdom of Arabs to save the British Empire.

It is plain that no mere love of the Arabs and of their nationalistic hopes led this quiet scholar into action. His "Revolt in the Desert" (Doran) makes it clear that he now and then realized the paradox of his position, that of an alien urging nationality upon a people, and that he did not always like the Arabs, much as he admired them. But for the time he was a man of action, not of philosophic contemplation, and he was utterly taken by his grandiose idea. While he had not himself originated it, he had the primary responsibility for carrying it out, and he carried it out with a courage, audacity, and competence hardly to be matched in the achievement of any other single man engaged in the entire war.

Besides destroying the railroad, he had the greater burden of acting as unofficial ambassador from the English to the Arabs, assuring the wary Bedouins that England would support them in their undertaking, and persuading the English to do this. He had, too, the still greater burden of composing the differences among the separate tribes which had hitherto made a national union impossible. Without a certain superb abandon, a kind of dervish energy, he could never have done what he did. With this intense concentration upon his aim, however, went also a marvelous awareness of what he was doing, a clairvoyant insight into the minds and prejudices of his Arab associates, an enormous knowledge of all the local politics which hampered him more than the Turkish army and the hardships of the campaign. He was, it is true, a man of action; he was, in an equal degree, a conscious artist.

It is this combination of qualities which makes his book one of the most thrilling of all books about the war. Colonel Lawrence could act and yet know precisely how and why he was acting. As a writer he has combined the same, or similar, qualities. He has been able to recount his adventures with the dramatic simplicity of a soldier and at the same time to interpret them with the depth and subtlety of a thinker.

PRIMITIVE PHILOSOPHERS:—Whoever wants to go on thinking that primitive men have no philosophy to speak of should not read Knud Rasmussen's "Across Arctic America" (Putnam), with its fascinating reports of the beliefs of the Eskimo. Here, for example, is an explanation of the taboo, as told by an arctic patriarch and priest who had been pointing out to his visitor the many inexplicable cruelties of human life:

"'You see,' observed Aua, 'even you cannot answer when we ask you why life is as it is. And so it must be. Our customs all come from life and are directed towards life; we cannot explain, we do not believe in this or that; but the answer lies in what I have just shown you.

"'*We fear!*

"'We fear the elements with which we have to fight in their fury to wrest out food from land and sea.

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"'We fear cold and famine in our snow huts.

"'We fear the sickness that is daily to be seen amongst us. Not death, but the suffering.

"'We fear the souls of the dead, of human and animal alike.

"'We fear the spirits of earth and air.

"'And therefore our fathers, taught by their fathers before them, guarded themselves about with all these old rules and customs, which are built upon the experience and knowledge of generations. We know not how nor why, but we obey them that we may be suffered to live in peace. And for all our angakoqs [priests] and their knowledge of hidden things, we yet know so little that we fear everything else. We fear the things we see about us, and the things we know from the stories and myths of our forefathers. Therefore we hold by our customs and observe all the rules of tabu.'"

Here is the reflection as, quoted by Knud Rasmussen, of the Eskimo woman Anarulunguaq, whom he brought to New York with him and took to the top of a high building:

"'Ah,' sighed Anarulunguaq, 'and we used to think Nature was the greatest and most wonderful of all! Yet here we are among mountains and great gulfs and precipices, all made by the work of human hands. Nature is great; Sila, as we call it at home; nature, the world, the universe, all that is Sila; which our wise men declared they could hold in poise. And I could never believe it; but I see it now. Nature is great; but are not men greater? Those tiny beings we can see down there far below, hurrying this way and that. They live among these stone walls; on a great plain of stones made with hands. Stone and stone and stone—there is no game to be seen anywhere, and yet they manage to live and find their daily food. Have they then learned of the animals, since they can dig down under the earth like marmots, hang in the air like spiders, fly like the birds and dive under water like the fishes; seemingly masters of all that we struggled against ourselves?

"'I see things more than my mind can grasp; and the only way to save oneself from madness is to suppose that we have all died suddenly before we knew, and that this is part of another life.'"

Here is a piece of worldly wisdom from a man in whom there were the beginnings of a scientist:

"Dried whale meat and blubber was served, the meat was a trifle mildewed, and when this was commented on apologetically, I answered with a Greenland catchword to the effect that mildew was good for the system. Ularpat's retort stuck in my mind. 'Yes,' he said with a laugh, 'we say the same thing in our country; probably to save the trouble of washing the meat clean. Laziness often makes things "good for you" in that way.'"

And here is a stroke of literary criticism from a man whom the explorer had asked what a certain story meant:

"'H'm, well,' answered Netsit, 'we don't really trouble ourselves so much about the meaning of a story, as long as it is amusing. It is only the white men who must always have reasons and meanings in everything.'"

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SHORT CUTS

The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti. By Felix Frankfurter. Little, Brown & Co.

Further proof that history does repeat itself. What the fear and rage of Massachusetts, hiding behind the law, have tried for six years to do to Sacco and Vanzetti, is what the fear and rage of Massachusetts, hiding behind the law, did to the persons accused of witchcraft in Salem Village in 1692. It is true that these men have not been executed, but it is also true that the witchcraft frenzy lasted only about six months. The odds are therefore about even. Professor Frankfurter, of the Harvard Law School, has made a careful examination of the case which should be read by everybody who prefers justice to prejudice.

Wilhelm Hohenzollern. By Emil Ludwig. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A dramatic interpretation, with an abundance of rather journalistic explaining, of the character and deeds of the last of the kaisers. The materials are drawn from authorities close to Wilhelm and generally friendly to him. His enemies could not have served him worse.

The Rebellious Puritan: Portrait of Mr. Hawthorne. By Lloyd Morris. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

A study of Nathaniel Hawthorne's life, not of his books, written with insight, grace, and charm. Hawthorne, according to this biography, rebelled wisely, but not quite well enough, and finally died of the quietness in which he had taken refuge from the Puritan world.

The Field God and In Abraham's Bosom. By Paul Green. Robert M. McBride & Co.

Two strong and tragic plays by a North Carolinian who begins to tread upon the heels of Eugene O'Neill.

Andy Brandt's Ark. By Edna Bryner. E. P. Dutton & Co.

A first novel by a novelist who will justify a good deal of watching. It is the story of a conflict between an enlightened woman and her mean, stupid, crafty family.

Flower Phantoms. By Ronald Fraser. Boni & Liveright.

An exquisite romance of a girl who prefers flowers to men, becomes for a time, in phantasy, a flower herself, and returns to her human condition somewhat more reconciled to her own kind. While the plot is fanciful, the states of mind portrayed are convincing to any acute imagination.

The Story of a Wonder Man: Being the Autobiography of Ring Lardner. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Noble nonsense. Mr. Lardner has two methods by which he makes his nonsense noble: (1) puns; (2) apparent imbecility. The puns *are* puns. The imbecility is only apparent.

The Second Conning Tower Book. Edited by F. P. A. Macy-Masius.

Verses collected from "The Conning Tower" by the most Horatian editor now editing. Nearly all of the contributors have a silver felicity, but Dorothy Parker frequently inclines to gold.

Hawkers and Walkers in Early America. By Richardson Wright. J. B. Lippincott Co.

A picturesque record of what went on, chiefly during the first half-century or so of the Republic, upon the highways, and some of the byways, of the United States. Historical novelists should give Mr. Wright three votes of thanks.

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THE WEST GOES TO CHINA

And the Remaking of Her Civilization Begins

GROVER CLARK

WHEN Alexander was pushing his conquests into India, China not only had a well established civilization, but the Chinese were in contact, if infrequently, with the Mediterranean basin. When Cæsar Augustus was launching imperial Rome on its thousand years of achievement and decline, Chinese merchants were visiting this capital of the Western World and making profit from their long and hazardous marches across the old caravan routes through Central Asia.

A Jewish colony was established in China by the first century A. D. Christians and Mohammedans entered the country in the seventh century. Catholic priests and an Italian merchant gradually came to have considerable influence in Chinese officialdom between the thirteenth and the seventeenth centuries. Portuguese traders arrived in 1516; Russia signed a commercial treaty in 1689; Spanish, Dutch, and British merchants occasionally visited China in the years between. By the end of the eighteenth century a fairly regular if small foreign trade had developed, chiefly at Canton, with Americans and nationals of several European nations participating. The first Protestant missionary landed in 1807. The frequency and variety of contacts between the West and China continued to develop steadily through the nineteenth and into the twentieth centuries.

Through these and similar channels, the West had been spinning gossamer threads of contact with China from early times. In some cases, as through the scientific work of the Jesuits, Western civilization had made a real contribution to the development of the civilization of China. In others, as in the case of the craze for French clocks and watches which at one time swept the imperial court, the West had given a new toy to delight the emperor and his satellites. In still others, through what seemed to the Chinese undue presumption on the part of mere traders, or improper political activity of traders or priests or both, Chinese anger was aroused against these barbarians from the West.

Save perhaps in the case of the

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influx of Mohammedanism, however, even with all these contacts, the West had made little if any impress on China as a whole. Nestorian Christianity, after a few centuries, disappeared even from the memory of the imperial court; knowledge of its early presence was reacquired only with the discovery of a stone monument near Sianfu in 1625. The Jews gradually dwindled into a small poverty-stricken group in one of the less important provincial capitals, where a semblance of the old religious ritual is still maintained. Mohammedanism never took to China the learning and culture which made it so large a contributor to Western development.

The real impact of Western civilization on China did not begin until well into the nineteenth century. It came even then chiefly because of the development of means of more rapid communication than the world ever before had known: the steamship, the telegraph, and the cable. Oceans and mountain ranges ceased to be barriers. These new aids to communication in fact so reduced the size of the world that Peking, by the end of the nineteenth century, was in reality nearer Philadelphia than Boston was when the Declaration of Independence was signed, and Canton was less far from London than was Aberdeen when Burke thundered in the House of Commons.

By the time, too, that these inventions were so rapidly bringing East and West together, the West had worked its new civilization into fairly coherent form. The tide of democratic polemics was in full flood even though democracy had not yet been completely achieved. Nationalism of the new and modern sort was getting a strong hold on the minds and emotions of men. The new science and its philosophy, and the Marxian economics, were reorienting the thoughts of men about their place in the universe. Pressed for new markets and new lands by the growth of population and the new industry of the machine, the nations of Europe were seeking new opportunities across the seas.

Thus all things conspired to make of the latter half of the nineteenth century the period in which the West would pour a steadily growing flood of new ideas and methods into the Far East. Good and bad, idealistic self-sacrifice and purely selfish desire for quick profit and special privileges, even though won unscrupulously, were jumbled together in this flood. The flood swept across Japan, and only by heroic effort at remaking their national life did the Japanese save themselves from being swamped. The flood beat against China, and it has slowly been penetrating into even the remotest corners of the land.

There have been three distinct periods in the reaction of the Chinese to modern Western civilization.

The first period, which lasted roughly somewhat past the middle of the nineteenth century, was marked by an undiscriminating assumption that everything Western was inferior to everything Chinese and, on the whole, undesirable. Western traders might be tolerated, as other barbarians from outside had been, if they did not cause too much trouble and if they recognized their inferiority. Western missionaries

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might preach their religion to those who were foolish enough to listen, so long as they made no serious efforts to upset the government. The idea that the West really might have something of value to teach China was, however, absurd. Thus argued those who had occasion to come into contact with the foreigners.

The great mass of the Chinese people, of course, knew nothing and cared less about these strange new barbarians who began to clamor at China's doors. Even the imperial court at Peking took only the vaguest interest in their doings until Western soldiers began to threaten the capital itself. The local officials were left to settle questions which arose in whatever way they chose; and they generally chose the way which at the moment seemed the easiest.

Disagreements, mutual recriminations, the use of force by foreigners to secure Chinese acquiescence in their demands, efforts on the part of the Chinese to pare away the concessions which they had been forced to make, sincere and friendly coöperation in mutually profitable trade —all these are written into the record of the last quarter of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth centuries. On the whole, Western trade was not wanted, nor Western religion.

By the middle of the nineteenth century, however, a few of the Chinese had begun to take a new attitude. The second period in the relations with the modern West was beginning, a period marked by a growing feeling that China should and must learn from the West. The young men of this period were in many respects as undiscriminating as their fathers, but in the opposite direction. There was a strong tendency to copy everything Western just because it was Western, and to reject all things Chinese because they were not "modern."

This new attitude showed itself, principally, in two ways.

Chinese troops had been badly defeated in a number of battles by numerically far inferior foreign forces. In 1858 foreign armies forced their way into Peking itself, and the emperor was compelled to sign treaties which recognized as equals the rulers of certain Western states.

In passing, it is worth noting that the significance of this forced recognition of foreign equality can scarcely be overemphasized. The keystone of the Chinese political system was the assumption that the emperor was in theory at least supreme over all the earth; over "all within the four seas," as Confucius put it. Dynasties might be overthrown and new ones established. This, however, meant simply that Heaven's mandate to rule the earth had been taken from one emperor and given to another. Such a change in no way affected the basic assumption that the emperor ruled by what in the West would be called divine right, and that all other rulers of the earth were properly his subordinates or tributary to him. When Western troops, by forcing recognition of equality between the Son of Heaven and Western rulers, unsettled in its place this keystone assumption of Chinese political thought, they started the downfall of the whole imperial system. The attack on Peking in 1858 was as far-reaching in its conse-

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quences as the Protestant repudiation of the pope's infallibility and the eighteenth-century denial of the divine right of European kings, though neither the Chinese nor the foreigners at the time realized the profound political significance for China of the steps which led to the treaties of 1858.

When Peking itself was entered by foreign troops, however, many of the Chinese did realize that, if China were to be saved from complete foreign domination, she must hasten to learn at least Western fighting methods. Other Chinese saw the effectiveness of Western steamships and Western machinery; the nine up-to-date steamships on the Yangtse in 1865, for example, were rapidly taking trade away from the Chinese junks. Hence young men and some of their elders went or were sent abroad to study Western weapons, Western ways of fighting, and Western mechanical methods and equipment. This deliberate attempt to find out by what means the Westerners made themselves efficient, so that the means might be copied in China and China be saved from Western domination, was one of the two chief expressions of the changed attitude toward the West which marked this second period.

The other of these two expressions came in the form of a desire to learn Western political, social, and religious ideas so that these might be spread abroad for the salvation of the Chinese people and the creation in China of a democratic state. A number of young Chinese went abroad to pursue such studies; many others at home secured, studied, and translated Western books.

China, that is, alarmed by the disastrous consequences of inability to stem the tide of Western aggression, and urged by the first stirrings of new ideas of democracy which had been implanted by Westerners, began sending her young men abroad to learn at the fountainheads of Western civilization whatever that civilization might have to teach. Even toward the end of the nineteenth century, there still was much conservative opposition to this new movement; the first group of 120 boys who, in 1872 to 1875, were sent to America to study, for example, were summarily recalled in 1881 because they were becoming too much Americanized. The outbound tide of students had begun to move, however. It has since then steadily increased in volume, until to-day nearly ten thousand young Chinese men and women are studying in foreign countries, and in the course of the last half-century nearly twenty-five thousand have had direct personal contact with Western ways and ideas during their student days either in Western countries or in Japan.

While a favored few were having this chance to go abroad to study, a much larger number in China were turning with avidity to the study of Western thought and ways. Western political, philosophical, and technical books were translated and have had wide circulation in the years beginning with the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Huxley, Darwin, Spencer—these names became almost as familiar to the students in China as to their foreign fellows in the schools of Europe and America. The teachings of Rousseau and

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Marx, the ideals of the French and the American revolutions, the impulses behind the revolt of German youth in 1848 and the fight for Irish freedom, the spirit of the European Renaissance and of the modernist movement in religion—all these were hotly discussed and debated by the Chinese students.

The stirring enthusiasm for a better world which so radically changed the West in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries spread to the youth of China in the latter part of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth. The ideas of nationalism, of democracy, of the rights of free men, which the West had fought to bring down from the clouds and into the realities of life, caught the imagination of young China.

In the first enthusiasm for remaking their beloved country by adopting ways and methods from the West, however, the young Chinese of the nineties and the first decade of the twentieth century overlooked one important fact. They did not realize that those things in the West which seemed so desirable had been achieved by the West itself only after many years of slow and painful effort in working out solutions of Western problems in terms of Western life. They thought that whether in warfare or improved political conditions, China could get everything that the West had simply by copying the forms which the West was using. There was little careful study of China's own needs, and little realization that the West might contribute suggestions for the remaking of China, but that China could be remade successfully only if what the West had to offer were worked over and applied in terms of China's own civilization and needs.

The young Chinese, for example, saw what Japan had accomplished by copying the West; but they did not see how incalculably simpler Japan's problem was because of the smallness of the country and the strongly centralized political and social organization. They saw Japan victorious over China in 1895 and over the great Russian bear in 1905, and thought China could be made over into a powerful military state in as short a time as Japan had been. They saw Japan getting rid of extraterritoriality, foreign settlements, and foreign control of the tariff, and believed that the far-reaching social and political changes which had made these achievements possible in Japan in so short a time could be wrought in China with equal promptness and by a similar wholesale overnight copying of the West. So thousands of students flocked to Japan to see how it was done. Many of them spent only a year or two, got a smattering of new ideas, and returned to China ardent if unwise advocates of complete and sudden reorganization in China, confident in their little knowledge that such reorganization could be accomplished suddenly and that the millennium would follow at once.

Other over-enthusiastic young men came back from a few years in Western countries with much the same feeling. There were, of course, wiser heads in China and among the returning students, but practical political judgment, real understanding of the immensity of the problem in

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China, and, particularly, actual experience in the political arena were conspicuous among these young men chiefly by their absence—though splendid idealism and real patriotic fervor were present to an inspiring degree.

These young men thought it would suffice to have the new forms imposed on China from the top. Hence, in 1898, a group of young enthusiasts persuaded the young emperor, who had just come of age and assumed the throne, to issue a series of edicts calling for the most fundamental reorganization of the official system, the introduction of modern education, and, in general, the remaking of pretty much the whole life of the nation. All this was to be done virtually overnight.

The "reform period" came to an end after only a hundred days, however, because the attempt to bring the millennium too suddenly aroused the conservatives to vigorous action. Some of these conservatives were purely selfish and feared for the destruction of their rice-bowls (to use the striking Chinese phrase); others were sincerely alarmed for the welfare of their country. The two groups agreed that Western ideals were dangerous, if this were the effect they had. The desire to expel "dangerous thoughts," which had been aroused by the attempt of the young men of 1898 suddenly to remake China more according to their hearts' desire, was one of the principal causes of the Boxer Uprising of 1900.

The lesson of this disastrous experience was not learned. Though a few who had been boys a quarter of a century earlier were beginning to realize that reform could be successful only if it had its roots deep in China itself, most of the enthusiastic younger generation continued to clamor for wholesale changes starting at the top and altering the whole structure of society at one stroke.

Of this group of patriotic but oversanguine idealists were Dr. Sun Yat-sen and those whom he had aroused to demand a republic in China. This group had its way, though other leaders of the period—such as Liang Chi-chao, who shared in the fiasco of 1898 and still wields great influence over the youth of China—were arguing against the republican idea and in favor of the gradual introduction of a system of constitutional monarchy which the Manchus, in a belated effort to save their throne, had introduced in 1908.

Liang and the others who urged making haste slowly were swept aside by the eager enthusiasm of the younger generation. In 1911 a spark at Wuchang set off a flame of republicanism which swept across the country. Students all over China, and particularly in the Yangtse provinces, flocked by scores of thousands to the "rainbow flag" of the republic. The soberer merchants turned in large numbers to the republican cause since they saw in this movement a chance to get rid of the Manchu dynasty, which for a century and more had been steadily degenerating, and which was held responsible for the humiliations China had suffered at the hands of the foreigners.

Unfortunately for China, while there was splendid enthusiasm on the side of the republicans, there was

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little practical political capacity. Unfortunately, too, the man who might have crushed the too hasty uprising and led China by slower but surer steps to democracy—Yuan Shi-kai—saw in the republican outbreak simply a chance for raising himself from the post of prime minister under the Manchu emperor to supreme ruler as president of the republic. He and his lieutenants had great political astuteness but were interested in little beyond their own selfish welfare. Yuan, by intrigue, assured himself of the presidency of the republic, and then pushed the Manchus from the throne. Sun Yat-sen, with a gesture of wholly admirable patriotism, stepped aside to make room for Yuan because he hoped thereby to see the early establishment of a united republic.

Meanwhile the ardent young republicans had turned to France for a new form of government, confident that the adoption of a constitution modeled after the very latest thing in the West would suffice to usher in the splendid new era of China's greatness. In the main, they were fired by the same flaming idealism which inspired those who launched the French Revolution. They met with the same disillusionment—and for the same reason. The swift-moving events of the fall of 1911 and the winter and spring of 1912 saw only a superficial change in the name given to the governmental system, not a real revolution. The real power remained where it had been, in the hands of the old officials and the politico-military machine which Yuan Shi-kai had built up in his own selfish interest.

For a short time the ardent young men tried to make the republic work. But Yuan and his lieutenants were too shrewd, too apt in the ways of practical politics. Many of the old abuses reappeared; and new ones arose, because the overthrow of the emperor had removed even the symbol of stable central authority with which the people were familiar and which they understood. The establishment of the republic meant simply that the keystone of stable political organization, which had been cracked by foreign cannon in 1858, had finally crumbled to dust in the fierce heat of young China's ardent desire for a new order. The whole structure collapsed, and not even the foundations of a new one had yet been laid.

The five years immediately following the establishment of the republic saw the end of the second period in China's relations with the modern West.

Hopelessness born of disillusionment swept across the youth of China. The brilliant bubble of their too ardent dreams had burst. Many committed suicide. Others left the country or withdrew from active life. One of the men who had been for many years a leading publicist arguing for political improvement, Huang Yuan-yung, on leaving China in despair, wrote to his friends: "Politics is in such confusion that I am at a loss to know what to say. Our ideal schemes will have to be buried and unearthed by future generations." Another of the leaders, who had shared in the 1898 reform movement, had been the first minister of education under the republic, and

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later was made chancellor of the National University at Peking, Tsai Yuan-pei, declared, "With all faith in the Peking government gone, I shall devote my whole time to education."

Then came the war in the West, and many Chinese saw, in this, further evidence that the Western civilization from which they had hoped so much not only had feet of clay but was, throughout, of the earth, earthy. The students were dissatisfied with conditions in China, but despair had for a time sapped their energy.

The turn toward a new and more promising kind of expression of the desire for a remade China came in the years 1915–17. The third period of China's reaction to the West began. China still is in this period; a period which is coming to be characterized by careful and discriminating study both of China's great heritage from the past and of all that the West has to offer; a period which is seeing the beginning of painstaking study of what China herself needs and of how the best from both the East and the West can be adapted to meet those needs.

Enthusiasm slowly revived. Newspapers, magazines, and books of all kinds increased rapidly in number and in variety of contents. The years since 1915 have seen an even more intense study of the West than those which preceded, but the study is in a far more critical and discriminating spirit. The scientific attitude learned from the West began to be adopted in studying the West. There was a start in applying the historically critical method to the study of China's past. The pragmatic approach began to be made to the specific problems of remaking China. Neither the old of China nor the new of the West were accepted unquestioningly.

If the Chinese possessed any real creative capacity, some such change in the reaction to the steadily increasing impact of Western civilization was inevitable, a change from undiscriminating condemnation of all things Western to an equally undiscriminating eagerness for what the West had to offer and then to a discriminating appraisal and selection from both China and the West. It was equally inevitable, particularly when the third period was entered upon, that the Chinese should seize and use against the West many of the political and social conceptions which the West itself had introduced to China.

Nor is it to be wondered at that, in the hot flush of their enthusiasm for a new order, many of the less mature in China should be unable to hold themselves within bounds set by coolly considered wisdom. Obviously, too, selection and painstaking study of what China needs are not to be expected of the enthusiastic youngsters, even though a growing number of their leaders since 1915 have been hard at work laying the broad and solid foundations for a new order. Young China has made many mistakes since 1915, and more will be made. Damage has been and will be done to real values of civilization, just as was the case in every similar great upheaval in the West. If the situation be seen in the proper perspective, however, it is clear that a start has been made toward thoroughgoing reconstruction. Fail-

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ure by the Chinese to make this turn toward discriminating selection would have meant that China would go rapidly down the hill of progressive disorganization and chaos, eventually to disappear in the morass of complete national futility. The turn has been made, and the world therefore can look forward to the time when China again will be great and orderly, with a splendid civilization produced by the Chinese themselves out of materials taken from their own past and from the West.

The years 1915–17 can properly be taken as marking the beginning of the present period of Chinese development, for in those years the first steps were taken toward getting not a new political system but a new culture. Tsai Yuan-pei turned his attention definitely to education and away from politics. Liang Chi-chao left politics for teaching, and began a series of lay sermons in Shanghai. And, in 1917, Hu Shih, then a student in the United States, fired the opening gun in what has come to be called the literary renaissance.

Inspired by their desire to see China great, realizing the superficiality of political or other reforms which had no solid foundation in an awakened and intelligent people, and with conscious deliberation taking their cue from what had been done by the prime movers of the renaissance in Europe, Dr. Hu and a group of young men—most of them either in school in the United States or recently returned to China—set out to make the spoken language of the people a respectable and rejuvenating vehicle of literary expression.

In the last ten years they have succeeded in this attempt to do for the common tongue of China what Dante did for the Tuscan dialect and Wyclif and Chaucer did for Midland English. They have demonstrated that the despised *pei hua*, or vulgate, could be used effectively not only for all forms of purely literary expression—as it had been by the people, though not the scholars, for a thousand years—but also for the most varied sorts of writing whether on abstruse philosophical questions or for political propaganda. They have made this tongue of the common people respectable, so that now all the text-books in the lower schools of China are written in it. They have created a written foundation for a real and living national language to take the place of the old classical language, which, as Dr. Hu Shih has pointed out, had passed beyond the comprehension of the ordinary man more than two thousand years ago.

In the years since 1917 other vital changes also have been wrought; changes which, like this in the language, are the result of deliberate application of Western methods and ideas to China's needs.

In the course of his work with the Chinese coolies in France, for example, Mr. James Y. C. Yen realized the need for a simpler method than the old one of teaching the children and the illiterate adults enough of the characters, or ideograms, so that they could read and write sufficiently for their ordinary purposes. Applying Western statistical methods, he found which characters were most frequently used. Drawing on the results of Western studies in the psychology of learning, and using Western lantern-slides, he worked out a

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method by which adults of ordinary capacity but entirely illiterate could be made literate enough for ordinary purposes in a total study time of an hour a day (after their regular work) for four months. He started his work on this "mass education movement" less than five years ago. The methods he developed have proved so successful, and the movement has spread so rapidly, however, that more than a million adults who otherwise would have remained illiterate have learned to read and write through this means alone—a means developed as the result of a deliberate and conscious use of certain ideas and methods from the West in the solution in terms of Chinese life of one of China's greatest problems.

Similarly, the bankers have in the last few years been hard at work creating a new banking system throughout the country, building the new structure out of elements borrowed from both old China and the new West.

The West also has been drawn on heavily in the development of industry in China. Chinese capitalists have brought in Western machines, and of late have been studying the problem of redesigning these machines to make them more suitable for use in China. To save China if possible from the horrors which the West and Japan knew in the early stages of modern industrialization, the Chinese have borrowed the idea of labor-unions from the West, and are working out these organizations in forms adapted to the needs of China's factory workers.

A good deal of study is now also being put into the question of a new form of political organization which will be suited to China's needs. The Nationalist party borrowed both from the forms of the old Chinese societies and from Soviet Russia when it reorganized itself in 1924. When China gets a new constitution, it probably will embody the Western idea of representation in a parliament, but the representation is likely to be on an occupational rather than a geographical basis, because such representation corresponds closely with the old Chinese social system. So it goes: new political forms are being worked out in China, but they will not be a mere jumble of discordant parts; they will be coherent wholes in which the various elements taken from both the West and old China will be fused into a real unity.

The list of illustrations of the new form which the reaction to the impact of Western civilization is taking might be made almost endless. Everything in the life of the people, from their clothes, their toys, and their food to their most fundamental ethical and religious conceptions, is being touched by this new spirit. One sees Worcestershire sauce being used to flavor the most time-honored Chinese delicacies. Chinese gowns are worn because they suit the climate; but under them will be Western trousers with their convenient pockets, and the wearer's feet will be shod with Western-style leather shoes because they wear and keep out the damp better than Chinese-style cloth slippers. The old family and marriage system is being discarded by the younger generation, but in its place the Western ideal of marriage as a union of equals is being adopted.

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Christianity has come in for much criticism; but so have Taoism, Buddhism, and Confucianism.

The impact of Western civilization on China in the last century and a quarter has shaken the stupendous age-old structure of Chinese civilization to its foundations. Part of the structure has fallen. Cracks have appeared in other parts. There was a scramble to get away from the wreckage, and many thought a satisfactory new house could be built from bits of material borrowed from the West.

The main timbers of the old structure withstood the shock. The patriotic panic of the young men subsided. Now a small but steadily growing number are hard at work making a new Chinese civilization, tearing away useless parts of the old and building a new structure around the ancient timbers from materials taken both from old China and from the new West.

At the moment the dust of the wreckage and of its clearing away—the breakdown of old standards, the ill judged and ill guided enthusiasms of some of the young men and women in China, the disturbing and sometimes violent criticism of foreigners and things foreign, the collapse of organized government—are sometimes more apparent than the reconstruction work which has been started.

It should be remembered, however, that the tearing-down process has been going on for a century and a quarter, while scarcely even a start toward definite and fundamentally conceived rebuilding was made until about a decade ago. It should be remembered by Westerners, too, that through sending to China its missionaries, its teachers, its traders, its books, and through welcoming to itself thousands of young Chinese, the West for many decades has been doing its best to teach the Chinese many of the ideas which they now are proclaiming so vehemently.

These ideas brought turmoil and broke down the old standards in the West when the West itself first conceived them. They are bringing the same results in China. The really significant developments in China in recent years, however, show that there is every reason to believe that the fruit which springs from these ideas in that country, though the fruition may be in a different form, will be fully as fine as it has been in the West.

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MRS. MATHER

SOPHIE KERR

IT WAS a fine morning and Mrs. Mather had a great deal to do. First she must make the rounds of certain pay-telephone stations where no attendants or other tiresome people were likely to be near, and slip a quick finger into each coin-return box. Sometimes, indeed, far more often than you'd think, hurried folk made a call, didn't get their party, and didn't wait for their money back. One day Mrs. Mather had found thirty cents, but that was a gala event. Generally a nickel or a dime was all her booty, but these were frequent enough to be worth while.

By the time Mrs. Mather had finished with the pay-telephones the grocer and butcher boys would be making their rounds in the residence streets, and, as the stupidest person knows, many such boys have carts filled with the orders for delivery, each in a box or a package. Now, while such a boy is taking an order into a house, the cart stands unattended, and if you are casual in manner and careful in action you can usually pick up something, an orange, an apple, a couple of bananas—Mrs. Mather was fond of fruit—an onion and a few potatoes or tomatoes, a dinner roll, even a chop or a link of sausage sometimes. Never take large unruly articles, such as bunches of celery, or a steak, or a roast, however much your mouth may water for such delicacies, because if you do inquiry will be made at the store, and the cop on the beat will be notified. Little pilferings are not missed; most cooks do not check up their orders, and if there should be a bit of a shortage it is set down to carelessness on the part of the order-clerk.

In Mrs. Mather's decent black skirt, made long and full as befitted her age and respectable expression, there was a slit which effected entrance to a pouch pocket as big as a flour-sack. This slit was strategically placed to come under Mrs. Mather's decent black shawl. There were few days indeed in Mrs. Mather's life when her pouch pocket came home empty, though the shameful practice of many grocers and butchers of putting strong iron network over their delivery-carts was not helpful to filling it. Trust and honor, and belief in one's fellow-creatures, reflected Mrs. Mather, observing these safeguards, are rapidly leaving this world. Happily, the carelessness of delivery-boys admits of no known remedy, and just as often as not, perhaps oftener than not, they left the iron network tilted open when they ran into the back doors of the big apartment-houses, or the basements of fine residences.

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Mrs. Mather did not know whether to be sorry for the passing of the fine residences and the building of big apartments or not. There was a decided pro and con to it, as she saw it. Apartment-house dwellers bought small orders from small markets whose owners were far more likely to use hand-carts than motors for delivery. That was pro. But the old residences had a grand manner, an aristocratic feeling of conservatism, long established, invulnerable. Mrs. Mather was a conservative, and in her way, an aristocrat, so that she felt at one with the owners of these haughty old brownstone fronts. That was con. Besides, the servants in these old houses were liberal and kind when an old white-haired woman rang the basement bell and quaveringly asked for a cup of coffee and a slice of bread and may the God of the starving reward ye fer y'r ginerosity. That was con too. Many a savory half-chicken or hunk of ham, leftovers of pies and puddings and cakes, many a dish of elegant soup and grand coffee had been acquired by Mrs. Mather in this way. Coffee! The only thing she whole-heartedly envied the rich was their coffee.

In her meditations on this world Mrs. Mather included many concerning the rich. She was intensely curious about them. Their houses had so many rooms, the ceilings were so high, the curtains so fine. Looking into basement windows she could see many maids at work, maids who wore dresses quite good enough for church, who washed and ironed with machinery, or who mixed rich complicated foods on clean white tables, and later cooked them on stoves eight feet long. The kitchens, the laundries, the servants' dining-rooms —into all these Mrs. Mather peered, at dusk when lights were lit and carelessness had forgotten the curtains. And all this cleanliness and order and paraphernalia, which were seemingly concerned only with the (to Mrs. Mather) exceedingly primitive arts of washing and eating, fired her with wonder as to the beings for whose ultimate good it must be intended. What shiny tables and chairs and chests they must have, and painted pictures in gold frames, maybe solid gold, and china plates with flowers on, and carpets to sink your tired old feet into, and soft beds, too, with blankets white as the foam on a tub of suds, silver spoons for supping up their coffee—and plenty of servants to order round, quick and sharp to do this and do that. A splendid life. Only, somehow, it seemed to have no *bite* in it! No tang of matching wits, no savor of artful conniving and clever apt pulling the wool over people's eyes to charm the pence from their pockets. Mrs. Mather had done this so long and so well, she had developed a quite natural pride in her resourcefulness.

There were so many good ways! Stand on a street-corner, in a swell part of the city where there were not too many passers, and hold a slip of paper in your hand with an address, oh, many blocks away, written on it. Look bewildered and scared, shrink timidly toward a lady or a gentleman and in a sad old voice, tuned to pathos, offer the slip, and will they in their kindness of heart tell you how to get there, for you've seemingly walked the town over. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the lady or the

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gentleman gives you a quarter for car-fare. The hundredth person knows that game and tells you to ask a policeman.

And if you want to go somewhere, get on the street-car, and you've lost your purse! Oh, woe and misery! It had thirty cents in it (don't make the sum too high) and your handkerchief and a blessed prayer, and the picture of your darling boy who was kilt in the war, and what are you to do, for you're an old woman and poor, and there's half a day's work waiting for you if you can but get to the place. If the car is not too crowded you'll collect fifty cents to a dollar in small change by this story, and sympathy besides, and go to wherever you want to go at the expense of the conductor.

Mrs. Mather would have scorned to do anything so crude as walk the streets with a piece of raw turnip in her hand, as one of her neighbors did, squeezing out tears and saying it was all she'd had to eat the day! That was plain dumb, especially as the woman was a big fat lummox who'd clearly never starved herself an hour! No—but if you strolled in the park and saw a young mother out with her baby, and you stopped and said if you ever saw a child marked for good fortune it was this one, and went on and told of grand things to come for the brat, you mostly won a piece of silver. If it was a nurse-maid, now, with the child, tell her fortune, and don't bother about the little one.

Yes, Mrs. Mather enjoyed making her living, and a rainy day was a real cross to her, for it made her stay in the dingy little room which she called her home. She liked it well enough at night, for then she could light the gas and be cozy with a cup of coffee and the evening picture paper all full of lovely scandals, but in daytime it was too dark, too circumscribed to suit her. She had little domesticity in her make-up. Out in the street for her, where there was something to see, something to do.

She had a regular route—several of them, in fact—for it was foolish to let any one set of people get too familiar with your appearance, but it was her weakness that all of these routes converged at one particular house, a beautiful stately mansion dating from Mrs. Mather's earliest recollections, a house which was her passion and delight. It was through the basement windows of this house that she liked most to watch the servants at work. And she often stood and stared into the upper stories, so bedraped and becurtained, and speculated on the life above stairs. It was, in fact, her ideal home for the rich! And it was the house where the coffee was most superlative in quality of all the places she knew, though she had tasted it but once. Some queer quirk of feeling kept her from asking again. She often imagined herself living in that house, and, of course, when you live in a house you don't ask for victuals at that house's basement door.

In the summer-time, when the residents were away and the place was boarded up, Mrs. Mather used to come of a summer evening and perch on the steps and fan herself, and think of walking up and entering the great front door, and taking off her bonnet and going into the parlor and sitting in the fine chairs they must have there, red satin or maybe

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red velvet, as soft and as smooth! And a servant-girl would come, and you'd say, "Bring me my coffee!" and she'd fetch you a pink cup on a silver tray and cream too thick to pour, and sugar lumps in a silver dish, and a white linen napkin to lay in your lap—eh, my dear, that'd be the way to live in a house like this one! Just when she was enjoying herself so well, along would come the mean policeman with the fat stomach and order her off. Mrs. Mather hated that policeman. She often wished for him the curse of boils.

But in spite of the policeman's interference, Mrs. Mather dreamed her dream many times, until it came to have for her a certain quality of reality; either she had lived there, she thought, or she might live there sometime, she was not sure which. So, one day when she had made her route, with gains accruing of five cents from a pay-telephone, a bunch of grapes and a box of crackers from a market-cart, and a quarter from a sweet young thing to whom she had appealed for guidance with her address-slip—in sum, a pretty fair day's work—Mrs. Mather came out beside her house, and saw something which she had never seen before; namely, the great front door wide open and not a soul in sight! Not even the policeman with the fat stomach.

At the curb stood a florist's delivery-truck, and, as she watched, several men came out of the house and began to lift down huge potted palms and carry them in. And, moved by an inexplicable impulse, Mrs. Mather followed them. Calmly and coolly, as if she had every right to be there, she marched up the steps, and through those wide grilles of iron over the heaviest of glass, until she stood in the middle of the hallway.

It had walls of some dark polished wood the name of which she did not know, and there were painted pictures with gold frames and a carpet that was soft as moss to her feet, even as she had expected. More, there were figures of people, nearly life-size one of them, standing here and there. Mrs. Mather looked at them with a distinct sense of shock, for that life-size one, if she could believe her own eyes, had on no clothes worth mentioning, which is not the decent way to go about. He was very dark all over, maybe a colored man, she thought, and perhaps a wild African heathen who didn't wear clothes. Having thus dismissed and catalogued a Rodin bronze, she peered into the adjoining rooms.

She was so small, she withdrew so deftly into the shadows, that no one noticed her, though there was much coming and going of the florist's men, and a harassed butler rushed back and forth a couple of times. Mrs. Mather succeeded in seeing a room with a great wreath of flowers on the rug, and more flowers like it on the chair-backs, and, actually, the wood of the chairs was gold like the picture-frames! She was looking at a priceless Aubusson set, had she known it. She thought it very odd and very pretty, but a bit light-colored for everyday use. Mrs. Mather preferred things that didn't show dirt.

Instinct warned her not to linger too long, nor penetrate too far into the first-floor rooms, but her success

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so far made her brave. Anyway, what could they do to her even if they did discover her? She hadn't stolen anything, and she would cry, and they'd say, "Poor old thing, she's not right in her head," and turn her out, and that would be all, provided the policeman with the fat stomach wasn't near. People didn't usually do harsh things to crying old women with white hair, as Mrs. Mather knew perfectly. So, with a sort of now-or-never courage, Mrs. Mather flitted up the stairway much like a curious and furtive ghost.

More grand rooms! One of them all full of books, too, and Mrs. Mather thought amazedly, "If they want to keep a book-shop it's queer to have it upstairs in the back of the house with no show-windows." There was a clock twice as high as Mrs. Mather; there were gay china images, and pots of flowers, and sofas with cushions fit for a crowned king to lean against; it was amazing. And then she caught a glimpse into a bedroom, with rosy carpet on the floor and mirrors all about, and furniture even shinier and taller than she had imagined in her wildest fancyings. Even as she leaned and peered some one crossed her line of vision—a tall young girl walked from the window and sat down at the dressing-table. Even as she did so an unseen hand turned on the lights all through the hallways.

Mrs. Mather suddenly felt enormously conspicuous. She glanced down over the baluster rail, and became aware that the florist's men had finished their job, and the front door had been closed behind them. Also the butler and a house-maid were mounting the first flight, with every appearance of coming straight on to where she stood. She was trapped, sure as fate.

Panic seized her. She turned and pantingly worked her old legs as hard as they would go, padding up the next flight of stairs, down the hallway, and bang into the first open door. It was a bedroom, and no one was there. She shut the door and inclined a keen ear to the key-hole. The two servants came on, passed by. She could hear the butler grumbling: "I haven't got time to direct you, with this party to-night, but you do whatever you see's to be done, and help out wherever you can. To-morrow we'll—"

They were gone; they hadn't seen her, hadn't heard her, hadn't suspected her. Mrs. Mather became her imperturbable self, her courage revived, and so did her sense of humor. She was here, actually, in the house she so doted on. Calmly she approached the window, drew aside the curtains. How changed and lessened was the street as you looked down on it from this height! Was that the corner where she usually turned back home? And was that the policeman with the fat stomach whom she so hated? Yes, even in the late dusk she could tell it was surely that man, and his stomach looked fatter and more menacing than ever, seen from above. Him walking along so cool, swinging his club—what if he knew Mrs. Mather was watching him from this window? She breathed a wicked old chuckle.

She turned to the room. What a place, to be sure! She was loath to believe it, but the walls, now, were covered with silk, pasted on, maybe,

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or nailed, she didn't know which. What a waste to put good silk stuff on mere walls! And the ceiling had painted clouds with little nakedy children in among them! It was a queer house for naked people. Her opinion of the owners went down with this realization. That dark negro man downstairs, and now these little bare creatures up over her head! Mrs. Mather pursed prim lips. Nakedness was not nice, not genteel, either in decoration or out of it. Oh, well, it was getting too dark to see the little rascals anyhow.

They had good furniture, these people—this lot was fair yellow wood with silver handles. There was a yellow silk cover on the bed looped up with rosebuds, and a funny table or stand with a yellow curtain with rosebuds hanging down from it, and a three-cornered looking-glass atop. She threw back the cover and felt eagerly of the blankets—oh, what softness, what downiness! And sheets of linen all lace embroidery the length of the hem! Why, it was good enough for an altar-cloth. "They pamper themselves up," she derided. "They surely do pamper themselves up."

A door ajar led to the bath-room, and into this Mrs. Mather now wandered. It was white and sea-green and silver, and there were sweet soaps and bath-salts and toilet-waters, and many monogrammed towels on glass racks. Mrs. Mather fingered them all, and poured some of the toilet-waters on to the grimy rag she called her hankercher. "Smells like a whole garden of vilets. Yes, sir, they do pamper themselves up."

It was getting too dark to see, and she did not dare turn on the lights. She went back to the door of the bedroom that led into the hall. Perhaps she might slip out and away now. But, no—there was constant coming and going—"A regular towse," she complained. If she went out into all this press they'd find her at once, and she would be handed over to her enemy, the policeman with the fat stomach.

After a while she got tired standing and straining her ears, and she was hungry, too. Well, there was the box of crackers and the bunch of grapes in her pocket, and she saw no reason why she should starve, even if she was a prisoner. The corner street-light made it possible for her to see her way about, so she settled herself in a cushioned arm-chair—sure enough satin—took off her bonnet and shawl, and enjoyed a light lunch. She was deliciously cozy there, and, to add to her pleasure, music had started below, nice lively tunes with a lilt to them. This was surely a good sort of house to have! If she could just get a cup of coffee now—but for that want must be her master.

Mrs. Mather listened and listened to the music, and her old head nodded and drooped and jerked with weariness. When she had reached that point of fatigue where you don't care what you do, she groped her way over to the bed, dragged back its silk day-cover, took off her shoes, and rolled in, dressed as she was. Oh, the smooth, soft, sweet-smelling sheets, the elegant warm blankets, the down-stuffed, lace-trimmed pillows! Mrs. Mather slept, and snored in time to the music. Now and then she half roused, but not enough to be aware

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of where she was; she was too luxuriously comfortable for that. She'd turn over and drowse off again, in perfect peace. It was one grand night.

She was wakened suddenly, and with a terrible cold start by the sense that some one had softly opened the door, entered the room, walked to the bedside, and gone out again, a terrible wakening indeed, with stealthy footsteps just beyond the closed door. Mrs. Mather leaped with extraordinary agility to the floor and stood, shaking, her hand clapped over her mouth to hold in a screech of fear. And then she smelled something—something reassuring, heartening, the aromatic whiff of fresh-made, strong coffee. She sniffed at it greedily, and now she beheld as its source on a table near the bed a breakfast-tray, with silver and fine china and white linen, and, better than all these, an unmistakable array of nourishing edibles. Bacon! Scrambled eggs! Toast! And a muffin! Orange marmalade! Half a grape-fruit! And the *coffee!*

Mrs. Mather did not pause to put on her shoes. She went straight to that tray and fortified herself for whatever might come with a cup of coffee, hardly observing at the moment that it was in a pink cup, that the cream was almost too thick to pour, and that there were lumps of sugar in a silver bowl. When she had drunk this welcome draft, she felt better, more calm, more canny. She drew up a chair and set herself to eat everything on the tray. If the gods had provided manna for her, who was Mrs. Mather to frustrate their omniscient wisdom!

What a breakfast! The girl, now, that made the muffin was a wonder. And the bacon came off the side of a fine hog, it surely did. And the marmalade was like gold to look at, and gold to eat, so sweet and precious! Mrs. Mather's old jaws champed and chumped away happily; she smacked her lips, and wiped them on her hankercher because the napkin was clean, and it would be a shame to dirty it. All through the meal she partook of sips of coffee, and as dessert she had the very last drops in the pot. "The angels themselves drink no better," mused Mrs. Mather.

She did not question how the food had come, though it was very simple. The cook had said to the new house-maid: "Carry up the breakfast-tray to the master's old auntie, will you? She's an early one. It's the room to the front end of the hall, third floor. Take it right in and leave it whether she's asleep or awake." The new house-maid had obediently carried up the tray, but by the time she reached the third floor only remembered that the room was "at the end of the hall." She had entered, seen Mrs. Mather's white locks on the pillow, and left the tray.

Now that Mrs. Mather had eaten and drunk, she knew that her visit must come to an end. She couldn't stay on undiscovered forever, and besides there were the pay-telephones, the grocery-carts, waiting for her. She put on her shoes, her bonnet and shawl, and bade her fair retreat an unwilling farewell. For a moment she thought of taking a silver spoon or two with her, but no—it was too risky. If you're caught as a thief

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even your white hair won't get you off. Besides, Mrs. Mather was not a thief, in her own mind, and did not want to be one. She made her living by her wits, and that is very different from stealing, and don't you forget it.

She opened the door; the way was clear. Down the first flight of steps she went, holding her breath for sounds about her. But there were none. The family was sleeping late after the party, and the servants were at breakfast in the basement. Only —as Mrs. Mather reached the head of the lower flight she almost dropped with fear at the sight of the new house-maid coming up. Hardly knowing what she did, she came on down, steadying herself with a hand on the mighty baluster. The girl looked at her with shy curiosity—the master's auntie was a funny old bird, that was plain! But lots of rich people have funny relatives tucked away, she knew, for she'd been in service before.

"Good morning, ma'am," she said respectfully. "Shall I open the door for you, if you're going out?"

Mrs. Mather gulped, but held her head high. "I'd be much obliged," she replied, briefly, and to the point.

So the new house-maid went back and shot the bolts of the great glass and iron grille doors, and held them open, and Mrs. Mather walked out, free and unsuspected. Down the steps she came, slowly, in the manner of a proud lady leaving her own home, trailing her black skirt on the stone steps like a queen's robe, no less. At the foot of the steps she gave herself a little shake. Yes, it was true. She had been living in her house, she had slept there, she had eaten there, and she had drunk there the finest coffee of the world. It was no dream this time.

Mrs. Mather walked on toward one of her regular routes. The policeman with the fat stomach, her sworn enemy, was just coming on duty, and he gave her a severe and searching glance as he passed, swinging his club, but he said no word. Mrs. Mather affected not to notice him. "If he did but know, the big dumb ox, if he did but know!" she murmured. So, to put the last flourish and finial on her great adventure, to round it off and make it perfect in every detail, Mrs. Mather turned and tauntingly, swaggeringly, thumbed her old nose at the fat policeman's back.

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Our Neglected State Department

Undermanned, Underpaid, and Undertrained, It Cries Aloud for Reorganization

Henry Kittredge Norton

Probably no state has ever had a perfect foreign office. Certainly the United States does not boast one to-day. There are those who would say, and probably do say, that no state could have a worse; but this is not true, for we have had it ourselves. Still, there is a growing conviction that the State Department is at least not all that it should be, and the obvious—and the unjust—thing is to lay all the blame on the holder of the portfolio.

The secretary of state is, and under our theory of government must be, a political appointee. He is the president's adviser on foreign policy, and only a man who has the president's confidence in an extraordinary degree can satisfactorily perform this function. It is the president who has the last word in negotiations with foreign powers, and the secretary must share his attitude and support his aims. The president must be free to select the man who is to render him this service. The weight of influence in foreign policy will vary with the character and influence of the two men. A Wilson will carry the chief burden of our international relations and relegate his secretary to a minor rôle; a Harding will leave so much to his adviser that the secretary sometimes overshadows the president.

In the days when our national interests were centered on the development of our own territory, and when foreign nations of consequence were "on the other side of the world," our problems of foreign policy were comparatively simple. They were likely to come one at a time and to present fairly clear-cut issues which admitted of prompt decision according to the accepted principles that governed our relations with other nations. An elaborate organization would have been useless. For nearly thirty years Alvey A. Adee, as assistant secretary of state, carried the whole structure of our foreign policy under his hat. And even then he was not overburdened.

Those days have passed. It would take a dozen Adees to perform any such feat to-day. As a people we are vaguely aware that since the World War our influence and prestige have increased greatly, but we have not begun even to sense the actual extent of that increase and what it means to the State Department in added responsibility. We know that our foreign trade has increased, but do we know that it has grown from $3,900,000,000 in

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1914 to $9,250,000,000 in 1926? We know that our foreign investments are much larger, but do we know that they have jumped from $2,250,000,000 in 1914 to nearly $12,000,000,000? We know that our shipping has expanded, but do we know that the net tonnage was 27,500,000 in 1914 and 54,000,000 in 1926? Do we know that there are now over one hundred branches of American banks abroad, whereas there was not one in 1914? That there are thirty American Chambers of Commerce in foreign countries as against three, with 3500 members as against 100 in 1914? We know that foreign travel has increased, but do we know that the 23,453 passports issued in 1914 have grown to nearly 193,000?

These increases, ranging from 100 to 3500 per cent, necessitate much more than additional clerical forces. The need there may be judged from the fact that while in 1914 the Index Bureau of the Department of State recorded 160,000 papers, last year they recorded nearly 600,000. Thus the load on the clerical force was more than trebled. But what is more serious, each of these items carries the possibility of a demand for attention from a consul, a minister, an assistant secretary, or the secretary of state himself. The load on the upper ranks has been increased in the same measure as has the clerical load. And there has been no proportionate increase in the personnel to handle it. As a result, many of the officers of the department, instead of finishing their work at 4:30 daily, are swamped with routine duties which keep them at their desks day after day until six and seven o'clock, and then often send them home with brief-cases heavy with evening work.

"Well, let 'em work. They get paid for it." This is a ready and popular dismissal of the matter, but it does not solve the problem. For all this is routine work. It must be done. Cries of anguish would go up from the White House to Capitol Hill if it were allowed to fall behind. And the department gets it done—after a fashion—for even commonplace matters are likely to receive less attention than they should when the pressure of work is so great. Many business houses who have correspondence with the department can testify that they have experienced weeks of delay in receiving answers to communications and that frequently these answers, when received, are far from satisfactory.

The figures on foreign trade and finance, on shipping and passports, show that our material interests abroad are increasing tremendously. It is not possible to show by statistics a vastly more important matter, the development of the influence and the increase of the vital interest of the United States in world politics. Before the war, while we were recognized as a great power and accordingly respected, we played no large part in international transactions. If we did inject ourselves now and then, it was for a specific purpose, and, that accomplished, we withdrew. Our attendance was brief, and if we did not attend at all we were not greatly missed. The other nations were quite capable of carrying on the affairs of the world without us.

Now all that is changed. There

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is no move anywhere in the world that does not affect our interests, and there is no international purpose on which our action is not of the highest importance. On many of them it is vital. In 1924, for example, the members of the League of Nations adopted a protocol which provided for what amounted to an economic and financial boycott of any nation that took the offensive in war. In order to make this effective it would be essential to have all the great nations agree to it. If one great nation stayed out, the only effect of the boycott would be to increase the profits of the abstaining nation. The United States ignored the protocol and thus made it useless whether the other nations were ready to adopt it or not. This is not an argument for the protocol. It is merely cited to show how, in the new world in which we find ourselves, what we do *not* do may be as important as what we *do*.

There are more than sentimental and humanitarian reasons for considering this matter. As the wealthiest and most powerful state in the world we find at every turn that our interests cross those of this or that or half a dozen other states. In Europe, in Latin America, in Asia, we are deeply involved in the most intricate world problems. Every move is charged with meaning. At every moment there is danger of a clash with the interests of some other power. A false step may provoke anger, may invite retaliation, may lead to war.

In brief, our foreign relations have assumed an importance far beyond that which they have had at any time since the early days of the republic. Their proper conduct is vital to our national welfare, to our national safety. Yet we have not begun to realize the added responsibility that has come to the Department of State or to appreciate the necessity of staffing it with the requisite number of able and experienced men effectively to form and carry out an adequate foreign policy.

In the days before railroads paralleled the banks of the Hudson, small packet steamers ran up and down the river competing for patronage. A captain, two mates, a few deck-hands, and a complement of waiters were all that was needed to man them and to serve every requirement of the passengers. We can imagine the owner of one of these packets, suddenly grown rich, buying one of the magnificent vessels which now ply between New York and Albany, transferring to it the crew of the little packet, and sending them off with instructions to deliver the same service to passengers that had made his small packet popular. Waiters, deck-hands, and mates would be overwhelmed with the calls of a passenger-list tenfold the size of the packet's, and even the captain would frantically rush down from the bridge to lend a hand while the great ship plunged ahead. We can picture the score of minor collisions, damaging to her and to her competitors, which would precede the final crash and her entrance into the port of missing ships.

We can imagine such a situation, but we shall never see it. The relation between cause and effect is too obvious. Yet we have done very much the same thing with our ship of state. We have turned the mag-

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nificent new vessel over to a crew of the same size and caliber as handled the old packet. We have provided a few extra deck-hands, perhaps, but that is all. She steams up and down the stream of civilization, with the very best intentions, but nevertheless a menace to other vessels and none too sure of her own safety.

Consider for a moment the make-up of the crew which mans our ship of state. First, there is the secretary of state, a political appointee. Then the under-secretary of state and four assistant secretaries of state. To advise them are a solicitor, an economic adviser, and six chiefs of division. Below these are various bureaus, and a clerical force of over 600. These are all in Washington. The field force consists of 13 ambassadors, 36 ministers, and 624 diplomatic secretaries and consular officers. The crew consists of about 1300 men, all told—less than the personnel on one of our great battle-ships!

What of the Rogers Act? Did we not pass that to improve our Foreign Service? We did, and it was an excellent piece of work. Having passed it, we did what we shall probably do until the end of time—assume that because we have passed a law to accomplish a definite thing, the thing is accomplished. Before the passage of the act we felt that the old diplomatic service was inadequately paid and inefficiently organized. Political appointees had been largely eliminated in all but the highest offices and a civil service régime installed. Yet the service did not attract and keep the kind of men we needed to meet the demands of a new time. The Rogers Act increased the pay of officers and opened the way to promotion for men of ability. Following this, the Porter Act provided for the building of proper homes for our missions abroad, so that a private fortune would no longer be a prerequisite to the acceptance of a diplomatic post.

Both of these steps were of the greatest importance to our representation abroad. They laid the foundation for an adequate Foreign Service. But they did not *provide* it. They made it possible to attract capable young men to enter the lower grades of the service; and, after ten or fifteen years, when these men have acquired experience and training, and the wisdom that comes with graying hair, we shall begin to profit from the passage of these two forward-looking laws. But at present the higher grades of the service are still filled by the men who entered under the old system, the system the Rogers Act was designed to improve. There are among them many men of first-rate ability, and a plucking-board has eliminated most of the superannuated and other less effective members. This has been done, of course, at the cost of depleting the personnel available for carrying the ever-increasing burden of international affairs. We have made the beginnings, but we are still far from the day when we can truthfully assert that we have an adequate Foreign Service.

And more, the Foreign Service is *not* the State Department! Only the diplomatic secretaries and the consular officers are included in the Foreign Service established by the Rogers Act. The department itself

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performs a function quite distinct and requiring for much of its work a training quite different from that of the Foreign Service. This service is described by one of its most distinguished members as "the eyes and ears of the State Department." It is not synonymous with the department, a fact frequently ignored. Eyes and ears report their findings to the brain. Not that Foreign Service officers do not need brains. They do, and of the highest quality. But the department is the brain of the whole organization. The department, not the secretary only. No single mind can comprehend all the problems with which the State Department now and henceforth must deal. The secretary gives the directing character, his is the guiding thought, but he must have an ably manned department to join him in doing the thinking. The department, let it be repeated, is the brain of the organization.

The Rogers Act, aiming at the construction of a new Foreign Service, left untouched the still greater problem of the department. The number of its officers was not increased; their salaries remained as they were. The chief officers of the department and the salaries provided for them are as follows:

One under-secretary of state	$7500
Four assistant secretaries of state, each	7500
One solicitor	6000
One economic adviser	6000

Upon these seven men the secretary of state must rely to keep before him every single strand of the complicated network of constantly shifting forces and situations that constitute the world of international politics. These seven officers form the central organism which must give shape and power to our foreign policy. Through them must come the continuity and the drive that shall enable the United States adequately to protect its interests and effectively to take its part in the progress of civilization. In the post-war world it is no small responsibility that rests upon the shoulders of these men. Naturally we should expect them to be men of mature years with long and satisfactory records of diplomatic service in various parts of the world, men schooled to wisdom in the higher posts of the Foreign Service, men strengthened in the handling of difficult and dangerous problems. For they are in large measure the pilots of American destiny.

Natural expectations are often not realized, and the State Department is a case in point. These seven vital posts are filled by men of considerable ability and more or less experience. Given ten years more of suitable experience, and they might well realize the ideal State Department executives. At present, the average age is under 46 years. The average amount of diplomatic experience is 5 years, and if the only one of long experience is eliminated, this average is reduced to less than 2 years.

It is evident that we are still inclined to rely upon "native ability" in the higher offices. In the lesser posts of the State Department, we are not even sure of "native ability." Curiously enough, the Rogers Act played its part in creating the present unsatisfactory conditions. Previous to the passage of that measure the salaries of diplomatic secretaries ranged from $2500 to

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$4000, while consular salaries ran to much higher figures. The Rogers Act merged the diplomatic service and the consular service into one Foreign Service and established a uniform scale of salaries from $3000 to $9000. The salaries of the diplomatic secretaries were at once raised to those of the corresponding ranks of the consular service. A secretary who had been receiving $4000 a year suddenly found himself advanced to $9000. It was pleasant for him, and he appreciated it to the full.

Equally he appreciated another fact. The Rogers Act, by limiting the age of those entering the Foreign Service to thirty-five years, had given the men already in the service a monopoly of the higher grades. It remained only to establish a tradition that men in the service should be appointed to the non-service posts of minister and ambassador when occasion offered, and the world was theirs!

The situation played into their hands in splendid fashion. Recall the salaries of the seven men on whom rests much of the responsibility for guiding the international destinies of the nation—$6000 to $7500. These figures can be bettered by clerks in a thousand offices in New York City, to say nothing of the greater rewards in the practice of law and in the business world. It is readily conceded that the satisfactions of government service are to be found in other than monetary gains, but the expenses that go with government service are insistently monetary. A man occupying one of the higher offices of the Department of State, with a wife and children dependent on him, must expect to spend considerably more than his salary in mere living expenses. Only those with personal incomes can hope to manage with any comfort, and many of these, who have the necessary qualifications for the office, soon tire of contributing from their private means. To tide over a national emergency, many will make the sacrifice, but as a permanent thing, no.

One by one the important offices are vacated, and one by one the secretary must find men to refill them. Outside material of the proper specifications can seldom be enticed by the offers he can make. He is, therefore, thrown back upon the Foreign Service men. As the officers are called on to handle matters involving policy, and as consular officers have had little to do with policy, the secretary is constrained to lean to the diplomatic side and to bring back to the department, to fill these important positions, the very diplomatic secretaries who but a few short months ago were drawing $4000 a year. Not that it is wholly a question of salary, but these are the men who constituted the old service—the service which had been found inadequate and which the Rogers Act was designed to improve.

These alert and well dressed young men heard the secretary's call and romped into the department, eager to make the most of the opportunity thus given them. The highly important and responsible positions in the department, after the seven which have been named, are the six chiefs of the geographical divisions into which the department divides the world for special study. At present all of these chiefs of division, as well as the under-secretary of

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state and one of the assistant secretaries, are Foreign Service officers. Thus eight of the thirteen most important posts in the department are filled by men trained for service in legations and embassies. Only the under-secretary has ever had ministerial experience, and only one of the remaining seven is a man from the old consular service. It is the heyday of the diplomatic secretary.

This incursion produced its anomalies. Except for the under-secretary of state and the assistant secretary, the Foreign Service men—there are now over fifty of them in the department at Washington—brought with them the salaries of their service grades. Thus it happens that four of the chiefs of division receive higher salaries than the under-secretary of state and the assistant secretaries of state, their superiors in rank and responsibility. Thus it happened, also, that until the end of February, when he was promoted to assistant secretary, the chief of the Western European Division, where the most delicate and complicated of foreign problems must be handled, was receiving a salary only two thirds as large as that of the men in charge of four of the other divisions. The fifth was in charge of an acting chief of lower rank.

Similar discrepancies are to be found all through the department, regular members of the departmental staff doing the same or more important work in the same office with Foreign Service officers who receive fifty to one hundred per cent more pay. The effect on the morale of the lower ranks may easily be imagined. Nor need it be imagined only. The deleterious influence of this inexcusable arrangement is a matter of discussion in every executive office in the department. The results of the system are fatal to promptness and accuracy. No business executive would or could tolerate such a condition for a day.

While the calling of service men to fill places in the State Department has produced most undesirable results there, it has been no less disastrous in its effect on the service in the foreign field. Many of the missions are sadly understaffed, there are no extra officers available for special assignments or for relief duty, and every shift in conditions makes it necessary to take men from one place where they are badly needed to go to some other place where the demand is even more pressing. Assistant Secretary of State Carr said at the hearing before the subcommittee of the House Committee on Appropriations in December: "Unlike the condition in many other branches of the government, the end of the World War has not brought to the Department of State and to the Foreign Service a restoration of prewar conditions, but on the contrary has brought a large number of new problems, the number of which is constantly increasing, far more difficult and far more important to the nation than most of the problems dealt with before the war. There are no indications that the demands upon the Foreign Service will decrease in the near future, and the only proper course would seem to be to enlarge the service in proportion to its increasing responsibilities. . . . Several of our missions are without secretaries, notably Cairo, Siam,

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and La Paz. . . . Yet our needs are so great elsewhere—for instance in Paris, Mexico, Peking, Nicaragua, and so on—that we have to rob other posts in order to equip the busier posts adequately."

Mr. Carr states the case very mildly. His exposition might be greatly expanded. And it must be borne in mind that, in adding to the membership of the Foreign Service, it is possible to admit recruits only in the lower grades. With a score of the more experienced officers at work in the department in Washington, this means that important positions in the field, for which these officers have been specially trained, must be filled by young and inexperienced men.

The practice of appointing Foreign Service men to ministerial posts still further depletes the numbers available for diplomatic duties in the lesser offices. This is a practice with which it is hard to find fault. Promotion from the ranks is a system which has a strong appeal, and as an ultimate goal it is no doubt desirable. But it is open to question whether a general application of it in the present monopolized Foreign Service will not result in less rather than greater efficiency. The number of men in the Foreign Service, as appears from Mr. Carr's testimony, is quite inadequate. Rapid promotions to high positions further deplete the service and at the same time cause jealousies and heartburnings in the ranks even more serious than when men are appointed from outside.

Such heartburnings and jealousies are to be expected in any graded service, but there is special cause for complaint in the way promotions have been made in the State Department. Recommendations for promotion are in the hands of a Foreign Service Personnel Board. A majority of its members and all of its executive committee are Foreign Service men. Of the three Foreign Service men recently promoted to be ministers, two were members of this board or its committee. Their fitness is not in question here, but the effect on the morale of the service is obvious. Favoritism all along the line is freely charged. Promotions have been lavished on diplomatic officers, while consular officers have had to be content with only an occasional advancement, and, worst of all, the staff of the department has not been blessed at all. The recent resignations from the service of a number of able men have been generally deplored. Inadequate remuneration is usually given as the reason for leaving, but one or two men have openly criticized the system of promotion and assignment and charged the Foreign Service Personnel Board with having an eye cocked to its own interests. If executive officers who had long since graduated from the Foreign Service were in charge of assignments and promotions, the complaint on this score could be reduced to a minimum.

There is another feature of the appointment of these three Foreign Service men to be ministers which is still more pertinent to our discussion here. Two of them were assistant secretaries of state, and the third was the chairman of the executive committee of the Foreign Service Personnel Board. Three of the most responsible officers of the department

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calmly removed and sent off to Europe on the same day! Three vertebræ plucked from the backbone of the organization and sent to the far corners of the earth! If this can be done, where is the continuity, the coördination, the articulation, the form and shape and power of the foreign policies of the United States? Unfriendly critics answer that continuity, coördination, and all the rest of it simply do not exist.

Governmental standardization also plays its part in crippling the department. The solicitor of the State Department, for example, is paid the munificent salary of $6000 a year. The responsibility is his to interpret correctly the treaties between the United States and other countries, to advise the department as to the rights of this country and of its nationals in the most intricate situations. A thorough knowledge of international law and a wide acquaintance with diplomatic practice and precedent are necessary. The absurdity of asking a man capable of this work to do it for the salary provided is evident. Yet when the State Department asks to have an adequate provision made, it is met by the reply that the solicitor is not an employee of the Department of State but of the Department of Justice. When that department is asked to raise the compensation, it demurs on the ground that it would be unfair to the solicitors assigned to the other departments, such as Commerce, Agriculture, and the like, who are all in the same classification. In other words the solicitor of the State Department, who has eighteen assistants, four times as much and forty times as important work as the solicitor of any other department, must be offered a wholly inadequate salary because it is not necessary to pay a higher one to the men in the other departments.

Here we are close to the heart of the matter. We have, both in our public attitude and in our legislation, insisted on considering the State Department merely as another one of the government departments; while in fact its work is far more highly specialized than that of the run of the departments and the men who have the necessary qualifications and the requisite training are far less numerous than are competent men for the other civilian divisions of the government. With the new problems and the enhanced importance of international affairs in our national life, it is imperative that this view should be changed. The State Department must develop as highly trained a professional staff as the army or the navy. And this must apply to the officers of the department as well as to the Foreign Service. In order to do this Congress must break through the barriers of standardization which hedge about the State Department, classify its personnel, and fix its salaries so that it can attract and keep in the national service men fitted to perform the peculiarly exacting duties demanded for the proper handling of our international relations.

We have made a start toward an adequately trained Foreign Service, "the eyes and ears of the department." But it is apparent, because the department itself was entirely neglected in the reorganization, that it has been forced to try to make brains out of "eyes and ears." That

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it has been as successful as it has, is a tribute to the sincerity and earnestness of the men who have had to carry the burden under such unfavorable circumstances.

The remedy for many of these evils lies in giving as much attention to the department as the Rogers Act gives to the Foreign Service, and at the same time avoiding the pitfalls which the functioning of that act has disclosed. The staff of the department must be adequately paid and the way to the higher offices opened to its members as it has been to the Foreign Service men. The under-secretary of state and the assistant secretaries of state must be paid and ranked where they belong, with the most responsible officials in the national government. These posts must be the goal of the Foreign Service and of the departmental staff. They must be the reward of a long and successful career instead of stepping-stones to legations.

The contemplation of such a change need not cause heart-failure among those devoted to governmental economy. The total budget for the Department of State, last year, including the Foreign Service, was $9,862,790. But the income of the department from passport and other fees was $8,511,654. The net cost to the country for handling its international affairs was therefore the sum of $1,351,136. During the same year the War Department received $354,000,000 and the Navy Department $322,000,000. As the use of these instruments of national defense depends largely on the brains of the State Department, it would seem a step toward real economy to give the directing department a staff, trained, experienced, and of adequate size.

TO A STERN PHOTOGRAPH

JACQUELINE EMBRY

I blow you now a little kiss,
And now a really good smoke-ring,
Mak de smot crecks from dat, from dis,
You will not smile at anything.

Three times I changed my hat to-day
To please you, but you would not melt:
The tricorne and the brown beret,
And the green Arlen-Cornell felt.

Oh, very well, be queer, be calm;
Be the first man was ever born
Who looked as if he saw a psalm
And not my wicked, red tricorne!

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THE NEW TESTAMENT OF SCIENCE

I—Vetoing All and Sundry Eugenical Measures

WALTER B. PITKIN

BELOVED Subjects! I have carefully studied the eighteen eugenical bills which your Parliament has just passed and submitted to me for my approval. Among these measures I note with special anguish the one which authorizes the construction of 182 lethal chambers in our leading cities for the painless extermination of misfits. I am also grieved to observe the bill which would close all hospitals, poorhouses, and jails, thus forcing the inmates to shift for themselves. The bill which creates an immense eugenical farm where citizens are to be bred upward and onward *ab ovo* impresses me most unfavorably. It moves me to veto all these measures as violating common sense and the decencies of mankind.

The Secret Service of the Throne has long been watching the activities of the Biological Bloc, whose members have foisted these extraordinary bills upon your Parliament. We are not at all pleased with either their methods or their proposals. And the time has come to expose both.

In his effort to win me over to the radical program of improving the germ-plasm of the human race, one of the leaders of the Biological Bloc has resorted to bald flattery. He has said to me, "You control life on a vaster scale than any other human being." He has whispered in my ear, "What you say or think about life is the most important thing in the world." And he has even had the magnificent audacity to add, "You are in a very real sense the arbiter of the destiny of the human race."

Now, beloved subjects, the gentleman forgets that your Parliament long ago installed in my court an official psychologist to de-bunk the court. He does not understand that his flattery missed fire, thanks to the fact that my ego has long since been deflated. While my official title is that of Benevolent Despot, the name belies my powers.

Long ago statesmen were dangerously powerful. To-day their power is vastly more restricted. The world is too full of mighty organizations, commercial, financial, social, and religious, not to mention the scientific and technical leagues. Superior men devote themselves mostly to these. They leave the government to less competent or less aggressive citizens. For they believe that government should be little more than a central switchboard where all the mighty currents of life can be controlled by any small boy with sense enough to throw the switches in and out, according to command. The small boy must not meddle with

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these switches. If he does, he blows out all the fuses of civilization. He takes orders from those who deliver the power and from those who need it.

We rulers are not the arbiters of the destiny of the human race, as the Biological Bloc says. We become such only when we tamper with the switches in the political power-house, while the real arbiters of destiny aren't around to watch us. Any small boy can become the arbiter of the destiny of New York City by touching a match to its buildings on a windy night. And he can achieve that high distinction in no surer way. Here we see one psychic influence which has so often tempted rulers to plunge their peoples into crazy crusades and bloody wars. Such men, being inferior, crave power. Being placed in high positions, they hear flatterers daily assuring them of their might and their wisdom. In time they weary of the dull round of court ritual, receiving foreign ambassadors, signing documents, smoothing quarrels between court favorites, and heading parades on state holidays. So they blow up.

In a little while, beloved subjects, I shall endeavor to show that in these matters eugenical neither I nor any other despot could carry out the program set forth by the Biological Bloc. We could not do it, even though you were to place at our disposal all the wealth of the state and all its armed forces. So it would not help at all, even if I were to sign these bills. For the moment, let us waive this argument. Let us look first of all to the errors on which the Biological Bloc has founded its campaign of germ-plasm reform.

The Biological Bloc frightened you with its cry that "mankind is going backward." Thus they spoke:

"The civilized races of the world are biologically plunging downward; civilization as you administer it is self-destructive; civilization always destroys the man that builds it . . . the brain of man is not growing; man as a breed of organic beings is not advancing; microbic diseases are, in all probability, lessening, but man's incapacity to resist them is apparently increasing.

"The army tests have shown that there are roughly forty-five million people in this country who have no sense. Their mental powers will never be greater than those of twelve-year-old children . . . Twenty-five millions more have a little sense . . . that of thirteen or fourteen-year-old children. . . ."

Beloved subjects! The genuine biologists assure the Throne that all this is arrant nonsense. Where is the evidence that the civilized races are plunging downward? There is only one way to prove such an assertion. You would have to compare the intelligence, the emotional stability, and the dexterities of races in times past with races now living. Perhaps by measuring a few hundred thousand individuals who lived in the days of Pericles, and a few more hundred thousands who lived in the days of Roosevelt, you might be able to approximate the rate of advance or retrogression among the Western peoples. But who has measured the intelligence quotients of Athens and Sparta?

Nobody has! And nobody can make even a wild guess about it. The political records of ancient

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Greece reveal nothing on the subject. Nor do any of the famous authors. What Plato has to say about the mob of Athens has no more bearing on the level of racial intelligence, health, initiative, or dexterity than the remarks of any high-school teacher to-day about Washington's Valley Forge army would have on the American intelligence of that day. Prior to the late nineteenth century nobody was in a position to observe and to collect statistics about great masses of men. And we now know just enough about such observations and statistics to realize how treacherous they are, even in the hands of a highly trained anthropologist or psychologist.

How many Greeks were there out of every hundred thousand whose general intelligence was as high as that of the upper quartile of New Yorkers? Merely to ask the question is to expose its futility. But if you are sufficiently egocentric to revel in exalting your ancestry or your cultural background, you can pick a phrase out of Plato, a line from Aristotle, and a paragraph from some unknown commentator of the fourth century A.D., and, by juggling these cunningly, make them say that the Greeks were superior to all men now living. By the same method, you may tear off a corner of a newspaper sheet and demonstrate from the words on it that the entire world on the date of issue was precisely 43.354 per cent more moral and 6.07 per cent less sentimental than it had been a century earlier.

The Biological Bloc are mostly literati in the best Chinese fashion. They put their trust in favored fragments of literature, in poems, in folklore, in the inscriptions on crumbling monuments. They believe in a Golden Age long since vanished, when giants were. Great were the Cro-Magnons! Mighty the Nordics! God-like the Greek! Would that we were their equals! Woe, they sing, and woe! The world is going to pot, stewing in its own juice!

How odd that such literati, worshiping a fictitious Past, should claim to be the high priests of the Future!

They tell us that "civilization always destroys the man that builds it." Has this ever been proved? No. Can it be? No. It is not even a plausible hypothesis.

In all the archives you cannot find a single record of cultural collapse. What is a cultural collapse anyhow? When was a civilization ever destroyed?

Well, we may admit perhaps that several minor Eastern civilizations were destroyed when Jenghis Khan rounded up his shaggy Mongol hordes and, sweeping westward through long dusty years, slew and slew. We may concede that a crude Persian culture disappeared as the million murderers piled bleeding heads into red pyramids in all the mountain villages of the land.

We may likewise grant that the culture of the Incas came to an end when the low Spaniards' gangs poured suddenly through the peaceful passes of the Andes and slaughtered right and left. And we may agree that some unknown cultures of early India vanished before the swift onset of strong white slayers from the Himalayan foot-hills.

But hold! Were these civilizations destroying the very men who

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built them? Hardly! The men who made that Persian civilization, such as it was, had died long before the Mongols roved into their homeland. And it was surely the Mongols who slew those Persians' descendants; it was nothing in Persian civilization. Likewise with the Incas. And with the early Hindus. So at least we can prove that *some* civilizations are not destroyed by the men who built them. And that gives the lie to the claim of the Biological Bloc.

They are probably thinking, though, of the old Mediterranean civilizations. So let us see what we can see there. What exterminated the old Egyptian civilization? Nobody knows. Possibly a diminishing rainfall over a period of centuries; there is some reason for believing that. Possibly competition with the maritime peoples to the north; there is a shadow of reason for defending that view. Possibly the slow infiltration of Hellenic business adventurers, engineers, traders, and politicians; some of the newer revelations hint at this, but only hint. To say that the old Egyptian stock was exterminated by the customs, rites, laws, or institutions which they themselves devised is to utter balderdash. You might just as well say that the lamented William McKinley died from an acute attack of high tariff, or that the former kaiser lost his kingly job because he used too many umlauts in his speeches.

Did the culture of Athens wipe out the men who created it? I have asked the Historians' Union for a report on this. They assure me that the question is altogether unanswerable but probably nonsense. There is a shred of evidence to indicate that the Athenians were overwhelmed by malarial mosquitoes from the unoiled marshes. Other facts point to the view that they lost out simply because Macedon was so much bigger, stronger, and richer. God is on the side of the heavier artillery, as the recent World War proved again. The football elevens from our leading theological seminaries seldom beat Yale or Harvard.

Would the Biological Bloc have us believe that malaria and mosquitoes were an integral part of Greek civilization? Was the failure of Pericles to drape mosquito-netting around the beds of the Best Minds part of his political philosophy? If so, then all the things we do not know and cannot do are integral parts of our own culture. And this would suggest that all civilizations are virtually alike, for the infinitely greater part of each is unavoidable ignorance and universal incapacity. Why rate one above another then?

Away with such sophistries! Let us turn to the Bloc's next assertion: "The brain of man is not growing." They say this is disastrous. But I cannot agree.

Beloved subjects! You now have brains much bigger and better than you can use. The Psychologists' Union reports that many of your moral panics and political worries are probably caused by your having brains too big for the business of living. They testify that your brains insist upon working overtime and upon subjects which lie far beyond your day's work and pleasure. Let us consider the details.

In the cortex of the average man's brain, which is the business center of

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his personality, there are about nine billion nerve-cells. A considerable number, nine billion! In the entire nervous system there are about twelve billion cells; and we may roughly state that each brain-cell is connected, directly or indirectly, with every other one.

"The inconceivable intricacy of the structural connections within the brain is generally underestimated even by neurologists," says C. Judson Herrick, one of our most brilliant neurologists himself. And he describes this greatest of all networks by comparison with the world of atoms. In a cubic centimeter of water the number of atoms is about 10^{24}. In the solar system, it is about 10^{56}. In the entire visible universe it is about 10^{66}. But this last number, beloved subjects, is very small when set over against that of the possible and probable cross-connections among the nine billion brain-cells. Herrick gives us another picture of this transcendental quantity.

"If a million cortical nerve cells were connected with one another in groups of only two neurons each in all possible combinations, the number of different patterns thus provided would be expressed by $10^{2,783,000}$. This, of course, is not the actual structure. . . ."

No, not the actual. Far simpler than the actual! For every cell links up with every other one; every pair or triplet with inconceivably many other pairs or triplets; every set of ten, a hundred, a thousand, and a million with inconceivably many other such sets. And thus, as the neurologist testifies, for practical purposes the number may be regarded as approaching infinity.

And this, mind you, in the brain of an average citizen!

Beloved subjects, let us see how the capacity of this machine measures up for your own needs and wishes in the routine of daily life. To make our reasoning ultra-conservative, let us suppose that most acts of thinking touch off, in swift succession, some 10,000 combinations of nerve-cells. The secretary of the Neurologists' Union assures me this is preposterously high as an estimate of the average. So let it stand, by way of keeping us within the bounds of probability. Now suppose that you have to deal with one new situation every five or ten seconds during your waking hours. How few of us ever find cause to scintillate as fast as that! And for how brief a period do we so scintillate! Suppose though that we all kept on reacting at the rate of one mental flash every ten seconds for sixteen hours out of every twenty-four. Suppose we held this terrific pace for seventy years. And suppose each reaction differed in some respect from all others. How close would we come to using all the potentialities of our brains?

Well, beloved subjects, the brain of any one of you would react 5760 times daily. It would react 2,102,400 times in a year. In seventy years, including seventeen leap-years, it would react 147,265,920 times. Very well! As each reaction touches off, by assumption, some 10,000 neural combinations, the brain will bring into service during your entire lifetime, about 1,472,659,200,000 distinct cell patterns.

This means that each of you, beloved subjects, could continue to see, hear, smell, feel, taste, imagine,

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analyze, speculate, dream, resolve, and do things for at least 1,000,000,000 years without once repeating a single action pattern of his brain. And it is highly probable that you might do so for a billion billion years. So it seems to me that even if all of you keep your health as long as your stomachs and hearts can stand the strain, you haven't a ghost of a chance of using your brain power to its limit.

Man is born to trouble. But the trouble resides, not in your brains, but in your bodies. Man is wonderfully devised above the ears. He is much less marvelous below them. It is this enormous discrepancy between the central nervous system and the rest of the human constitution which leads so many of us to think of "mind" as something totally different from "body." In speed of action, in the amount of effort needed to achieve results, in the variety of behavior, and in general efficiency, "mind" is so superior to "body" that the difference seems to be an absolute and metaphysical one.

In consulting on this matter with the president of the Philosophers' Union, I learn that one of the worst plagues of the Western peoples has been the tendency of the brain to run away with the body. Intellect has been exalted, chiefly by the intellect itself. Socrates held that virtue is nothing more than knowledge. Plato believed in Ideas pretty much as the Christian Scientist of to-day believes in Mind. Aristotle held that the highest good consisted in pure contemplation of pure Being, or God; and he thought slaves were everlastingly necessary and divinely ordained to do all the work except head-work.

This self-glorification of the intellect and this contempt for the toiler have continued down into our own day, though some progressives like to boast that we have outgrown it. Our "best" young men prefer any kind of a poorly paid job requiring head-work to any well paid position involving strenuous manual labor. Colleges pander to the pernicious cravings of the central nervous system. Language is taught as a mental play with words, not as an instrument for saying what you have to say. Mathematics is taught as a psychic jugglery in which cosines and tangents serve as billiard-balls and parasols serve the Japanese magician. Politics is taught as somebody's theory of government, not as an art and a technique of managing Dubuque, Iowa, or Fresno, California. College professors talk. Students take notes. Examinations test the memory. The degree of A.B. means so many hours of head-work, regardless of its practical value. There are exceptions, of course. But they are brilliant and few.

Now, our leaders in education, hygiene, and culture have been striving for many years to deliver you from this bondage of the intellect and its false culture. They have consciously aimed to train children so as to make them fit for the world they are going to live in. To this end, they consider the nature of this world before they decide on the schooling. They see no sense in drilling deaf-mutes in the history of music; or blind men in optics; or the Georgia black in the *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc* of the Latin instead of the *gee*, *haw*, and *buck* of the mule-driver; or the Minnesota farm boy in the history of ethics from

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Socrates to Dewey; or the Massachusetts mill-hand in calculus. Each babe is born somewhere and sometime. His life will be spent in the environment of his age and country. His happiness will depend upon how well he gets what he wants out of those surroundings. Hence, to plan his culture, the wise man will study the babe's traits in their relation to Things as They Are thereabouts; he will strengthen by practice the traits which aid the babe in mastering his environment; and he will, as far as possible, shape the environment so that it will not deal too harshly with the babe in other respects. This is the clear trend of modern social reform, of modern hygiene, and of modern education.

But the Biological Bloc disapproves of it. It insists that we must not make the environment easier, and that we must concentrate on breeding bigger and better brains. This, I declare, is reactionary. This is a cry of literati who find their ideals in the past. This is the latest form of mental measles. It is a disease peculiar to the primitive and to the adolescent Best Mind. It is no more scientific than a college yell.

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The Bloc cries that man's brain is not growing. They warn us that this will lead to cosmic catastrophe. But, beloved subjects, I proclaim that much graver evils would ensue if the Biological Bloc were to have its way. Were it to increase in a few years the number of big brains, were it to increase the size of the biggest brains, were it to produce intellectual geniuses by the score where now they arise in faint chemical traces, our whole order would break down.

What are minds doing right now? They are scheming, inventing, devising, and planning a thousand times faster than they can execute. And they are discovering facts ten thousand times faster than anybody can assimilate them. Mind advances in a super-geometrical progression, but body proceeds at best in arithmetical. Each fresh invention and discernment brings ten more in its train. But in business management and in social administration we can add only item to item, one by one, day by day. For Time enslaves our bodies.

An obscure drug clerk hits upon a new method of disinfecting which, in a few years, alters hospital practice and a dozen pharmaceutical industries. A little mechanic in a dark corner of a country garage figures out a new method of atomizing gasoline and revolutionizes the carbureter business. A hatter who makes a hobby of microscopical research finds a new way of peering into inframicroscopic spaces, and straightway a dozen techniques are transformed. These men are not great geniuses. They rise only a little above the average, usually too in some one respect and not in others. But the multitude of them is shaking the very foundations of society.

"It is no longer a question of what we can do in electrical development," one of the leading electrical engineers in the world said to me recently. "The one problem is: which thing is most profitable to do *next?*"

"No sooner do we spend several million dollars on a new invention," remarked another engineer at the head of an immense corporation, "than some young stranger saunters

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into our office and shows us a still more revolutionary device he has just doped out. Were we to adopt each new device purely on its own merits, we should soon wreck the business. Each new adoption would cause us to lose all the millions previously spent in other devices."

"Right now," remarked one of our greatest captains of industry a few months ago, "two of our largest manufacturing corporations are gravely perturbed. They have, in their own laboratories, perfected certain devices which I am not free to name even vaguely. These inventions, based on remarkable discoveries in physics and electrochemistry, are so radical and of such far-reaching importance that the companies owning them fear to undertake their commercial development. Business advisers assert that, were the devices placed at once on the open market, hundreds of millions of dollars, now invested in less efficient products, would be lost irrevocably. And the injury of such a colossal failure might, for a period of many years, exceed all the benefits accruing from the new devices."

"I should not be surprised," said a Pacific Coast banker to me not long ago, "if the great Pacific war were brought on, not by any of the influences which have been so widely portrayed by writers and diplomatists, but rather by the man who invented artificial silk. Nearly half of Japan's population depends largely on natural silk in one way or in another. The mulberry-tree and the silk-worm stand between millions of Japanese peasants and starvation. Let Europe and America build fifty more of these enormous rayon factories which spin a silk substitute out of chemically treated cellulose, and the age-old industry of Japan may be undermined. Starvation will ensue; and then the heir apparent of starvation, War."

"The world is in reality growing poorer, because production is outrunning consumption faster and faster." This is part of the thesis of a recent book by a distinguished Wall Street financier. "Our economic system is unsound as a result of the stupendous increase in the potential output of modern machinery. Manufacturers in many lines now have on their factory floors equipment which is either idle much of the time or else grinding out goods that glut the market and lead to a financial slump as a result of unsettling prices and values. Inventors are increasing the rate of mechanical production much faster than education or publicity can increase the amount of buying by the average consumer. This fact constitutes the gravest peril in our present economic system."

"There are thousands of mechanically correct and commercially sound inventions in the automobile field," said a prominent automotive engineer at a recent scientific convention, "which will go to the scrap-heap untried. Carbureters better than any now in use. Timing-gears superior to standard makes. Preheating devices, gear-shifts, differentials, and what not. Manufacturers must refuse them, sometimes because they involve a redesigning of entire engines which would eat up millions of dollars for new factory equipment, and sometimes because the inventions would involve changes in the

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fuel or oil or standard parts now supplied to the automobile trade by other companies."

"The retail radio business in small towns," remarked a man in this trade not many weeks ago, "consists largely in selling, at ten cents on the dollar, equipment which became obsolete in the very month it was first placed on the market."

"Technique in surgery," said a great surgeon last year, "advances more swiftly than surgeons can. No matter how nimble the surgeon's wit, no matter how fast he can read and take in new ideas, there isn't a chance in a thousand that he can learn half of the new methods he comes upon in the journals and in the clinics."

"I used to go regularly to meetings of the American Mathematical Society," an eminent mathematician told me. "But I rarely go now. I cannot understand what most of the men are talking about there. I do not even understand the words they use. Nor their symbols. It is embarrassing."

"It is physically impossible for the most competent psychologist living to keep up with the literature in all branches of psychology to-day." This from a distinguished psychologist. "When you consider that an all-round psychologist ought to follow also the leading journals in neurology, general physiology, psychiatry, and even biology, you can see into what a hopeless mess we are drifting. We are all becoming learned ignoramuses."

I might cite half a hundred other authorities, all to the same end. Man's brain is evolving plans infinitely faster than flesh-and-blood men can adopt them and profit by them. *What the Biological Bloc fails totally to comprehend is that, while one mind may spend only a hundred hours or so and half a horse-power of energy in inventing or discovering something socially valuable, the world at large may have to spend millions of dollars and millions of hours in reorganizing business and society so as to use the new idea profitably.* The Bloc does not realize that theory is swift and travels light, while practice is ponderous and heavily burdened. They think that the sluggishness with which the world advances is due to the poor brains of its inhabitants; but the truth is that it is due to the tens of thousands of readjustments which have to be made in the lives and fortunes of hundreds of millions of people.

As Herbert Hoover and others have often remarked, every business interlocks so extensively and so subtly with every other nowadays that no man living can perceive the consequences of any important change in any single field. Who among you, for instance, would ever suspect that the growing popularity of seaside vacationing has injured the soap business? Or that the new fashions in women's wear would seriously injure the baggage-transfer and express companies? Or that a sudden increase of rainfall on the coast of Chile would deliver a factory in Oregon from bankruptcy? Yet these things happen, and thousands more like them. And it is these which must be discovered and reckoned with cautiously before we dare change the ways of business or law. The greater the number of interacting forces, the greater the number of

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upsets likely to be caused even by some slight rearrangement. Hence the seeming paradox: the faster our Best Minds deliver new ideas and projects, and the faster these are accepted and built into our civilization, the more slowly—relatively at least—can each subsequent idea or project be adopted. Hence, the higher our civilization rises, the fewer the ideas and projects, *relative to all those which are at a given moment ready for use*, which can be adopted per day, week, or year. To be sure, we adopt more inventions and technical projects now than ever before; and we shall continue to increase the number. But at the same time we shall leave untried an ever growing multitude. More and more our Best Minds will suffer the humiliation of seeing their finest efforts ignored by statesmen, business men, and engineers.

This trend will be intensified greatly by the increasing efficiency of superior people. In an army of morons everybody is a general. In a society of the Best Minds only one man leads. In a crude democracy, which is intermediate, being partly moron and partly superior and partly genius, we never manage to follow a single leader; nor do we sink to the level of the opera-bouffe Central American army in which there are ten officers for every private. We muddle along somewhere between these extremes. But as we progress in our organizing skill and in our understanding of the benefits of teamwork, we train men more and more effectively to manage affairs on a grand scale.

Now, it requires no more brains to think in terms of millions than to think in terms of hundreds. It simply requires more time, more patience, more physical energy, and better support from a staff of subordinates. A central nervous system good enough to run a small farm successfully is good enough to run the largest bank in Wall Street. It is only very simple people who imagine otherwise. Several intelligence tests lately made, notably one at Roger Babson's Statistical Institute and one at Purdue University, bring this out clearly. It appears that men who have achieved high rank in manufacturing, banking, engineering, and general business score only a trifle higher than the normal adult in their mental abilities, especially in those which we commonly regard as "intellectual." These men surpass the ordinary citizen conspicuously only in their spontaneous energy, in their buoyant self-confidence, and in their initiative. In the main, these traits are not the product of a superior central nervous system; they arise from perfect digestion, a high metabolic rate, and probably certain little understood tonic effects of superior endocrine glands. Not better minds, then, but better bodies!

Give a high-grade executive a well devised program, and he can apply it to ten million people as well as you or I could to a hundred. He can manage a thousand factories in as many cities just as deftly as he can manage one under his nose. See how this is transforming the world right now! All business and all politics and all manufacturing are rapidly being centralized. The chain-store is pushing the local merchant off the map. The chain-theater has already exterminated the individually owned

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and managed show-house in all large cities. The motion-picture industry for the entire world is run from two centers, New York and Hollywood. Hoarily conservative banks are opening branches by the hundreds and controlling loans through them over the telephone. Newspapers, once the stronghold of powerful personalities, are now massing into a few huge systems and operated by a small board of directors, aided by half a dozen high-salaried executives and writers. And so on everywhere in the realm of organization and action. One man of superior mentality or superior efficiency is now doing the work formerly done by a score of such men.

The Biological Bloc must have heard of all these facts. They are commonplaces in the news. But the Bloc has failed to sense the bearing this trend has upon the upbreeding of brains. It has not discovered that *as the sphere of influence of a high-grade mind widens, relatively fewer high-grade minds are needed to run the world.* In olden times, when there were only rutty highways, no postal service, no telephones, and no radio, every village needed a first-class merchant, a first-class teacher, a first-class physician, and so on. With each notable improvement in transportation and communication, this local need diminished. One first-class man for each county was enough; then one for four or five counties; and now, in some lines of endeavor, one for each nation is quite enough. One elocutionist with the right collection of bedtime stories can now lull to sleep all the infants of North America, thanks to radio broadcasting. And one clergyman can produce the same effect on ten million parishioners in ten thousand towns and hamlets, of a Sunday morning. I have heard of a board of directors which holds weekly meetings over the long-distance telephone, with all the members in different cities. Of such centralization there is no end in sight. And it means a steadily dwindling demand for the Best Minds *in work which demands their highest abilities.*

Beloved subjects, this last qualification is most important. High-grade minds will, of course, always be in demand. They will always be preferred for a wide variety of positions and responsibilities. But if the work they do does not serve as an adequate outlet for their strongest and highest drives, they will eventually become dissatisfied, cramped, thwarted, and perhaps gravely maladjusted.

One of the unhappiest, surliest men I know is now vice-president of a large metropolitan bank. He receives a salary of twenty-five thousand a year or thereabouts. He is associated with brilliant and influential men. He enjoys the best society and personal prestige. And he has a comfortable private income from the money he received from the big bank when it bought out his own small one some years ago and converted it into a branch office. Why should he be such a grouch? Because his new job is a sinecure. He is a thousand-horse-power motor pulling a load which any donkey-engine could handle. Half of the time he is idling. And when he is not idling, he is deciding matters which were child's play for him twenty years ago. He had built up

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his own bank with joy. He had made a go of it because the task gave him free vent for all his mental and physical powers. As vice-president of a big bank, he is simply one of a score of high-grade executives.

This is typical of the fate of many superior men to-day. It will be typical of many, many more of them in years to come. As long as centralized organizing continues, the percentage of Best Minds which must do work far below their abilities is certain to increase. Beloved subjects! A century ago the world could have used one Best Mind per hundred of population perhaps. Twenty-five years ago it could have used one per thousand. To-day I doubt if it can use one for every ten thousand. A generation hence, if things go on as they now are going, the world may find difficulty in using one for every hundred thousand people.

According to one of his friends, Herbert Hoover has estimated that all the genuine creative and managerial work in all activities in the United States, including education and social service, is done by fewer than two hundred and fifty thousand persons. That would work out at the rate of one Best Mind to every 460 of population. I once quoted this estimate to the late E. W. Scripps, a widely read, studious, and well informed journalist. He grunted contemptuously. "A quarter-million?" said he. "Nonsense! This country's head-work is all done by a few hundred men—and maybe three or four women. It is, if you're talking about constructive thinking. And we get along pretty well at that."

Now, what is the use of breeding more first-class brains, if the very ability of brains already at work tends to reduce the relative number that can be put to work to capacity? Would not such a eugenical program simply add to our burden of discontent? Would we not be overwhelmed by gray hordes of neurotics, hypochondriacs, and murderous malcontents? What is more perilous than an intellectual proletariat? What can cause more trouble than a highly intelligent man who has been trained far beyond his opportunities? Better an army of morons than that! For the morons are at least healthy and contented. And is not contentment in a sound body more to be desired than a defeated intelligence?

The black pessimism and intellectual unrest throughout Central Europe before the World War was, as some observers noted long ago, largely the inevitable result of breeding thousands of superior minds in lands where opportunity for them was lacking. Just before the World War broke out, many graduates from the best engineering schools in Germany were being paid wages about equal to those received by street-car conductors, while well trained physicians were fighting off starvation. Ten good men struggled for each job offering a chance to a high-grade, technically trained worker. Should we wonder that when 1914 dawned various radical political parties were swiftly gaining the upper hand all over Germany? Big-brain culture became a world menace within a few decades. It will become that again and again, unless we learn to regulate it as cautiously as we regulate the manufacture of high explosives and deadly

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poisons. TNT is a feeble detonator as compared with a thwarted intelligence. And potassium cyanide is a soft drink beside it.

The cash value of a good laboratory worker, of an electrical engineer, of a chemist, of a lawyer, of a physician, and of many another superior technician is already declining in our own land. And when cash value drops, opportunities narrow. The psychic consequences of thwarted intelligence are already appearing, though faintly as yet. Our colleges, faculty and students alike, are growing acidly critical of Things as They Are. Our ablest fictionists are turning from sugary idealism to bitter realistic studies. Our most intelligent bankers, manufacturers, and farmers grow more merciless in their condemnation of our laws and customs. But, above all, thousands of intelligent men and women are becoming criminals, with full knowledge and full self-approval of their act. All this, I take it, indicates a profound maladjustment between these superior individuals and their social surroundings. How much of it is due to sheer lack of adequate opportunity? I guess a good deal of it is. An intelligent man may be trusted to find an opening for his abilities, if there is any within his range of observation. If he does not find it, the odds are great that the chance does not exist. Hundreds of thousands of school-teachers and ministers earn less than dish-washers. Will anybody maintain that the teachers and ministers could find much better jobs at which they could use their minds to capacity? It is unthinkable.

The Biological Bloc will secretly denounce me for all these views. They will assure you, beloved subjects, that I am opposing the improvement of the human race. They will call me a traitor to eugenics and to progress. But the opposite is the truth. It is they who are standing in the way of genuine progress. It is they who, if allowed to have their way, will wreck every sound eugenical program.

They urge us to adopt their New Decalogue of Science, which would forbid us to protect the weak, to keep the sick alive, to allow moron parents to bear moron children, and to improve physical conditions in homes and cities and asylums. In this New Decalogue they say that "all noble-hearted but soft-headed schemes for ameliorating the conditions of life have failed and will fail to improve the race; and are in fact hastening its deterioration." Hence we should return to a policy of harshness; we must make the environment sterner, and we must prevent the breeding of softlings. Back to the rugged hairy man of the cave! Down with the frills and coddlings of our pervert civilization!

Beloved subjects! We shall next undertake to prove that amelioration never has failed to improve the race. We shall show that it is not harming it now. That done, we shall make clear to you that the world does not need a New Decalogue so much as it needs a New Testament of Science founded on faith, hope, and charity. Faith that man can work out his own salvation. Hope that in our time we shall not be swept to ruin by our own natural impulses. And, above all, charity toward all freaks and

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fanatics who, like ourselves, are products of that same Nature which brings forth maniacs, newspaper columnists, deaf-mutes, aldermen, saxophone players, thugs, priests, statisticians, contortionists, and all the rest of that hurly-burly which calls itself the human race. For all these are specially hypersensitive souls. They are, in the strict sense, all abnormal, deviating in some respect from that stale normality which is the curse of most of us. They are the hope of the race. For only out of a higher abnormality can a better normal man arise. What that consists of, it shall be our next task to show.

(Next month: Sensitivity and Progress)

HEROD

WILLIAM E. BROOKS

And so the Magic-worker comes at last!
Three years he's shown his wondrous might to men.
They say his touch has power, that fever flees
Before his fingers, even blind eyes see;
To-day perhaps he'll show that power to me.
Youth slips from me, my body's growing old,
Older than my years warrant. I have lived
With wine and song and merry Roman girls
And merry Roman boys in Cæsar's house,
And now I pay the price. Perhaps this man
Will touch me and will bring my youth again.
I'll try him, seek a sign, and then I'll draw
Him close beside me, offer him his freedom,
All he desires as well, if he will work
The miracle that brings me youth again.
He has his price, I'm sure, like any man.
Then Rome once more, while Cæsar stares agape
At my new strength—and nights of wine and song!

He stood and looked and answered not a word.
But, oh! how deep he looked within my soul
Past places where I had not looked for years.
Such men as he and John would drive me mad;
And so he goes to Pilate—and his end!

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On Patrol

Martin Armstrong

The air in the dugout was flat, stale, and earthy, and neither warm nor cool. A single candle burned on a table, shedding a melancholy light which hardly reached to the walls of the square, low-roofed room. Along one of the walls ran a rough wooden structure, like a large, three-storied rabbit-hutch open in front, which comprised three sleeping-bunks. The beds were shallow hammocks of wire netting, stapled along each edge to the wooden framework. The two upper bunks were empty except for a blanket and a kit-bag; in the bottom one lay a young man rolled up in a brown blanket with a coat thrown over his feet. Nothing was exposed except his brown head and a fraction of khaki shoulder. His name was Freen, and he was a platoon commander.

In a dugout it is always night. There that sense of the time of day which, under normal life, a man derives intuitively from his varied routine, and the degree of light or darkness, is lost. Time has stood still, it seems, at some unknown hour not far from midnight. Young Freen opened his eyes and, shaking a wrist clear of the blanket, saw that his watch was near upon seven o'clock. Up above, the sun must have set an hour ago; the men in the trench would be feeling that desolate, homeless sensation which comes with returning nightfall in the line, and at the thought of it Freen felt it too. He had been trying to get a little sleep before 8:30, when it was his duty to take out a patrol consisting of a sergeant and eight men, to examine the state of the German wire. But he could not sleep. He lay with his eyes closed, trying to keep his mind empty of thought; and when thoughts came none the less, he opened his eyes and stared with a sort of sick hatred at the crass reality of the things that stood before him. Like some hateful being that no effort of his could make to flinch, each thing stared back at him, loathsome and oppressive in its inescapable familiarity. Time after time he fell into a brief doze, from which he woke to a sense of something that oppressed his mind like a physical weight; and with wearying reiteration, as his mind cleared, he once again found himself faced by the impending patrol. It was horrible. Freen was not a coward. He was just as able as any of his fellow-officers to disguise his feelings under a calm exterior, and now he had not the smallest doubt that when the moment arrived he would be perfectly competent to carry out the job. In fact, he kept wishing that the moment *would* arrive. It was the suspense that was so horrible—

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the long inaction which separated him from the moment, leaving him at the mercy of the physical protests which the vigorous life in him was making against the threat of extinction. He was cold, and reaching out one arm he felt for the coat at his feet and drew it up over him. That coldness, he knew well enough, was simply honest terror; and he knew too that if he did not keep his teeth clenched they would chatter, and if he relaxed the muscles of his legs they would shudder in a continuous palsy. And suddenly he felt that he was weary of keeping up this restraint. What, after all, was the point in pretending to *himself?* He relaxed his leg-muscles and felt a kind of relief in letting them obey their impulse. But he still kept his teeth clenched, for fear that, if he were to let them chatter, Dixon, his company commander, would hear.

That reminded him of Dixon: he had forgotten that he was there; and he opened his eyes once again and glanced toward the table. Dixon was still in exactly the same attitude as half an hour ago. He was sitting, a dark heap, on the bench that divided the table from the wall; his elbows were on the table and his head in his hands. He was not reading or writing or even dozing. He was doing nothing at all but simply existing in that state of torpor which the air of a dug-out always induces. It seemed to Freen, as he watched him, that he was waiting—patiently waiting . . . for what? For the end of the war, no doubt. Freen closed his eyes once more and began to run over again the orders for the patrol. Eight men! They expected him—those damned fools at Headquarters—to take eight men. It was easy enough to sit in a comfortable dug-out or hut, well behind the front line, and issue orders; but if they would try taking a patrol or two themselves, or even come and live in the line for a few days and get to know something about it, they would discover that to take eight men racketing about in that particular place would be sheer lunacy. The boche was barely two hundred yards away—a bit to the left he was not more than fifty yards away, and you could hear him coughing—and No-Man's-Land just there was as flat as a billiard-table. Besides, any one who had done the thing before knew what a row eight men made, even when they were trying their hardest to be quiet. "Examine the enemy wire," those were the orders, "and report on its condition and whether there are any gaps." And 8:30! What an hour to choose! Last night at 8:30 it had still been clear twilight. A pretty sort of lunatic he would look leading eight men along the boche wire, all clearly outlined against a green sky like a lot of cardboard birds and beasts in a shooting-gallery. Yes, a shooting-gallery; that's just what it would be! His mind boiled with impotent rage against the unknown writer of the orders. Damned swine! Bloody fool! "Skipper!" he broke out aloud, urged into speech by the violence of his feelings; "eight men's simply absurd."

"What eight men?" murmured the immovable shape of Dixon.

"Why, the eight men I'm supposed to take on this damned Cook's tour along the boche wire. I might

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just as well line them up in the trench and shoot them before we start."

Dixon's only reply was a sound which might have been either a laugh or a grunt.

"They'll only be in my way," Freen went on. "I'd much better leave them all behind and just take Sergeant Sims."

The object of this statement was to sound Dixon, but Dixon was not to be drawn, and so Freen went on:

"It's not as if we were supposed to be a fighting patrol. What's the good of eight men when you've got to be noiseless and invisible and keep out of trouble? Eh, skipper?"

"To protect you, my son."

"Protect? Why, they'll give the show away for a certainty before we get within fifty yards of the boche line."

Dixon made no reply. He sat with his elbows on the table and his head in his hands, waiting for the end of the war.

"But really, skipper," came the voice from the bed again; "mayn't I leave the men behind?"

"What about orders?"

"But, as you must admit, the orders are absurd. I can't think," he broke out in exasperation, "why they don't just tell us to get the information they want and leave it to us, who *know* something, how and when we are to get it." He lay on his side, his head propped on his left hand, staring at Dixon. A feeling of despair was coming over him, for Dixon looked as if he were paying no attention to his troubles.

But after a moment's silence Dixon slowly raised his head. "Well, look here," he said. "Take four men and leave the other four in the trench. Tell them they're to be a sort of extra sentry-post and keep a special lookout in the direction you go in."

Freen heaved a sigh of relief. He was too tired to argue any more; but why even four men? It was just like old Dixon, always so cautious about orders, whether he saw that they were impossible or not. However, something at least had been achieved. The weight on his mind had been lightened, and he turned wearily away from the flame of the candle and closed his eyes again. After all, he reflected, it was a short job. In two hours he would actually be back, lying where he was now, the whole business over. Looked at like that, the thing seemed simple. For one hour he had merely to lie still and do nothing, and during the next he had to crawl about cautiously in the dark, playing a sort of grim hide-and-seek. Yes, it was simple enough. The thought of having to take a lot of men with him had been the only trouble.

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At a quarter past eight, feeling cold and tired, he got up and began to get ready. He handed his pocket-case to Dixon and took off his identity-disk and shoulder-badges, so that if the boche got hold of him there would be nothing on him to identify the battalion. "My home address is in the pocket-case," he remarked casually. "I shan't take my tin hat and gas-bag: they only get in the way when it comes to crawling"; and bareheaded, with nothing but his revolver and a handful of extra rounds in his pocket, he turned to go.

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Dixon looked up at him. "Good luck!" he said: "and mind you don't forget to have every post warned that you're going out."

"I've already told Sergeant Sims to have that done," Freen answered as he went out.

At the foot of the dugout stairs Sergeant Sims was waiting for him. "Are the men ready?" Freen asked.

"They're waiting up in the trench, sir."

Freen lowered his voice. "Look here, Sims; I'm not taking out all the men. We're to leave four of them in the trench."

"And a good idea too, sir. It's pretty light upstairs."

"Is it? *How* light?"

"Well, as you'll see, sir, a good bit too light for the job."

Freen was silent for a moment. "Then we'll not take the other four either," he said. "We'll dump them just outside our wire to wait till we come back. You and I can manage much better alone. What do you think?"

"I'm all for going alone, sir."

"Good. Then hadn't you better leave your rifle and get a revolver? Do as you like about your hat and gas-bag. I'm leaving mine; they're a damned nuisance when you crawl."

As he climbed the dugout stair Freen saw a pale, translucent square of sky waiting for him at the top of it. He climbed with his body bent forward to avoid the low roof that threatened his hatless head. It was a relief, when he had stepped out into the trench, to stretch his back and shoulders and breathe in the fresh air. The evening was clear and green; he looked at his watch and saw that even the second-hand was clearly visible. The eight men, a conglomeration of restless, murmuring shapes, stood waiting near the dugout entrance. Freen divided them into two parties and put each in charge of its senior man. Then he gave to each its orders—the one to remain on guard in the trench, the other to lie down outside our wire and keep quiet till he and the sergeant returned. "And remember," Sims warned them; "if you shoot us, you're *for* it." Freen was aware, whether by sympathy or some still undefined power of perception, of a slackening of tension among the men, of something like an inaudible sigh of relief, and the sense of it aroused a similar feeling in himself. He led them along the winding trench to the point from which he was to start, and having posted the party that was to remain in the trench, he and Sims with the remaining four climbed on to the parapet and began with infinite caution to pick their way through the thick tangles of wire. Every sound—each small click of a buckle against the wire, even the breathing and occasional sniffing of the men—seemed, in the night stillness, as if it must be audible for miles. It was as if the whole world were listening for them alone. How slow and clumsy they seemed, as Freen, who was the first to get through the wire, stood watching the five swaying shapes sharply defined in the clear green light. "It's a wonder," he thought, "that they haven't spotted us already."

At last, thank God, all were through, and, finding an old shell-hole a few yards in front of the wire, Freen settled them down in it and

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gave them their final instructions. "Now we're all right," he whispered to Sims. Having got those fellows safely through the wire, the worst, he felt, was over. He and Sims began slowly to move forward, and Freen felt, as he always felt in No-Man's-Land, that he was walking in some high place, exposed, as if under a searchlight, to hundreds of eyes.

After they had gone about fifty yards he stopped and Sims, who followed behind, glided up beside him like ghost meeting ghost.

"There's a hole just ahead there," Freen whispered, "a bit of trench. You see the chalk? May be a sap. Better get down. Follow me, and if I waggle my heel, lie still."

They dropped quietly to their hands and knees and crept forward in single file. When he was within a few yards of the chalk Freen stopped again. From where he lay he could see down into the hole. It was a small isolated trench, a motionless confusion of glimmering whiteness and black shadow. He was watching one of the shadows. It seemed, as he stared at it, to stand out detached, blacker and more solid than the rest. Sims slid up beside him and they lay for an age, watching together. But the shadow never moved, and they began to crawl forward again. And as he crawled, Freen was thinking to himself: "The waiting's over. Here we are, doing the job. The hour's actually running its course"; and it seemed to him that he was engaged in the performance of something unreal. He felt detached, incredulous, and, except for a sort of physical tension somewhere about the pit of his stomach, perfectly calm. He stared into the darkness ahead, and it seemed to him that he could detect a vague gray hedge stretched across the world in front of him. They must be getting somewhere near the enemy wire. But next moment, at a point much farther ahead, a light shot up out of the ground, and in one brief flash Freen saw the boche wire clearly outlined against it. It was much farther away than he had thought. In an instant the light had soared upward, filling all No-Man's-Land with a staring brilliance scarred by great slashes of trembling shadows. Then it drooped and dived winking to the earth, where it lay pulsating like a dying thing ten yards from where they lay. In the ebbing brightness Freen saw a long stretch of silver-washed foreground spread out before him.

When the darkness came back it seemed much deeper than before and they crawled ahead, feeling for the first time that they were invisible. Progression by crawling is slow, and it seemed that they had covered a great distance when Freen came upon a shallow shell-hole overgrown with grass. He slid into it to rest, for the crawling was laborious work, and Sims slid in after him. "Rest a bit," Freen whispered in his ear, "and see where we are." But it was difficult now to see anything, and Sims sat up on his heels and began to look about him. Freen, glancing up at him, saw the dark mass of his head and shoulders sway across the background of green sky.

Next minute there came three loud reports out of the darkness to their right and, following the reports, the hum of a flying fragment, low overhead. Hand-grenades. Had the

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boche too seen something? Freen felt suddenly amused. There was something laughable in that symptom of apprehension among the invisible and inaudible folk in front of them. "Damned bad shots anyhow!" he whispered to Sims. But Sims was fumbling for his revolver, and it seemed to Freen extraordinary that he should be taking the thing so seriously. But next moment another flickering light shot up—how surprisingly close the wire was now!—and, immediately after, a terrific pulsating din burst upon them. It stopped, and Freen heard an electric bell jangling loudly and furiously. It filled the night. He was astounded, terrified. It was the unaccountableness of the thing that terrified him. But in a few seconds he understood, for the sound was already becoming less real. It was his ear, his right ear, ringing and jangling, half-deafened by the splitting noise of the machine-gun. He could feel the numbness of it now, thick, wadded, as if filled with clay.

They lay flattened on to the ground, immovable, waiting. But they had not to wait long. After a brief pause the machine-gun opened up again. It was immediately in front of them and, it seemed, only a yard or two away. Freen could feel a beating in the grass a few inches from his head. It was the bullets striking the earth. They lay, he and Sims, flattened into their shell-hole like two large fish in a soup-plate. Then again there came silence—vast, overwhelming silence—and they listened with all their ears for what might happen next. Would a party be sent out through the wire to look for them? If it came to that, they would have to run for it. For the first time the thought came to Freen that this was deadly earnest, and it was quite likely that he and Sims would never get back to the company. But no new sound arose, only a sense that eyes were riveted on the spot where they lay, watching for the smallest movement. They lay still as dead men, and time flowed over their heads, how much time they never knew. But at last, when all had been quiet for an age and the length of time for which a man would continue to watch seemed to be past, Freen turned his head and whispered to Sims: "We'll crawl back! Keep quite flat!" And he began to slue himself around like a snake. Slowly and noiselessly they drew themselves along with their arms, crooking the right leg sideways and sliding their bodies forward with the right knee pivoted on the ground.

And so they crawled till they were exhausted. After a short rest they rose on their hands and knees and did another fifty yards. By that time it seemed that the boche must be far behind them, and they rose stiffly to their feet and walked upright. How secure they felt now; and yet at that point on their way out they were creeping carefully on hands and knees. Freen kept bearing to his right. By doing so, he knew he would strike a broken railway which ran straight back to their own wire; and soon they struck it and walked boldly ahead, following the line of it.

Suddenly there was a movement and a hiss in front of them.

"All right! All right! It's us!" said Freen aloud, for he had heard a sharply whispered "Who's that?"

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and knew at once that they were already reaching their first party of men. He chuckled to himself. The fellow, by the sound of his whisper, had been quite scared. And yet what was there to be scared about at that distance from the boche? "Come on!" he said to them. "Get up! What's the matter with you?"

The men climbed stiffly to their feet, and Freen led the way through the wire. Five minutes later he was through it and stood on the parapet. White faces under helmets stared up at him; he saw the gas-masks on their chests and their bayonets pointing sharp out of the trench, and it struck him as extraordinary that men should be watching, alert and fully armed, in a place which seemed to him now so absolutely secure. He stooped forward and, putting one hand on the shoulder of the sentry below, jumped down on to the fire-step beside him. Bareheaded, stripped of everything but his revolver, he felt happy, careless, secure. Life pulsed in a warm flood through his body and limbs. He stretched himself and breathed in the familiar earthy smell of the trench. The night air was cool and fresh on his face, and it seemed to him at that moment that he was at the very summit of health and manhood. He waited till the last man had jumped down into the trench and then turned with Sims toward company headquarters. "What we want now, Sims," he said, "is a drink." When they had scrambled down into the snug, good-smelling dugout, Freen took a deep breath. "Well," he said to the sergeant, "that's done!" and he groped along the dim tunnel to the officers' mess.

Dixon was sitting at the table waiting for the end of the war. He looked up as Freen entered. "Well, thank God for that!" he said in his quiet, tired voice. "I was beginning to wonder if I ought to expect you."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Well, we heard you having high jinks out there. When the sentry heard those bombs, he came down and mentioned it to me, and I got up in time for the machine-gun display. I've been hanging about up there for an hour. I gave you an hour and a half. After that I began to think you'd stopped a packet."

"What I want," said Freen, as if Dixon had asked him, "is a drink; two drinks," he added as he stepped out of the officers' mess and shouted into the dark: "Sims!"

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PROHIBITION IN EUROPE

Where Governments Are Going into the Liquor Business

H. V. KALTENBORN

FUTURE historians scanning world events may point to 1926 as the year marking the first decided recession in the prohibition wave which rose with the World War.

In most places where the voter spoke his preference he favored the removal of existing restrictions. In Russia, where the voter has little to say, and few opportunities to say that little, the Soviet government abandoned its futile attempt to enforce a prohibition régime upon the hard-drinking Russian peasant. By popular referendum Norway removed the restriction which limited the alcoholic content of beverages to 21 per cent. France restored a weakened type of absinthe. Ontario substituted state-regulated sale for prohibition, Nova Scotia's legislature voted for a referendum, and New Brunswick has come out for the control system.

Prohibition will be one of the major issues of our 1928 campaign. That much is clear as the result of the various state elections in 1926. The advocates of modification made such progress in persuasion last November that they are consolidating their gains and preparing for another advance. Five important States, representing one fifth of our total population, voted a vigorous protest against the Volstead Act.

Some students of the temperance movement declare that in prohibition, as in prosperity, there are regular cycles which can be predicted on the basis of experience. They see in the events of the past two years every evidence that the strong drift toward prohibition which began with the war has come to an end. In their view the upward curve of the prohibition line reached its height in 1925 and the downward trend is unmistakable.

Almost everywhere governments are going into the liquor business. Prohibition may be on the decline, but government control is on the increase. For while prohibition has not prohibited, government regulation has actually regulated. In place of the privately owned saloon on the one hand and ineffective prohibition on the other, there is developing a middle way. Admitting that uncontrolled drinking is a curse and that prohibition is impossible, European governments surround drinking with restrictions that reduce or eliminate its evils. High taxation, local option, eliminating the profit motive, outlawing saloons, reducing the quantity allowed, lowering the alcoholic content, or complete government control are all used in the battle against alcoholism.

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"The power to tax is the power to destroy." In both England and Denmark there is a determination to make the tax on alcoholic beverages high enough to check excessive consumption. The desire for revenue and the wish to promote temperance are both satisfied by imposing extremely heavy taxes on beverages with a high alcohol content. Germany has even gone so far as to increase her beer tax while reducing the levies on most luxuries.

Yet no country has been completely successful in finding the ideal mean between prohibition and the saloon. England's high taxation has not eliminated some of the worst features of the public house. Sweden represents the best example of complete government control, yet there is unceasing agitation for change. Neither the prohibitionists nor the antis are willing to accept things as they are. Dissatisfied with every form of prohibition, Norway has introduced certain features of the Swedish system.

There are special circumstances which make the experience of three countries, Russia, Finland, and Sweden, of particular interest to the United States. Russia's size and its large peasant population suggest some relation to conditions here. Russia tried a prohibition régime and abandoned it. Finland, like the United States, is in the throes of the prohibition experiment. Because Finland is surrounded by "wet" areas, enforcement has thus far proved impossible, yet no political party has dared to urge a change in the law. Sweden's experience with liquor control is particularly valuable because it covers a sixty-year period in the course of which Sweden has developed the most elaborate control machinery to be found anywhere.

The same Russian peasant who defeated communism defeated prohibition. Against his stubbornness the autocrats of Moscow could not prevail.

For centuries alcohol has been a curse in Russia. Vodka drinking is almost universal among adult Russian males. Russian women drink very little. The drunken muzhik is the comic character of the Russian stage. The emphasis on drink in Russian plays and novels is an accurate reflection of Russian life. The ravages of alcohol have been greater in Russia than elsewhere. Not that Russians drink more than Frenchmen, but what they drink is more potent and more harmful.

Here was a challenge to the theorists of the October Revolution. They were remaking the world, and drinking is "an unproductive bourgeois custom" to which communism was always opposed. "Drink is a weapon used by capitalists to enslave the proletariat." Like religion, alcohol, in the Communist lexicon, is "opium for the people." Away with it! And so with the revolution came prohibition.

A government which wipes out private property, which eliminates religion, which turns the world upside down in pursuit of a theory, does not fear to cope with an ingrained social habit. Russians drink too much; ergo they must stop drinking.

But in this, as in so much else, the Russian peasant refuses to respond to Communist commands. In the remote districts he has long been in

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the habit of making his own vodka. There he simply continued the wasteful process of distilling grain into alcohol in the home-made stills familiar to many Russian generations. In the villages peasants and small traders went into the business of illicit distilling as soon as the country stores ceased to supply the demand because of the watchfulness of the Soviet authorities.

The Soviet government did not wink at the violation of the prohibition law. It placed all its enormous power in the service of law enforcement. The men in Moscow believed that if they permitted their authority to be defied it would undermine the Communist régime. Grain was desperately needed. The famine year had shown what a single crop failure could do. The wheat required by the peasant to distil a pint of vodka would keep that peasant's family supplied with bread for a day.

The peasant was not delivering his grain to the government. Moscow suspected that one reason was the peasant's desire to keep himself supplied with grain-distilled vodka through the long winter. It was decided to teach him the uselessness of this procedure by confiscating every still in the land. The entire moral and material force of the Communist government was concentrated on the effort to make prohibition effective.

Beginning in 1922 the Russian courts and jails were clogged with prohibition cases. There were only 94,000 in that year, but by 1923 the number increased to 191,000. In 1924 the government authorities dealt with 275,000 separate cases in which the prohibition law was violated.

There was a special effort to seize the illicit stills which supplied whole villages with their habitual quota of Russia's national drink. In 1922 22,000 such stills were confiscated; in 1923 the authorities seized 52,000; and in 1924, the last year in which there was a persistent effort to enforce the law, 73,000 stills fell into the hands of the government's representatives.

The dominant note in the Soviet government is opportunism. Those who compose the inner councils were theorists once, but they are practical politicians now. Because they advocated theories which clash with practical achievement, Trotsky, Zinoviev, and Kamenev were pushed aside last year by the more sturdy realists like Stalin, who are willing to compromise with facts.

By the summer of 1925 it was clear that prohibition could not even be imperfectly enforced except at an enormous cost. Everything else was being sacrificed to produce revenue. The huge bureaucratic apparatus required under a system of state capitalism consumed enormous sums. Instead of bringing in revenue, the manufacture of alcohol was wasting grain, and making Moscow unpopular with the peasants whose support is essential if the Red government is to endure.

There was a difference of opinion in the inner councils of the Kremlin as to what should be done. The prestige of the government was involved. To abandon prohibition was to confess failure. To retain it without enforcement would be worse. It was decided to abandon prohibition and substitute government control. The manufacture and sale of

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intoxicants was legalized as a government monopoly, and of the many state enterprises this one soon became the most profitable.

Comrade Semashko, Russia's commissar of health, who was in the thick of the fight on the side of prohibition, confessed failure with a note of sadness. "We abandoned prohibition," he said to the writer, "not because we do not believe in it, but because we found enforcement impossible.

"It was better to create a system of legal control than to permit the conditions developed by prohibition to continue. Now we have at least some measure of supervision. Vodka may not be sold to children. No store may sell more than one bottle at a time to any one person. Whenever we are assured that the majority of the population in any district objects to the sale of vodka, we do not permit it to be sold. Already we have dry districts around certain factories and in large areas near Archangel and in the Crimea. I have myself forbidden the sale of vodka in our southern health resorts.

"We are now seeking to do through education by tracts, lectures, films, and posters what we failed to do by law. Our situation is different from yours. You are dealing with highly educated people who can be made to understand that drink is an evil. Ours is a people in a low state of cultivation. Drinking has been universal in Russia for generations, but our intensive educational campaign in schools, clubs, youth organizations, and moving-picture houses is teaching our people the dangers of alcohol. We may come back to prohibition, but it will take time."

There is no agreement among Russians or among foreign observers in Russia as to whether conditions are better or worse since prohibition was abandoned. The majority says there is more drinking now than when the sale of vodka was forbidden. Commissar Semashko believes that city conditions are worse and country conditions better since prohibition was abandoned.

Critics of the Moscow government declare that a few years of persistent effort might have won the Russian peasant away from his vodka but that the government's desire for revenue and for peasant popularity led it to abandon the only Communist legislation that reflected credit on the Red régime in capitalist circles.

Russia likely needs prohibition more than any other country. Of all widely known intoxicants, vodka is the strongest and the one that gives least pleasure to the sense of taste. The art of drinking vodka is to gulp it down. It is supposed to be kept away from the sensitive nerves of tongue or palate. The Russian drinks vodka to get drunk, and the streets of every city and village testify to his success. Drunkards abound in Moscow at all hours of the day and night. They are so common as to be disregarded by the passing throng. Sometimes it is a mere boy who has reached that condition of utter helplessness induced by this particular drink. Conditions in Russia under prohibition undoubtedly were bad. It seems difficult to believe that they could have been worse than they are to-day.

Already the government has had to increase the alcoholic strength of

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the official brand of vodka. The peasant complained that the 40 per cent alcoholic strength of the government type produced less "kick" than the kind to which he was accustomed. He went back to making his own, and the number of illicit stills increased. When the government took stock on the first anniversary of the abandonment of prohibition it was decided to reduce the price of vodka. It was hoped that this would bring into the market a little more of the grain which the peasant continues to hoard. One of the Soviet experts on Russia's vodka consumption assured the government that a cut of ten kopecks (five cents) in the official retail price of a bottle of vodka would save 250,000,000 poods of grain from illicit stills.

The Soviet government has yet to make vodka cheap enough and strong enough to eliminate illicit competition. Prohibition has failed in Russia; and government control, apart from the financial returns, is not a success.

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If some one should call the Finns the Yankees of the North, they would not object. To say that they introduced prohibition because we did may be going too far, but they were strongly influenced by our experiment. The very text of the prohibition law proclaimed by the president of the Finnish Republic on June 1, 1922, shows a close study of the Volstead Act.

How is it working? The best answer to that question is to be found in the report of a committee which recently made a thorough investigation of every phase of its administration. Two of the members are convinced that it has worked as well as could be expected and that there has been a notable improvement. Two others are just as firmly convinced that it has worked badly and that conditions are very much worse than before prohibition became the law of the land.

This committee also analyzed replies from some five thousand doctors, educators, clergymen, and social workers who were consulted as experts familiar with the situation. One third said conditions are better; one third were sure that they are worse; and the remaining third could see no change. For an American the Finnish situation is particularly interesting because of the many analogies with home conditions. He finds the same jokes and stories, the same violations, the same bootleggers, the same division in opinion. The public revenues of Esthonia have profited by Finland's illicit thirst just as those of Canada have been advantaged by our lawlessness. There are those who say that the Esthonian state was saved from bankruptcy in 1922 by Finland's prohibition law. The irregular coast-lines of the two countries are only a short distance apart.

Like the Swedes and Russians, the Finns are addicted to hard liquor, "harder" even than ours, for in alcohol content illicit Finnish *spriita* often surpasses Swedish *snaps* or Russian vodka. The Finns explain this on the ground that since *spriita* must be smuggled, it pays best to deal in the kinds which have an alcohol content of 50 per cent or over.

The comparative popularity of different types of beverages in prohibition Finland is shown by the

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official figures on government confiscations during 1925. Here they are: champagne, 243 liters; wine, 2665 liters; cordials, 639 liters; cognac and whisky, 5729 liters; spirits, 547,736 liters.

The tremendous increase in the amount of intoxicants seized by the authorities from year to year is cited by both sides of the prohibition argument. The Finnish drys declare that the increase in the seizures from 488,767 liters of spirits in 1923 to 547,736 liters in 1925 is the best evidence of success in law enforcement. The wets maintain that it proves larger imports and more universal violation. There is the same divided opinion about the arrests for drunkenness, which increased from 46,748 to 52,801 in a single year.

Foreigners visiting Helsingfors, the Finnish capital, soon become aware that violation of the law is general. In some of the hotels the waiter will suggest a drink if the stranger forgets to ask for it. At the Hotel Kamp restaurant, which is supposed to serve the best food to be had in Helsingfors, the partly filled water-glasses on many of the tables contained spirits. The law permits the manufacture and sale of 2 per cent beer. Because of its poor quality this beer is not universally popular. But the Hotel Kamp has a wine-cellar and offers its guests the choice of some excellent French still wines and champagnes.

Finnish marks sell around forty to the dollar, and this depreciation brings the cost of living for an American down to between one third and one half of what it is in the United States. But this proportion does not hold for the price of liquor. What we would call a double portion of spirits—single portions are apparently unknown in prohibition Finland—costs from forty to sixty cents. French wines range from five to ten dollars a bottle at retail, although the price is reduced for banquets. Helsingfors wits have a choice story about a diplomat from a dry country accredited to a dry country who served six different kinds of drinks at an official function in a Helsingfors hotel.

Perhaps the most significant feature in the Finnish situation is that the authorities are reconciled to partial enforcement. When confronted with the fact that the law is openly violated in the leading hotels of Helsingfors, the chief of police excused his inaction on the ground that these hotels are largely patronized by foreigners. He made the point that in case of a raid it would be hard to distinguish between foreigners and natives and that the arrest of a foreigner might create international friction. One must remember that Finland's relations with her neighbors have not been easy and that there is no desire to stir up renewed trouble. In fairness to the Helsingfors police it should also be added that one hotel was actually raided and closed for six months for selling intoxicants.

The Helsingfors newspapers are against prohibition. The country press favors it. There is the same difference of opinion between city population and inhabitants of rural districts as in the United States. The women of Finland also favor strict enforcement of the law. Thus far no political party in Finland has dared to come out openly for revocation, and there is no well

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organized movement against prohibition. The nearest approach to it is the declaration of one of the minor parties in favor of the Swedish rationing system.

In the country districts of Finland there is far more respect for the law than in Helsingfors. Requests for a drink at half a dozen small-town hotels were refused in a way which indicated surprise that such an order should be given. And while there are many intoxicated persons on the streets of Helsingfors, a journey through various parts of interior Finland failed to reveal any obvious violation of the law. In Finland, as in the United States, it is the coastal districts that cause the most trouble.

The Finnish Ministry of Social Affairs shares the responsibility for enforcing prohibition with the police and the customs officers. This division of authority hampers enforcement. There has been friction, duplicate jurisdiction, and shifting of responsibility, all of which has been of great assistance to the bootleggers.

Now that the Finns have a twelve-mile-limit law and a larger appropriation, the enforcement authorities propose to develop their border patrol. Finns who oppose prohibition predict that while this may reduce imports it will result in the establishment of numerous illicit stills in the country districts. Thus far it has been so easy to import spirits that there has been comparatively little illicit manufacture at home. An efficient group of German bootleggers has displaced the Esthonians, and their ingenuity in outwitting Finland's small enforcement squad has kept Finnish salesmen well supplied with every kind of liquor.

There is a delightful frankness at the Finnish Ministry of Social Affairs with regard to enforcement. "It is human nature to want to drink," the acting minister declared with a smile. "We have a long coastline, and smuggling is easy. We disagree among ourselves as to the advisability of strict enforcement. Many hold that it is useless to attempt it."

One easy way to get liquor is through doctors' prescriptions. These have been granted so freely, and drug-stores have become such a convenient source of supply, that the law is to be changed.

The "land of a thousand lakes" is still wet. It has not done as well as the United States in enforcement. But no one appears to worry on that account. Even those who admit that there has been little progress in the battle against alcoholism under prohibition believe it best to let the law stand, to continue a reasonable amount of enforcement, and to trust the future to solve the many problems to which prohibition has given rise.

Sweden is to-day the best disciplined country in Europe. The ingrained Swedish habit of response to authority is one reason why its elaborate system of alcohol control succeeds. In a larger, less cohesive country, or in one where the population is not so amenable to the demands of law and order, the Swedish system might be a complete failure.

Dr. Ivan Bratt, the patron saint and chief administrator of Sweden's government monopoly in the import, manufacture, and sale of all intoxicants, himself declares that the Bratt

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system, as it is generally known, is nine tenths administration and one tenth legislation. After battling for more than a decade against both prohibitionists and anti-prohibitionists, he has come to the conclusion that it is essential to accept human nature as it is, and that reform in human habits must be achieved by a gradual process of education and social development.

That is why he opposes the proposal made by Socialist members of the Riksdag to reduce the present maximum monthly allowance of spirits from four liters to three. "It is unwise," he says, "to emphasize this maximum. Only one fourth of all our customers get four liters a month; only one half of them get as much as two liters a month. To make a great to-do about cutting down the legal maximum might stimulate our customers to insist upon getting more. Our aim is to develop self-control and abstinence. If legal restriction is too rigid it defeats itself by encouraging illicit sale."

Sweden has had the immeasurable advantage of working into its present system through seventy years of continuous experiment. In the middle of the last century the excessive consumption of potato spirit, a cheap, easily manufactured drink of high alcoholic content, made Sweden a drink-cursed country. By 1855 the temperance movement was strong enough to eliminate the innumerable small distilleries and to make a beginning with regulation.

The famous Gothenburg system which came into being in 1866 substituted restaurants for saloons and did away with private profit as a motive in the liquor trade. Gothenburg's experiment was soon copied in other towns and by 1913 led to the federalization of all separate local efforts. The success of prohibition during the general strike of 1909 stimulated all temperance advocates and gave the enthusiastic Dr. Bratt a chance to introduce the distinctive feature of the Swedish system, the famous *motbok* by means of which the consumption of each individual is controlled.

This *motbok*, Sweden's most popular publication, of which over one million copies are now in circulation, differentiates the Swedish system from all other forms of federal license, regulation, or control. In 1925 these books were issued to exactly 1,076,780 residents of Sweden, which is, roughly speaking, one for every six inhabitants. They entitled the holder to purchase from one to four liters—a liter is a little more than a quart—of spirits each month together with a reasonable amount of wine. Nine tenths of all the liquors consumed in Sweden are bought and sold through the *motbok*. Without a *motbok* it is impossible to purchase bottled liquor anywhere in Sweden. Restaurant patrons can obtain one good-sized drink of spirits and as much wine as they care for with each meal, but there are no saloons or cafés which specialize in selling drinks.

The more money you have the more you are permitted to drink. *Motboks* are issued on demand to natives or foreigners who satisfy the authorities that they are sober, law-abiding citizens who can afford the luxury of alcoholic indulgence. If one tells Dr. Bratt that this is undemocratic, he replies that true democ-

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racy consists in taking into account the difference between individuals and regulating their relation to alcohol on the basis of that difference. Following this line of reasoning the Swedish state considers it undemocratic to tempt the poor man to spend a disproportionate part of his wages upon alcohol. So he is permitted to buy only one liter each month where the rich man may waste his substance upon four liters.

Statistically everything speaks well for the Swedish control methods. Under the Bratt system the average individual consumption of *snaps*, Sweden's national drink, has declined 40 per cent. Cases of drunkenness have fallen off by nearly two thirds, while the number of habitual drunkards has declined by over two thirds. Statistical comparisons with Norway and Finland are favorable to Sweden. Taking the figures per thousand inhabitants last year, there were 5.3 convictions for drunkenness in Sweden as against 14 in Norway and 21.72 in Finland. The comparison with Finland is unfair, since being drunk is in itself an offense against the laws of that country, whereas in Sweden or Norway arrests are made only when the intoxicated individual creates a disturbance.

Compared with the general cost of living, the prices of intoxicants are far lower in Sweden than in most European countries. The shrewd Dr. Bratt realizes that this helps to popularize his control methods. Official liquor stores sell a quart of Swedish brandy for seventy cents. This price includes a 50 per cent tax which goes to the government. Good French red wine can be had for sixty cents a bottle and a high-grade champagne for three dollars a quart. There is no internal revenue tax on wines after they have paid the regular customs dues. The Swedish people spend over $50,000,000 a year for intoxicants. That is why the state's liquor profits bring in one fifth of Sweden's total revenue, despite the low prices at which liquor is sold.

In some quarters there is vigorous objection to the Swedish system. Some private restaurant owners in Stockholm complain that Dr. Bratt's administrators discriminate against them in favor of hotels and restaurants which are owned by the system. Sweden's leading hotel, the Grand in Stockholm, and other liquor-selling establishments have been purchased by the system companies in the course of their operations. Proprietors of country hotels who used to pride themselves on their wine-cellars find that the best brands are now sold to the big establishments in Stockholm. They seem unable to get choice vintages from the government stores. The inspectors who enforce the strict restaurant regulations governing the hours when spirits may be sold and the quantity which may be sold to any individual are said to keep stricter watch on some restaurants than on others. When a violation has been proved—and it is safe to say that every restaurant violates the rules in some way—the system has the right to place its own representative in charge of all liquor sales and keep the profits for itself.

As control has become more rigid, bootlegging has increased. In Stockholm alone 2180 persons were arrested on bootlegging charges in 1925. Public sentiment in Sweden

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condemns bootlegging, and the better classes of the population have nothing to do with the purchase or sale of illicit importations. It is largely a waterfront traffic among sailors. There is more drunkenness in the harbor districts of Gothenburg and Stockholm than anywhere else in Sweden.

One glance at the blank which must be filled out by those desiring a *motbok* would convince most Americans that Dr. Bratt's bureaucratic regulations would never do for the United States. He demands a complete social photograph from every person who seeks the right to purchase liquor. Where there is any doubt about the applicant, special investigators pay him a visit. Tax books, church authorities, municipal officials, and government records are consulted for information. The Stockholm City System has 400,000 individual information cards on file, and 200,000 of these are accompanied by special supplementary reports. In no other large city is there available such a mass of interesting material for social studies. If some American candidate for a doctor's degree in sociology is looking for an interesting thesis topic, he will find it in Dr. Bratt's card catalogue.

The arbiters of the Swedish system have autocratic authority, but they exercise it with such discrimination that appeals are rare. Dr. Bratt declares that in twelve years he has not become aware of a single case where one of his agents yielded to corruption. He has been fortunate in surrounding himself with socially minded helpers who have absorbed something of his militant enthusiasm for a great social experiment.

What general conclusions can the impartial observer draw from these diverse attempts to eliminate the evils due to alcohol? One safe statement is that neither in autocracies nor in democracies can drinking be stopped by decree. While it is true that in the United States we moved toward national prohibition statewise for half a century, it is apparent now that for those sections of the country outside of the dry areas the period of preparation was not long enough.

Prohibition raises the interesting question to what extent it is possible to tyrannize over a substantial minority. In Europe attempts at such tyranny have not succeeded. There the prohibitionists have had to compromise. Here there is a determined effort to make them compromise. Perhaps it is significant that everywhere in Europe where absolute prohibition has not been tried the dry forces are in the ascendant, while no country that has tried prohibition has succeeded in enforcing it. Wherever the dry attack scored a complete legislative success a retreat has followed or is predicted.

But it is encouraging to see that, once eliminated, the saloon does not return. It remains to be demonstrated that in any region where drinking habits are general those habits can be overcome except by the slow process of changing tastes and social habits. Laws may accelerate this process. They cannot, in themselves, bring it about.

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As the Angels Which Are in Heaven

They Neither Marry, Nor Are Given in Marriage

Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy

Said a great writer, some fifty years ago, "Marriage, once such a settled fact among us, is losing its sure foundation." Fifty years ago, such a statement was like the voice of one crying in the wilderness; to-day it is the commonplace of the street-corners.

What are we going to do about it?

It is evident enough what we *are* doing about it—at any rate the vast majority of us: we are lifting up our voices and weeping over it. We are deploring the decadence of our day; we are eulogizing the high principles of our fathers, and sitting on the housetops looking for the advent of some great revivalist. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

The human mind is fearful of nothing so much as change. It does not object to variety; indeed, in most cases, it demands variety, but real fundamental change can only be brought about through much travail. The human mind will hail with all honor the man who invents a new flavor for a rice-pudding, but the man who has the temerity to advocate the abolition of rice-pudding will be ridden out of town.

On no other one subject, it may be ventured, does the human mind more cordially hate to face facts than on the question of marriage, or more stubbornly refuse to envisage the possibility of radical change. The man who even so much as hints at such a suggestion is promptly written down, and written off, by the vast majority of Christian people at any rate, as a moral outlaw and an enemy of religion. No matter how much circumstances may proclaim to the contrary, marriage is still regarded as the "settled fact," and the terrible violence it suffers is always held to be the result of a depraved condition which must be redeemed, and never of a fuller and higher understanding of life which cannot be gainsaid. Human nature is ever seen as "going to the dogs," and never as ascending up into heaven. The world is forever looking *back* on its golden age. "When I was a boy" has been at once the pride and the reproach of each second generation since generations began.

"When I was a boy" marriages were real marriages, homes were real homes, children were real children, and parents were real parents. Divorce was a terrible, almost unthinkable, last resort; home was one grand fireside, one perfect elegy of comfort and joyful unquestioned duty; children were always obedient,

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parents always loving, or, if ever stern, then cruel only to be kind.

And then one day there set in the terrible change. A country doctor in the north of Ireland, in the cool of a summer evening, was watering his garden. From one strategic point to another, he trailed his garden-hose, and, as he did so, he noticed how pliable it was, how resilient, how naturally it twined itself into rings and wheels. And then, suddenly, like a flash, it all came to him. Within a few days, he had fitted a portion of the garden-hose to his child's mail-cart, and the first rubber tires were on the road.

I do not know whether that was the beginning of it all, but from that day it has never stopped. The bone-shaker was transformed overnight, and before the world knew where it was, every boy within hail of civilization was clamoring for a bicycle "with Dunlop tires," and every man too. Then small sisters in short skirts made contracts with small brothers to ride their machines, and elder sisters began to wish they were not so elder. And they wished and wished until at last they began to wonder why they should not ride anyway. So in due time there appeared the "ladies' machine," grudgingly and dubiously accepted; and then, without warning, came Mrs. Bloomer. From one end of Christendom to the other she was reprobated. The small boy hooted at her; the eminent divine straitly anathematized her; the plain man and woman, stricken to the depths of their orthodox souls, would have none of her. But, while the fight raged, the great world at large, men and women, boys and girls, was mounting its wheel and riding away from home, gaining a wider sense of things, going to places it had never gone to before, enjoying experiences it had never dreamed of. From that day to this the world has never stopped riding away from home, away from the stated, the fixed, and the settled, into the realm where "all things are yours."

In the van of this great movement the woman and the girl have always held foremost place. "When I was a boy" the only profession open to women was the nursing profession; to-day no profession is closed against her. "When I was a boy" every nice girl was taught to blush if she inadvertently displayed an ankle; to-day ankles are like the foreshore at ebb-tide. "When I was a boy" the mysteries and intimacies of a woman's dress constituted a recognized palpitating subject for innuendo and gigglement; to-day there is nothing left either to poke our male friends in the ribs about or deliciously to giggle over with our lady acquaintances.

> "Short skirts,
> Bare knees,
> Smoke where you like,
> Go where you please."

And yet, though all the world is thus turned upside down, though accustomed standards all round us have changed past all recognition, though the sky-scrapers of the new earth are shouldering their way up to heaven, yet do we fearfully and tearfully seek to hold what we call the marriage covenant in the two-story brownstone of our fathers and their fathers before them.

Can it really be done?

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I wonder. The answer, it seems to me, depends very largely on our fundamental attitude toward life. If we are willing to accept the debit and credit view of life, the rewards and punishments so dear to the heart of Samuel Butler; if we feel bound to accept the views that righteousness inheres alone in faithful observance of a certain fixed code and that any departure from that code is sin, that this world is simply one long arbitrary obedience test, satisfaction of which will admit us to heaven, while failure to satisfy it will precipitate us into hell; if this is our view, then are we justified in rising in Jonathan Edwards's wrath, and insisting that though the sky-scrapers of all other human activities and relationships push their heads above the clouds into heaven, the marriage relation be restrained within its brownstone walls on the earth.

If, on the other hand, we see life—as it seems to me it must surely be seen—as an infinite progression, out of the fantasies of a material consciousness, out of the absurd twice-two-is-five of everyday life, into the great twice-two-is-four of being justly apprehended; if we thus see life, then must we see also that in this life there can be no mistakes, only experience. The advancing tide ebbs and flows, it swirls and eddies and throws itself hither and yon, but it steadily climbs the beach. We never doubt that it will ultimately reach its goal. Though the backwash skurries to meet the oncoming wave, and scatters it skyward in a thousand tufts of foam, though the eddy swirls around aimlessly and the waters meander drunkenly in all directions but the right one, we are never for a moment in doubt that every movement represents progress, and that the tide is on the way. So, it has always seemed to me, must this thing we call life be regarded. And if this is so, then instead of viewing every change with distrust we must welcome it with favor. Instead of seeing in it merely men and women going to the dogs, we must see in it men and women mounting to heaven. If marriage, once such a settled fact among us, is losing its sure foundation, then instead of wailing and whimpering and scolding over it, had we not better bestir ourselves to a new faith, wait with our loins girt for the inevitable emergence of the new firmament, willing, meanwhile, to leave the old landmarks and be glad to see them disappear? The greatest enemy of real progress is the man who insists on patching the past.

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All through the ages, but more intensively than ever before during the past fifty years, the struggle of man has been toward individual liberty and individual completeness. He has sought it spiritually, and he has sought it materially, and every year that passes finds him more surely than ever before the man in possession. He speaks to the ends of the earth; he flies to the uttermost parts of the sea; he demands, and, in spite of all stiflement, demands again—and makes ever more good his claim—he demands the right to think as he pleases. And in spite of all evidence to the contrary, he claims to be master of his own soul and to look for his happiness, not through a material, but through a spiritual sense of things

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Do I hear a great roar of Homeric laughter? Do I see a thousand incredulous fingers pointing to the jazz mania, the bob mania, the hose mania, the Oxford-bag mania of our wonderful day and age? Do I hear a thousand indignant voices raised in protest, their owners, kind souls, stricken to the heart at the stampede from the old ways they see all around them? Do I hear them denouncing every phase of "modern life," and winding up with a grand orgy of denunciation of the modern attack on the marriage covenant? Well, I cannot help it. I can only humbly repeat with the writer of Genesis, "And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good."

And it all is surely good, even the attack on the marriage covenant. The struggle of man is toward completeness. He begins to work out his problem as a child, in bonds, not only bonds imposed, but bonds eagerly and tearfully sought. Inevitably, stage by stage, his story is the child's story. For the child not only submits, however grudgingly at times, to the bonds imposed by authority, but he eagerly demands the bonds involved by his dependence. His happiness is not complete or even remotely possible without the sense of protection of a grown-up presence, or without the love afforded him by some one his very own. But as he grows up, he learns to stand alone. His mother's or his father's word is no longer a law unto him; he is no longer gripped by a nameless fear when they are not close at hand. He is still a son, and may still hold a relationship to them which is truly great and grand, but it is an entirely different relationship.

All of which leads on to this. If the growing up of the child were so slow as to cover a period of thousands of years, and so be comparable to the growing up of the race, there would inevitably, sooner or later, develop a transition period when the fearful ones of that time would cry out, "The relationship of child and parent, once such a settled fact among us, is losing its sure foundation." And it would go on losing it. To their sense of things the situation would get worse and worse and more utterly outrageous. Every effort would be made to stem the tide. A thousand Mrs. Partingtons with new brooms would rush to the rescue. Sermons would be preached on the subject, and books would be written. Bishops would issue pastorals, and popes would send out encyclicals, and all the time nothing would be happening but the unfolding of a higher sense of freedom and completeness, and the development of a new relationship far better than the old.

And so it is in this other matter. The world is growing up, that is all, and in the marriage relation is putting away childish things. In all directions woman is claiming her freedom, freedom to work, freedom to earn, freedom to come and go as she pleases. The fiction of dependence upon which rested the whole superstructure of "chivalry" is vanished away. Much as it may shock us, however, the bald fact remains that thousands and thousands, millions of women to-day could bring up a family without the aid of a husband at all. It must be clear enough,

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then, that whatever the special union of the sexes which the world calls marriage may be, entirely different demands are being made on it to-day than were being made fifty years ago. Is it any wonder that the certainty of its foundation is becoming impaired? And should it be regarded as an outrage on morality to envisage the possibility of some radical change, in which, maybe, the bonds of a legal contract would be abolished, and the new relationship be given free course to develop itself in the new age?

We need not be afraid. The ladder set up from earth to heaven is a long one. Countless millions have not yet set their foot on the first rung. For more ages than we need take stock of, men and women will eagerly demand that they be legally bound together, and, for all who so desire it, such bonds should be supplied. At the same time, we should fairly and squarely face the fact that the years as they pass must see an ever growing army of men and women who are beginning to catch a glimpse of the inevitable, who are beginning to see that completeness does not consist in the physical union of man and woman, but in the recognition and development, by the man, of the woman within him, and, by the woman, of the man which forever lies in the deeps of her own soul. And having so seen, men and women will claim the right to work side by side, free and independent, instead of crowding back into the acorn where the twain are one *flesh*.

As this vision grows clearer, as the spiritual man with his limitless outlook is ever held less and less in the grasp of the material, the great fact will at last emerge that all the so-called human relationships are but the manifestation to our present state of consciousness of the one great cause, the one great Principle of which we are the effect.

"Then one said unto him, Behold, thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee. But he answered and said unto him that told him, Who is my mother? and who are my brethren? And he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

It was this same man whose last thoughts, as he hung nailed to a cross, were for his mother. We need never be afraid to face the new day.

And so the anxious and fearful may take heart of grace, while the courageous and far-seeing should push fearlessly on. They will have need of much patience and much faith. The material man with his hatreds, his fears, his lusts, and his make-believe will fight to the last ditch against the onward movement of spirit, and at no point in the field will the struggle be more severe than around this battered blockhouse of the old concept of marriage.

But the man who saw so many things clearly has penetrated far on into time, to a period long after the last thunderclap of this struggle shall have faded away into silence, and has left this record:

"When they shall rise from the dead, they neither marry, nor are given in marriage; but are as the angels which are in heaven."

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THOSE QUARRELSOME BONAPARTES

VII—By Cleopatra's River

ROBERT GORDON ANDERSON

NAPOLEON was not accustomed to linger on the scene, once the footlights were dimmed. In fact, he usually preceded the curtain. So on Christmas in the year VI of the Republic, 1797 of Our Lord, the commander-in-chief came up from Italy, by way of Rastadt, where he had been conducting sundry little negotiations, and entered Paris, with the cries of Noël ringing faintly in his ears. He had been born, said Letizia on that memorable day back in Ajaccio, as our Saviour had been, without pomp and after a journey. But a new kind of savior was then more to the relish of most of the French people; one who came riding with a challenge on his lips instead of a beatitude.

But it was all to be expected, with memories so fresh of creaking tumbrils, and heads held up by the forelock, and succeeding these, an effete and inefficient oligarchy of Moulins and Barras robbing the exchequer in private and flaunting their scant-clad mistresses in the public gardens. One may admit the ultimate dominion of the spirit; but the millennium is such a long way off; and it is only human to hail a more practical leader —in the year 1797 of Our Lord, the year VI of the infant Republic.

They received him in the Luxembourg Palace with something of acclaim and not a little of splendor; with heads uncovered, and bevies of beautiful ladies thronging the corridors. True, a little of coldness characterized the ceremonies. He did not thrust himself forward—they did that for him—and to disarm suspicion, he appeared in a blue and white uniform that was conspicuously plain when contrasted with the flamboyant plumes and tunics of the Directors. But the Directors could not guess his intentions, while he, though preserving an impressively calm demeanor, felt inwardly a little ill at ease. Indeed there was embarrassment everywhere, for the audience studied him covertly, as the staff of a counting-house might study a visitor inspecting the establishment, with the possible intention of taking it over, employees and all. An untoward incident occurred just as he began to address them in his jerky but vibrant phrases: a young man fell from the topmost gallery to the marble floor, his blood splashing the Greek gowns and the pink and white bosoms of the ladies. This accident was scarcely reassuring.

Nevertheless, he had brought them trophies, much moneys, and many kingdoms. And he had trumped the Royalists. For old

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Augereau had ringed the Tuileries round, quite as Napoleon had expected. Even those who knew not of his manipulations knew that his was the directing hand. And fortunately he had incurred no odium for the transportation in barred cages of the intriguing Royalists and Councilors to the fever-ridden swamps of Guiana. The tender-hearted blamed others for this. And, as a matter of fact, the punishment had not been of Napoleon's invention, though it served his purpose very nicely.

Josephine, too, had come up to Paris, though by a different route, with the discreet Louise Compoint and, this time, with an equally discreet convoy, therefore without the black-haired Hippolyte Charles, though with Fortuna, the lap-dog, who had been most woefully indiscreet. She, it was said, had played false with a Milanese mongrel who had no right in the Palace of Montebello; and the puppies had been drowned to the accompaniment of much tears from the tender-hearted Josephine.

Napoleon did not haunt her bedroom now; the rouge-pots and colorful parrakeets amid the yellow-wood furniture had lost much of their allure. He appeared with her a few times in public, hiding himself in the rear of the theater box, and conducting himself, partly from caution, more from native good taste, with a modesty most becoming to a conqueror only twenty-eight years old.

Perhaps there were other reasons for his absorption. The world, conservatively speaking, was now his oyster. With his sword he had pried its shell partly open, only to discover in the corner the pearl of the Orient. The bright coloring and elusive mystery of that pearl appealed to him—he had read much of it in his boyhood—for there had trod great Cæsar and Alexander; and manhood sometimes gives a triumphant solidity to the vague dreams of impressionable youth.

In these months of inactivity and comparative retirement he was not happy; had lost something of his *sang-froid*, had also become acutely suspicious. He had saved the Directors, but, like hounds and master, they watched him, he them, for the first move. To Josephine and Bourrienne he declared they were planning to poison him. And he was uncertain, too, of a larger pack.

"The public cheer me now," he said—to Bourrienne. "To-morrow they will curse me. I must give them new cause for cheers."

Egypt seemed the one way out. And there were many practical reasons for the expedition, as he told the Directors at the Luxembourg Palace.

"Prussia, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Naples, are against us. They will never rest until the Bourbons are restored. England uses her navies to help them and plays the banker for the rest of Europe. She is the most implacable foe of France. But capture Egypt, cut off Britain from Suez and her colonies, and she will be bankrupt, an easy prey."

This was artful, for not only would he be too far away for them to put poison in his snuff-box, a device they later tried, but he knew they were planning to send him on an expedition against England; and being always unlucky at sea, he had no mind

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to be ignominiously dashed in pieces against the white cliffs of Dover.

Other motives there were, of course, having to do, no doubt, with that young Alexander and the bald Cæsar, whose records had stood too long; but the reasons he gave the Directors were sufficient; and on May 19, 1798, he set sail from Toulon—eluding the watchful Nelson cruising offshore—with a dozen tall ships of the line, as many frigates, and several brigs, also a learned company of scholars, astronomers, and chemists who were to pry out the gems of learning from the mummy Egypt, once Napoleon had unloosed the moldy wrappings. And if ever a mere man was fitted to galvanize a mummy, make quick the dead, it was this slight, frail soldier, muffled in a too-great great-coat, with an odd, round little hat tilted forward over the sight of a telescope, through which he watched for far-distant shores.

With these savants he had many arguments. They tried to prove to him that no mind directed the movements of the stars above them, or controlled the tides of the sea that leaped in majesty to the quarter-deck. And there, on the quarter-deck, he unloosed on them one of his bulletins, as ringing as any he proclaimed on the field of battle. He, the stern realist, defending an unseen power! It was enlightening. His audience was confounded. Possibly his prestige had something to do with this. At any rate the savants were silent.

Incidentally, he became quite seasick and stayed much of the time in his hammock, when he was not on deck elucidating the ways of God or picking up an island or two, such as Malta, to put in the French pocket. But in spite of these captures he had no stomach for the sea and vaguely mistrusted it.

In sight of land and the ancient city of Alexandria where that other young conqueror once flourished and was now buried, he felt relieved; and there was no touch of *mal de mer* in his proclamation to the disembarking soldiers:

"The people among whom we are going to live are Mohammedans. The first article of their faith is: 'There is no God but Allah; and Mohammed is his prophet.' Do not contradict this. Pay respect to their muftis and imams as you did to the rabbis and bishops. In all things accommodate yourselves to them.

"And remember that these people differ from us in their treatment of women. Nevertheless he who violates is a monster. And he who pillages dishonors us and makes enemies of those we would have as friends."

"No more tolerant," he dryly observed to Marmont, "than Elisha the prophet when he advised the captain on his conduct in the House of Rimmon. Still, now they will make me out a Mohammedan. I'll wager a hundred louis to ten that the English will start that rumor, and, *tiens*, before the week is out, have me circumcised!"

They found Alexandria, though it housed the dust of the immortal Alexander, shorn of its glory, full of filth and fleas and jackals. But the warriors in moth-eaten robes, who defended its donjons and ditches of dirty water, fought bravely enough; and many homesick Frenchmen

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dotted the tawny sand with blue before the scaling-ladders were hooked into the crumbling old walls and they took the city.

Then began the march into the desert. It was hardly the picture of which the grumbling recruits and mustachioed veterans had dreamed—this tawny waste like a vast and almost untouched canvas, with only the daubs of a few watermelon plants, the fronds of solitary palms, a cluster of dirty huts and, on the margins, a mirage to show the artist's hastily sketched conception, with bits of hieroglyphics for his undecipherable signature. It was sunny enough but not at all like Italy. And ever they were harried by dysentery and plague, and by bands of turbaned warriors who rode out of the night, on their swift steeds, to attack them and to vanish as mysteriously as they came.

And all the time Napoleon walked beside his men, refusing a mount, ate only lentils, sucked melons to quench his thirst, and slept on the parched sand. No hardship or misfortune was theirs that was not also his, and by choice.

So the weary columns came at the end of the third week within sight of the pyramids. To the south they crouched in all the cryptic solemnity of the ages; by them flowed the mighty river of Cleopatra; over on the other bank shimmered the minarets and hemisphere domes of the city of Cairo, a soft mystery even in the glare of the midday sun.

But between the Frenchmen and the flowing river lay the trenches with twisted turbans showing above; back of them *dejerms* and Turkish gunboats; and, farther along the bank, the winged squadrons of the Mamelukes, the finest cavalry in the world until they met Murat's darlings.

At once, without pitching his tents, Napoleon divided his troops into two wings, one to rush the trenches and the flotilla, the other to sustain the charge of the Mamelukes, with a few puny field-pieces to support them. Now if ever, with these valiant but homesick soldiers before him, many scarcely able to stand, was the time for the right word. It came.

"Soldiers," he said, riding along the lines and pointing aloft at the massive piles of stone, "forty centuries look down upon you!"

It struck home, twanged just the right string in the Gallic nature. The disheartened soldiers were transformed into heroes once more. The right dashed for the trenches—and they were trenches no longer but mere seams in the earth filled to the escarpment with distorted and tangled robes, turbans, and carbines.

Then on the squares of the left broke the Arab charge—a sight to make the bravest heart tremble. Those swart faces and glittering eyes, the gesticulating carbines and the wild guttural cries, smacked to the superstitious of the supernatural. But wave after wave broke on the square, only to be deflected into the lane between the two wings, through which they danced madly, raked by fire from both sides, and vanished—those that were left of them—over the rim of the desert.

From the trenches on the shore the troops now swarmed over the decks of the gunboats and the *dejerms*, which, like wooden prehistoric monsters, patrolled the Nile,

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then crossed over into the pink and white mystery of the city. Here they found dirt and squalor but also fountains plashing for the wounded, cool sherbets for parched throats, and for the starved senses, gay bazaars and gaming places and pleasing, if somewhat plump and muddy-colored, Egyptian dancing-girls.

Despatches of the victory were duly sent to the Directorate. Napoleon came on Bourrienne as he was inditing one in the palace of Elfey Bey, now the official headquarters.

"So," the conqueror said, looking over his secretary's shoulder, "you have put that in!" He referred to the speech before the pyramids. "*Un peu charlatan!* Did you count our dead? Only thirty, with three hundred wounded. Never mind. Make the casualties heavy and leave the epigram in. It will be impressive."

But despite his cynicism there were dangers enough, with all Egypt arrayed against his thirty-odd thousand, few stores to support them, and the sultan of Turkey planning to swoop down on him through Asia Minor. Against such odds it was something of a trick to hold this new empire. Already he was determined to colonize it and at once dictated to Bourrienne this comprehensive order on France:

"Send immediately," he wrote the Directorate:

"Item 1: A company of actors;
"Item 2: Ditto of dancers;
"Item 3: The wives of all the men employed in the army;
"Item 4: Some dealers in toys, say three or four;
"Item 5: Ten doctors, twenty surgeons, thirty apothecaries;
Item 6: Some founders;
"Item 7: Fifty gardeners with their households and every kind of vegetable seed;
"Item 8: Also some distillers and dealers in liquor;
"Item 9: 200,000 quarts of good brandy with each shipload;
"Item 10: 30,000 ells of cloth, blue and scarlet;
"Item 11: A supply of oil;
"Item 12: Much soap; and
"Item 13: A hundred women."

He knew the wiles of those dancing-girls.

Then, after despatching Desaix and Murat against the revolting beys and their villages, and himself fighting battles at Salehyeh and El Aresh to keep his hand in, he sat down to put other things besides daubs in the Oriental picture. Giant ovens, bakeries, foundries, breweries, windmills, sprang, up almost overnight in the shadow of the pyramids. He formed a dromedary corps, clothing some of his abashed troopers in a beautiful robin's-egg blue, with white turbans, and mounting them on the tawny humps of the swaying ships of the desert. The psychological effect on the natives was tremendous.

And he set his savants unwrapping mummies, deciphering strange scripts, pawing over bas-reliefs. Where only fountains had plashed, the notes of amorous music and the patter of dancing feet had broken the silence, now sounded profound disquisitions on abstruse subjects, professorial bellows made the fires

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dance on little forges, and sable and carmine chemicals did most astonishing things in retorts. He even established a university or two and served as vice-president.

But no longer at night around the watch-fires did he indite burning letters to a lovely woman in the North. Leagues of sea-water lay between, but ships could have carried them. Something had burned out. He had no taste, however, for the beauties the beys and sultans sent him. Their opaque brown eyes and their plumpness, creased as if strings had been tied around them, displeased his fastidiousness. In this he differed from Junot and other of his generals, who caused some trade for the toy-makers Napoleon ordered from Paris. European beauty was a trifle more to his taste.

It was thus that he looked from under the arches of Elfey Bey's palace the third week of his stay in Cairo, and saw a lady passing through the street. Costume and carriage were quite Parisian, and her fragrance was wafted up to him by the breezes which rumpled the silver tresses of the fountain in the square.

"Who is that?" he asked Bourrienne.

'A lady who secreted herself in our ship, in a hussar's uniform; Madame Fourès; and for her husband she does not care."

Bourrienne thought he could read his chief's mind, and he invited the passing beauty to the staff dinner that night. She came—sat with the general, Bourrienne, Croissier, an aide-de-camp, to the discussion of iced sherbets, gooseberry water, and Paris. She prattled prettily, was charming. She knew how to entertain the sons of men, even such as promised to be lords of the world one day.

About nine, Napoleon spilled a glass of wine over her dress. He did it purposely, making as little effort at concealment as he did in some of his political maneuvers. All knew his object, and he did not care that they knew. As if to repair the damage, he followed her into an adjoining room. Soon the others as discreetly left. And when the silver crescent almost coincided with the golden one on the mosque over against Elfey Bey's palace, the cloaked figure of the lady emerged. It was almost the hour for the first muezzin, the sunrise call to prayer.

The following day he wrote Joseph a letter which showed at least the afterglow of that burning passion for his wife and even more of fraternal love for this older brother to whom he now clung with a fierce affection:

"Be kind to my wife. See her occasionally. I am asking Louis to give her good advice.

"I am sending a handsome shawl to Julie [Julie Clary, Joseph's wife]. Don't be *quite* so unfaithful to her. She is an excellent woman. Make her happy—"

But then Julie had taken no leaf out of Josephine's book; Julie had been faithful to Joseph; her eyes had never once strayed from her handsome scholarly husband. And he, for all that scholarly air, wore, for the world to see, the boutonnière of primrose dalliance on his lapel. When, in the week following, Napoleon rode abroad with the Fourès, and the ingenuous Eugène, Josephine's son, came to him, pleading that he spare his mother, Napoleon's eyes blazed.

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"Am I not human?" he broke forth angrily. Then he grew calm and studied the youthful face. The boy did not understand; to him the mother was still beyond reproach.

"You are right," he added. "Forgive me. It shall not happen again."

To spare the boy, the public rides were discontinued; the affair went on in secret, though the bright-eyed Fourès never gave him the love he craved. And when, as the weeks passed and he grew increasingly fond of her, and actually begged for a child, she demurred and broke into tears, but secretly laughed at him.

"I sometimes wonder," she once told a confidante, as with the latest cosmetic she warded off the ravages of time, "why great men cannot win our hearts altogether. They command great armies, *ma cherie*, but cannot command us. Perhaps it is because we feared him, knew he would never follow us as he did his other bright-eyed mistress, Fame.

"Now, that black-haired Hippolyte Charles was out at Malmaison with Josephine every day, they say, while we were in Egypt. Yet he was virtually a grocer's clerk, and Bonaparte was the greatest man in all the world.

"Still," she concluded, "I might have been faithful to him—in my fashion—if only our union had not been so left-handed."

This, however, was years later. Lady and conqueror are gone; but the pyramids still stand; still echoes that "Soldiers, forty centuries look down upon you!"

On the following day, as Madame Fourès looked from the arches on to the square, troopers of the Dromedary Corps halted before her and threw many sacks to the ground. Out of these sacks dark dried-up leather-like forms rolled and tumbled about like so many cabbages. Now, one may look on a lifeless cabbage without disturbance; but there is something awesome in the human body when life has departed; and there was something particularly repellent to the sensitive lady about those dried-up forms with necks dissevered and grimaces frozen, rolling out there by the fountain. And she shrank from Napoleon's touch, as he came up behind her.

"Did you order *that?*" she asked in a frightened whisper.

"I did not stage that for you but for them," he answered rapidly, indicating with a disdainful gesture the staring populace. "Come, my dear, inside. No? Like all the rest you must have an explanation. *Eh bien*, you shall have it. It is, you see, just a little lesson—the only kind they understand. When I first came I pardoned many. Did they like that? Oh, no. I was too tender; and for thanks they cut in pieces whole boat-crews, beheaded my aides-de-camp and our messengers bearing flags of truce. Now they will love me.

"But what is that naughty fellow saying up there?" He pointed to the mosque, where a dark figure stretched his arms to the sunset sky, calling in sonorous tones the muezzin of the hour. "Here, Bourrienne—" he shouted to the inner room, "get me an interpreter quickly. I do not understand their language; but that has an unfamiliar sound. And the people are restless."

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When the interpreter came, the voice had ceased; and in spite of the sword at his windpipe the fellow persisted in saying it was simply the age-old call to prayer.

"It is useless to kill him," declared Napoleon; "the rascal would welcome the martyrdom. But I do not like the smack of it. So watch closely, Bourrienne, and have him on hand for the next muezzin. Meantime double the guard about the palace; and you, little one, do not go out on the streets."

Bourrienne, however, was neither so keen nor so watchful as his chief; and when Napoleon returned, some twenty-four hours later, from an excursion to the river islands, it was to find armed natives prowling through the city and many of his own soldiers killed. He had been right. The servant of Allah had mingled with his petitions to High Heaven invitations to do murder in the more earthly streets.

The lady should have loved him more deeply now, for the care he had shown her, and, if Beauty ever loves Bravery, for the intrepidity with which he raced through the streets as, disobedient to his orders, she watched from the arches. He was everywhere, recklessly exposing his person, but with a purpose; now striding from post to post, bringing up his field-pieces, and driving the natives from quarter to quarter. But women do not always love to the uttermost a masterful man.

It was just before this uprising that Napoleon had to meet a greater test. That was when Bourrienne brought to the palace the despatch telling of the loss of the fleet off the shores of Aboukir. He might have his victories on land; but Nelson was to have his on sea. There Napoleon was indeed unlucky. Now they could get neither stores nor reinforcements, indeed might never see France again.

As he handed over the despatch, Bourrienne watched him closely, more closely than he had the man on the mosque. One who has patronized a great man, pawned his watch for him, and bought him dinners, is apt to do that. It would be reassuring to find the fatal flaw and so have one's feeling of superiority restored once more.

Napoleon broke into the expected denunciation of Admiral Brueys's foolhardiness; and for a moment his rage was terrible. Then he made a rapid turn of the apartment, paused, and gave the observer the impression of a man shaking off a bad dream or rising from a cold plunge in icy waters. "Our courage must not fail," he said; "we must keep our heads above the waves." Then another march up and down—one more angry phrase—and a smile and a shrug of the shoulder. "Well, Bourrienne, here we must remain, to achieve a grandeur like that of the ancients."

Bourrienne's pen was now scratching rapidly. As was sometimes his custom, he was preparing the bulletin for the Directorate, to be signed by his master. And he wanted to hurry this one, which he was trying to make favorable to his old friend, the dead admiral, and, if possible, to get it signed and off by some fugitive ship before his chief had scanned it too carefully.

Napoleon read the despatch.

"That is soft, not pointed enough."

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Bourrienne looked up. Had he found the flaw?

But Napoleon had plunged into an outline of his own victories on land, which he hoped might soften the blow of the reverse at sea. That done, there was a pause in the dictation—something unusual with Napoleon, who was frowning as he reflected.

And he was troubled, feeling reluctant to criticize a dead man and much preferring a more chivalrous gesture. But here he was, marooned in a hostile land, with the sultan of Turkey bearing down on him from the north; and things were not going well in Paris. The French, brave as they might be in battle, had never recovered from the horrors of the Revolution. The news of a great reverse, if put as that, might bring on a panic; and the Republic, still a creaky structure, would fall in pieces, particularly if he tacitly assumed the blame and they lost faith in him. And then he could whistle away the great empire of which he had dreamed.

As for the dead Brueys, he had been valiant enough, but had shown criminal folly in remaining in the open sea off Aboukir and not anchoring in the harbor of Alexandria or the safe port of Corfu. He himself had suggested that. True, he had not actually ordered it, and had left matters much to Brueys's judgment. But one thing was certain: Brueys and Villeneuve had not exerted the energy or foresight he himself had shown on land. *He* did not let such things happen; and he must abjure the blame. Stifling what compunction he felt, he returned to the desk.

"Take this, Citizen Bourrienne:

"'I departed from Alexandria in the firm belief that the squadron would soon enter the port of Alexandria or sail for Corfu. I received several letters from the admiral which, *to my surprise*, announced that he was still at Aboukir. I wrote immediately to desire that he would not delay another hour. But the admiral informed me by letter of the 2nd Thermidor that several English ships had come to reconnoiter him and that he was prepared to receive the enemy at Aboukir. *This strange resolution filled me with alarm.* I am of the opinion now that he did not want to go to Corfu. . . .'"

It was all adroitly put—with such scanty details at hand and with his doubts about the messengers—for he had not directly accused the dead man and yet had implied his own good judgment. Then he came to the end:

"'If on this fatal occasion he committed errors—' *Diable!* Do you not hear me, Bourrienne?"—as he saw his secretary lift his pen in hesitation. "Simpleton, you do not understand. I cannot let a disheartening bulletin out now. I shall crown your friend with laurels later. Now go on: 'If on this fatal occasion, he committed errors, he has expiated them by a glorious death.'"

Then he sat down and wrote, with his own hand, a most tactful and tender letter to the admiral's widow.

"Strange man!" said Bourrienne as he left the place. "One moment a noble action, the next a mean one!"

But war and statecraft are at best unpleasant businesses. And there are, oh, such excellent reasons—the good of the state and all that—for

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these unchivalrous, if not precisely *mean*, actions. That moment of reflection during the dictation may, after all, have been a pregnant and significant if not a critical one.

Still, there were other and sterner problems that engaged him now, as he came to Joppa by the Sea, where once Peter had seen a great sheet let down from heaven with its cargo of unclean beasts.

With but thirteen thousand of his troops he had marched up into Syria; leaving Kléber behind to hold North Egypt, Desaix and Lasalle to conquer the wandering tribes. And with this handful he planned to open a way to India, rousing the Christians to a new crusade as he went. An absurd expedition; but with him nothing was absurd. He had an odd way of turning a vaporous fancy into a granite fact. The higher the wall, the greater his determination to climb it; a superb audacity which would lead him surely to deeds of glory but also perhaps to that fall which Letizia feared for him. Nevertheless men loved him for it.

So he stormed Joppa recklessly and put it along with so many other storied cities in his pocket. And since it had been taken by assault, his legionaries were putting the inhabitants to the sword. It was a rule of warfare; also the especial custom of the country; and to be respected one must observe the customs of the country.

Still, he himself had little stomach for wanton slaughter. A soldier trained to arms, with the tradition of countless generations of soldiers, may look with sorrow, but without remorse, on the human débris of a battle-field, if it be a victorious battle-field. In 1799, at least, warfare was the normal way of life; it was still a fine thing to show courage, sweet to die for one's country. Massacre, however, though justified by precept and example, and, too, quite necessary, since those spared would only arm themselves to fight again, was to him abhorrent. And he sent two of his aides-de-camp, his stepson Eugène and young Croissier, to stop the slaughter.

So they were brought before him, three thousand of the rescued. There they sat on the sands without the walls, squatted on their haunches, with their hands bound behind them, and quite impassive except for the glittering eyes in the dark faces. But there was no hope in them. Gentle sometimes may be the night breezes of the Orient, dulcet the soft voices of its doves, pitying the oases and palm-guarded wells; but there the heart of man knows no pity. It is as arid and dry as the hard-baked sands, as vengeful as Cleopatra's asp. "The Sultan Kabir" must have his little whim; he was but meditating on some new and ingenious cruelty by which they might be lingeringly destroyed.

Never before had he or any merciful conqueror known such a moment. He looked, with steel in his face, but compassion in his heart, on the wretches; then strode up and down, striking his boot with his riding-whip. At last he turned on his young men.

"Why in the devil's name have you served me so?"

"But, citizen general, you sent us to spare them!"

"Yes, fool, the women, old men,

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and children—but not these dirty ruffians. What does your ingenious fancy suggest that I do with them? Am I to let them go, only to arm themselves and harry our rear; to escape and hotfoot it to Acre, there to swell the defending forces; or shall I use up precious battalions to guard them? And where is the bread to feed them? Already we ourselves are on half-rations. But there, you have done it. Pass out the bread."

So the biscuits were given to the prisoners while the hungry soldiers swore and grumbled. And for three nights he kept the pack under guard while councils of war were held in his tent. "It means mutiny, general," said Jourdan.

"That none of us will ever get back to France," added Junot. "Already the troops are suffering from wounds and privations; you have lost many with plague; the rest will not stand starvation."

Inwardly Napoleon cursed himself. It had been a foolish gesture. For what profited it to spare them from death in the compensating heat of conflict, only to shoot them down in cold blood? And that, as he had foreseen, the minute after he had sent off Eugène and Croissier, he eventually would have to do. Compunction had cost him dear, would blacken his name for generations!

So for three nights he tossed in his tent and paced the sands by day, looking seaward and hoping for a sail that would take some of the wretches to France. Truly his was a more unpalatable mess than that which had been set before Peter. And he would get no sainthood for eating it!

With the fourth dawn, he turned from the shore and approached his generals, through the murmuring ranks of his soldiers.

"Have it your own way," he said bitterly. "Take them to the shore—anywhere so long as they are out of my sight!"

The prisoners were roused from their slumber, pricked with the bayonet's point down to the sea, then lined up—assassins, many of them, but still human beings! He ordered the bugler to sound the march as volley after volley rattled in the rear. Looking back, one might have seen the rising tide washing the black figures farther up on the sands. But he did not look back.

He refused, however, any longer to play the rôle of Pilate.

"Such are the facts," he wrote to Joseph—for publication. "I gave the order, and I could not have acted otherwise. A parent cannot toss his children's meat to the wolves or let loose the wolves from the trap to devour them. And my soldiers are in my charge. I am a father to them.

"Eugène did not realize the predicament he got me into," he went on, for Joseph's eye alone. "I shall be damned for the ages. That I knew, the second he brought them in; and for once in my life I postponed a decision for three days, I who act so quickly! He and Croissier might have foreseen the trouble—disobeyed my order—let it go for a gesture, for which, however, I did not intend it. Still, I should not blame them. Eugène is a good boy. It is fate. Let the English use it as they will!"

It was at this most propitious mo-

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ment that Junot, brave, handsome, but scatter-brained, chose to acquaint his chief with certain little incidents in which Josephine had figured in Paris. There on the sands, at the end of the day's march from Joppa, he told him, hinting at, if not directly charging, adultery.

Enraged at the opening of an old wound, Napoleon turned his back on the bewildered Junot, who had but thought to do him a kindness, and confronted his secretary.

"And you, Bourrienne, are no friend, either," he declared with an understandable lack of logic. "You also knew, everybody knew, yet none of you would tell me." Then, with the vision of the black-haired young grocer's clerk, he broke his riding-whip in two and flung the pieces on the sand. "God damn them! When I return, I shall exterminate all that breed of fops and puppies in Paris!"

"But, general, you must not think of divorce," said Bourrienne, trying hard to be tactful. "It would ruin you. Think of your glory!"

"My *glory!* God in heaven, what would I not give to believe that that which Junot tells me is a lie!" Then he added brokenly, "So much did I love her!"

So he disappeared into his tent to another sleepless night, and, a few days later, came upon the towers and ditches of St.-Jean d'Acre. For eight weeks he assaulted the city with shot and scaling-ladder, now and then dashing from his trenches to defeat with one of his masterstrokes the hordes of reinforcements coming down from the north. And these he held off, sometimes at odds of ten to one. But food and ammunition now gave out. Of the thirteen thousand men he brought north with him, plague and wounds had taken six. Then came the message from Paris saying that Italy had been lost.

"I had a presentiment of this," he told Junot. "First Joppa, then your tales of Josephine, now Acre; and, as if that were not enough, the fools have lost Italy. I shall sail at once. Kléber has the troops to hold Egypt and colonize it. Later I shall send him reinforcements. My place now is at home."

Thus it was that, after one more victory on the shores of Aboukir, to leave behind a last taste of his prowess, and with a special admonition to Kléber to look after the little Fourès, he set sail in a frigate and in October, 1799, was chased by the prowling English fleet into the harbor of Ajaccio.

Once again he saw the blue waters of the gulf, the ancient walls and gates of the town, the familiar belfries of San Giovanni Battista, the green hills and old Monte Rotondo sparkling in the distant sunshine. And as they dropped anchor the bells of the convent came to him over the waters.

On the *quai* the townspeople who had driven him away now gathered to greet him. For the time at least they were proud of him. But this pride was embarrassing, for half of the town claimed kinship with him; the other half held up their offspring to be kissed and blessed as his godchildren. Now, in Egypt he had exacted some twelve millions of tribute; but this he had scrupulously preserved for France, only sixteen thousand francs going into his

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pocket, scarcely enough for transportation. On this fund considerable inroads were made by the godchildren. These francs, of course, were in the form of strange Turkish sequins; but Uncle Fesch, who had returned to Corsica, changed them for him at the bank.

It was with some feeling of sadness that Napoleon found only this one of his more immediate family still dwelling in the old town. With him he visited the house on the Via Malerbe, now restored after the pillage, lingered for a while in the coop in the attic and in the summer-house he had built on the terrace. Also they went to the altar of the cathedral, where the murdered del Sarra had lain, and walked by the shore where loomed above-ground the stone houses of the dead, and where now dwelt the old archdeacon.

In a way it was a happy interlude, though tinged with melancholy. Almost he wished he might stay there in Ajaccio, but while he might long for peace in the brief hour of an autumn twilight, in the bright daylight he was restless. Not only did Duty call him, but he had asked, too, a question of Fesch—about his wife. Before his gaze the broad placid face had looked uncomfortable. The abbé had no mind to interfere in this family quarrel; but his answers had not been reassuring.

As the English frigates had now disappeared, Napoleon embarked in the morning and sailed out of the blue waters of the gulf. He was never to see it again.

Within a few hours he landed at the port of Fréjus.

Word of his coming had preceded him to Paris, by courier and letter and in other and mysterious fashions. And as usual such news of him stirred things up, among the Directors and the various members of his family who were now residing in Paris. At once the brothers and sisters, with their kinspeople, repaired to Joseph's cozy home in the Rue Rocher, where Letizia stayed. They had much to say.

Meantime word passed from lip to lip, on the boulevards, at the outdoor tables of the little cafés; while in the theaters few gave heed to the performance.

"Bonaparte is on his way—is here—he came last night, is in seclusion—*diable*, no, he will be here tomorrow"—so ran the news around Paris.

And all the way on the road up they were opening the gates of the cities, bevies of beautiful maidens, tricolor-clad, welcomed him, and portly mayors read their tiresome speeches; while horsemen dashed on to the neighboring towns eager to herald his arrival.

So he rode north, a still frail figure, with face as brown as an Arab's from the Egyptian suns, and eyes somber and brooding when they did not have to smile at the citizens crowding around his carriage.

Josephine, when she got the word, was instructing the gay guests of the Luxembourg Palace in the new game of *creps* which she had introduced from the tropics. She was casting dice; but when she impulsively decided to drive down and meet her husband, her fortune deserted her. Unlucky Josephine! She took the wrong road.

(To be continued)

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Two Sonnets by Rostand

Translated by Brian Hooker

To Coquelin

You could so move your body as to reveal
How poets made their measure, grave or gay—
To march with Molière, run with Beaumarchais,
Dance with Regnard, or gesture with Banville;

You made your spirit musical, to feel
The virtue of great spirits, and obey,
As the strings take the bow, what passions they
Laid up like treasure for the common weal.

You displayed honor; having seen you live
One dignity in many parts, we know
When insult speaks what answer we shall give.
You declaimed life—but never to the end
Your voice of golden bronze resounded so
As when you played the true man, the brave friend.

To Sarah

In these days without beauty, you remain . . .
Descending slowly some broad marble stair
Sword in hand, with a lily in your hair—
A queen of grace, a princess of disdain.

In these times without folly, you complain
To music, die for love, rejoice, despair,
Bid soul and flesh lay one white bosom bare,
Or Phædra dream what dreams ourselves contain.

Greedy of grief, you make our tears your own;
Have we not seen gathering in your eyes
All sorrows in all hearts hidden alone?
And yet you keep one secret still . . . the lips
Of Shakspere, while you speak his fantasies,
Furtively pressed upon your finger-tips.

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What Does the University Think

And Why Does It Not Speak Up as an Institution

Gerald W. Johnson

Once I was a college student and after that an alumnus. Then, following a dozen years in newspaper offices, I became a college professor, and now I feel it in my bones that I shall never be a real, one hundred per cent alumnus again.

To be sure, I am out of the faculty now and am become a harmless, necessary newspaper man again. But the flavor lasts. Two years behind the scenes have proved to me that nearly all my beliefs about college life, favorable and unfavorable alike, were wrong. I am under the necessity of constructing an entirely new theory, without reference to the accepted standards of the Alumni Association.

Yet I believe that the institution which prompted this revaluation is fairly typical of American universities. Probably a man coming to it from another faculty would observe nothing extraordinary about it. It dates from the eighteenth century, which makes it quite old, as American universities measure age, and it is therefore crusted over with precedents, legends, and traditions, like most of the Eastern schools. But it has undergone a relatively immense expansion within the last decade, so that one finds on the campus the raw new buildings and the characteristically American mechanical conveniences that are conspicuous features of the universities of the newest Western States. It is a State-controlled institution, a thorough-going exponent of American State education. It is not very large, but its twenty-five hundred students raise it out of the ranks of the little colleges. In brief, it is a fairly representative American university of the better type, not running to superlatives in any direction.

The State that has maintained this institution for nearly a century and a half knows it from the outside. The record of the football team is familiar to every voter, and the number of students, the size of the graduating class, and the names of some of the more prominent professors are known to the intelligentsia. Professional delvers into the occult, including preparatory school superintendents and some newspaper editors, even know in what sciences the university is strongest; but that marks the furthest bounds of popular information about the institution. The men in the State who know anything at all about the inner life of the place probably could be numbered on one's fingers.

This is conspicuously true of the alumni, who think, of course, that it

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is not true of them at all. The alumni of the institution in question are quite correctly "loyal." That is to say, they are willing to fight to secure larger appropriations for it, and within recent years they have gone a long step further in successfully challenging the efforts of religious fanatics to throttle the university's intellectual life. In their willingness to give the university anything they have to give, the alumni are beyond criticism. From the official standpoint of the institution, that is all that could reasonably be asked, and with it the institution, as an institution, no doubt is content. But when an alumnus stands up in the legislature or on the public forum and at a real personal sacrifice gives battle for his *alma mater's* material well-being, it does not necessarily follow that he understands her inner life.

In this lies no charge against the alumnus. There is an adequate explanation of the fact that he seldom knows anything worth mentioning about the essential life of his university. The explanation is that he has never seen it. Ordinarily his only intimate contact with the institution was as an undergraduate student, and what do students know about the life of their colleges? They know only student life, which is at best merely the icing on the cake, and frequently not even honest icing, but a frothy, insipid meringue, void of flavor and nutriment.

The American undergraduate is adolescent mentally as well as physically. I refer, of course, to the abler ones, those who are not mentally infantile. But understanding does not belong to adolescence. If the adolescent mind is able to grasp and retain facts, it does all that may in justice be required of it. The student stuffed full of facts during his four years in college is not educated, of course, but he is in a fair way to become educated, for he has learned how to grasp facts, and in the course of the years the sharp reagents of experience will help him to digest and assimilate them.

But the facts that it is possible to pack into the adolescent mind are restricted mainly to those which may be set forth in text-books, and the life of a university is not a fact of that sort. There is no example that may be given to illustrate it, no mathematical formula by which it may be described, no diagram by which it may be represented. It is to be apprehended by mature minds only, and to expect undergraduates to grasp it would be as silly as to expect them to grow long gray beards during their college days.

The alumnus therefore goes out with an adolescent's impression of the place, which, in the usual course of events, he never has occasion to correct. It is inevitable that that impression should almost always be false and frequently grotesquely false. How grotesque such impressions may be is unbelievable, however, until one has examined the donation list of some institution. There is not a big university in the country, probably not a big college, that has not had money left it on the condition that it be applied to some perfectly absurd project. Occasionally one finds an institution seriously handicapped by the fact that a large proportion of its funds is tied up by the terms of the deeds of gifts so that

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the income must be used for a purpose of about as much practical value as supplying bathing-suits to bullfrogs.

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And where money is squandered through failure to appreciate the real needs of a university, time, energy, and enthusiasm are much more lavishly squandered. This is the waste that surprised me when I had opportunity to look at a university through the eyes of a faculty member. The old boys swarmed back for the big football games, and on University day, and at commencement. They spread all over the place and filled it with laughter, jollity, warm friendliness, infectious enthusiasm, and imbecile ideas.

And had I, only a year or two before, been even as one of these? Exactly, only worse, for most of these had a higher and more unselfish loyalty than I had ever risen to. They were quite literally willing to give the university anything they had; but there was one thing that few of them had for it, and that was respect.

I can imagine, but no one could describe, the fury with which this insinuation would be repelled in a meeting of the Alumni Association. But it is true. This is a typical American alumni association, and the most conspicuous trait of the American alumnus is his disrespect for his *alma mater*. Oh, we love dear Old Siwash! We would fight and bleed and die for the honor of dear Old Siwash, if necessary, and unconstrained we get drunk in honor of Old Siwash every time her football team wins a game. But we trust dear Old Siwash just as far as, and no farther than, we can throw a bull by the tail.

You doubt that? Well, don't you remember how we nearly had hydrophobia when a yellow journal announced in screaming head-lines that Old Siwash had a communist on the faculty? Our investigation revealed that what had actually happened was that an acting assistant instructor in the Department of Economics had remarked to his class one day that the Russian experiment in communism is absorbingly interesting to economists and may result in supplying some valuable data for use in this country. We agreed that this did not seem very subversive, but we also agreed that President Roe and Dean Doe ought to be extremely careful about whom they employ to teach economics in these unsettled times, and we resolved to keep a vigilant eye on all subsequent appointments.

Trust Old Siwash? Why, in our hearts we are convinced that if we turned our backs on her for a moment she would burst with a yell from her century-old shell of conservatism and begin furiously to propagate atheism, communism, dadaism, and eroticism certainly, and possibly murder, rape, arson, and burglary as well. Trust Old Siwash? We dare not. Oh, we think she has deep erudition, fine traditions, and good intentions, but we *know* she has no sense. Let the alumni abandon their attitude of paternal, but firm, guidance, and she would go hell-bent for election toward whatever abyss happened to be handiest.

Now what is this but a faithful reflection of the attitude of the un-

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dergraduate? Was there ever a normal undergraduate who did not look upon the faculty as fine men, certainly, with deep learning and high ideals, but badly scrambled in the belfry? In the undergraduate this is natural and perhaps proper. A boy of nineteen shrewd enough to estimate accurately the intellectual and moral force of old scholars would be so preternaturally shrewd as to be nothing short of a monstrosity. But what is natural and proper in a boy of nineteen is anomalous in a man of forty-five. When the boy becomes a man he should put away childish things.

But I, for one, did not put this thing away until I had to. At the top of my mind, of course, I recognized the absurdity of the undergraduate attitude, and if any one had asked me the question, I should have professed, not insincerely, the highest respect for college professors as a class. But under the surface I was as shaggy an alumnus as walked in shoe-leather.

Then I went back to Old Siwash and worked there for two years, in the course of which I made the astounding discovery that Old Siwash has more sense than the Rotary Club! I don't mean learning, either, but horse-sense, plain, old-fashioned brains.

A little thought would have convinced me of that before I went back to the campus, but, like most alumni, I had never given the matter even a little thought. It had never occurred to me to ponder, for example, the way of a competent dean with a student al charged up with a mixture of idealism, moral indignation, misinformation, and inexperience. Had I thought it over, I should have realized that the average manufacturer, facing the same sort of problem when a strikers' committee appears, simply is not in the dean's class when it comes to swift, sure, easy efficiency. Yet the ability to handle men is recognized as one of the highest types of business ability.

I have never known a professor who has made a million dollars, and I have known several business men who have done so. Before I went to college for the second time, I should have handed the business men the palm for financial superiority without question, but I would do nothing of the sort now. I doubt seriously that the acquisition of a million is as strong evidence of high financial ability as is the feat of living on a college professor's salary in the style befitting a college professor and yet accumulating enough capital to banish the specter of want in old age. Yet that is accomplished now and then in every faculty. I know men whose salaries have never run higher than five thousand dollars a year, and who have raised families, bought and maintained pretty good automobiles, acquired libraries, and traveled in Europe at least once every seven years. I respectfully submit that the man capable of such feats is possessed of financial skill that would not disgrace Mr. Andrew Mellon.

It is not every professor who can do such things, but the proportion of able financiers among them is astonishingly high. Personally I believe that the percentage of excellent managers is distinctly higher among professors than it is among Rotarians, Kiwanians, Civitans, or

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Lions. In financial ability, as well as in executive ability, Old Siwash is as well off as the Alumni Association, to put it most conservatively.

Then why doesn't she count for more in the active life of the State? Indirectly perhaps she does. At any rate people are always talking about her incalculable influence upon the rising generation and the vast power she wields through her sons. This talk is not all cheap buncombe, although much of it is. But the question I raise is: Why should Old Siwash have to operate through her sons? Why doesn't she count for more in, of, and by herself?

In the university which I attended there are nearly two hundred men employed because each is supposed to be an expert in something. An effort has been made to cover the whole range of knowledge; and if the covering is rather thin in spots, still it does stretch a long way. Yet it is rare indeed for this body of expert opinion, this collection of highly trained minds, to exert any appreciable influence in the decision of any public matter of importance. Occasionally an economist, or an engineer, or some other specialist from the university faculty is called into consultation by officialdom to deliver an opinion on a specific problem. But the institution as a whole never presumes to advance an opinion on anything, and apparently it never occurs to any one to inquire, in the discussion of matters of high importance, "What does the university think?"

The plain fact is, the university doesn't think. It is not permitted to think. The people of the State would be shocked and enraged if it did think, or at least if it adopted the custom of expressing opinions on controversial topics. It is difficult enough to secure to individual members of the faculty the right to hold and express an opinion. I was myself informed, on one occasion, that as long as I remained a member of the faculty I was not a citizen and therefore had no right to express an opinion that might be displeasing to *bona-fide* citizens. I hastily add that that information did not come from any member of the university. It came from a man not connected with the institution, but it unquestionably reflected accurately the attitude of a large number of voters.

This particular institution is State-controlled, but many privately controlled colleges and universities are as rigidly restricted. Church-controlled colleges certainly are not permitted to propagate opinions in conflict with the dogma of the controlling church. Endowed institutions may profess to be uncontrolled, but let them collide with the dogma of the Board of Trustees or—what is more promptly fatal—with the dogma of the Alumni Association, and they quickly learn that their professions are but poorly supported in fact.

Control of opinion, however, is only half the woeful tale. Perhaps it is the less important half, for on occasion control may be, and is, defied. Even a university will turn, being trodden heavily enough. Mine own eyes have seen a university president confronted with the threat of passage of a "monkey bill" similar to the Tennessee Anti-Evolution Law. He voluntarily appeared before a legislative committee and denounced the measure, and his univer-

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sity, dazed for twenty-four hours by the phenomenon of a president publicly opposing anything, then rallied strongly to his support. Of the alumni half were stupefied by the audacity of the university, but the rest were electrified and, rushing into battle against the bill, beat it.

Fear therefore is not a completely effective deterrent of the formation and expression of an opinion by a university. Experience, indeed, indicates that the danger of punishment is commonly overestimated. From a collision with the taboos a university often emerges, as this one did, stronger, instead of weaker. Punishment inflicted upon it multiplies its friends.

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However, there is a deterrent much more effective than fear, and that is indifference. Who is interested in the opinion of a university on any matter not directly affecting its own fortunes? The conspicuous peculiarity of American politics in the twentieth century has been the numerous and various *soi-disant* moral crusades that have characterized it. The religious element has saturated all politics. Theodore Roosevelt made "Onward, Christian Soldiers," a political campaign song. Woodrow Wilson aspired to, and momentarily established, the moral hegemony of the world. The Methodist Episcopal Church appropriates two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to maintain an organization of lobbyists in Washington, as part of the ordinary expenses of the church organization. The livest issue in national politics to-day is prohibition, argued, not as an economic policy, but as a moral issue. At the moment the moralist is, by long odds, the most effective political leader in the country.

But the moralist is of all people least open to argument. He is not a debater; he is an evangelist. He doesn't argue with the public; he tells it. With him

> "To doubt would be disloyalty,
> To falter would be sin."

Therefore he has no use for expert opinion, unless it agrees with his preconceived notion. But he has been setting the tone of American politics for at least a quarter of a century. Is it any wonder, then, that that tone implies superb contempt for the qualifications and hesitations of expert opinion?

Now this is the curious quality of Old Siwash: she doesn't know.

That discovery is the real achievement of my second course in college. Nowhere else in the world have I encountered so many men so blithely certain of their own ignorance as there were on that university campus. It was disconcerting at first, but the explanation soon became plain: the men were specialists, surrounded by other specialists, and thus constantly reminded of the extreme narrowness of their own fields. Let one risk an opinion outside of his own department, and there would be an expert in the subject at his elbow to riddle any cocksure deliverance. In the lecture-room the specialist may impress his classes tremendously by his erudition in his one field; but outside he is constantly reminded of his deficiencies in everything else. Therefore he acquires the habit of making cautious, tentative declarations.

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But to a nation enamoured of certainties, this sort of opinion is unspeakably objectionable. Educated men tend to regard the faculty humorously, anyhow. Uneducated men dislike the skeptic intensely. They are unable to distinguish between the skeptic and the cynic, and almost invariably set down skepticism as cynicism. Suppose a moral issue were rampaging through the land, and some incautious soul should inquire, "What does the university think?" If he got an honest answer what would it be? Ten to one the university would think that the evil under assault *is* an evil and that the remedy proposed will not cure it, being led to that conclusion by its knowledge that the evil has been recognized for generations and that every possible remedy has been employed in vain. But that answer would offend both sides. The university would be set down as cynical, whereas it was merely skeptical, and its opinion would be disregarded by all the combatants.

The practical result is that the university has no opinion on any controversial topic. It is inadvisable for it to formulate a declaration that would be regarded with humorous scorn by the alumni and with virtuous scorn by the rest of the citizenry. So the brain-power of the institution is unavailable for the conduct of public affairs. Hundreds of minds, toughened by years of intensive training and sharpened by daily contact with minds equally well trained, are impotent to bring to bear any collective influence upon questions of public importance. They are completely out of touch with the mature minds of the community, with which they should be able to deal to most effect, and must spend their force on callow youths whose very youth insures their incapacity to grasp more than the rudiments of the subject.

Old Siwash, in other words, is very largely wasted. Partly, no doubt, it is wasted by its own fault. After all, brains are not the sole requisite of leadership. Courage and ruthless energy have carried to the front many a man whose brains constituted little more than a chemical trace. But courage and ruthless energy are not conspicuously characteristic of American colleges.

Primarily, though, the waste is due to a national philosophy that classifies every variety of mankind except the mountebank. Him we do not recognize, and when he appears we gravely list him under some other genus—perhaps as a philosopher, perhaps as a statesman, perhaps as a priest. But as mountebankery is commonly more spectacular and amusing than sense, when it is put forth as philosophy, statecr ft, or religion by a sort of intellectual Gresham's Law it tends to drive sense out of circulation.

And what is to be done about it you can guess at least as well as I.

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With Glory and Honor

Elisabeth Cobb Chapman

In a cross-street of the riant fifties stands the Club Levering, an old brownstone building in a brave new coat of tan plaster, with wrought-iron lamps by its doors and an imposing uniformed figure to bow you out politely, or with the force of a strong arm, in nice accordance to the decorum or lack of it that you preserve within the precincts which he guards.

The Club Levering is not a club; it is a cabaret, a dance-hall, and a theater, with a strong attraction for Broadway luminaries. They drop in after the theater to hear Hal Levering sing his new songs and to watch the swells, strayed from up town East, dance and enjoy themselves. And they love Hal. "He's a great boy," they say. "An artist. Some kid. Listen to that now. Boy, how he can put it over!"

Levering, born Lipwitz, had been driven to this place by a dim dream. There was struggle behind him, years of the unbelievable struggle of the poor man, of the immigrant Jew, against a relentless city. He could remember dimly a night in southern Russia, the pogrom, flames and the sounds of shots in the dark, driving out the Jew. He had been held up by his mother, crying, on the deck of an immigrant ship to see the Promised City blazing tall and splendid in the sunlight. They had all been held up to see it, he and Lena and Roziska and Leo and little Moses, even though Moses was too young to know what it was all about—and the promised land, as it materialized, a tenement in the crowded ghetto, too hard on the little Moses, who died in a few months.

Behind Hal were the years as a singing waiter in cheap cabarets as a "song plugger," small-time vaudeville, and then a revue; and now marvelously he was Hal Levering, star and part owner of the Club Levering, and packing them in at higher prices than any other night-club dared charge.

He had done that single-handed. And he had carried the Lipwitz family with him. Lena was now a dancer, a good one; Isaac, a partner in a clothing-store. Rosie had married a doctor. Mama kept house for Lena, and if papa had been alive, Hal would undoubtedly have found something lucrative for him.

Always his dream had driven him. The dream of the artist, inarticulate, clumsy, hunting for the ultimate beauty. He sang jazz now and he wore fine clothes, while around him were the flash of jewels and the white faces of gaudy women and the throb of Bennie Bernstein's music. Everybody paid him homage, bowing, pounding on the table for Hal Levering, the artist, singing "Abie's an

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Irisher Now," a song whose words were a cry of pain, written by a Jew in contempt of his race. He sang it gorgeously, with exaggerated gestures, flexible hands, and when he did the part where Abie pretends to be the Irish plug-ugly, one saw the cringe of the homeless race that was ingrained in Abie in spite of the defiant throw of an Irish jaw. It was a beautiful bit of mimicking, and even though he was a Jew he did not mind the ugly words at all.

He had one song, "When My Little Baby Boy Says His Prayers to Me," that never failed to make his hearers cry. And there were tears in his own eyes, when he came off, not because of the song—he knew hokum even when he sang it himself—but because he could "get them" with it. Hal Levering, the artist, his triumph ringing in his ears, clapped out by enthusiastic hands.

The grinding afternoon before his new summer show went on; he was in his element. About him were excited waiters arranging their tables, decorators at work on the flowers, Bennie Bernstein in his shirt-sleeves, sweating over the new songs, Lilian Liane begging help with the duet they were to sing. And then as Hal went over his new numbers alone, the waiters and the decorators, Lilian and song-wise Bennie himself, stopped to listen to him.

He had worked that day until his face was gray with fatigue, but when at last he went out for his dinner, he walked bravely, with his head up, a conqueror, Hal Levering of the Club Levering, a king on Broadway.

The opening of the summer show had been an enormous success. The entrance was choked with disappointed people who could not get in, and at the door the page-boys battled with the crowd clamoring for tables, among which the lucky ones who had reservations battled their way. And Hal moved from table to table to welcome his guests and receive homage. This was his big night, his triumph, the end, he thought with a choke in his throat, of his struggle toward the ultimate beauty.

Constance Corthwaite came to the Club Levering that night. She had never been there before, but Hal Levering recognized her at once. She was as much a celebrity to Broadway as she was to Fifth Avenue. One saw her everywhere, a pirate of a woman with a face molded firm in lines of complete and terrible ennui, hunting for amusement, scattering her millions with a disdainful hand. She had been Constance Corthwaite for thirty-five years now, for she had never found a man to hold her interest long enough to marry him.

Levering had gone at once to her table, had been introduced, had accepted a glass of excellent champagne, had bragged, had strutted, had told jokes.

"Your place is quite amusing," Constance Corthwaite said, "I hear you sing very well."

Hal Levering laughed. "That's what they say. Have you ever heard me?"

She shook her head.

"Well, the stuff I do here is—well, no artist can put anything over in a restaurant, but I'm opening in a new act, just a side-line, you know, at the Palace next week, and that's where

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I knock 'em right out of their seats. We've tried it out, and it's great. Next week—come and see me." Then in a magnificent burst of cordiality: "Come around during the show and see it from behind. How'd you like that, huh? See, I do a skit, new songs, new patter—it's a wow!"

She had favored him with a glance from her long eyes. "Thank you."

"What would you like to have me sing for you now?" he asked.

"Try something good—I should like to see how it went here."

He sang "Sweet Siren" and "Pretty Little Mama" for her. She did not applaud. He was disappointed. He had realized that she wasn't demonstrative, but he had hoped to win her.

Her friends seemed to enjoy themselves, and he took no more trouble with them. He noticed that they laughed, drank, and danced. Later there was an animated discussion; he could see that from the floor as he sang. Constance Corthwaite's friends were arguing with her. They leaned toward her, protesting. The attitudes were unmistakable. Apparently unmoved, she blew smoke from her nostrils and with a wave of her cigarette turned their attention back to him. They watched him, shrewdly, for a few seconds, and then went off into quiet laughter. Laughter at some joke which that long-eyed woman had designed. From the floor, singing, he saw all this, for his early training had made him observant.

As Constance was leaving she beckoned to him. She stood at the door, wrapped in her dark cloak. He went out at her nod, with alacrity. As he went he wondered what she wanted and decided definitely that he did not like her. "Too damned ritzy," and he thought her ugly and badly dressed too, but after all she was Constance Corthwaite. Probably she had fallen for him. Most of 'em did.

She recognized his approach with the smallest possible nod.

"Thank you for the songs. We enjoyed them. As I can't watch you 'knock 'em off their seats' at the Palace, I suggest that you come down to my place in the country next week-end and knock us off our seats down there."

She was asking him to visit her. So she *had* fallen for him. They all did. He was inundated with female attentions. But a visit to the Corthwaite place! Well, he had arrived! He accepted blandly.

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Mommer and Lena helped him pack. They came from their apartment across the hall to his and favored him with their advice and assistance. It was a lengthy business. Before he got off, the plush splendor of his rooms was strewn with discarded clothing.

"Take your dress-suit, Hermie," advised his mother. "Your new suit for those swells is none too good."

"Wear your lavender sport-suit for the golfing."

"A bathing-suit."

"Your silk socks, Hermie. Hermie, you have forgot your silk socks, Hermie."

"The lavender suit, Hermie."

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He got off at last. His big car seemed to eat the miles, exaltation keeping time to the healthy song of

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his motor. He went swiftly through the mean towns squatting on the island's edge out to the rolling hills of the North Shore. He dreamed dreams. Now a new billing suggested itself. "Hal Levering—Society's Favorite"—or better "Hal Levering, Society's Favored Comedian." In his mind's eye he could see an article in "Vanity Fair"—perhaps—"Hal Levering, the erstwhile mammy songster a belated society discovery."

He turned the nose of the car into the Corthwaite gates and at a reduced speed moved up the driveway. In spite of the explicit directions given him by the policeman in Jonestown, he wasn't at all sure that this was the place.

He had passed, on his drive from New York, many great stone gates, so high and so formidable that they gave only a niggard glimpse of blue stone road, perhaps the outline of proud roofs upheld above the trees, and he had expected the Corthwaite driveway to be at least as fine as the finest of these.

But this was just a comfortable country road, distinguished from its kind only by a pair of lowly stone pillars and a squat frame cottage doing duty as a gate-keeper's lodge.

He drove through a small woodland, not pruned or landscaped at all, turned a corner, and found himself facing an expanse of lawn and a rambling frame house, painted a soft faded yellow and adorned with plain white shutters. The Corthwaite house laid claim to no other beauty than that which is inherent in old colonial houses and in ancient Greek vases, the unadorned beauty of line. Hal Levering was disappointed in it. A butler, not in livery, met him at the door. He was an old man and grumpy.

"Mr. Levering?" he asked. Levering had an uncomfortable feeling that his clothes, his car, and his abilities were all being evaluated, but he dismissed the suspicion as absurd, for the old man's eyes had not moved. He was at the moment holding open the door.

"Miss Corthwaite left word that if she had not returned at the time of your arrival you were to make yourself at home and ask me for anything you might require—sir."

Levering entered.

"The Car?" he asked, and one had, as always, a feeling that he was thinking of it with at least a capital "C." "The Car will be all right there?"

"The chauffeur will take it around if you will give me the keys—sir," said the old man.

"Oh!" There was an appreciative pause from Levering. This place was like one of those English places he had heard of—all service—no show.

The old man led him upstairs, and down a long hall to a bedroom, which like the rest of the house gave the impression of luxury, although the chintz was faded and the old furniture austerely simple.

The windows gave one a view of a garden, a box-hedge, and, looming friendly in the rear, fruit-trees not bowed as yet with the crop, but holding the green fruit as sturdily as a street-lamp its light. That was no drawing-room of a garden. The fruit-trees were welcome to come in if they liked. "I don't call that much," Levering remarked to the air

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at large. He compared unfavorably the gay simple little flower-beds before him to the marble swimming-pool and formal terraces of his friend, Isaac Lowenstein, the moving-picture magnate. He carefully dusted his gray tweeds, straightened his tie an infinitesimal fraction, and from his bag searched out a bottle of brilliantine, and, anointing a comb, smoothed his hair.

Downstairs again, Levering found himself in the great room he had first entered, and through which he had passed too quickly for an impression. Now he frankly took its measure. It did not impress him. It was big, to be sure, but the hangings were not velvet, the upholstery was not rich. He decided that the early-American maple was cool looking but plain, and the dim rosy riot of the chintz, comfortable but cheap. He wondered at the house because he was sure that here, if any place in the world, things would be correct, and he had expected to find a glorified Club Levering with more crystal and more plush and more grandeur.

The old butler found him there and offered liquid refreshment, which was accepted gratefully.

"Did Miss Corthwaite say when she'd be home?" asked Levering. It made him lonely to be left to himself. The din of his days had beaten upon his nerves until solitude was a thing abhorred.

"She did not—sir," said the butler. Hal was offended with his welcome. He was doing Constance Corthwaite a favor in coming all the way down here to the country, and she had made no effort to receive him. Left alone, he looked about him for some source of amusement. Tentatively he opened two small cabinets, hoping vainly that they might contain phonograph or radio. He found only riding-gloves, golf-balls, a pair of garden-shears, and some sheet-music. The music offered possibilities, and in that room the big piano was the only piece of furniture that looked like any furniture he had ever seen, but the music was queer stuff. He did not know any of it, nor did he want to.

There were magazines piled on the long center-table, and he looked through them hopefully. Here was the bland impudence of the young intellectuals with their opinions supported by the dignity of a Duncan Phyfe table. If Hal Levering had possessed a subtle mind, he would have fathomed Constance Corthwaite at that instance. Eccentricity upheld by Duncan Phyfe.

Half buried in the pile of papers and magazines he found an old book, "The Book of the Corthwaites," and in idle curiosity he turned the leaves. There were long lists of names in it, explained by short sentences.

"In 1732, Colonel Abednego Corthwaite married Eliza Pepperidge. He settled in the city of Boston and became one of its most prominent citizens. His children were Abednego, Elisha, John, Eliza, Aaron, and Piety. Abednego died in infancy. Elisha married Patience Cabot. Their children were—"

"Good night!" Levering's surprise was jolted out of him. "What does anybody care who those dead ones married?" But Constance Corthwaite and her kind must care, or the book would not be here. He carried it out on to the porch that

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gave a view of the garden and the apple-trees.

When Constance Corthwaite and the rest of her house-party returned from the golf-links, they found Hal Levering reading. . . .

"In 1802 Solomon Corthwaite married Sarah Emerson," and in his eyes a dazed, bored, yet questioning expression.

"How d'ye do?" said Miss Corthwaite. She did not offer to shake hands. "Sorry to be so late. Golf, you know. Did Lake make you comfortable?" With a little wave of a hand she indicated her other guests, who, apparently without seeing him at all, were settling themselves in the low wicker chairs. "Miss Bromley, Mr.—er—Levering." Miss Bromley, whose sunburned face and quite frankly dirty hands gave evidence that she had played a hard game indeed, acknowledged the introduction by not the faintest flicker of an eye. She was seemingly impervious to introductions. Her bow was not to be considered as directed at him at all. She merely happened to be bowing at that moment. Miss Paine and Mrs. Douglass and an Englishwoman, Lady Greville, to whom he was in turn presented, acknowledged his presence with equal enthusiasm. The men were more cordial. "My cousin, Mr. Herton, Lord Greville, Mr. Paine, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Valentine."

Levering instantly assumed the genial air of the club. That air, half ingratiating, half bold, wholly impudent. From his smiling lips to the bob of the little blue tassels that held up his blue golf-stockings, he radiated cordiality.

They stayed out on the porch for a long time, discussing their golf and the long cold drinks. Levering, whose ignorance of the game was abysmal, and whose drink was finished, found himself rather out of this. Sitting as he was in the center of the group, it seemed as though he were encircled by silence, while beyond there went on a very animated chatter. And as the dusk slid over them he was conscious of being lonelier than he had ever been in his life.

After dinner that night things picked up a bit. They led him to the piano and settled themselves expectantly around the room waiting to be entertained. They were. He sang them new popular songs and old songs that he had written himself, and he "got them" as he always got them at the Club Levering.

He gave them pathos for a finale, "When My Little Baby Boy Lisps His Prayers at Twilight," and as an encore, "Mama, Sweet Mama," in his rich tenor, "Please don't hold out on m-e-e."

Miss Bromley and Mr. Taylor were inspired to do an apache dance. Lady Greville came over to him. "How quaint!" she said in her staccato voice and clipped pronunciation that he found difficult to understand. "Rippin'—teach it me, won't you?" He made room for her on the piano-bench.

"See—like this—Ma-ma—sweet Mama—" she picked out the treble with clever trained fingers. In a moment she was playing it very well. "You're some kid at the piano yourself, ain't you?" he said enthusiastically, boldly bending his head to look in her eyes. "But you haven't

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got it quite. Don't play it like grand opera—see. It's got a wow—like this—SWEET MAMA!"

From a corner Constance Corthwaite watched them with amusement. She looked like a cat luxuriously gorging itself with cream. There was on her face exactly that complacent, contented, and cynical expression.

The next morning he came down late. They had kept him at the piano a long time the night before, and besides not for years had he risen early. He found the house deserted as it had been the afternoon before. Not until the butler told him they were all out riding did he remember dimly that something had been said about riding, that they had suggested he come along.

Out on the porch there were Sunday papers and warm sunshine. Levering settled himself in a comfortable, soft-cushioned wicker chair and picking up a paper turned to the Broadway page, where he found a flattering notice of the Club Levering activities during the past week. Yes, it was a triumph. Such a notice! "Quaintest night-club in town." "Levering's songs draw the élite."

Oh! He'd arrived sure enough, and now here he was the guest of honor at the Corthwaites' house . . . kind of a funny way to treat your guest of honor, though, to leave him alone. . . . But then they knew that an artist had to have time to himself. . . . Sure, that was it. Levering dropped his paper and lay back comfortably. He closed his eyes and savored his triumph. He was the Kid himself, and running with all these swells. . . . Funny kind of a place, though. No dog, no swank . . . kind of shabby. Not a patch on lots of places. . . . And come to think of it, the people ain't such classy dressers. . . . Not much jewelry on the dames. . . . That English duke's dinner-jacket didn't fit so damn good. . . . Slow kind of crowd; he didn't get 'em at all. . . . Now when he'd sung that nifty song it didn't go so big . . . that Corthwaite dame had acted kinda queer, seemed like she'd almost sneered. . . . But, foolishness . . . she liked him fine, and she liked his stuff, too. . . .

He moved petulantly in his chair. He wished they'd come back . . . this was a bore . . . no kind of way to spend Sunday. . . .

He picked up another sheet of the paper, but his attention wandered, and it fluttered from his hand. "What the hell's the matter with me?"

It was very still out there. Levering had never felt such stillness. It pressed on his ear-drums. He could fairly hear the silence. There was no way to escape from one's self in such quiet. He was acutely uncomfortable. This was nothing like the Lowensteins' place! Why, Sunday morning at this hour there would be a crowd of good fellows drinking high-balls and singing and telling jokes, and the marble pool would be full of people, and like as not some one would climb up one of those Italian statues of old Lowenstein's and stick a bathing-cap on its head. Sure, there'd be things doing all right.

But this stillness that screamed at you, and this funny little garden,

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and no footman in livery, and no marble statues—hell! This wasn't such a place, and yet—

The stillness gives you funny ideas!

Now, old Lowenstein, he can't be all wrong—but Constance Corthwaite's place can't be wrong at all. This place is right—for her brand of people. And the house—now, the house must be right too. It wasn't what he liked himself, but it was right. It was bound to be right. It wasn't as if she didn't always get the best. She could have anything in the world, and she knew what was right—and she had this. And if this was right, the Club Levering was wrong. He turned a little cold at the thought. The club was his creation, it was his dream, it was, in fact, himself, and it was wrong!

He stooped and picked up a sheet of the newspaper and folded it gently and exactly.

Corthwaite—she knows. She's the kind that don't make mistakes about houses.

He was not soothed and comforted in the sunlight now. He was acutely and miserably fighting with doubt and distrust. For if the Club Levering was wrong, then he was wrong. He had missed. He was cheated. He was being shown a land that he could never enter, and desolately, and suddenly now, he thought it was the only land worth entering.

Oh, the terrible, silent scorn of this house, in its rightness, scorn for him and his land and his dream! Hal Levering was a poet. It seemed to him now that the house behind him had drawn together and was straining to get away from him, just as the people in it strained away from him and left him alone and outside. He tried to reassure himself. There were all kinds of people in the world, and this was America, and he was as good as anybody.

"It ain't so; I'm as good as any of 'em. What'd they ask me here for if I ain't? You big clown you, they asked you here to sing your jazz songs, and so's they could get a good laugh outa you. That's what it was for, you big dummy. Didn't you see that Corthwaite girl sneering? Sure you did. But you wouldn't admit it! These people are right, and you're wrong, Hal Levering. You're a Jew. No, that ain't it either. It's because you ain't a Jew—that's it—because you're pretending you ain't. Because you ain't real. That's it. They got their own names and their own people and the things they've always had, but you— You're what they call a dirty Jew. . . .

"That's what it is about them that's different—it ain't just that they got different styles in architecture—but they ain't pretending nothing. They don't have to."

He remembered the smile that had curled Constance Corthwaite's lips the night before. It grew, it spread, the image of curving lips blotted out all the warm world, and he was alone before them, his heart sick with the humiliation of the degraded artist.

Hal Levering rose from his chair, trembling a little, very white, just as the riding-party came strolling through the box-hedge.

He looked down at them from the steps of the porch. They came toward him like sublime creatures oblivious of his presence and of his

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pain, ignoring him as they would always ignore him.

They were talking about some one named Coperbesby. He heard Constance Corthwaite's clear voice say:

"He has the most intense sense of race. A fierce and proud belief in the Jew, and if you don't understand that he is a Jew, that everything he does is racial and unsullied, you can't understand his music at all."

Somebody laughed and said: "Shush! Your other Jew friend will hear you."

Levering turned and, blundering against the door, went slowly out of the sun, through the big quiet hall and upstairs. His room had been put in order, and he hated to disarrange it, but he had to hurry, hurry so that he could go quickly, and when you pack in a hurry things get mussed up in spite of you.

The first thing his cronies at the club asked him was if he had had a good time at the Corthwaite place.

Bennie Bernstein, the orchestra leader, Mimi Deland, the specialty dancer, and her lean effeminate partner, surrounded him as soon as he appeared that Monday night.

"Did you have a good time?" they asked him.

"Sure, fine, fine."

Mimi Deland looked at him curiously. "Well, you don't look it."

He turned on her furiously. "What do you mean, I don't look it? What do you want me to do? Sing a song about it?"

She shrugged. "No," simply. "But don't chew my ear off."

"Say, don't get the week-end habit," said Bennie jovially. "That bird you had here last night doing your stuff was awful. We wouldn't keep open a week with him around."

"Pretty bad, huh?" pleased.

"Lousy!"

It was time for his first song. As he stepped to the door that led him to the spot-lights and the applause, he said over his shoulder, "Don't worry about me getting the week-end habit; I won't."

"Gee," remarked Deland as he slammed the door on them, "I wonder what they did to him. He's back early too."

He finished his song, and Bennie dipped his violin to his orchestra, and they began the opening bars of "Abie's an Irisher Now."

At the sound of the first notes, Levering stiffened as though he had been stung; then, turning on his heel, he called harshly, "Don't play that song to-night—or ever again." After which he walked stiffly off the floor, refusing his encore, while the music stopped in the middle of a bar, jarred to a silence that held until Bennie shattered it with his music again.

It was several weeks before Constance Corthwaite came again to the Club Levering. She was quite sure, of course, when Hal Levering fled from her house without a word to any of them, that he had somehow realized his position; but that was not what had kept her from the club. She had been away. Now, to-night she was in town again and a little bored, and as Hal Levering had once amused her she came to his place in the hope that he might again. He was a hired performer; if she had hurt his feelings, well—she was sorry, but she had no intention of staying away

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as long as he could give her a moment's entertainment.

The club had not been doing well for the last few weeks. Even Bennie Bernstein's saucy music did not hold the crowds. The reason, of course, was that another man was in Hal Levering's place.

Constance Corthwaite listened to one of his colorless offerings, and then called him to her table.

"Where," she asked, "is Hal Levering? Isn't he going to be here to-night?"

"Nope, he's left for good."

"Really, how disappointing! Where has he gone?"

"Say, lady, you'll never believe me when I tell you; it's the funniest thing you ever heard! You know the money he was getting here—fifteen hundred a week and a rake-off, and he part owner at that—"

"Really?"

"Sure. Well, he came in here one day, nobody expecting it at all, and told 'em he was through—just like that. Through. Told 'em he was going back and be a real Jew, going to give his talent to his people. Can you beat it? They thought he had gone crazy, of course. Fifteen hundred a week and a rake-off—and do you know what he's done?" The objectionable young man paused dramatically. "Say, he's studying to be a cantor in a synagogue—can you beat that?—can you?"

It was a year and more before the Club Levering saw its part owner again. A variety of rumors had floated along Broadway—Levering had gone abroad to study, he had taken a position in a synagogue, he was composing highbrow music—but soon the rumors died away, and all that was left of Levering at his old stamping-ground was the flashing red and green sign of the club. Business had fallen off; new places had each in turn engaged the fickle attentions of the city's night-lovers, and the Club Levering was patronized by only a few stragglers. And then the management decided to make one more bid for popular favor with a new revue.

Bennie Bernstein labored at his piano just as he had the afternoon of Levering's greatest triumph a year before, but the other performers were new. No one now tried to fill Hal's shoes; they had to depend on a speeding chorus to cover up a palpable lack. And as Bennie sweated to get the rehearsal into full swing, the service-door opened and a familiar voice sang out: "Hel-lo, Bennie, how've you been? Making the grade O.K., huh?" It was Hal Levering.

"My—God—Hal!" and Bennie leaped from his stool and seized Levering by the shoulders. The other performers gathered around, and to Hal again was given the once so sweet chorus of praise.

"Cut it out—cut it out. Let's get to work here. We gotta give 'em something to knock 'em off their chairs!"

Bennie looked at Levering in astonishment. Was he really coming back? It was too good to be true, but here he was, and Bennie ran over to the piano joyfully. His nimble fingers flew up and down the keyboard, and then, triumphantly, he hammered out the first bars of "Abie's an Irisher Now." Levering, who had been chatting with the chef, who had come running from the

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kitchen, whirled about with a white face.

"Bennie!" His voice stopped the music with the player's hands suspended in the air, such was its savage earnestness. "Never again that number, Bennie. Levering's a Jewisher now. Don't forget that, hey?" Hal patted his friend on the shoulder. "S'all right, Bennie, but there's been some changes made."

The rehearsal went on under Levering's direction, and when he was satisfied with it he turned to the piano and handed Bernstein several sheets of manuscript.

"Here's some new numbers that I'm going to try," he said.

"Hot dog!" Bennie murmured, as he bent his expert gaze on the neatly written sheets. Then an expression of bewilderment spread over his face. What was this stuff Hal was pulling? He glanced sideways at Levering, who was standing at the edge of the platform, his back turned. With a shake of his head, Bennie played a few bars; then Levering joined in, a new softness, a thrilling timbre, in his rich voice. Again the few in the room stopped their chatter and listened with puzzled expressions, which changed into real wonder and reluctant admiration as Hal sang:

"Set me as a seal upon thine heart,
As a seal upon thine arm,
For love is strong as death,
Jealousy is cruel as the grave.
Stir not up nor awake my love
Until he please."

When he had finished, a silence hung over the place. Hal turned to Bennie. "Try the next one," he said quietly.

And again he sang a verse from the Song of Solomon, set to a wailing accompaniment, that died away to a whisper, rose, swelled, and died away again. It was thrilling, strange, but "Can even Hal Levering get away with that stuff in a night-club?" wondered Bennie.

One or two jazz numbers followed, and Hal called off rehearsal. The word spread that Levering was back, and that night, when the lights were dimmed and the chorus twinkled through the opening number, the place was crowded beyond seating capacity.

There was no sight of Levering until after Buck and Wing, those whirling cloggers, had done their turn. Then he appeared, and a burst of applause, punctuated by the staccato click of the little wooden hammers on the tables, showed that he still had a loyal following.

Bennie, at the piano, nervously settled himself, waiting for the noise to cease. Then Hal broke into one of his new songs, those songs that are as famous now as "Eli, Eli." The reaction of the crowd was amazing. Some wept, some applauded, others sat silent, wondering. It was so unexpected, so sudden, that before they realized it Hal had bowed quietly and left the room.

Later he sang several jazz songs, but after the applause he did not join his patrons at their tables; he left the room in spite of clamorous shouts of "C'mere, Hal," "Have a lil one with us, Hal?" "Draw up a chair, Hal."

Sitting at one of the tables were Lord and Lady Greville, Nancy Bromley, and John Taylor. If Levering had noticed the presence of these companions of his week-end

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at Constance Corthwaite's, he gave no sign.

"I told Constance he'd be back at it within a year," remarked Nancy Bromley, when Levering had left the floor and the lights had again been brightened. "A taste of good fortune to a man like that always goes to the head. . . . Cantor! It is to laugh."

The others were silent; then Taylor spoke: "That's not the man we knew though. Don't you get the difference? Those first songs were superb. The man who wrote that music is a genius."

"Changed, nothing! That's the same old Levering. I'll prove it to you." Nancy called a waiter and told him to ask Mr. Levering if he would speak to Miss Bromley.

"What are you going to do?" asked Greville.

"Never mind; you'll see when he comes," answered Nancy.

In a few moments Levering appeared and walked through the aisles of tables to where the party was sitting. He did not cross the floor in his old swaggering manner, receiving homage as he went; but with dignity he walked and, reaching the table, bowed quietly to the four people.

"Pull up a chair and have a drink," invited Taylor.

"No, thank you, just the same. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I am having some people down over the week-end of the twenty-third, Mr. Levering," said Nancy. "I should like very much to have you come."

"That is very kind of you, Miss Bromley," replied Levering quietly; "I should be very glad to come on Saturday evening and entertain your guests. My charge for such an affair is one thousand dollars. I presume you will not want me after eleven-thirty. I must be back in town early, for I sing in a concert Sunday afternoon."

Nancy's face was crimson as she answered, "That will be all right, Mr. Levering." Hal bowed and, turning, walked away.

John Taylor looked with amusement at the discomfited Nancy and then at the proud set of the head of the Jew who was now a Jew, a Prince of Israel, and a verse that he had learned as a child came to him: "For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour."

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WHERE THE DANGER LIES

Psychology of the American People Concerning National Defense

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY J. REILLY, O.R.C.

"MILITARY legislation had to take the place of military action." In these pregnant words the late General Emory Upton of Civil War fame sums up the disadvantages under which we labored at the outbreak of the war of 1812–15.

The sentence epitomizes the history of the opening months of every war we have fought, including the World War. Despite the consequent risk of defeat and inevitable excessive expenditures and the long period of high taxation, apparently we have learned nothing. General Upton's statement would fit the case should we have war to-day, or in the near future.

The National Defense Act of 1920, our first and only military policy, the 5–5–3 Navy ratio established by the Washington Arms Conference treaties, and the five-year aviation building program resulting from the Morrow Board recommendations and Colonel William Mitchell's charges and trial, furnish definite, well considered standards as to what constitutes adequate national defense. They eliminate all necessity for discussion as to what we mean to-day by the word "adequate."

We are not, however, living up to these three standards of defense. Public indifference, which has in the past been the principal reason for peace-time neglect of our armed forces, is only one of the reasons. There are to-day new and dangerous factors.

One is the business man who considers questions of national defense outside his province, at the time when, more than ever before in our history, necessities compel us to engage in the fierce competition of overseas trade and finance. Such competition has always been a fruitful cause of war.

The World War taught foreign nations our peculiar susceptibility to sentimental propaganda, with our resultant tendency, when in pursuit of what we think right, to grasp eagerly at pleasant theories and overlook disagreeable facts.

As a consequence, too many politicians, seeing the indifference of business men, harried by organized groups of sentimentalists, and urged on, only too often, by foreign propagandists, have joined in or remained indifferent to the attacks which have resulted in failure to carry out the three adequate national defense programs.

With a few distinguished exceptions, business men can be placed under one of two headings in con-

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sidering national defense. Probably the larger class is made up of those who believe that national defense is the business of the Army, the Navy, and those civilians "foolish" enough to give part of their time to service in the National Guard or the Organized Reserve. They see no more reason to devote time and energy to the business of defense than to any other business they do not happen to be engaged in. They are simply not interested.

The other class of business men is largely made up of those who think of national defense only from the point of view of tax reduction, of how much could be saved if expenditures for the Army and Navy were materially cut. Neither group gives any constructive thought to the part national defense plays in the protection of its property, nor to the wisdom of the government's giving the same careful attention to this activity that it gives to the tariff or some other tax which directly and immediately affects business interests.

To quote George W. Hinman, an expert financial writer: "The business meaning of national defense just now is that it is the chief bulwark behind which the greatest aggregation of national wealth and welfare ever known is sheltered and assured. The American people have 360 billions in property, 75 billions gross income, 14 or 15 billions net income to be safeguarded from those who have no such wealth but long to share in it." And further: "A few years ago, American business had only one tenth of the world's trade. To-day, American business has nearly one sixth. A few years ago, American business sold the world only about two billions of goods a year. To-day, American business sells the world some four and a half billions."

Insurance of all kinds is recognized as an essential part of business. All business depends on a continuation of national security. Why, then, is it not the first business of every business man to insist on adequate insurance for national security, or, in other words, adequate national defense?

Carefully planned preparation carried out through a long period of peace insures the minimum expenditure for the maximum result when war comes. Because of our persistent failure to learn the lesson of our military history, each of our wars has cost us far more than the sum total of such preparation in peace, plus the cost of the following war.

War has always found us unprepared, with the result that we try by lavish and wasteful expenditures to do overnight what can only be done by careful planning over a long period of time. Every business man understands what a complex problem it would be to feed, clothe, shelter, protect the health, and maintain order among the 850,000 people of, say, St. Louis. He knows that an organization equal to this task can only be built up by an expenditure consistent with efficiency, and after careful planning over a protracted length of time. He knows that the necessary personnel must be expertly chosen from those whose previous experience guarantees their capabilities. If in addition to this it becomes necessary to move these 850,000 people over considerable distances and through earthquake, storm, and flood, how much time would the busi-

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ness man need to plan to do it effectively and without enormous waste of money?

Yet he apparently is willing to wait until the last moment to try to raise armies several times the size of St. Louis's population; feed, clothe, shelter, preserve health, maintain order, and move under the storm of battle to attack an enemy which threatens the very existence of everything he believes in and holds dear.

Such last-minute attempts have always proved enormously and unnecessarily expensive, as the most cursory examination of our military history will show.

In our Revolutionary War, we raised and more or less paid, clothed, and fed nearly 400,000 men. Yet the total effective force in the field at any time never exceeded 60,000, and generally was nearer 30,000. If Washington's advice had been followed, and an effective force of 50,000 properly disciplined, equipped, and trained troops been continuously maintained, there is little doubt that we should have won the war in half the time it took.

During the war of 1812–15, a total of 500,000 men was called out at various times. It is doubtful if any force at any time in any one place approximated 25,000 men and officers. A properly maintained, equipped, disciplined, and trained force of 50,000 men and officers not only would have achieved such military results as we won in this war, but would have saved us the defeats which made up the greater part of the land operations.

For the Mexican War, we had in the service a total of 104,000 men and officers. General Taylor in his northern force never had more than 7000. General Scott in his campaign to Mexico City never had more than 14,000, including 3000 sick and the troops guarding his line of communications. After his last brilliant series of battles he entered Mexico City with but 6000 troops. A properly equipped, trained, disciplined, and maintained force totaling 30,000 would have been ample.

For the Civil War, the figures are not so easily arrived at. Without going into voluminous detail and analysis, it can be safely said that the North brought into the service approximately three times as many men as would have been necessary had the determination existed from the first to raise immediately and maintain continuously a properly trained, disciplined, and equipped army of 400,000 to 500,000. There can be no doubt that the South was enabled to hold out as long as it did because it uninterruptedly maintained the original regiments called into service, instead of allowing the experienced regiments to dwindle away to be replaced by new ones, as was the case with the North.

As a matter of fact, had the Regular Army in 1861 consisted of 50,000 officers and men, Fort Sumter would have been promptly relieved, Richmond and other important places occupied, and the war promptly ended. All units of the Regulars, regardless of the part of the country where they were stationed, remained loyal to the Union. Though no oath of allegiance to the federal government was required, as is the case today, more than half the Regular officers of Southern birth did not resign

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their commissions but stayed with their units and fought in the Union Army throughout the war.

During the early years of the World War, we had continuously before our eyes the costliness and the deleterious effect of Britain's failure to prepare. Yet we waited until war was upon us before we did anything. How much shorter would the war have been, and how much less would we be paying in taxes to-day, if we had made plans so that within six months we could have placed 2,000,000 men in the face of the enemy, instead of waiting, and then frantically spending during the eighteen months it took us so to do!

If the United States Chamber of Commerce and other business organizations are really interested in introducing business methods into government, here is a most fertile field, in which convincing figures are readily available.

Haste breeds waste. Inefficiency is inevitably costly. Haste and inefficiency have hitherto characterized our wars.

All this is aside from the risk of ultimate defeat. There is no guarantee, because we have hitherto won our wars, despite our unpreparedness, that we shall always be victorious. No country would furnish richer pickings in the way of indemnities than the United States.

The propaganda against the execution of the various programs for adequate national defense, coupled with the indifference of the business man, have given the politician, anxious to make a record for tax cutting if he can do it without treading on the toes of voters, an excellent opportunity, except for one thing. Until the National Defense Act brought the National Guard into the Army and created the Organized Reserve, the needs of national defense went unvoiced. This because the whole spirit and tradition of the Regular Services are properly against mixing in politics. Regardless of what they may think or know, the views of the president must govern. Thus, until the National Defense Act created civilian components in the Army, politicians in and out of Congress were free to use the Army and Navy as political footballs without fear of censure.

The introduction of these components has changed all this. The National Guard and Reserve officer, unlike the Regular, does not devote his entire life to the military service. Therefore his career does not advance or decline with national defense. He is primarily a civilian. Adequate as against inadequate national defense cannot give such a man any benefit over his neighbors, not in the military service. Inadequate national defense brings to him the same danger as to his neighbors, plus the personal inescapable danger from entering combat unprepared and from leading untrained and badly equipped troops. Of the approximately 100,000 National Guard and Reserve Officers to-day, the majority, through personal experience in battle, know the terrible toll unpreparedness exacts. These men know that it is both their right and their duty to call the attention of their representatives in Congress to the shameful neglect of our defense, particularly when a definite standard is set by such a law as the National Defense Act.

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By doing so, they ask nothing for themselves, unless asking the opportunity to undergo the rigors of training can be so construed.

Yet along with the professional pacifists some politicians, notably Representative Madden of Illinois, have attempted to create the impression that these civilian business men, merchants, lawyers, and doctors are overstepping their rights as Reserve Officers when they appeal to individual congressmen and appear before congressional committees.

In 1922 representative Reserve Officers from all over the country met in Washington and formed a Reserve Officers' Association, without political purpose and solely to encourage the carrying out of the provisions of the National Defense Act. The constitution of the association is such that it would be well-nigh impossible to use it for any political purpose. As the membership is nation-wide and contains men of both political parties, the difficulties in the way of any such movement, should it be planned, are apparent.

The members of the association have not hesitated to point out to their individual congressmen, at every session, that under the planned appropriations it was impossible for Reserve Officers to get even the minimum amount of training essential, if they are to be of any value to the government. Also, they have repeatedly called attention to the fact that the so-called War Department budget, as sent to Congress, does not represent what the War Department really believes necessary, but merely the amount the director of the budget has assigned that department.

In thus appealing to Congress to see that enough money is appropriated to carry out the provisions of the National Defense Act, they are in no way infringing on the rights of the War Department, nor are they attempting to establish any new or alter any old policy.

As a matter of fact, the point had been reached, by reason of penuriousness in appropriations, where the Reserve would have gone out of existence unless steps were taken to change the situation.

Men who become Reserve Officers expect some attempt on the part of the government to organize and train them. One appropriation bill omitted the small amount of money necessary to assign and keep Regular Officers at the headquarters of the Reserve units. This would have meant the abolition of these headquarters, and the consequent loss of all cohesion, all real organization in the Reserve. Through appealing to their congressmen, the Reserve Officers succeeded, on the floor of the House, in having this provision restored despite the vigorous efforts of Mr. Madden, Mr. Anthony, and others to keep it out.

Similarly the Reserve has had to fight to get money appropriated to send a small proportion of its ranks to summer training camp. Last year's bill allowed something under 14,000 to go. This year the budget item was not sufficient for even this number. By appealing to Congress, the amount was raised to 16,000. That 100,000 Reserve Officers should struggle to keep their headquarters, the keystones of their military or-

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ganization, and to send 16 per cent of their number to summer training camps, certainly bears no evidence of any attempt to form a military caste or threaten the liberties of the republic.

Yet this absurd tale has been spread abroad in an endeavor to hide the fact, so clearly brought out by the Reserve Officers, that the so-called War Department budget does not represent the real needs of the War Department, if the provisions of the National Defense Act are to be carried out; that it merely represents the allowance given the War Department by the director of the budget; that the War Department, having been silenced, cannot itself bring out these facts.

Attacked from some quarters as inefficient, because insufficiently trained, and from others as endeavoring to create a military caste, because they try to obtain training, some Reserve Officers have given it as their deliberate opinion that it was the intent to destroy the Reserve by discouraging its members and thus lead them to resign, or, at the end of the five-year period for which they are commissioned, to decline to apply for recommission.

Mr. Madden, as chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, and Mr. Anthony of Kansas, as chairman of the War Department Subcommittee of that committee, cannot escape at least part of the responsibility for the crippling cuts in Army appropriations. Mr. Weeks, when secretary of war, declared in an annual report, in which he called attention to the fact that in a general sense we have been relatively decreasing, not increasing, our expenditures for national defense, "It is the height of folly to continue the recent policy of cutting our financial support of the War Department to such an extent that the National Defense Act is endangered."

Attacks on Regular Officers, on the charge that they are militarists, are as baseless as those on the National Guard and Reserve Officers. They are made to appeal to prejudices brought by Americans or by their ancestors from European countries, where armies were not of the people and for the people, but bulwarks of kings and aristocracies. These attacks are smoke-screens to hide pacifistic or political designs against national defense. Approximately two thirds of the officers of the Army to-day came from the ranks, from civil life, or from our war Army. West Point, which furnished the remaining third, and the Naval Academy, are the two most democratic schools in the world, in the method of entrance, in the social and academic life of the students, and in the determination of graduation rank, which is the basis of entry into the services. The cadets come from all parts of the country, and from all classes of society. The records of the Regulars show them to have come from the people as a whole, and to have remained typically American, with the same habits of mind, customs, and loyalties; their profession differentiating them from their countrymen only as the doctor's or the lawyer's or the architect's profession differentiates him.

There has been no subject on which our indifference and easy good nature, coupled with foreign

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and domestic propaganda, have led us further astray from the facts than has the subject of disarmament.

From the beginning of the advance publicity concerning the Washington Arms Conference, many of our people thought that the European powers and Japan looked at the question as they looked at it themselves. They believed that all the participating nations considered disarmament as a way to insure peace, and have only differed as to the details of an equitable arrangement.

The records of the Washington Arms Conference, the Geneva conferences, and the various negotiations entered into by this country to obtain a second naval conference show this is not the fact. They demonstrate clearly that Europe and Japan regard such conferences as opportunities to strengthen their relative position as to armament at the expense of their neighbors. The whole matter is merely a new form of armament race, based on diplomatic ability "to put one over," rather than the old-fashioned method of simply building more ships than a rival could afford to construct.

It is not that our view is fundamentally virtuous and that of the others fundamentally evil. It is simply that Europe and Japan see nothing in past history, or in the present condition of the world, to warrant them in trusting anything as precious as national security to the good-will of the other powers, who are their trade, racial, and frequently territorial rivals. They simply believe that national security depends upon adequate armament.

Lord Balfour's opening speech at the Washington Arms Conference stressed the view that not sentiment but national security must govern Britain in any negotiations concerning her Navy. The representatives of all the other powers, except ours, expressed the same opinion. Our people were too wrapped up in their desire to inaugurate a new era based on peace and good-will to heed the few American voices that were raised in an endeavor to make their countrymen understand the truth of the situation.

Great Britain is primarily dependent on overseas trade for her wealth. She has never tolerated the possession by a trade rival of a navy larger than her own. Spain, Holland, France, and Germany have successively learned this fact.

Our Navy, in capital ships built and building, was superior to that of Great Britain at the time the negotiations which led to the Washington Arms Conference were begun. Our purpose in the conference was to establish a uniform ratio for all classes of ships. After we agreed to sacrifice our superiority in capital ships, Britain tried to force France to agree to abolish submarines as the price of Britain's agreeing to a ratio for cruisers and destroyers.

The war proved Britain susceptible to great damage by submarine attack in the waters surrounding her home island. Also, the route to India passes through the Mediterranean, a sea which furnishes excellent opportunity for such attack. Having deprived us of our supremacy in capital ships, Britain needed only to secure the abolition of submarines to be supreme.

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On the other hand, France, which entered the war one of the four great naval powers of the world, finished it with virtually no navy at all. This partly because of naval losses, but mostly because she threw her whole strength into her army, instead of using part of her resources to augment her navy, as did Britain. At the same time she became more than ever dependent upon her North African possessions. It is essential to her in war-time that she keep open the communications between France and North Africa, across the Mediterranean. To do this, and to prevent absolute domination of her Channel and Atlantic coasts by Britain, the submarine is essential.

At the time of the Washington Conference, this country was flooded with British propaganda against submarines. No mention was made of their proper military uses, but only of the sinking, without warning, of passenger ships. The French readiness to sign any agreement that would limit the submarine to military uses, and the few warning voices of Americans who tried to point out the vital part submarines must play in our own defense, were lost in the whirlwind of sentimental outcries against submarines.

Japan, both from the point of view of capital ships and from that of naval bases, gained greatly, in relation to ourselves, through the Washington Arms Conference.

Since the conference, Britain and Japan have outbuilt us in cruisers and other auxiliaries.

If additional proof is needed of the fallacy of the idea that disarmament as a means to peace is the motive actuating Europe and Japan in any arms conference, a study of the answers to Mr. Coolidge's recent invitation to another conference should be convincing. Britain will not give up her supremacy in cruisers, despite the fact that we gave up ours in capital ships. Her propagandists have again started a campaign against submarines based on the horror aroused by their improper use, and not on the facts of their military value. France has not changed her position since the Washington Conference. Japan, like Britain, is unwilling to give up her cruiser supremacy established since the conference, despite our generosity at that conference in regard to capital ships and to the fortification of our Pacific islands, which so increased her effective naval strength.

We are a practical people. We pride ourselves on our hard-headedness. We practise it in our business dealings. It is therefore all the more strange that when it comes to national defense we are anything but businesslike. We act spasmodically as the result of sentimentalism and prejudice, instead of continuously as the consequence of a thorough understanding of the facts of our past history, the world as it is to-day, and the danger to our material and spiritual welfare.

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CAPITALIZING PROSPERITY

How Wall Street Converts Earning-Power into Stocks

SILAS BENT

A NEWFANGLED contrivance, invented by an unknown named James Ritty, was offered for sale back in the early eighties to the owners of a mining store in Coalton, Ohio. When punched forcibly, it registered on a strip of paper the amounts of cash sales. The device could not have cost more than twenty dollars to make, and the price was $100. The mining store, moreover, was steadily losing money; yet the Patterson brothers, who owned it, bought two of the devices, because the salesman recommended it as a good thief-catcher. During the next year, without any apparent increase in turnover, the business made a profit of $12,000.

One of these brothers was the late John H. Patterson; and after three years had passed, at a time when the contrivance seemed an assured failure, he bought control of the manufacturing business for $6500 and renamed it the National Cash Register Company. He had faith in it, although his neighbors grinned. To keep the new enterprise going required prolonged effort, and for years it remained just what it was represented to be when he bought it, a thief-catcher. But as time went on many changes were made in it, and many new inventions were either patented or bought. Now the register is advertised as assuring correct change for the customer, credit for payments on account, accurate bills, and proof of purchase when goods are returned. The boast is made that it protects the clerk from others' errors, from misunderstandings, and from making mistakes himself. Whether the transaction is in cash, on part payment, or for a charge account, it can be registered on one of these machines; for they issue not only receipts but charge-slips, paid-out vouchers, and received-on-account records, "in every desired form."

The National Cash Register Company now sells nine tenths of such contrivances in the United States, as well as covering the world with them, wherever retail business is done. In its plant are forty-four acres of floor-space, and its employees number twelve thousand. From gross sales in 1890 of less than two million dollars, it had grown at the beginning of this century to more than a thousandfold of what John Patterson paid for control of the business at the beginning of his career, when he was forty-one years old. At the end of 1925 the firm had in accounst receivable alone, thanks partly to the sweep of instalment buying,

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more than twenty-one million dollars; and its net earnings were nearly eight millions.

From an acorn of $6500 this mighty oak has grown, a typical example of American ingenuity and business acumen. Now and then the partners have been rewarded in such a way that the reward could not be taxed as income. In 1898 there was a stock dividend of 200 per cent, in 1906 another of 125 per cent, in 1916 one of 50 per cent, in 1921 of 50 per cent. The stock, that is to say, had been diluted by more than fifteen times its volume; yet at the end of 1925, with book assets of nearly thirty-eight millions and a capital issue of thirty millions, the earnings were $7 on each share.

All this while the National Cash Register was a close corporation, held almost entirely by the Pattersons; but early in 1926 a group of banking houses in Wall Street, headed by Dillon, Read & Co., took it over and reorganized it. The capitalization had been thirty millions; now $55,000,000 in stock was sold, at $50 a share, and 400,000 shares of B common stock were withheld from the market, mostly in the hands of the Pattersons. Both classes of stock have voting-power, but the B stock has the power to elect the majority of the board of directors. The A stock, which was put on the market, was immensely oversubscribed, and closed the first day above 52; for the company had a practical monopoly of its field, based on some four thousand patents, and its earnings had constantly increased over a long period.

What was done in this case was to capitalize continued prosperity. It is the general practice in Wall Street, and is worth reporting here to that lay public which regards the operations of Wall Street as mysteriously occult. Not the physical assets held by a company determine the market price of its stock, but its earning capacity. Behind every share of stock in the United States Steel Corporation is $275 in net tangible assets, yet you can buy one of those shares, as this is written (before the forty per cent stock dividend), for $143. Behind each share in the F. W. Woolworth Company, owner of five-and-ten-cent stores, is an asset value of $35; yet these shares have sold as high as $220 each, and cost as I write more than $140. The investor in common stock does not buy physical property; he buys a partnership, and he rates its value on prospective dividends.

We have a compact example of this in the Coca Cola Company, which has property valued at less than seven millions, and is capitalized on a basis which gives it a market value of more than ninety millions. This company was bought from the Candlers of Atlanta in 1919 by the Trust Company of Georgia and the Guaranty Company of New York—a subsidiary of the Guaranty Trust Company—for $15,000,000 in cash and $10,000,000 of preferred stock. In the refinancing, 500,000 shares of no par value were issued, and the preferred stock has since been bought back out of earnings. The common stock is selling around $197 a share.

On the books of the company, each of these shares is carried at $30.20. Good-will is carried at twenty millions. The company's good-will, in fact, was what was capitalized in re-

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financing it, although most corporations nowadays either ignore this item or list it at $1. In the days when William Jennings Bryan was railing at Wall Street as "the enemy country," and even in Theodore Roosevelt's trust-busting days, it was popular to make a great hullabaloo about the capitalization of good-will, even to call such capital plain water. The Supreme Court of the United States, however, recognizes it as an asset, and has more than once made use of the definition given to it by John Scott, Earl of Eldon, that "good will is the probability that the old customers will resort to the old place." In one of the opinions where this was cited, the Supreme Court explained that "good will, of course, does not keep customers from buying in the lowest market. Barter is not conducted on philanthropic principles; but good will promises the business that it may see the return of old customers whom it has treated fairly in price and quality."

In the case of the Coca Cola Company, the market investor eagerly bought good-will as revealed in the recipe for a "soft" drink sold continuously for more than two score years to an immense public. The intangible and invisible fact that "everybody knows Coca Cola" is an asset. In subways, on streetcars, in newspapers, and in magazines one found reminders of it, and the advertising was an asset. Moreover there is the record of sales: in 1922 (using round figures) more than twenty-one million dollars; the next year, twenty-four millions; the next, twenty-five; in 1925, twenty-eight millions; and in 1926 thirty millions. Confident that the sales will be maintained or will be increased, with a corresponding record of net profits, the public—or that part of it which enters the stock market—has bid up the evidence of partnership to its present price. The purchaser does not believe that any other soda-fountain drink is likely to displace Coca Cola in popular favor, and he buys not only present but prospective earning-power.

In the case of the National Cash Register Company, the 1925 earnings exceeded those of the year before by more than a million and a quarter, and the net profit was nearly eight millions. In 1926 the net earnings fell off more than a million and a quarter. The enterprise had made giant strides through high-pressure salesmanship; by many in Wall Street the selling organization was regarded as the best in this country, and the salesmen were stimulated to their best efforts by a profit-sharing scheme. This the reorganizers did away with, and substituted some of the B stock which had been held off the market. As this stock will share equally in earnings after $3,300,000 a year has been paid on the A stock, and as it elects a majority of the directors, the salesmen who received it may be said still to share in the profits. In the latter part of February, 1926, after the reorganization had taken place, a court decision upheld the right of the Remington Arms Company, chief competitor of the National, to certain cash-register patents which the National had claimed. The stock, perhaps adversely affected by these circumstances, is now selling above 40. This may be but a tem-

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porary flurry, and may be overcome by mounting sales and increasing net profits. In any event, such situations are what the market investor must take into account, and what the market speculator banks on.

An American living temporarily in Paris was surprised one day to see an acquaintance, a professor at the Sorbonne, sweep up to his house in a handsome automobile. He had not supposed the Frenchman to be so prosperous, for he lived very simply.

"But I did not buy a motor," said the professor when the American offered his congratulations on what he supposed to be a windfall, "until I had economized and laid aside enough in securities to cover, not only the indebtedness I assumed on the automobile, but enough to pay in interest the upkeep as well. If anything happens to me or to the machine, my wife will be fully protected."

There was the cautious French psychology at work, the psychology which has made the nation famous for its thrift and its substantial worth. The American, pondering the fondness of his countrymen for mortgaging their future salaries under the instalment plan, was surprised and a little amused at the professor's extreme conservatism. The United States is incorrigibly optimistic, and the New York stock market reflects the national faith. Sometimes, as happened in the spring and fall of 1926, there are misgivings, and the market slumps; but by and large its tone is sanguine.

Yet the practice, now generally followed in Wall Street, of basing capitalization on earning-power, involves more than hopefulness; it involves a sound principle. B. M. Anderson, Jr., economist of the Chase National Bank, has illustrated the relation of earning-power, as expressed in income, to capitalization and interest rates, by the figure of a lighted candle, a disk, and the shadow the disk throws on the wall. "The disk," he says, "represents the annual income, the distance between the candle and the disk represents the rate of discount, and the shadow on the wall represents capital value. As the disk is reduced in size, the shadow grows smaller. The shadow, moreover, increases or decreases vastly more than the disk increases or decreases. A moderate change in the annual income makes a vast change in the capital value."

Now, the Wall Street investor takes into account not only earnings of the immediate past, and of years past, but prospective earnings. (If he is wise, he is cautious of average earnings, which may prove deceptive.) And any Wall Street syndicate, about to reorganize an enterprise, takes these factors into account. After the settlement of the Boxer uprising in China, for instance, shipping was drawn into the Pacific Ocean on the prospect of better trade with the Far East; and then the Boer War had the effect still further of increasing marine transportation rates in the Atlantic. Those lines engaged in transatlantic business won phenomenal profits. On the strength of their fine showing a syndicate headed by the House of Morgan undertook, a quarter of a century ago, to organize the International Mercantile Marine, known in that day as "the shipping trust."

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But ocean rates are highly competitive, and the term "trust" was a misnomer. New carriers entered the Atlantic to take advantage of the high charges, and the period of prosperity was soon past. The business of operating ships upon the seven seas is unstable and uncertain at best, and the consolidation did not prosper. The incident is too far in the past to be of any market importance now. It is set down here only as illuminating one side of the shield. When such ventures come to grief, the investing public is not the sole sacrificial goat; the promoters lose too. On the other side of the shield is the United States Steel Corporation, which began in much the same way as the International Mercantile Marine Company; its common stock represented at first an intangible hope, and sold as low as $8 a share, but now it is about the solidest thing on the Wall Street horizon.

A marked modern tendency in American industry is away from family control. The sale by the Pattersons of the National Cash Register and by the Candlers of Coca Cola are examples. Another is that of the Dodge automobile property, one of the most spectacular deals of modern times. The two Dodge brothers, who had been the informing genius of the business, died within a few months of each other; and the business was put on the market for the highest bidder. All competitors soon dropped out save two, a group headed by the Morgans and representing General Motors, and another group headed by Dillon-Read. The latter bid fourteen millions more than the Morgan group, and paid $146,000,000 in cash for the property. The single check for that amount, signed by Clarence Dillon, was the largest ever made in a commercial transaction in this country.

The actual physical properties thus purchased were valued at fifty millions. In the refinancing, there was included seventy-five millions in debentures, the first great bond issue against an automobile property. Up to that time, the total bonded indebtedness of the industry had been about twenty-five millions; whereas the packing and steel industries were bonded, each of them, for about a billion and a half. This made the Dodge financing doubly noteworthy.

In the reorganization stock was issued which now has a market value of considerably more than a hundred millions. There were 850,000 shares of preferred stock, to carry a seven per cent dividend, which is selling as I write a little above 70; and there were authorized 2,535,000 shares of A common, of which 1,934,554 are outstanding, and are selling around 17. The A stock has no voting-power; this is carried by 500,000 shares of B common stock, which was not put on the market. The issue, which was put out last May, was oversubscribed. The selling price was $100 for a share of common plus one of preferred.

On the books of the reorganized Dodge Brothers concern, good-will is carried at one dollar. The book valuation of the preferred stock is one dollar a share, and of the A common stock ten cents a share. On the ledger, therefore, the shares of common and preferred stock which

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now have a market value around $100 are listed at $1.10; and on the preferred the company agrees to pay out of its earnings $7 a year, or 700 per cent of its listed value. Bookkeeping of this sort seems to become necessary when capitalization is based on earning-power or good-will, and good-will is carried at a dollar. The Dodge company's net earnings for the first quarter of 1925 were $6,357,152; for the first quarter of 1926, $5,990,489; the first quarter of 1927 $1,545,349; it has an earned surplus of more than twenty-five millions, and still has in its treasury a large part of the A common stock.

It is not necessarily an argument against the continued success of the Dodge business that it has passed out of the hands of the two men who made it and is now in the hands of Wall Street bankers. This argument is sometimes heard in such cases, and is based on the aphorism, a favorite in this country, that every business is the lengthened shadow of some man. The Ford Motor Company, for example, is the lengthened shadow of Henry Ford; but its chief competitor, General Motors, was not organized and is not now controlled by a genius of production. It is a child of Wall Street. Its board of directors includes such men as Junius S. Morgan, Jr., son of J. P. Morgan, Pierre S. du Pont, and George F. Baker, Jr.

General Motors, which has more than 45,000 stockholders, declared a stock dividend last year of fifty per cent; and at the present market this "melon" has a value of more than $450,000,000. The new stock will return dividends like the other common. The increase in capitalization put the concern in the first rank among the industrial corporations of the world. Henry Ford cannot teach General Motors anything about high wages, nor about the economies to be effected from mass production, nor about "vertical" trusts. Since the two came into acute competition General Motors has sold about one fifth of all the cars marketed in the United States, and Mr. Ford has made what may be called concessions; that is, he is producing a high-priced car, as well as a cheap one, and he has changed the appearance of his cheap car. The Ford is no longer painted solely black; it has an altered radiator and a lowered chassis. No one denies Mr. Ford's genius in his field; but neither can any one deny that Wall Street management has put his genius to its trumps.

General Motors makes other things beside pleasure automobiles and trucks, of course; it makes taxicabs and coaches, accessories and parts, electric refrigerators, farm lighting and power plants, washing-machines, water-pumps, and so on. It has twenty-nine major divisions; it has a pay-roll of a quarter of a billion dollars; its net profits for the first half of last year were nearly eighty-three millions (as compared with less than forty-seven millions for the first half of 1925); and it is, I repeat, a creature of Wall Street enterprise. The tendency away from private control seems not without its justification.

Fleischmann's yeast, Burroughs adding-machines, Case threshing-machines, Listerine, the Childs restaurants, the Woolworth stores—one might fill this page with notes on the

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businesses which have found their way out of one-man or one-family control into Wall Street. In the case of the Woolworth company the control was merely shared; for Goldman, Sachs & Co. and Lehman Brothers, who refinanced it, make it a general policy to require that those who built up an enterprise shall take part in their reorganizations. The Woolworth stores represent strikingly the gesture—it has almost the air of swank—of writing off good-will as a large item of the balance-sheet. Originally fifty million dollars, this was reduced by twenty millions in 1922, by ten millions in 1923 and again in 1922, and in 1925 to the final figure of $1.

This company, with 5300 stockholders, represents a merger of several smaller chains into the overshadowing Woolworth business. The shares are carried on the books at $25 each; the physical value back of each share is about $35. The stock was put on the market in 1912 at $55 a share; each has been split into four shares, and there has been a thirty per cent stock dividend; so that what cost $55 fourteen years ago is worth at present prices nearly $1000, practically all of which is based on earning-power—on the magic of sales, at "Nothing over ten cents in this store!"

The Woolworth sales, please note, were nearly 253 millions in 1926; in the single month of last September they were more than a million above the sales for that month in 1925. Such figures as these, not the property account, are what interests Wall Street investors; and by Wall Street investors, of course, I mean the millions whose money flows into this restricted and cavernous district, not merely the resident buyers. Figures such as those I have just cited have served to push the lowly five-and-ten-cent stores into the financial upper crust. Woolworth is one of the aristocrats of the Stock Exchange. Its shares have ranged above 200 when the going was good. The company controls 1500 stores in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, and employs 28,000 persons.

Another chain which has gone out of private ownership is Childs, which served fifty million meals in 1925. The Childs string embraces more than one hundred restaurants, half of them in New York; they have invaded Fifth Avenue. It happens that in this case the value of realty, plants, and equipment is not far from the value of outstanding stock; more than half of the authorized common is still in the treasury. Before the refinancing, the common had a par value of $100; in 1923 it was changed to no par value, and five new shares were issued for each of the old ones. Now the new shares are selling around fifty-five dollars each. Childs had a gross income in 1926 of about twenty-seven millions, an average of about half a dollar for each meal served. It does not list good-will.

The growth of chain systems such as these is an interesting phase of industry's effort to solve the problem of distribution. About forty-nine cents of every dollar we spend goes into that complex of transportation, insurance, rent, services, and so on which is called distribution. American business genius has been devoted to production at the cost of merchandising; but now the chain-

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stores, the mail-order houses, the department-stores (some of which are themselves grouped in chains), and the "company stores" are competing with the small individual shops to take the major place in retailing. In the stock market reports, a part of the struggle is reflected.

If we turn away from chain-stores, which require a comparatively large investment in "plant," we find more striking examples of the manner in which the investor ignores property account when looking at earning-power. There is Listerine. It has been on the market for more than forty years, and it is like Coca Cola in that "everybody" knows it. The Lambert Pharmacal Company's physical properties are valued at a little more than a quarter of a million dollars, and its total assets are less than a million and three quarters; but the outstanding stock, based on about half its earning-power, is worth more than seventeen millions, and is selling well above the price at which it was offered to the public.

The goods labeled Listerine are made by the Lambert Pharmacal Company, and this is controlled by a holding concern, the Lambert Company; it is the latter's shares which are on the market. The Lambert Pharmacal Company has but 60,000 shares, of no par value, carried on its books at a valuation of $600,000, and the Lambert Company owns a little more than half of them. Now, the Lambert Company has an authorized issue of a million shares of no-par stock, of which 281,000 are outstanding. Nearly 200,000 shares were put on the market in March, 1926, at $41.75 each by Goldman, Sachs & Co. and Bond & Goodwin; these were oversubscribed, and are selling as this is written above $67 a share; a gain, say, of $35 a share for those who bought at the market price at the time of issue. The explanation is to be found in earnings. The Lambert Pharmacal Company earned in 1922 $8.67 on each of its shares; in 1923, $15.75; in 1924, $23.50; in 1925, $30; and in 1926, $47. The Lambert Company, owning more than half of those shares, sprays out a part of the prosperity to the stockholding public.

All the enterprises we have been talking about, excepting the Dodge company, had their beginnings back in the eighties. The automobile industry was born at the beginning of this century; but the Childs restaurants set up in business in 1899, and the others I have mentioned even earlier. They have persisted, therefore, through more than a generation of the human span, all of them on an ascending scale of profits; and finally their prosperity has been capitalized.

Now, prosperity, particularly on a large scale, has a way of going to the head. Twenty-five-cent sugar ruined many Cuban sugar planters and caused a general financial collapse on the island. A few years of exceptionally high prices for wheat and hogs and corn brought disaster in the long run to many American farmers. Individuals are likely to become reckless or extravagant in boom periods, and they pay through the nose in the reaction. Every boom has its morning after. Corporations are less likely to be swept off their feet; there are advantages in being "soulless."

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The United States Steel Corporation, for example, with more than 85,000 shareholders and a quarter of a million employees, has good reason to step lightly when others are excited. The "trust" came out of our last panic in better shape than when it went in. Between 1915 and 1922 it experienced, as did other businesses, boom prices and then a bust period. The prices of steel and pig-iron were multiplied, roughly, by four, and then dropped off with disconcerting suddenness. But instead of flinging money around during the high times, the Steel Corporation soberly paid off its debts and increased its surplus. When the crash came it was clear-headed and well heeled; and even the losses of the depression did not pull it back to where it had been when the boom began.

It would seem that every business man should be crafty enough to accomplish this sort of thing, but the fact is that not even the majority of them do. Speculators were probably even less cautious, and investors not so timorous as the speculators. (For there are bears as well as bulls among speculators.) The tendency is to buy on a rising market, and to keep buying, regardless of the fact that a falling market may be just around the corner. It is possible that level-headedness in such crises is one of the advantages of transfer from one-man domination to banking-group control. Bankers are notoriously cagy.

A single dominant personality at the top is no longer a *sine qua non* of successful industrial enterprise. The Woolworth stores, representing partial group management, and General Motors, representing complete Wall Street conception and control, show that the function of the owner is less important than economists have been disposed to fancy. Our heroics about our captains of industry appear to have been premature. It is not essential that every concern have its Pooh-bah. The technique of management and control can be applied, it is now clear, either under the Pooh-bah or under a group of financiers, banking houses, and absentee stockholders. This seems to me one of the most interesting developments that has come out of the drift of industry from one-man or one-family control into the hands of syndicates and groups. It makes evident that a going enterprise can keep going without a Master Mind.

Among the stockholders are employees. In twenty-two large concerns there are now more than 300,000 employees listed as partners, and they own nearly half a billion dollars' worth of stock. It has been estimated that employees the country over own perhaps $700,000,000 worth of stock. That is but a drop in the bucket, to be sure; for we roll up higher and higher the totals we put into stocks and bonds. The new securities offered in the first half of 1926 aggregated more than four billions, at a time when Great Britain was issuing less than two thirds of a billion. In this country the figure was the highest for any year, and seven tenths of the new issues of stocks, debentures, and bonds were for corporate financing. Of the instances which I have cited, only two were included in this period, and those not the largest. I have not sought to catalogue recent flotations, but to pick up instances here and

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there which would illustrate a principle of modern finance and reveal certain trends.

One of those trends is the spread of employee-partnership, and another is the general spread of shares into millions of hands. The Pennsylvania Railroad alone has 140,000 stockholders. Now, if it does not make so much difference, so far as earnings are concerned, how industry is owned, if it is possible to get along without the kind of owner who seeks only to reap a present profit, there seems a better prospect that production may be made to keep step with the general good. Now that we have found how workable is a diffusion of partnership and a distribution of prosperity, industry can be brought into closer relation to large public benefits. Those who seek to avail themselves of its benefits through the stock markets must accept the risks which all business enterprises undergo.

THEY CAN STILL SING

RUTH M. GORDON

They who feel ecstasy in early May
When, rose against a periwinkle sky,
The peach-trees blow; or those who thrill to lie
Watching the pale bees of the Milky Way
Swarm on an August night—they only know
That the same soul which rapturously sings
At Beauty's hand upon its pulsing strings
Vibrates as surely to the stroke of woe.
Yet only pity in their hearts they find
For placid lives of still and limpid days
Threaded like beads all of one shape and kind
And color, till at last the slight cord frays.
They, having known the wonder of the light,
Though lost in tears, can still sing in the night.

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THE BEHAVIOR OF WORDS

JOHN ERSKINE

I have long wondered why some one doesn't write a grammar from the point of view of the human race. The books we study must have been composed by men who never talked. They dissect language after it has been used, and upon the fragments they meditate in logical evolutions, but they neglect the vital thing, the behavior of words in flight from my mind to yours. Grammar as a subject of study is a structure imposed upon speech by pedants more interested in the structure than in the speech. The genuine grammar, the natural and inevitable relations between words when the words are intelligible, is, like some other profound things in nature, simple.

Many a bright pupil has asked how the grammar now taught could help him to read or write. Many a writer, whose formal training in grammar was defective, has written well. If like Shakspere he reaches unassailable fame, the grammarians exercise much dialectic to prove he was following their rules after all. We suspect he was following rather the genuine laws of speech, which we wish we knew. If we are told his genius rose superior to the rules of grammar, we are skeptical; we suspect the rules were either useless or wrong.

We make our criticism, that is, from the point of view of the people who are using the language, the speaker and the hearer. The only important grammar is that which brings them together. Even if the formal grammar were correct, Shakspere and his audience would need only a few pages of it, and we need no more. But the children still learn, or try to, that nouns are abstract or collective, common or proper; that "certain proper nouns become common nouns when used in a special sense"; that nouns have gender—or if in spite of grammars they obviously haven't, then they have common gender. But did any human being ever find use for these definitions as he spoke or wrote? Would the knowledge of them solve a single difficulty of expression? Hundreds of thousands of children are at this moment learning that sentences ask questions, or make statements, or express commands. Well, what of it? If the children didn't notice this of themselves, what would they miss? Now they have the information, what are they to do with it?

These are some of the useless pages. But much of the formal grammar is from the writer's or speaker's point of view highly questionable or obviously incorrect. Most of the text-

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books begin with the definition of the sentence, either because the grammarian thinks the sentence is the simplest unit of discourse, or because he wants the students as soon as possible to write the kind of sentence which is easiest for theme-readers to correct; he wants every sentence to have a subject and a predicate. All might yet be well, if the human mind were not full of other kinds of sentence. As it is, the student usually meets at the beginning of the book two definitions which contradict each other. The first tells him that a sentence is a group of words expressing a complete thought. The second tells him that a sentence must have a subject and a predicate. Yet the student knows, from the conversation of the teacher or of any one else, that complete thoughts are often, perhaps usually, expressed without subject or predicate. "How much?" we ask the shopkeeper. "Twenty-five cents." Nothing could be more explicit than this question and its answer; each is a complete sentence.

The grammarian has an argument against me, however. He says that the examples just cited are really abbreviations. "How much?" is colloquial brevity for "How much is this?" and "Twenty-five cents" is a loose way of saying "This is twenty-five cents." If you ask me, "Is it raining?" and I say, "No," what I am trying to say, according to the grammarian, is, "No, it is not raining." Elaborate speakers, trained in this school of complete grammatical construction, feel uneasy with such a sentence as "I can run faster than you"; they carry the pattern out to "than you can." A real precisian ought to say "than you can run." To such a mind an unfinished comparative is distressing; "Tom is the taller" becomes for them "the taller of the two."

To think of sentences in this way is to assume that human speech as we normally hear it is shrunk from some elaborate and complete form it wore in an ideal age, when man parsed as he talked. But primitive man, so far as we know, did not begin with subtleties and afterward simplify his utterance. Like us, he defined the completeness of his sentences in terms of intelligibility, not of subject and predicate. We, like him, are sometimes eloquent in a single grunt. You say, "Smith is a fine fellow, isn't he!" and I, not liking Smith, say "Umph!"

The old grammar misleads me badly, I think, when it defines the passive voice. The formula is that in the passive voice the subject is not active but is acted upon—"He was lifted from the car." This ingenious definition ignores the reason why we use passives, and it implies what is not true, that the hearer thinks of the pronoun in the above sentence as the subject. To the hearer the relation of subject, object, and indirect object remains the same, whether you say "He told me the truth" or "I was told the truth," "The explosion lifted him from the car" or "He was lifted from the car." The difference is that in the passive voice the real subject or active agent is not mentioned, either because the speaker doesn't know, or, more often, because he doesn't wish to tell. The passive voice occurs usually in such statements as "I was told that you said so-and-so about me!"

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Similarly the old grammar teaches that pronouns stand for certain nouns, which are their antecedents. From that doctrine I get the impression that pronouns are substituted for something we already have in mind. Experience leads me to believe, however, that we have pronouns in mind before we are aware of the nouns, and nouns are at last substituted for pronouns. "I, Hamlet the Dane," and "This my son" follow the order of nature for pronouns and nouns. Children think of the broad, general name first, and say *he*, *she*, *it*, until we force precision on them by asking who is *he*, *she*, or *it*. If, as some of us believe, the ultimate success of expression is in finding the perfect name, the noun which can stand alone, independent of grammar, then it is not surprising that the beginning of talk should have the sort of looseness which pronouns facilitate. I know the books tell us to substitute the pronoun in order to avoid repetition of the name, and certainly awkward repetitions should be avoided, but it is just as awkward to repeat *he* or *she* as to repeat *Tom* or *Mary*. For the speaker or writer, the use of a pronoun is to be vague and general, and sometimes that is what we wish to be.

One last illustration. The grammar tries to make me believe there is an essential difference between a noun and a verb. The noun gives the name of a thing, "water," and the verb makes a statement about it, "Water *flows*." But when you have made a statement about a thing, you have named it; "water" connotes the flowing and the freezing and the everything else that water does. And if you really name a thing, you have made a statement about it. When I propounded wisdom to my small neighbor, he said, "Apple-sauce!" A complete statement—but is "apple-sauce" a verb?

Our one purpose in speech is not to illustrate grammar but to make ourselves understood. If our thoughts are crude, then a crude expression satisfies us; if our ideas are subtle, then we must convey the subtlety to the audience; but in either case we follow a simple process. We produce sounds which we hope will call up our meaning, and if we suspect the meaning has not been called up, we add other sounds. I say that a garage is a building in which automobiles are kept, and a church is a building in which religious services are held, and a hotel is a building in which travelers find shelter. In all three cases I have called the thing a building, but to make myself clearer I have added something. This process, the most elementary kind of definition, contains all that is vital in grammar, from the speaker's or the writer's point of view—all that is important in word relations, sentence structure, paragraph structure, or total form. Of course if I could find a sound which would define the garage or the church or the hotel without aid from additional sounds, I'd use that fine word, and so escape the necessity of grammar altogether, as the child did when he said "apple-sauce." But in most cases, when I have called a thing by one name, I add another to be specific. It is as though I sharpened the pencil, not by cutting away, but

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by building up the point on the end. First I call the thing by one name, or noun, and then I call it by an added something, an adjective.

For the purpose of clearness the added something, the adjective, is more important than the noun. The older grammar did not tell me so; it let me think that where both noun and adjective are needed, or verb and adverb, the nouns and verbs are the very backbone of speech, and adjectives and adverbs are mere decorations or frills. Yet in our natural talk the noun is the more general sound, having the same relation to the adjective that the pronoun has to the noun; it is the setting for an image which without the adjective would not be defined.

This principle of noun and adjective controls the structure of the sentence. My old grammar told me that the main clause was the one which contained the main idea: it was the independent clause; it could stand alone. The subordinate clause contained the subordinate statement, which could not stand alone because it depended on the main clause. Writers have to find out for themselves that the main clause is the noun, and the subordinate clause is the essential adjective; in other words, that the less important idea must go into the main clause. "We'll come to-morrow, if it doesn't rain." The promise to come is too general, and nothing is further from the intention of the speaker than to let it stand alone, as statements in main clauses are said to do. "If it doesn't rain" is the heart of the matter. In conversation such clauses are independent. "Will you come?" you say, and all I need to answer is, "If it doesn't rain."

Inexperienced writers gather from the old grammar that the great use of subordinate clauses is to vary the sentence form; every now and then one should sprinkle in a "when," an "if," an "although," for contrast with simple statements. This happy-go-lucky method leads to indifference as to what goes into the subordinate clause; the cheerful scribe will not care whether he writes, "When the sun rose, I got up," or, "When I got up, the sun rose." Such a writer—and the grammarians—should refresh their memory of the orthodox definitions, and then should meditate on what went into the main and the subordinate clauses of Shakspere's lines,

> "If this be error, and upon me proved,
> I never writ, nor no man ever loved."

This is great writing and sound grammar—writer's grammar; the main clause, if taken independently, would be nonsense.

If grammar dealt with the problems of speaker and writer, it would tell us where to take hold of the first idea, and in what order to add the other ideas. In ordinary talk most of us have had the ghastly experience of beginning in the middle, and realizing that we must go back and fill in. We have probably read more than one novel which got us nicely started in the first pages, and then doubled on itself to give the life of the hero's grandfather. Something must be wrong with any method of discourse which involves this contortion. If we happened to join a

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group of people, strangers to us, the conversation would be fairly intelligible from the moment we arrived, and it would become more so as we talked on. But it would occur to nobody to stop for a biographical sketch of all the characters present, nor for a summary of previous remarks. In a story well told, one suspects, there should be no slipping back; the incidents should march as they do in life.

The old grammar had something to say of the structure known as "apposition"; a noun is in apposition to another noun, we learned, when it is placed next to it to explain it. "John Smith, grocer," would be the illustration. But this is in no respect different from the noun-adjective structure we have just been describing; it is that building up to a point which characterizes all well defined thought. When we say, "John Smith, grocer," *grocer* is the added noun, the important name which distinguishes this John Smith from others of the same family.

The natural structure, then, is apposition. When we talk well we add new names to those already uttered, and if our discourse grows to a final point, without hesitation and without temporary retreat, it is because we are willing to let verbal bygones be bygones; if we have come so far, we can probably go on. No small amount of practice is needed for a fluent use of this organic style, but the method itself is simple. We have only to sort out the ideas into such an order that they can be stated in sequence, added to each other without a break.

This structure is the key to good paragraph writing, and to good essay writing in the large. The first sentence in the paragraph is simply the preliminary noun to which other sentences are added, until that first noun is completely sharpened to a point. We are then ready for another paragraph. And the essay as a whole ought to begin with the title as its first noun, and each paragraph should serve as a more vital adjective sharpening the title to its conclusion. Other structural devices are suggested by the grammars, but this principle underlies any coherent discourse. In spite of much talk of relative clauses and grammatical agreements, the closest relation is between the ideas which fall nearest. Proximity and succession are the secret of structure. If we bring together harmonious ideas, the effect is clarity; if incongruous ideas, the effect is humor. When the unfortunate merchant put out his sign, "Don't go elsewhere to be cheated, come in here," his grammar in the old sense was perfect, but from the point of view of human discourse it was humorously incorrect, since he had got the idea of cheating too close to his own premises.

The only other serious problem of the writer, once he has solved the question of order, is to know when to stop—not simply at what point to stop his essay or story, but when to stop each sentence and phrase. I assume that he has some dramatic sense of his audience, that he is the sort of person who, when he sees in his listener's face that his point is made, feels some compunction about adding unnecessary words. In ordinary talk he would stop the moment he saw he was understood; let the rest of the sentence take care

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of itself. On the page, if he had a crude sort of courage, he might be willing to end his sentences with this same abruptness, punctuating with a dash. But the written page tyrannizes over us with formal ghosts, grammatical obligations. The writer therefore experiments in rearranging his sentence so that the key to it, the illumination which will show in the reader's face, is postponed till the end; hence the periodic structure, much praised in old grammars, and very little practised by competent writers. The objection to this device is that though it keeps the reader guessing up to the last moment, it does so, not because the discourse is of interest, but because it is, up to that point, comparatively unintelligible. The desire to make a striking effect in the last phrase or word sadly interferes with the natural sequence, the method of apposition, one essential noun added to another. A finer kind of technique states in their order those ideas which seem most important, and stops modestly whenever the point of illumination is reached. How shall we recognize that point? A shrewd writer discovers it by trying his manuscript on others. For some reason, though he knows his own ideas in advance, he probably has thought more words necessary than his friends are willing to attend to. As he reads, something in their silence makes him wish he had left out this or that.

If some old writers, like Milton, or even recent ones like Walter Pater or Hawthorne, seem elaborate to us now, rather slow and over-weighted, the reason perhaps is that with the modern quickening of our nervous system we become more alert to the general meaning of discourse, and less patient with what seem purely grammatical elaborations. In such a speeding-up process, something, of course, is lost. There are those who say our present alertness is, after all, crude—that we miss the subtleties of the old lengthy and involuted style. I do not hold with this opinion myself, but I do think we miss something else which has nothing to do with grammar. Speech has two uses: we can employ words to express definite meanings, or meanings as definite as we can make them; we can also enjoy words for their sound and texture, for the pleasure they give us aside from the intellectual meaning. Much of the older writing gave this pleasure and was intended to do so. I doubt if in our brisk and staccato modern style there is much opportunity for the musical overtones, the harmony and balance of phrase, the long rhythms, which distinguished the prose of such writers as I have here named. But I hasten to say also that this beauty of style was never acquired by a study of grammar, and in no essential does it contradict the principles of writers' grammar which I have here tried to suggest. Speech is still a maneuvering between speaker and hearer, an emotional and intellectual drama acted out in their imaginations, whether the purpose of the sounds be to tell us what time the train leaves, or whether the sentences we build have as their chief use to cast upon us a glamour and a spell.

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The ROVING CRITIC

CARL VAN DOREN

WE'LL GO NO MORE A-ROVING:—Any book-reviewer toughened to his trade has to marvel at the bright faces and lifted foreheads with which apprentices take it up. I have talked with those among them who were almost desperate with willingness to try the job. They seemed to regard book-reviewing as the natural spring-board into literature. Perhaps it is, but it is a spring-board which comes in time to lose most of its elasticity under accustomed feet and to become water-logged and lifeless. Therefrom results that curse of the trade, the formal review, with stereotyped structure and language and opinions, and, worse than all, without the eager vitality which marks the few good reviews that are ever written. Everybody who knows a reviewer has heard him talk excitedly about some book or other, and then has found that the man's review sounded as if he had lost his voice and had to let a machine do his talking for him. This is the case with the best reviewers. And the honest ones know it. Sooner or later, they all stop reviewing; at least, stop reviewing books in general. The advantage is, of course, that new writers are thus admitted to the trade. The disadvantage is that some of the older reviewers do not notice what has happened to them and go on pouring chloroform into print. Every one of them who has a chance should take a whiff of his own medicine and allow it to have its way with him. I have the chance. I therefore now adjust the mask to my willing face and announce that the Roving Critic is only history, and very little of that.

During my final gasps, however, so strong are my habits, I want to speak of three American books which have made my spring a cheerful season.

SO THIS IS AMERICA:—First, there is "The Rise of American Civilization" (Macmillan), by Charles A. and Mary R. Beard. Ever since I heard of this book, some months ago, and saw the proofs of the opening chapter, I have looked forward to its appearance with an enthusiasm tempered only by respect for the task which the authors had set themselves. That was, anybody who knew anything about the Beards could be sure, to hunt out and explain the motives among Americans which have driven them to take the various courses which have resulted in their special civilization; and also to exhibit American civilization, with

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all its thunder and verve, in a way which would show that life in America has always been more varied than its few primary motives would make it if they stood alone. There were, indeed, persons with whom I talked who were afraid that this new work would interpret the history of the United States too narrowly. They remembered that Mr. Beard had looked up the economic interests of the men who made the Constitution and had hinted that, if those men were men at all, they had probably not altogether forgotten their own interests in safeguarding those of the country. I had never been shocked by those earlier studies of Mr. Beard, but I did remember that there had been a certain dryness in the method which I thought would not go well with a general history of a nation which cannot be written about truthfully unless there is something full-bodied in the history.

A glance at the two volumes when they reached me showed that this was as full-bodied a history as anybody could want unless he wanted mythology as well. Though bulky, it is rapid. My guess is that Mr. Beard himself did the actual writing of most, if not all, of the narrative. It is, however, a new Beard who writes; a Beard who, having written argumentative documentary history and historical text-books, has put all such pedestrianism behind him and has let himself out, as he has occasionally done in his less formal writings. Still better, the book suggests, on nearly every page, the sound of Mr. Beard's voice, speaking with the knowledge and energy and leaping irony which made him one of the great teachers of his time, and make him, in any company, the fear of fools and the delight of intelligent persons. Yet the new book is not at all a mere series of explosions. It is a chronicle superbly organized, admirably proportioned, and scrupulously written. Its heresies are magnanimous. And unlike many heretical books, it takes account of a great diversity of human attitudes. Much consultation has gone into it. This is the only general history of the United States known to me which seems to be aware at every step that Americans have been women as well as men. Furthermore, while emphasizing the realistic motives which have guided Americans in general, it finds time to analyze, with an abundance of sympathy, the romantic aspirations which have given American civilization its color as the realistic ones have given it its shape. Nothing that has actually happened in America is neglected, only the things which are merely pretended to have happened.

I have never been able quite to make out why the writing of history so often falls into the hands of those who insist that the record must be melodramatic to be interesting. At one time or another I have thought different things. But the Beards have put into my head the thought that perhaps there is no greater mystery about the matter than this: that the people with the best gift for reality are absorbed in making history, not in writing it, and that consequently history is ordinarily written by people who, having made little of it, marvel at it rather than explain it. This is where literature, particularly the dramatic element in literature, comes in. Events are

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lifted out of their proper setting and stripped of their natural simplicity. For most readers this appears to be enough, for they know very little about history and are satisfied with literary versions of it. And even the people with a gift for reality are not at their best when face to face with literature. They yield to its charm, and somehow believe it, even when it represents human beings as behaving in a fashion which, in actual life, would be regarded by sensible observers as sheer histrionics for the gallery.

The Beards, while historians, have the gift for reality which commonly goes with other occupations. The result is that in reading "The Rise of American Civilization" I never once found that I had got up into that easy region in which a reader travels along with what may be called the literary momentum without any particular reference to disobliging facts. On the contrary, I found myself, through all these pages, steadily held down to what I believe to be the world in which men truly live. If, approaching some familiar episode in American history, I started off ahead of my historians along the path which I supposed they would take, I was often pulled back. And each time I realized that I still had certain conventional notions about the motives for colonization or the processes of the Revolution or the details of the expansion westward or the issues involved in the Civil War or the methods of industrial expansion or the secrets of imperialism. On nearly every point I was thoroughly convinced by the arguments brought forward. Reading the Beards after, say, Bancroft is a good deal like reading Tolstoy after Fenimore Cooper.

Of course Bancroft has long been dispossessed by historians less given than he to heroics. The Beards must really be compared with the later writers, many of them followers of Mr. Beard, who have dug into special phases of American history with critical eyes. Yet here too the Beards easily survive the comparison. They have made due use of all such monographs and have absorbed them. But beyond that, they have put life into their materials by fitting them to a general pattern and then unfolding it with a fine sweep and eloquence. Unavoidably they must be compared with the H. G. Wells of "The Outline of History." They have indeed a smaller topic, and they start with a less brilliant rush than Mr. Wells's. But in other respects I think they have beaten him at this game.

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BEHIND LITERATURE:—Along with "The Rise of American Civilization" comes another learned but exciting work, "Main Currents in American Thought" (Harcourt, Brace), by Vernon Louis Parrington, which should make the author notable at once. He has, it is true, been noteworthy, but few have known about his activities. I have myself known about this book for more than a dozen years, and ten years ago I had a hand in publishing an abridged version of part of it. Season after season I have vainly hoped that some publisher would have the courage to bring it out. It has been lamentably delayed; but Mr. Parrington, a professor at the University of Washing-

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ton, has apparently kept busy with it, for the third volume, to be published later, will bring the record down to 1920. The publication of the first two, of which the subtitles are "The Colonial Mind" and "The Romantic Revolution in America," ought to be regarded as an event in the history of American criticism.

I believe that Mr. Parrington originally planned to call his work "The Development of Democracy in American Literature." If this is true, he must then have thought of it as only another monograph on a special phase of American culture. Fifteen or twenty years ago this was the form in which the idea would have occurred to almost any scholar. Democracy was then a more popular topic than it has become, and the history of literature seemed a more distinct field than it is now generally held to be. At present, however, that earlier title has a slightly archaic sound. And I imagine that the book itself has become, during the past decade, something more extensive than it was at first intended to be. Nor does this apply alone to the expected third volume, to be called "The Beginnings of Critical Realism in America." All three volumes must have been enlarged in scope to make this history of American opinion cover so much ground the very existence of which was clear to few observers when Mr. Parrington began his labors.

The credit which belongs to Mr. Parrington, however, should not be given to the mere fact that time has passed and some things have changed. From the first he plainly had a spacious and enlightened plan. His aim was, studying the national literature, to look behind it to the national moods and the national doctrines to which it gave voice. While he has gone primarily to American literature for his evidence as to how men were feeling and thinking at any given moment in the history of the nation, he has regularly tested the poets and orators and story-tellers and commentators by a hawk-like examination of the actual conditions which they portrayed or discussed and of the particular bias with which this or that author viewed his themes. Moreover, Mr. Parrington has chosen to concern himself with the most representative figures, to the extent of not even mentioning John Woolman, to take one illustration, and of giving Poe but a brief mention as an isolated figure. The total effect is therefore strikingly novel. The country of the American mind has been remapped.

Readers not interested in the history of literature will find Mr. Parrington's treatment perhaps more detailed than they have expected with reference to many individual authors. In this sense, "Main Currents in American Thought" still carries the burden of specialization with which it set out. This burden is less heavy than it may seem. All the individual authors are drawn into the general stream, and all are studied by a mind never subdued to narrow views. The whole world of the Puritan is reconstructed from the fragmentary records which are to be found in Puritan books, and the obsolete jargon of the age is translated into more or less universal terms. In the same fashion the Revolutionary generation is anato-

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mized, and the distinctive elements in the South and East and West which, after differences of opinion leading to civil war, grew into a sort of uniformity about 1860. Specialization ceases to have its customary disadvantages when it is employed in the service of so general an idea.

There has lately been a great deal of demand for a synthesis of American civilization which might give Americans some notion of what they had done and in what direction they were going. Happily no synthesis of a living civilization is ever more than a thing to be hoped for, but the Beard and Parrington books should go a good way toward satisfying that hope for some time to come.

LITERATURE:—I suppose that most critics who have paid much attention to literary history are in danger of laying too much stress upon what in literature is known as immortality. That is, they tend to value masterpieces which survive to subsequent generations, and to undervalue those which, having done their work, go back to their first elements. As a matter of fact, I do not see precisely how the merits of present usefulness and future attractiveness can be measured. Masterpieces have had a short life, as men have had; trash has survived. A book survives its age, I should say, only because it has the special quality of survival. I do not feel sure that that is invariably a sign of superiority. There are qualities which are not essentially merits, but simply qualities.

Nevertheless I cannot help taking a little satisfaction from my belief that fifty or a hundred years from now the year 1927 will be remembered in the history of American literature not by either of the useful learned works which I have so far discussed, but by Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Tristram" (Macmillan). I do not, indeed, think that its survival quality is its chief quality. While I believe it will survive, I believe it will carry with it the virtues of elevation, melodiousness, passion, and wisdom which will make its survival genuinely important to other ages.

What business, it has already been asked, has an American poet of the twentieth century to go back to heathen England and to retell a story which has been told over and over by many poets in many languages? The question need not be seriously answered. Poetry has always gone wherever it wanted to go for its subjects, and it always will, just as a man will love the woman he loves, and not some other woman who may be recommended to him by the best authorities. Mr. Robinson is to be judged only by what he has produced, not by what he might have been asked to produce in accordance with some other scheme of criticism.

In any case, he only seems to have borrowed his material. His hero is called Tristram, like the ancient tragic hero, and he too is sent to bring Isolt of Ireland home to be the bride of King Mark of Cornwall; he too falls in love with her, as she does with him, and is so lost in that love that his loyalty to the king cannot prevail against it; he too is banished from the court on account of his love, goes to Brittany and marries another Isolt, and eventually dies of his first love. But only in this outline is Mr.

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Robinson's story the legendary one. As to its substance, it is as fresh and immediate as any love-story between the most contemporary persons. The magic philter which in the old story was the cause of the ill fated love this poet quite leaves out, knowing that love is not to be attributed to philters or explained by them. The feudal obligation which the legendary Tristram owes to the legendary Mark has become another thing. Tristram has merely failed to know his own mind soon enough, has allowed Isolt to marry Mark without protest, and in view of the king's jealousy and power can do nothing but accept his exile. To stay would mean his own death and Isolt's lasting grief. In the Robinson version, Tristram comes back to England and temporarily and surreptitiously rejoins Isolt. Mark, learning the state of Isolt's feeling for Tristram, decides, like any civilized modern man, that their love has a right greater than his legal claim. The death of Tristram is the work of an officious fool who has the legendary attitude. The story might have had its scene laid in Maine or California without any greater loss than would have come from the sacrifice of names and places already rich with poetic association. The tragedy is universal, not traditional.

Consequently there is no historical posturing, no antiquities of speech or mode, no venerable costumes. The characters speak with the spare directness of all Mr. Robinson's characters. The narrative advances with the straightforward, doomed tread of all his tragedies. But never before has he told a story of anything like the present scope with so much lucidity or with so much simplicity of structure. Even readers accustomed to read novels only should find no difficulty in following the story. It is, of course, a novel in verse, lifted to eminence not by the fact that it is in verse, but by the fact that it is lofty and intense and concentrated beyond the reach of prose.

If "Tristram" is not a great poem, no version of the legend since Gottfried von Strassburg's can be called great. If it is not a great poem, no American narrative poem can be called great. Considering the significance of the theme, the strength with which it is grasped, the skill with which the tragic drama is built up, the steady fire which burns in every line, the felicity and harmony of the language, I am led to say that this is the greatest Tristram since Gottfried. And, though ordinarily averse to superlatives in literary criticism, I bring this department to an end with a superlative. I believe that "Tristram" is the greatest poem yet written, or at least published, by an American.

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THE OLD ADAM

A Foot-Note on Imperialism

PHILIP GUEDALLA

THE ENGINES ran easily for the first time in six days, as the Narrows slid past and the baggage waited, neatly stacked, in the relinquished state-rooms. Ecstatic watchers on the deck saw tall, unlikely towers step suddenly out of the mist and group themselves into a city. But down below the anxious voices still inquired along every sounding passage for the Something Sisters and the Marchese della Cosa, as an eager Press reached out its tentacles to embrace these paragons of dance and diplomacy, the pride of our ship's company. Perhaps it found them, though I never saw the photographic record of their smiles, their feelings on returning home, impressions of the sky-line, thoughts on war-debts, censorship, the current trial, and the latest book, which are the toll exacted by the inquiring gate-keeper of the New World. One envies Christopher Columbus, to whom the sky-line, at any rate, must have presented a simpler problem. For in the somewhat uneventful landscape of Ambrose Channel the wary Genoese might well reply that he had not noticed one, an excuse now lying far beyond the reach of the least observant mariner. So we admired it, each after his own fashion, to his appropriate reporter—the Something Sisters in duet, the Marchese with a touch of Latin fire, myself with a nervous gesture of propitiation. We admired the United States as well. True, we had not yet set foot in it. But if the ancients sacrificed to an Unknown God, why not a cautious modern?

These strange rites of initiation are among the most mysterious features of the Dark Continent. Why in the name of sane and interesting journalism is it supposed that the opinion of no one in particular (especially on matters upon which he is not qualified to have one) is likely to provide attractive reading-matter? Why does a proud continent refresh itself with the lightest thoughts of every passing stranger who may be pressed into its service as a momentary leader-writer and pontificates gravely to reporters upon subjects with which he is imperfectly acquainted? But I digress. The Narrows were

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still sliding past. Myself, as Omar sings, did eagerly frequent young men with charming manners and the oddest choice of topic appropriate for an interview with a visiting historian. For they were gnawed with an increasing passion for opinions on foreign affairs. Politely oblivious of the fact that fate had held me captive in mid-ocean for a week, sustained upon an unrewarding diet of wireless scraps, they seemed to ache like a thirsty land in summer for a downpour of definite statements on several international questions of the utmost delicacy. Why from me, I did not stop to ask. Any taxpayer, it seems, is good enough to expound the policy of his own government—and, for the matter of fact, of any other—in the hearing of this eager public. But cautious inquiry elicited the facts, at least, on which I was desired to comment. While I had hung, like Mohammed's coffin, between two continents, two states, it seemed, had both been doing the identical thing. One in the Old World and the other in the New had each been sending armed protection for its threatened traders. The coincidence was odd. But there, as I learned the facts, it was. For as the troop-ships drove eastward from Southampton, taking the Guards to Shanghai, the U. S. marines were trickling into Nicaragua. There was a strange resemblance between their missions, between the sailing-orders of the delight of London nurse-maids and those legendary marines, upon whose gallant heads the United States have concentrated almost all their latent militarism.

But there was a difference between the cases. There was, I learned from the mouths of my polite informants, a whole world of difference. I had not noticed it, but they seemed quite clear about it. For it was this way. As the troopers slid down Southampton Water and nosed their way to Suez, they were propelled, it seemed, by all the crooked motives of the Old World. Kings chuckled, courtiers winked, and statesmen whispered evilly behind gnarled fingers at their going. It was (was it not?) a striking recrudescence of British imperialism—and what did I think of it? By way of answer I inquired politely for news of the U. S. marines, those eager saviors of Central America from its base interests. But the marines—ah, what a difference in their mission! As they slipped out of San Diego and turned toward Nicaragua, the sunshine was on their foreheads. For they went about the blameless business of the New World. No sinister intent, no kings, no taint of selfishness; just business of the highest character, purely disinterested and quite legitimate—not even Big Business.

The contrast was instructive; and I did my best to profit by the lesson, to get the new perspective in the clear American light. A guardsman ordered East to stand between a scared community and a resurgent China was (probably) the minion of some dark imperialistic design. Did he not wear a crown—and even a unicorn—upon his buttons? But a marine ordered south to stand in precisely the same attitude before a far less adequate enemy was, beyond all doubt and guessing, beyond even Mr. Wilson's cherished peradventure, a missionary of something immaculate. For it was unthink-

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able that broad-browed Washington should take the taint, the Old-World taint, of imperialism. I heard; I bowed the head; but even in this respectful posture, a haze of irreverent doubt began to rise. Was there, I wondered, some insidious form in which the creeping virus of imperialism might perhaps have entered the young veins of the New World? Marines and neutral zones, the mildly reasoned note, the monthly, weekly, daily admonition from the State Department, the treaty of perpetual friendship—were these the new technique of imperialism? Had Mr. Kellogg found a new way to commit old sins? The uneasy question rose unanswered, and I walked quickly down the gang-plank into the New World.

Imperialism is, after all, a shifting thing. Its form has varied from one century to the next and, still more widely, from one continent to the next. In its first simple form it grasped at universal domination. Rome and its imitations were the first European masters of the art. To reduce the habitable globe (or plane) to a single allegiance was the simple object of the first imperialists. One law, one senate, and one coinage seemed to be the aims of universal empire, as it was practised by the more aggressive Cæsars. The picture was inspiring; and long after Rome had crumbled from empire into papacy, it inspired the Romanizers—Charlemagne perhaps, and beyond a doubt Napoleon, that odd pastiche of Charlemagne and Augustus. That was the first and crudest form in which imperialism dawned on Europe. But even then there were wide variations between the practice of the different continents. For while the emperor hung Paris with captured flags, Jenghis Khan heaped a pile of heads before his door. Other continents, other manners. But within the limits of these regional variations, the aims of imperialism were identical, a single authority administering all territory in sight. And in that ideal Napoleon was one with Nerva.

Europe, fragmented by the fall of Rome, and still further atomized by the Reformation, was perpetually unfriendly to this simple design, and history became a long record of resistance to ambitious projects of universal domination. It was the function, preëminently, of Great Britain to focus this temper of national independence, of anti-imperialism. The British Isles escaped at a comparatively early stage from the Roman grasp; they were an early center of insurrection from Rome's successor, the universal church; Spain's slow encirclement of Europe and even of the world, the large design which grasped Madrid, Vienna, Brussels, North Italy, and even the Americas, was challenged by the carronades of Elizabethan seamen and foundered in the deep Hebridean waters which engulfed the great Armada; the French effort toward the same goal was foiled by Dutch William with a British army, and crumbled finally before Marlborough and the troopers who "swore terribly in Flanders" under Queen Anne; the bull-rush of Napoleon was worn down by British sea-power and took the final blow from the cool matador who waited on the ridge in front of the little village of Waterloo; and the

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latest aspirant to universal empire, the hair-brained practitioner of every art but that of government who passes his days at Doorn, owes much of his solitary leisure to the British effort, which expended men, ships, and money in four years of splendid prodigality. Such, in the roughest outline, is the record of universal domination in the last fifteen centuries of Europe's history. Much has been omitted, but as the shadows of Hildebrand, of Charlemagne, of Charles V, of Louis XIV, of Napoleon flit unregarded by, one fact emerges: Europe instinctively resists a single domination. This phase, apart from its almost involuntary recrudescence in the German dream of empire, was ended in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. But in the years that followed, it found a mild successor. Resigning hopes of universal domination over the closely inhabited areas covered by the European state system, nations began to grasp the easier prize of overseas domination. In this phase Great Britain led unconsciously, as is the fashion of British thought in matters of extreme importance. In the years which followed the diminution of the first British Empire by the secession of its American colonies, a second British Empire was rapidly assembled. Much remained of its predecessor—the Canadas, India, and a rich supply of sugar islands. But in the years of European conflict which determined the defeat of the French design of universal domination, British policy reached out beyond the visible horizons of Europe and made a second empire. South Africa, Ceylon, advancing frontiers within India itself, East Indies, unrecorded islands in every sea, observed the steady march of British control. The tendency was largely undiscovered by Europe, still interested in the checks and balances of its purely continental system. But it proceeded steadily in the years between Waterloo and 1870. Largely unconscious, it resulted from vague urge of population, of adventurous pioneers (for the Old World can show as many pioneer virtues as the New —is not the New World itself a monument of Old-World pioneering?) of judicious traders in pursuit of export markets, of mere patriotism exhibited by enterprising captains, who hoisted a flag and read a proclamation of annexation in a circle of respectful natives. The process was scarcely observed by other powers, though France was stirred to emulation by a recollection of former colonial ardors and the convenient proximity of Algeria. It has been called, for want of a better name, imperialism; and it rests undoubtedly on the desire to build an empire and on a belief that the empire's law is best for all within its circle. But the ideal which prompted it is something very different from the crude ambitions of the Cæsars and their less fortunate imitators. For it partakes largely of the humbler aspirations of the exporting trader, of the desire of Manchester to clothe the heathen in a sufficiency of Manchester goods, of the doctor's and the missionary's faith in the superior virtues of his own civilization. And there is this broad distinction to be made between the imperialism of Cecil Rhodes and that of Julius Cæsar, that it flowed mainly to the empty

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spaces of the earth; its goal was Bulawayo, not the streets of Paris.

How far the world has gained or lost by a century of British expansion there is no need to appraise. The process of expansion is undoubted, and the beliefs behind it have the simple collective title of imperialism. In its later stages the advance became a shade less confident. Where once the world had seen a bold series of annexations, and frontiers had advanced quite unashamed, it began to observe the more apologetic method of the sphere of influence, of suzerainty, of politely concealed protectorates. No more the proclamation in the awed circle of natives, the flag fluttering on the tropic air, and the pounding salute. Now frontiers advance more delicately, a little in the manner of the lamented Agag. For imperialism was becoming less sure of itself, less certain of the blessings of good government and ordered commerce; and its tone became almost apologetic.

I may be wrong; but in the latest devices of American policy I seem to detect a further shading of the bold imperialistic design, a method of approach to the desired objective more delicate than Agag's. For methods vary with the march of time, and their variations are all in the direction of an increasing gentleness. The modern statesman annexes almost with a gesture of motherhood. His sterner predecessors, confronted with a prize, incontinently grabbed it—his grandfather by simple annexation, his father by a rigmarole about spheres of influence. But the softer trend of our contemporaries disdains such brutal footsteps. It advances under cover of a vigorous protestation of belief in the essential independence of the coveted object—and to lend it money. An occasional landing-party of marines may keep a watchful eye on the security, but always with a stern insistence that it is no property of theirs.

As the game develops, the object of desire may be impelled (with perfect freedom of action, but one eye on the marines) to enter a treaty of perpetual friendship and dependence with and upon the absorbing power. There will be no vulgar annexation. That is precisely where the method of Naboth's vineyard differs from that of Wall Street.

Is this delicate technique the latest variation of the Old-World theme of imperialism? I wonder and am half inclined to think so. If so, I trust that the stern judge of the New World will be a trifle less severe upon the historical shortcomings of the Old. For they seem to be heirs to one, at least, of its vices in an attenuated form. Kid-glove imperialism is no more defensible on abstract principles of human justice than the full-blooded variety; can we be sure that the United States, after a brief experiment in annexation, has not entered upon a more insidious form of concealed imperialism? Such outspoken critics of the world must not complain if they occasionally attract a touch of comment from a politely interested world. For what is more delightful to a convicted sinner than to detect at least a mote in his critic's eye? And the Old World is left with a slightly irreverent wonder whether the purities of the Monroe Doctrine are not lightly dusted over with the faintest film of imperial ambition. If so, there is room for hope that its

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adherents will be less critical of ambition in others. Others, at any rate, rejoice to see the young man following in his father's footsteps and trust that in the future he will be a trifle less severe on father.

Those were the thoughts, the half-formed doubts, that rose as the reporter told a traveler the news from Nicaragua and China, and the big ship slid up the Narrows toward the tall, unlikely towers.

SUBWAY BUILDERS

LAWRENCE LEE

We heard them like besiegers down the street.
Dark foot by foot they fought the stolid rock,
Until the houses shook beneath our feet
And window-panes were rattled with the shock
Of muffled batteries of dynamite:
All day they fought the hard earth, bone to bone.
Much like machine-guns through the noisy night
We heard their sharp drills biting in the stone;
Then great trucks thundered off when they were filled.
One morning, as men battled underground,
The beaten earth struck back; and some were killed,
When rock fell on them with an angry sound.
Yet others struggled with the sullen loam;
And love and hunger and the fear of death
Were dim things in a half-forgotten home
As they struck earthward with each deep-lunged breath.
They sought the finish like a lunging knife,
And felt the great joy that all fighters feel;
For they had tunneled through the muck of life
To lay the stern, straight cleanliness of steel.

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COME HOME, PATRICIA

WALTER A. DYER

IT WOULD be exceedingly difficult for me, even if it were anybody's business, to attempt to explain the nature of the emotions which warm this unyouthful heart of mine as I sit here on the sunny dunes with the old dog Meg beside me, gazing out to sea and waiting, waiting for the return of the fair Patricia. I am, I suppose, an incurable romantic, and I think most people would misunderstand. For I am turned fifty and not unaware of hollow cheeks, a tendency to stoop a little, increasing absent-mindedness, and a widening spot of nudity in the midst of graying hair, while Patricia is young and slender and lovely with liquid eyes that can still see mystery; and life, though she has felt its ruder buffetings all too soon, still lies before her. If once I allowed myself to fall under the spell of a sweet illusion, if once I permitted a foolish dream partially to possess me, I never wholly lost my grip on the realities, and I settled all that with myself out here on these very dunes one moonlight night long ago. No, I am quite sane, quite reconciled. And yet my feeling for Patricia is not quite that of father, uncle, or elder brother.

It amuses me to hope sometimes that the seagulls understand as they flash and wheel out there above the dancing waters, so free, so unencumbered by human inhibitions and preconceptions. Surely they have watched me often enough walking here with Patricia and, since she went away, sitting here watching the horizon. Doubtless they have heard me talking to old Meg about her. Meg, I know, understands something of it all, only Meg is a dog and a female dog at that, whose grand passion is loyalty and not romance. Meg is true; within certain limits she is sagacious; but she lacks imagination.

Meg, I realize, is no sort of dog to be writing a story about. She is not of the heroic type, and it is the hero dogs that tale-writers love. Meg has been timid all her life, and only great love could ever make her brave because it made her self-forgetful. Meg is man-shy. She carries her tail low and slinks a bit. That is a trait that I detest in a dog, fond as I am of the race as a whole. It makes me impatient. And yet I do not despise Meg for it. It is inalienably a part of a dog I love both for herself and because of the mistress she adores. Even the frailties of a loved one may become objects of our affectionate regard.

Meg, I say, is not imaginative, and yet I think there is something of the mystic in her. Sometimes as we sit here on the dune, in the midst of this gold and blue world, or when the clouds have made land and sea all

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gray and mysterious, I find her gazing off toward the horizon with a rapt expression that has something unearthly in it. I speak her name softly, but she does not look up. What does she see? My anxious heart begs in vain for an answer.

Meg is an old dog now, older even than I, as dogs' lives are reckoned. It is my prayer that she may live to experience one more day of joy, when Patricia comes back.

It was fourteen years ago that Patricia first came to me here among the dunes. I think she had escaped from a mother who has never been quite competent to look after her. Spying me, she came running eagerly along the sands as though she had made a wonderful discovery. Then she stopped in sudden shyness.

"Hello," said I.

"Hello," said she in a voice made little by embarrassment. She was dressed in play-clothes that left me in some doubt as to her sex.

"What's your name?" I inquired.

"Patty," said she, drawing a little nearer.

"Oh, you're a little girl, then."

Patty nodded vigorously. "O' course," said she.

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"There," said she, pointing vaguely with a small finger. "We came from Boston, but we live here now."

"I see. Then we're neighbors. I live over there."

"What's your name?"

"Thornton Pymm Estabrook," said I. "I think you'll find it easiest to use the short one and call me Uncle Pymm."

"What you got there?"

"This is a pad of paper to write on."

"Write what?"

"Oh, I write stories and things."

"Fairy stories?"

"Perhaps you'd call some of them fairy stories."

"Good-by," said Patricia abruptly and disappeared around the dune.

It is unnecessary for me to relate in detail the progress of our growing intimacy. We became great friends. I think Patricia liked my kind of conversation, though perhaps she did not always understand it. Big words fascinated her, and she had a keen though undeveloped sense of humor. There were few children for her to play with, and her parents were always so busy. I think a common loneliness drew us together.

"Is Mrs. Burroughs your mother?" she asked me one day.

"Oh, no," said I. "I have no mother living. Mrs. Burroughs comes over to look after me, to see that I don't starve or get lost in my rubbish."

"Haven't you any family?"

"Not any."

"Aren't you married?"

"No."

She was silent a moment, and then she looked up at me with a sidewise smile of the most seductive coquetry.

"I'm glad of that," said she.

"Why?"

"Because I may want to marry you myself some day," said she.

"Very well," said I, "I will wait, though I fear by that time I shall be too old to be eligible."

I could not help being flattered, and I did my best to enhance the favorable impression I had made. I was guileful. I have never yet met a woman too young to be appealed to by an admiring interest in her ap-

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parel. I used that method and others to win her regard, and as the days passed I persuaded myself that I was succeeding. Besides, that was years ago when I was not so very old. It became a tacit and secret understanding between us that we were betrothed.

It was a year or so after that first meeting that Meg first came into our lives. There had been a storm in the night, and I was standing on the gleaming shore watching the wind-harried clouds scurrying away toward the horizon. Sunshine flashed on dancing whitecaps in the bay and on the wings of soaring gulls. It was one of those moments when I wished with all my soul that I had been born with the gifts of a painter. I was awakened from my reverie by a familiar treble voice.

"Uncle Pymm!"

I turned to see Patricia running toward me across the wet sand. In her arms she bore with some difficulty a burden.

"What in the world have you there?" I asked.

"It's a dog!" she cried exultantly. "I found him down by the inlet. I asked the men down there whose dog it was, and they said it wasn't anybody's dog because it didn't have any collar on. So he can be my dog, can't he?"

She set the forlorn creature on the ground.

"In the first place, Patricia," said I, "I think I would apply the feminine pronoun if I were you. It's a she. And I think you are right in assuming it to be a dog and not a kitten or a monkey. A very rare kind of a dog, I should say. I have never seen one just like it. But she is obviously very young. Perhaps she will acquire distinctive characteristics as time goes on."

It would have pleased Patricia if I could have been more enthusiastic, but to tell the truth this puppy seemed one of the poorest specimens of the canine species I had ever seen. She stood where Patricia had placed her, with drooping tail and ears and with a general look of hopelessness about her. I could find nothing in her eyes but a suggestion of idiocy. There was a gaunt look about her which suggested worms. I have a weakness for all animals, but it seemed to me that it would have been far better, from every point of view, if this pitiful pup had lost her life in the storm.

But to Patricia she seemed beautiful She took a little awkward step, and Patricia laughed gleefully. Who was I to set my judgment against Patricia's?

"When she grows up," said I, "I think she will resemble an Airedale pointer. What do you propose to do with her?"

Patricia knelt down on the wet sand and fondled the bemused puppy, which seemed, strangely, to become thereby lovable.

"Why," said Patricia, "I'll take her home of course and have her for my dog forever."

"Did you ever have a dog before?" I asked.

"No."

"Or a cat?"

"I had a kitten once, but papa took it away."

"Aren't you afraid your father and mother will want to send this puppy away?"

All the joy went out of Patricia's

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face, and a look of pain and terror came into her eyes. She caught the puppy to her breast.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said I. "We'll take her up to my house, and Mrs. Burroughs and I will take care of her until we're sure she will be welcome in your house. She can be your dog just the same. Just now she's half starved, I expect, and I think the first thing to do will be to get her some milk."

In taking Meg to my hearth and home, I had undertaken a responsibility not without its difficulties. Mrs. Burroughs disapproved. Meg had to be house-broken and also to be cured of a tendency to sudden nausea. The problem of her diet had to be solved by experimentation, and she needed vermifuge. She repaid my efforts by sleeping in my easy-chair during the day and crying broken-heartedly at night. But her residence with me was the cause of frequent visits from Patricia, and that was compensation more than sufficient.

Meg and Patricia grew up together, and in this process the girl was far more successful than the dog, though I sometimes thought that the dog had the better care of the two. Patricia's father went away on business for weeks at a time, and her mother was one of those ineffectual women who would have been utterly exasperating if her frequent severe headaches had not won compassion. Patricia's growing up was very largely self-directed. She owed her warm-heartedness and her quick-wittedness to no parental training.

It was with real concern for the future that I observed in Patricia occasional signs of a wayward, rebellious, and passionate spirit. They enhanced her charm for me, but whither might this spirit, uncontrolled, one day lead her? My own efforts in the way of admonition were futile. She would not take seriously the parental rôle in me, and I was not fitted for it. Besides, Patricia was pretty. I believed she was going to be beautiful. There was a brief period of awkward long-leggedness, of a paradoxical hoydenish shyness; but it quickly passed, and almost suddenly, it seemed, a roundness appeared in limbs and bosom, the color came and went in her cheeks, and eyes and lips spoke of coming womanhood. What would become of my Patricia? It was very disconcerting.

Meg meanwhile grew up, but not beautifully. She lost her puppy awkwardness and stupidity, to be sure, but she always seemed to me a poor-spirited beast. Most of the admirable qualities that one esteems in a dog were not outstanding in her. She seemed normally intelligent but not brilliant. She slunk from strangers. She lacked talent. Beauty she did not possess. Yet there was something appealing about her too. Her very dependence made demands on me. And I loved her because Patricia did, and because she loved Patricia. Her devotion to her mistress, indeed, was her one great virtue.

Meg, being a harmless and self-effacing dog, was at last admitted to the Barrington household (did I say that Patricia's last name was Barrington?), but she was brought back to me when they sent Patricia away to school. That was a troubled time

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for me, not merely because Patricia had grown very dear to me and I knew I should miss her sorely; I could not help feeling that they were sending her away chiefly because she was becoming a problem with which Mrs. Barrington had no courage or capacity to cope. The sand-dunes and I had for some time been unable to hold Patricia. She had made friends at the village school. She had learned things from them that neither I nor her mother had taught her. At the age of sixteen she lighted a cigarette boldly in the dining-room, which sent her mother promptly to bed with a sick headache. When I expostulated with her, she only laughed, patted my cheek, and called me an old-fashioned dear. I had an uneasy conviction that at boarding-school she would learn other things besides Latin and algebra.

It was in May that Mr. Barrington came home to die and Patricia was sent for. I could see that some change had come upon her already. She had what I suppose the ladies would call style. Her skirts were very short, and her lips wore a redness which was not natural and which, it seemed to me, they in no way required. Yet her eyes looked into mine so honestly that I could not believe anything bad of Patricia. No doubt it was simply that I was old-fashioned and had never quite outgrown my Victorian prejudices.

I doubt if Patricia had ever loved her father very deeply, but her emotions were quickly stirred, and at this time she was conscious of grief and loss. I found her, after it was all over, sitting in the moonlight, among the dunes, alone save for the faithful Meg, weeping quietly. I did what I could to comfort her, but she was deep in the gloom of self-reproach.

"I was never good enough to papa," she kept saying.

"Come," said I, "let's walk a little on the beach. You'll feel better."

We walked up and down, Meg plodding stolidly at our heels, while I tried to lead her thoughts into other channels, being inept at consolation. My heart went out to her with a sort of fierce tenderness.

Suddenly she stopped and looked into my face.

"But I'm so alone in the world," she cried tremulously. "Papa is gone, and mama is so helpless. I don't know where to turn, and there are so many things—" A sob choked her.

"I'm sure you have many friends. You have me, for one," I said, humbly enough.

She threw her arms impulsively around my neck.

"Oh, I know, Uncle Pymm, I know. I don't mean to be ungrateful. Please don't think I am. I love you, Uncle Pymm. You know I do."

Well, a man hasn't lost all his youth at forty-eight, and I do not pretend to be a Galahad. I had always loved Patricia. In that moment I loved her passionately. Her tear-washed eyes looked straight into mine. Her red lips were parted as though in eagerness. Her arms were about my neck, and I was keenly aware of her warm body pressed close to mine. For the moment I was scarcely sane. My arms leaped about her as though without my volition. My lips sought hers ruthlessly.

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I ask for no condonement of my action, and yet somewhere within me there was a restraining monitor, a still small voice that admonished me, informing my more reasonable self of my madness. I knew that I should regret this; I knew that Patricia, young as she was, could never be mine. I knew somehow that it was not real love but rather a sudden emotionalism that had brought her arms about my neck, her face so close to mine, the unexpected words to her lips.

Slowly I withdrew my lips. In her eyes I saw doubt, surprise, perplexity. She did not seek to escape; she seemed rather to be waiting, uncertain.

What ally of chivalry or conscience or common sense came to my aid I do not know, but I became suddenly conscious, poignantly conscious of the fact that I loved her too much, too spiritually for this. I raised my arms and unclasped her hands, saying nothing. Indeed no mention of that mad moment has since passed between us. Awkward with my sense of guilt, I took her arm and led her home. Then I went back and had it all out with myself alone in the moonlight. Nothing like that has happened since or can ever happen again. Yet I cannot boast of being completely purged. To my dying day I shall treasure a sinful memory of the sweetness of that moment.

Alone, and yet not quite alone. I don't know what motive led Meg to turn at the door of her mistress and return with me to the sands. Perhaps some uncanny consciousness of my need. After I had won my foolish battle, I sat down and drew the old dog to me. The strange sense of mutual understanding of which I have often been aware dates from that night. I shall never forget it—the moon sinking below the horizon, leaving the sea breathing in the darkness like a sleeping animal; the star-candles going out one by one behind the clouds; the sense of a near and comforting presence.

Patricia did not return to school. For one thing her mother, half prostrated, needed her. She did not care for school, and there was no one with sufficient authority to decide for her. She began somewhat aimlessly to drift, seeking diversion in the village or wandering with Meg along the shore. I felt that she needed guidance, but she seldom sought my counsel.

Then came the boy. His name was Conant—Rudolph Conant. His people came in June to occupy a cottage on the shore, and he drove, somewhat recklessly, a blue roadster. I could not decide whether he was a nice boy or not. Patricia said he was, but I am not quite sure of present-day standards. He was generous, high-spirited, sophisticated. He was several years older than Patricia and had graduated from college; it seemed to me that he was carrying Patricia off her feet. In spite of her mother's querulous objections, she never seemed able to refuse him, at any hour of the day, if he came in his car to take her for a drive or to a dance. It was utterly impossible for me to keep track of her, to know where they went or what they did or when she got home. Naturally Patricia did not welcome leading questions, and it seemed to me that she was not quite frank with

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me, which saddened and troubled me.

In my ignorance I did not know whether modern wooing was headed toward matrimony or not. Of course I could not ask Patricia, but one day I had an opportunity to touch on the subject. Some friend of Patricia's had been married and "carted off," as Patricia expressed it, to some awful place in the West, where the groom had found employment as a mining engineer.

"She was foolish," said Patricia. "She'll never have another bit of fun. Babies probably, and no servants. She might just as well have waited a few years."

"How old is she?" I asked.

"Just my age—seventeen."

"But that's too young to be married anyway."

Patricia abruptly shifted her position.

"Why so?" she asked. "I'm quite grown up, you know."

I had to admit that she was, though I could scarcely understand it.

"You're not thinking of marrying yet, are you, Patricia?"

"I'm not thinking of anything," she replied, a little defiantly. "Thinking spoils the fun."

I could not get over the feeling that Patricia was only a child, and yet there were times that summer when it seemed as if matrimony were the only answer to the problem. I had the old-fashioned notion that when one married one settled down. Patricia at present seemed to be running wild with her boy. There was talk about them that hurt me, but I knew it would do no good to tell Patricia of this. She would have scorned it.

It was in October, after Patricia's eighteenth birthday, that the affair came to a head. My telephone awoke me at two o'clock in the morning. It was Mrs. Barrington calling. She was a bit incoherent, but I gathered that Patricia had not appeared at home since the previous morning and had left no word of her intentions. Sitting on the edge of my bed, I strove manfully to hold the agitated mother to the point. It was true that Patricia had often been out with Rudolph later than this, but there were attendant circumstances, of which I failed to get the full significance, that caused the unusual worry. For one thing, Mrs. Barrington and Patricia had quarreled that morning, though this was not very uncommon. I was led to suspect that Patricia had said something unusually reckless and defiant which had upset her mother and now recurred to torture her.

At length I dressed and went over. Mrs. Barrington fluttered about in disorderly negligée and repeated what she had said over the wire. I did not succeed in gaining any further information of consequence, but something of the mother's anxiety was communicated to me. A sense of catastrophe became more and more oppressive.

"Did Patricia take anything with her?" I asked. "Any baggage, I mean?"

"I don't know," wailed her mother. "I was so upset I didn't notice. I'll see."

I went with her into Patricia's room. Beside the bed, which had been somewhat hastily made up the morning before, lay old Meg, with her nose on her paws and with her

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melancholy eyes open. She did not stir as we entered, but she moved her tail politely when I stooped to pat her. Patricia's suitcase and hat-box were in her closet, but a small overnight bag was missing.

"You'd better go to bed, Mrs. Barrington," said I. "I don't believe she'll be back before to-morrow."

"But where has she gone? What has she done?"

"God knows."

I quieted the mother as best I could and then hurried back to my own house, not because I hoped for sleep but to get away from her distracting company.

I went over again in the forenoon, and together we waited, Meg being the most patient and philosophical of the three. It was a dreadful day, what with Mrs. Barrington's eternal fussing and my own torturing thoughts. When at last I heard the sound of a car and Rudolph's roadster appeared on the road above the dunes, my heart almost stopped beating. Relief and dread beset me together. At least Patricia was in the car. She waved her arm above her head.

"Hello, folks," she cried gaily. "Did you think you'd lost me?"

Meg strode sedately out to meet her and received a casual pat. Rudolph followed her from the car, grinning broadly.

"Can't wait to tell you," cried Patricia, hurrying toward us. "We're married!"

I think I made no reply to this but must have stood staring stupidly. I was conscious of a sense of mingled relief and dismay which I had no time then to analyze. I could not grasp the idea of her being Mrs. Rudolph Conant. Somewhere in the back of my brain stirred the thought that if this were indeed so then we had lost Patricia Barrington forever, but at least she was respectably married. A confusing, contradictory frame of mind.

"Married!" gasped Mrs. Barrington.

Patricia laughingly embraced and kissed her, then turned and impulsively kissed me.

"Well," she cried, "why don't you congratulate us? This isn't a funeral."

During the month which followed I was gradually becoming accustomed to having Rudolph around in the rôle of Patricia's husband. I must say that he was very devoted and seemed bent on pleasing her, which meant giving her a gay time. She seemed very happy, yet somehow a little feverishly so. It was as though she were hurrying to suck all the joy she could from life before anything untoward happened. Then Rudolph, forced to face the material facts of life, took her away.

I thought she behaved a bit ruthlessly toward her mother at this time, though I am not sure that it wasn't the best thing that could have happened to Mrs. Barrington. For the first time since I had known her she seemed to show signs of standing on her own feet. I was not especially surprised that Patricia should slight me. Her life was very full, and our friendship was not the frank thing it had been in the old days. That may have been partly my fault. But it did hurt me to see Patricia so indifferent toward old Meg. It was not like the warm-

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hearted girl that I had known so long. Poor Meg was an old dog now, slow of mind and body. She was no companion for the vivid young thing that flashed in and out of the house, even if Patricia had not acquired another companion. It wrung my heart to see the old dog follow Patricia stolidly about as well as she could, or lie and watch her. When Patricia was away I tried to coax Meg over to my place, but she preferred to lie and wait for the return of her mistress.

When Patricia and her bridegroom left for good, it was with scarcely a word of farewell for old Meg. But the dog seemed neither crushed nor resentful, only profoundly patient. There was pathos in her eyes but no look of injury. She seemed to understand that Patricia would not soon be back, and sometimes she would be persuaded to walk along the beach with me, or come with me to my study, but for the most part she preferred to lie on the rug beside Patricia's bed, sleeping the sleep of aged dogs and patiently waiting.

Why Meg, during the months that have followed, has not died of old age or some of its accompanying ailments, I am unable to say. It seems as if she were waiting, waiting for a day of return when she might die of happiness in her mistress's arms.

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News came, in due time, of the birth of Patricia's baby. It was a man-child, christened Roswell, but never called anything but Bimbo. An exultant, not to say frivolous, night letter came over the wires from Rudolph to me; but when Patricia was at last able to write to her mother, I thought I detected something more of dignity and sedateness in her letters. Perhaps she felt the responsibility of motherhood and had grown up at last. I hoped so, and yet I somehow regretted the passing of her girlish light-heartedness, as one looks back from October to bright August with a touch of melancholy.

I have very little knowledge of what happened in Patricia's life after that. Her letters revealed nothing. It was very suddenly that she returned with Bimbo. I was shocked by her appearance, though perhaps one less fond would scarcely have marked the change. Her cheeks were less full, her eyes less bright, her lips slower to form themselves into a smile. I think we were all trying to hide our unhappiness from one another, even Mrs. Barrington. For Patricia's married life was a wreck, and so very soon.

Meg, I think, was the happiest one of us, for Patricia had time now to sit and smooth the old dog's ears and murmur soft crooning things into them. And Meg at once adopted the rôle of Bimbo's foster-mother. The child could scarcely stir without arousing Meg to come to the edge of the little crib or the baby-carriage to see if all were well.

My own days, too, were not without a certain happiness. Patricia was back again, and I felt her need of me. I was happy to be able to do the things that needed to be done. It was I who took her and Bimbo up to Boston, to place her case in the hands of a lawyer who was an old friend of mine.

It was not difficult to secure a divorce. It was a clear case of infidelity and desertion, not without

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some cruelty. It was not necessary for Patricia to lay bare her whole heart and life. There were doubtless details which none of us will ever know. Rudolph did not contest the case, and Patricia was given custody of the child. She returned to us a free but subdued woman.

It was not very long, however, before Rudolph began to make trouble. I don't know what he said in his letters to Patricia or what demands he made upon her. Sometimes I feared that he was not quite right in his mind. Unquestionably he was drinking a good deal. I advised Patricia to destroy his letters without reading them, but she said she felt safer to know what was in his mind.

Then suddenly Rudolph appeared. Mrs. Barrington told me afterward that his aspect was terrible. He was like a cruel sneering fiend. His eyes, she said, were bloodshot, and his lips were dry and cracked. I have no doubt he was full of synthetic gin, doubtless taken to fortify his evil determination. I have cursed myself ever since for not being more watchful, but the maid, who would have come to me, was out that afternoon, and I don't know what I could have done.

My first intimation of anything wrong came to me over the telephone from Mrs. Barrington herself. She was utterly incoherent. I hung up the receiver without waiting for her to finish and dashed across the dunes to the Barrington house.

I found Mrs. Barrington, moaning and hysterical, lying across Patricia's bed. The room was disheveled as though a struggle had taken place. Patricia was gone, Bimbo was gone, and poor old Meg lay with closed eyes in a distorted heap in the corner of the room.

I suppressed with difficulty a panicky feeling that I must act instantly and set about the task of calming Mrs. Barrington sufficiently to extort from her some sort of account of what had happened.

Rudolph had come to demand Bimbo. He had taken Bimbo, stolen him from his crib. He had struck her, Mrs. Barrington, in the face and knocked her to the floor. Old Meg, faithful to the last, had fought him desperately but futilely. She was weak and old, and Rudolph, in an insane fury, had kicked her and kicked her and thrown her into the corner to die. Then Mrs. Barrington lapsed again into hopeless moaning and self-pity.

It was not until later that I was able to think clearly enough to realize the brave selfless thing that old Meg had done. Your hero dog of fiction always wins his battles against odds. Meg had lost hers. She must have known that she would lose. She had never been a fighter. Always she had shrunk from human harshness. But now, with her muscles stiff with age, her old jaws weak, and some of her teeth missing, she had not hesitated to join battle with the man who threatened her charge and her beloved mistress. Greater love hath no man than this.

But I had no time to think of Meg then.

"Where is Patricia?" I demanded.

"Gone," moaned Mrs. Barrington as if resenting the desertion. "Gone after him and the baby."

"But where have they gone? What was she going to do?"

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"I don't know. Oh, I don't know. He locked her in the bath-room, but she climbed out of the window and dropped to the ground. Then she came in here and grabbed her purse, with what money she had, and rushed out."

I was at my wit's end. Mrs. Barrington needed attention. Poor old Meg needed attention. But it seemed as if I must not lose a moment in following Patricia, to find out where she had gone, and what, if anything, I could do to help her. Kidnapping is a crime, and surely it should be possible to catch Rudolph and restore Bimbo to his mother.

I telephoned a doctor and a vet, and then I closed my ears to Mrs. Barrington's pleas and ran home. I threw some necessary articles into a valise, took all the money I could find, together with my check-book, leaped into my car, and drove to the village.

I obtained no information of value there, and I did not waste time. I visited the police departments of four cities before I returned, and though I obtained not a single clue to the whereabouts of either Rudolph and Bimbo or Patricia, I did succeed in getting official action started in earnest and was assured that a capture would be made before nightfall. Then, quite at a loss, I returned.

I was totally unable to fathom the mystery. That Rudolph had been clever enough to cover his tracks I could well understand, but what had become of Patricia was beyond my power to imagine. It was unthinkable that she had gone with him. Besides, according to Mrs. Barrington's story, he had driven off some minutes before she was ready to follow. But what route she had taken, or by what means she had traveled, I had not the slightest idea. And in spite of the activities of the police and of private detectives, this remains a complete mystery to me to this day.

I found that the doctor had visited Mrs. Barrington and that the maid had returned. The maid informed me that her mistress was quieter, and I decided not to intrude. The vet was still with old Meg. She had recovered consciousness but was obviously suffering. Her eyes begged me to help her. I shall never forget the look in them. One of her ribs was cracked, the vet said, and there were probably internal injuries. We contrived a sort of litter and carried her over to my house.

I sat up most of that night with Meg, partly for Patricia's sake, but partly, too, because Meg, by her bravery, had won my love and respect. Nothing that I could possibly do for her was as much as she deserved. I had just begun to understand her.

But Meg refused to surrender to death. It seemed, as I have said, as though she felt called upon to live until she could witness the return of Patricia and Bimbo. It is beyond human power to know all that goes on in the mind and heart of a dog.

It was perhaps as well for me that I had old Meg to care for during the days that followed, for there seemed to be nothing that I could do. Reports from the detectives seemed to indicate that they were leaving no stone unturned, and yet they had discovered virtually nothing. Thrice I was on the point of packing up and starting on the quest myself, but I

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was forced to give up the futile undertaking by a baffling sense of the wideness of the world and the utter lack of any useful clue. I should not have known whether to start north, south, east, or west.

My mind was tortured with misgivings. What was happening now to Patricia? How was she subsisting? Had any harm befallen her? I had to force myself to hush these questions. Madness lay that way.

Then one day came a letter. It was postmarked Grand Central Station, New York, but it contained no address. It was a strange letter, but it was at least a sign that Patricia was alive. It read:

"Dear Uncle Pymm:

"Don't worry. And please, please don't do anything more. If you care anything for me or for Bimbo, don't! It is terrible, but you will understand it all some day. Please trust me. I hope Mama and Meg are all right.

"PATTY."

No word has come since that letter, and I don't know what to think. But somehow I have gained in hopefulness, and I have faith in Patricia, Meg is able to walk about with me now; and so we sit out here among the dunes, now that warm weather has come again, waiting and wondering and hoping. It is Meg's patience that keeps me going. That and a strange feeling I have that she knows more than I do, can see things that are hidden from my understanding. There is a far-away look in Meg's eyes, but not a vacant look. What does she see? When will Patricia come back?

Somehow peace has come to me, and faith that Patricia, when she does come home, will be my old, sweet, provocative Patricia. It is worth waiting for, worth living for, so old Meg and I think.

The wind has changed, and the breeze comes in from seaward, the soft salt breeze that Patricia loved. The wide-winged gulls sail and dip in the sunshine against the blue sky. I lay my hand gently on Meg's shoulder. She glances up at me sympathetically, and then her rapt gaze returns to its contemplation of the restless horizon and the sea.

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THE MAN-STIFLED ORIENT

Here, on a Thumb-Nail, Let Me Draw the Picture

EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

DID THE birth-rate of fifty years ago prevail in Europe to-day, there would be two and one half million more babies born in the year. In the thirty years before the war eighteen of the most enlightened peoples cut their fertility on the average a fifth. They are still growing like mushrooms, but it is certain that they will cut their fertility even more if necessary in order to preserve their standard of living. Altogether a third of a billion, mostly of the white race, have turned their backs on the quagmire of overpopulation, and in a couple of decades the number headed for comfort and long life may top half a billion. But what of the billion committed to a family system suited to a rabbit-warren?

Half of our race live in Asia between the meridians of Yokohama and Bombay. Adding the peoples of western Asia and northern Africa, you have three fifths of humanity taking what may be termed "the Oriental attitude" toward sex and offspring. So, while *Homo Europæus* is moving into the sunshine, the life of *Homo Asiaticus* is clouded by misery, worry, and fewness of days.

To Orientals the natural inferiority of females is self-evident. With the exception of the Burmese and a few small peoples, the Orient exhibits flagrant masculine domination. If a woman attains to dignity and respect, she is either the darling of a hero or the mother of sons. In a word, her value is but a reflection of her importance to the all-precious male. Asiatic religions and philosophies, save only Buddhism, consecrate this notion of the superior worth of the male sex. Until roused from without, the women themselves accept without question the low rating which men's opinion assigns them.

Asia's reverence for the mother of many sons would appear to be a relic of an ancient "preparedness" program, a heritage from a time when the tribe, the people, the realm deemed its perpetuity to be bound up with the number of tall spearmen it could muster. So ancient militarist Asia encouraged stocking up with sons, just as modern militarist Europe encourages stocking up with tanks and airplanes, not forgetting, however, to stress the preciousness of boy babies. The embedding of this propaganda in religion put it beyond the reach of rational criticism, so that the subsequent filling up, even cumbering, of the land could not affect it.

Women much more than men have cause to flout such a dogma. Among ourselves, to be sure, this is not so

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plain. When children cannot be put to steady work until their teens, the strain on the father becomes heavy as his family grows. But the bulk of Oriental laboring humanity have as yet not the least intention of schooling their children beyond infancy. From its eighth year the child's services may be worth its keep, and in its youth it may yield the father a handsome profit. Moreover nearly a quarter of mankind are Chinese, and in China the burden of the child upon the parent is lighter than with us, while the benefit expected from the male child is much greater. The laboring Chinese look to their sons to keep them in their declining years. An earning son is virtually an old-age pension.

Opposed to this, the physiological cost of a baby is no less for Oriental women than for our women, while the care and attention the child requires is the same. Hence, below the small servant-keeping class, there can be no comparison between the sacrifices the yearly baby imposes on the mother and the sacrifices it imposes on the father. One has only to mark how age-stricken is the Oriental mother of a family in comparison with the father, who nevertheless is years older.

Because it is so unequal in its incidence upon the sexes, the large family is in the Orient bound up with patriarchalism. There every advance in the self-consciousness and independence of women smoothes the way for the practice of adaptive fertility, while the continuance of the régime of male domination and the systematic enslavement of females delays it. So many groups of Oriental men have a selfish interest in upholding—for others—blind procreation that the custom will hardly be overthrown until its chief victims, the women, join their protests to that from the handful of enlightened men. But there is no prospect of an early emergence of the female sex in India or China, so that for a long time to come propagation will depart but little from its present lines.

And what are these lines? Consider India. In India marriage is universal. "Practically no one is unmarried in India," declares B. K. Roy, "except deformed persons, saints, and prostitutes." In the West religion has often made for celibacy, but in India it throws its weight for the married state. In the words of the Indian sociologist Wattal:

"Everybody marries, fit or unfit, and becomes a parent at the earliest possible age permitted by nature. . . . For a Hindu marriage is a sacrament which must be performed regardless of the fitness of the parties to bear the responsibilities of a mated existence. A Hindu male must marry and beget children—sons, if you please—to perform his funeral rites lest his spirit wander uneasily in the waste places of the earth."

Then there is the early marriage of girls. Until recently the higher classes felt that the paternal hearth is disgraced by the presence of the girl who has arrived at womanhood unmarried. Wattal says, "A Hindu maiden, unmarried at puberty, is a source of social obloquy to her family and of damnation to her ancestors." No wonder that in Bengal the average age of brides is twelve and a half years. In the small native state of

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Baroda, which twenty years ago passed an Infant Marriages Prevention Act fixing twelve years as the minimum age for girls, the convictions for violation of this reasonable law run above four thousand a year!

Nor is this custom rapidly breaking up. In forty years the decline in the proportion of girls ten to fifteen years of age married has been less than a fourth. In the Report of the Indian Census for 1921 appears this observation: ". . . while the educated classes are inclined toward the postponement of marriage both for men and girls, there is a strong countervailing influence in the tendency to the adoption of what is held to be an Orthodox Hindu custom by those castes which are trying to better their status and hope, by exaggerated orthodoxy, to enhance their social respectability."

Although there is no birth-control, the fertility of these marriages is not great. Data collected on half a million completed families in various provinces of India show that the usual number of children born is from five to seven, of whom from a third to two fifths die early. Breeding from immature females produces fewer infants, but the generations are so close together that the population tends to multiply very fast. The dying out of the old custom of female infanticide tends in the same direction.

In order to encourage agricultural improvement, or else out of tenderness for native religious susceptibilities, the government of India does not officially admit that India is overpopulated. If only I might quote what the experts say in private! However, as to the actual state of the people, let me cite the Indian economist, Professor K. T. Shah of the University of Bombay:

". . . the available resources of the Indian people are not sufficient to give them two meals out of every three they need, let alone the question of satisfying other wants like those of clothing or house-room. There is thus ample evidence to conclude that India is overpopulated. No doubt, there is a high birth rate—higher than the death rate, which explains in part the steady growth of the population in the successive censuses. But the further fact that every epidemic which makes itself manifest always claims a greater proportion of souls in this than in any other country is conclusive, in my judgment, of the fact that the vitality of the people is so steadily being reduced that they are unable to withstand the ravages of any sudden demand upon their constitution. Habitually underfed, they simply cannot, of their own inherent vitality, resist the approach of illness; and so the death rate also tends to be excessive. There is no further proof necessary to show that India is, from an economic standpoint, overpopulated. It is true, the people manage somehow to live. But they live a life which is a disgrace to any community calling itself civilized, since the less-than-brute existence they manage to maintain is purchased at the cost—impossible to measure in terms of money—of a steady, regular, progressive, unrestrained reduction in the national vitality, and national efficiency."

Indian intellectuals exult that "blind tradition is now losing its hold over the more educated classes who,

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infused with their sense of freedom and the scientific spirit of inquiry," have thrown off "the tyrannical sway of authoritative texts" and "begun to reflect for themselves on fundamental problems." But these emancipated are but a thin film floating over "soundless deeps through which the cry of the press and the platform never rings." It is the ancient behavior patterns of these myriads which will determine the near future of the Indian birth-rate. No wonder the census concludes: "It seems impossible that there will be any general downward movement of the birth rate in India for many years to come."

On the other hand, science is trimming the claws of India's great man-eaters. Thus vaccination saves 160,000 a year from death by smallpox. Rats are exterminated to stay the spread of the plague. Inoculation with anti-plague serum is offered free to the people. Holy places like Hardwar and Allahabad, where half a million pilgrims may throng, are carefully guarded against outbreaks of cholera. The health service disinfects water sources, isolates the stricken, and restricts movement out of infected areas. Then every provincial health department uses traveling exhibits, lantern-slides, motion-films, health talks, instruction in the schools, and illustrated pamphlets in all Indian languages. Crowning it all is the Calcutta School of Tropical Medicine, whose fifty researchers—two thirds of them Indian—track down such man-killers as kala-azar, hook-worm, leprosy, beriberi, filariasis, cholera, sprue, and amœbic dysentery.

So India, while continuing to beget in the careless Oriental way, is being helped toward a low Occidental death-rate. The age-old equilibrium between a slaughter-house mortality and a reckless fertility is being upset by humane administrators, who are able to narrow the exits of Indian life but not the entrances. Result: the production of population surpluses which no feasible improvement of agriculture can support.

China is a Sahara for statistics. The post-office estimates a population of 436,100,000. As to age distribution, age at marriage, marital status, births, deaths, infant mortality, there are no statistical data. We know, however, that all marry, that girls are married young but not so young as in India, that babies come fast but die soon, and that a few years ago the Chinese themselves thought that a tenth of the girl babies are done away with. The birth-rate must be between 50 and 60 per 1000; the death-rate about the same, taking the bad years with the normal years.

Only male descendants can conduct the rites of ancestor worship, so that a youth's first duty is to marry the bride his parents pick for him and beget a son. If the union is not blessed by a male child, a concubine is brought in, and her boy baby counts as the son of the legitimate wife. Since but one infant out of four or five survives, there is small security in a single son. So one begets till there are several sons, and, since daughters arrive as often as sons, there is soon a big family.

Chinese thought has never questioned this uncurbed procreation, but that it is a social blight is as plain as

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the squares on a chess-board. Just as Malthus predicted, deaths are balanced with the births by means of pestilence and famine. The former is intermittent, but the latter functions all the time. We hear of huge famines resulting from flood or drought without realizing that every day in China thousands die from starvation. The Chinese contemplate the phenomenon with philosophic calm, for they are used to it and recognize it as nature's method of bringing mouths and food into balance. Large-scale famine relief originates with the foreigners whose home experience has not prepared them for the grim penalties of overpopulation.

Very few of these foreigners perceive the outcome of their labors. Buying food to feed the starving saves their lives, but the inevitable rise in prices forces others below the survival line. "China," observes Mr. Henry Kittredge Norton, "is like a huge raft crowded far beyond its capacity with shipwrecked human beings. Many are swimming about in the water, but for each one pulled aboard on one side someone else is pushed off on the other side. The raft will hold no more."

The chronic overproduction of Chinese lives will last a long time. To be sure, in the political and educational centers, there is in some circles an eager appropriation of modern ideas. The New Thought movement is rapidly emancipating women of the *élite* from their old bondage. No longer are they content to attend to domestic affairs only; they demand a hand in social and political matters as well. Breaking over the narrow confines of the family, they invade colleges and universities, where formerly only men were allowed, and in defiance of tradition insist on mingling with members of the other sex in society.

Warm as is the sympathy with which we greet this movement, we must not imagine that the modernizing of a scant thousandth of this people perceptibly alters its propagative tendency. A million couples averaging four babies instead of nine or ten would not change by a first-place decimal China's birth-rate. Yet no one will claim that a million westernized couples exist, or even half a million. Not the attitude of the thin top-dressing of intellectuals in the capitals and treaty-ports will shape the near future of China's population but the attitude of the hundred million farmers and laborers. For a long time—certainly for this century and much of the next—China will be a human ocean threatening to deluge the less crowded parts of the world, against which the advanced peoples will have to protect themselves by immigration barriers as the ancient Netherlanders saved themselves by dikes from being overwhelmed by the North Sea.

Having had the benefit of enlightened Dutch administration, the population of Java, which is of the size of the State of New York, has in a hundred years increased from five millions to thirty-seven millions. An acre of their cultivated land must on the average support nearly two and one half people. The laborer in the fields gets only eighteen or twenty American cents a day. The standard of living is stationary. The people rarely want anything more

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than the simple food, scanty dress, and crude houses that they have always had.

Fast as the Javanese multiply, they have so far, thanks to commanding the aid of the best Western technique, expanded their production of food at an equal pace, so that life is not getting harder for them. But the Dutch have brought their death-rate down to 26, and they cannot go on generation after generation with their present wide margin of births above deaths. Something must change soon, but it is not likely to be the birth-rate. There is nothing to indicate that the women are gaining a higher status, that the standard of living is rising, that marriage is being deferred, or that propagation will be less thoughtless in the future than it has been in the past. For the Javanese are still "Asiatic."

The Japanese are half out of the Oriental shell and hence, like a molting crab, in a ticklish position. Their birth-rate of 35 is Eastern, while their death-rate of 23 is of the West. Coupling an Oriental fertility with a near-Occidental mortality gives an annual growth of about three quarters of a million. This is a serious matter for a nation of sixty millions whose home area is but a little larger than the State of Montana, five sixths of it unfit for farming. The Japanese are confronted with the necessity of either overflowing or else restricting the size of their families. In most of the countries they would care to migrate to they encounter immigration barriers; while to go to war with Russia, Great Britain, or the United States in order to smash the barrier would be taking desperate chances. Yet family limitation runs counter to the Japanese traditions. Count Soyeshima says: "Statesmen are afraid of it, and the politicians, playing upon the inherent prejudices of the people, would be certain to oppose it clamorously. All the forces of Buddhism are arrayed against it. All the weight of Japanese custom, based upon the family system, and Japanese tradition, resting upon loyalty to the Imperial family and the necessity of breeding sons as fighting men, would be against it."

The leaders of Japan stand at the parting of the ways, hesitating whether to fight or to curb their natural increase. Within five years at the outside definitive choice must be made between the old remedy for intolerable crowding and the new.

Here, on a thumb-nail, let me draw the picture. About three fifths of humanity share the "Asiatic" culture, which, speaking very broadly, implies: pessimistic religion, a fatalistic resignation toward the major human ills, woman's inferiority, masculine domination, patriarchal authority, traditional standards of living, early marriage, and large families. By dissuading the East from infanticide and teaching her how to curb disease, we rupture her equilibrium of births and deaths and aggravate her population problem. The West with twice the fullness of days of the East is damping her fertility; but the East will not. The clouds that have hung for ages over Asiatic mankind are turning coppery. The supreme problem of statesmanship is the adjustment of the future relations of these diverging segments of humanity.

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RIPENED YEARS

I—John Adams Bold though Serene to the End

J. G. DE ROULHAC HAMILTON

IN FEBRUARY, 1796, John Adams wrote his wife that if, as seemed to be probable, Jefferson and Jay should be elected president and vice-president, he would retire "without noise, or cries, or tears," to his farm. If one of them should be president and he vice-president, he would retire "without murmur or complaint" at the end of his term. Then he added, indicating the presence of his own hat in the ring, that he would not, if chosen, serve more than eight years. Continuing he said: "Be of good courage, therefore, and tremble not. I see nothing to appall me and I feel no ill forebodings or faint misgivings. I have not the smallest dread of private life, nor of public. If private life is to be my portion, my farm and my pen shall employ the rest of my days."

On November 13, 1800, Mrs. Adams wrote her son that South Carolina had voted for Jefferson and Burr. "The consequence to us, personally, is, that we retire from public life. For myself and family I have few regrets. At my age and with my bodily infirmities, I shall be happier at Quincy . . . If I did not rise with dignity, I can at least fall with ease, which is the more difficult task."

Brave as his words had been in 1796, with hope still in his heart, Adams, four years later, had little of his wife's philosophy. All presidents, so it is said, leave the White House sorrowfully. Adams left it in a rage. Back in 1776 he had longed to look at his farm in the company of his family, but in 1801 its chief charm lay in its being a secluded place wherein he might hide from public view every outward sign of the mingled emotions which surged within him.

No man ever had a better right to emotion or to anger. He was overwhelmed by the weight of disappointment, personal and official, which he had not deserved. Always thin-skinned from that combination of vanity and egotism which passes current as "sensitiveness," he was deeply humiliated by an unpopularity which no one knew better than he was unjustified by anything in his life or in his public service. He knew with all the conviction of an ardent and positive temperament that he had been right in large matters, and it never occurred to him that he had let his Adams temperament lead him into blunders in personal matters. Held responsible by his political opponents for policies and tendencies of those of his own party who had fought him bitterly,

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discredited by Federalist leaders because his common sense and patriotism would not yield to the selfish personal ambitions of Alexander Hamilton, hated and roundly cursed by both groups, he was retiring "full of years and not of honors," and was human enough and foolish enough to feel disgraced. The genuine appreciation which he always had of his own merit and the value of his services—vanity and self-satisfaction, his critics call it—were presently to give him aid and comfort, but thus far they served only to feed constantly fresh fuel to the bright-burning flames of his just wrath.

A combination of circumstances made him unwisely decide not to be present at the inauguration of his successor. He and Jefferson, after years of warm congenial friendship, which extended to their families, had become estranged, an eventuality probably inevitable, but for which Jefferson was but little responsible. A potent reason for his absence was the death of a loved son under circumstances which added to the grief of such a loss. But of this the general public knew little or nothing, and the impression made by his absence has never been removed. But then, it must be remembered, Adams had little thought of the verdict of history. He desired only to go home and hide in the comforting companionship of that remarkably understanding and sympathetic woman, his wife, Abigail Adams.

And so, having made all possible appointments to office, he evacuated the White House before light on March 4, 1801, and set out for home and for Abigail, who had preceded him by some weeks, reaching Quincy, "having trotted the bogs five hundred miles," on March 18. In a characteristic letter to Samuel Dexter he thus comments on his arrival: "I have found about a hundred loads of sea-weed in my barn yard, and recollecting Horace's

'Et genus, et virtus, nisi cum re vilior alga est,'

I thought I had made a good exchange, if Ulysses is an orthodox authority, which I do not believe, of honors and virtues for manure."

At once, from being at the center of the American stage, Adams was plunged into profound seclusion. He saw few outside of his own family. In 1800 he had received thousands of personal letters; in 1801, after March 4, he received about one hundred and wrote still fewer. The change under any circumstances would have been hard for a man of intellectual energy, and the circumstances made it far worse. He had foreseen the danger that retirement might be to his health, and had he not quickly turned to work all his fears might have been realized. A month after he reached home he wrote Gadsden that employment would be the only consolation he would want. "Ennui, when it rains on a man in large drops, is worse than one of our northeast storms." But what to do? He longed to return to the bar, where he might forget that he was "ever a member of Congress, a foreign minister, or President of the United States," and adds, sadly, "But I cannot speak." He was not a rich man, having spent the better part of his life in unremunerative—not to say unappreciated—public

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service. All the money he had made was invested in the lands about his house. Soon after his defeat he had declared his intention of spending the rest of his life in "labors of agriculture and amusements of literature," and now, almost of necessity, he turned to the soil; and while he was so limited in means as not to be able to make at once the improvements which he thought desirable, he plunged into work, and not only saved his health but made the farm his main support for the rest of his life.

The Adams home, Montezillo, was situated in Quincy, a town full of his kindred and friends, where he was treated with dignified kindness and respect. Presently he began to recover his spirits. The Massachusetts legislature adopted in 1801 a very complimentary address which pleased him, and when his birthday rolled around Quincy held a celebration in his honor. Hard work and ceaseless intellectual activity soon completed the cure, and in 1805 he could say in perfect sincerity that the preceding four years had been happier than any other four in his life. He still growled at intervals—the Adams temper and temperament required that—but there was no great feeling behind the growl. He would drop such allusions as, "Washington and Franklin could never do anything but what was attributed to pure disinterested patriotism, I never could do anything but what was ascribed to sinister motives"; but he began to hear always more good of himself, and, prepared to believe it, he took comfort. He felt no public responsibility, was a member of no party; and he enjoyed the position which he thus described: "Nothing remains to me but the rights of private judgment, and that I exercise freely, and communicate my sentiments as freely to those who wish to know them." Years later he thus described his retirement:

"At the close of the 18th century, I was dismissed, to the joy of both parties, to a retirement in which I was never more to see anything but my plough between me and the grave. I submitted without murmuring, complaint, or dismay, and have enjoyed life and health with gratitude, calmness, and comfort."

The Adams who left the presidency in 1801 was not given to turning the other cheek, and he planned to retaliate upon his enemies, and chiefly upon Alexander Hamilton. Accordingly he began an elaborate reply, but it soon bored him, and he dropped it as he did a defense of his missions to France. It was not that he had changed his mind. The missions to France he continued to regard as "the most disinterested and meritorious actions" of his life, and said he asked no other epitaph than, "Here lies John Adams, who took upon himself the responsibility of the peace with France in the year 1800." Nor did he love Hamilton and his clique. He would not have been human had he done so. His letters abound in expressions that indicate feelings which vary in tone from amusement and playful satire to sharp dislike and distrust. Urged in 1811 to make use of his will for advice to his countrymen, he replied that whatever he said would be misunderstood. "If I should inculcate

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'fidelity to the marriage bed' it would be said that it proceeded from resentment to General Hamilton and a malicious desire to hold up to posterity his libertinism." At other times he doubted the perpetuity of the Union, fearing that another Hamilton or another Burr "might rend this mighty fabric in twain, or, perhaps into a leash, and a few more choice spirits of the same stamp might produce as many nations in North America as there are in Europe." But very little real gnawing animosity was left. He never forgave them, but he could laugh at Pickering's attacks and remember that Hamilton was dead. Time was too short and, much more to the point, too occupied, to waste it in hating. As he phrased it, he could not "deal damnation round the land" on all he judged "the foes of God and man."

As has been noted, Adams, at the time of his retirement, was in no frame of mind for continued intimacy with Jefferson. But the irritation he felt would probably have passed but for the removal of John Quincy Adams as commissioner in bankruptcy. Jefferson was in entire ignorance of it; but to Adams, and particularly to Mrs. Adams, it seemed, naturally, an intentional affront and injury, which both felt keenly, the more so because both genuinely loved Jefferson. Mrs. Adams in 1785, in mentioning her regret at parting from him in France, had characterized him as "one of the choice ones of the earth." In the same year, in discussing her husband's problems, she wrote, "In Mr. Jefferson he has a firm and faithful friend." Jefferson had in 1775, as Adams phrased it, "seized upon his heart," and the grasp was never greatly relaxed. And so, even when he was tempted to hate him, Adams never ceased to love him. In 1803 Jefferson's daughter Mary died. She had spent much time with Mrs. Adams in Europe, and they had become deeply attached to each other. In spite of the bitterness in her heart, Mrs. Adams, without the knowledge of her husband, wrote a letter of condolence to Jefferson. A brief correspondence followed in which each frankly discussed the alienation which had occurred. Then for the first time Jefferson learned of the removal of John Quincy Adams. The letters soon ceased, in accordance with the expressed wish of Mrs. Adams, but neither of the men was happy in the existing situation.

In the meantime, as Adams watched the course of events, he found himself more in sympathy politically with Jefferson than with his opponents, notably those in New England. He approved the purchase of Louisiana although he doubted its constitutionality. When Timothy Pickering defended Great Britain in the *Leopard-Chesapeake* affair, Adams replied and substantially alined himself with Jefferson. Pickering sneeringly commented, "Adams seems above all things in his old age anxious to conciliate the good will of Mr. Jefferson." Neither John Adams nor John Quincy Adams had any sympathy with the disunion tendencies of New England Federalists, and when the embargo storm was raised they sided with Jefferson. At once the Federalists retaliated by

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electing a successor to the younger Adams in the United States Senate, two years before the expiration of his term, and by reviving against the elder the old attacks of Hamilton. In 1801 John Adams had lacked motive power to finish his reply to Hamilton, but this furnished all the impetus needed to make him take up the task, and in a series of letters to the "Boston Patriot," running over three years, he broke finally and forever with the Federalists and defended Jefferson against their charges. The appointment by Madison of John Quincy Adams as minister to Russia still further softened his heart; but most important of all the forces preparing the way for reconciliation was the hunger in his heart for Jefferson's companionship, a "canine hunger," to use one of Jefferson's pet expressions, which no substitute could gratify. Jefferson, too, had felt keenly the estrangement, which he declared "one of the most painful occurrences in his life," and now that both were in retirement he was eager for the friendship of Adams. He had never felt any hostility or changed his belief that Adams was "so amiable that you will love him, if ever you became acquainted with him," or the opinion, expressed publicly in the heat of the campaign of 1800, "There is not upon this earth a more honest man than John Adams . . . a man more perfectly honest never issued from the hands of his Creator."

Dr. Benjamin Rush, a friend of Adams and Jefferson, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, now wrote to Jefferson asking the reasons for the break. The latter replied fully, expressing his desire for a renewal of the friendship. Rush wrote Adams, breaking the ice, and telling him of Jefferson's feeling. In the meantime Adams had talked freely to two Virginia neighbors of Jefferson, and, after denouncing the slanders of Jefferson by the press, had remarked, "I have always loved Jefferson and still love him." When news of this reached Jefferson, he wrote Rush: "This is enough for me. I only needed this knowledge to revive towards him all the affections of the most cordial moments of our lives." And he expressed a hope that early opportunity would be given for a renewal of their intercourse.

Rush wrote enthusiastically to Adams, who had already seen his purpose and now twitted him with it, replying in a characteristic letter which seemed to put an end to any hope of reconciliation. It began:

"I never was so much at a loss how to answer a letter as yours of the 16th.

"Shall I assume a sober face and write a grave essay on religion, philosophy, laws, or government?

"Shall I laugh, like Bacchus among his grapes, wine vats, and bottles?

"Shall I assume the man of the world, the fine gentleman, the courtier, and bow and scrape, with a smooth, smiling face, soft words, many compliments and apologies; think myself highly honored, bound in gratitude, &c., &c.?

"I perceive plainly enough, Rush, that you have been teasing Jefferson to write to me, as you did me some time ago to write to him. You gravely advise me to receive the olive branch as if there had been war; but there has never been any hostility on my part, nor that I know, on his.

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Where there has been no war, there can be no room for negotiations of peace."

But its close offered some hope:

"You exhort me to 'forgiveness and love of enemies,' as if I considered, or had ever considered, Jefferson as my enemy. This is not so; I have always loved him as a friend. If I ever received or suspected any injury from him, I have forgiven it long and long ago, and have no more resentment against him than against you. . . . But why do you make so much ado about nothing? Of what use can it be for Jefferson and me to exchange letters? I have nothing to say to him, but to wish him an easy journey to heaven, when he goes, which I wish may be delayed, as long as life shall be agreeable to him. And he can have nothing to say to me, but to bid me make haste and be ready. Time and chance, however, or possible design, may produce ere long a letter between us."

And then, Adams-like, six days later, on New Year's day, 1812, he wrote Jefferson a friendly note telling him that he was sending him "two pieces of Homespun lately produced in this quarter by one who was honored in his youth with some of your attention, and much of your kindness." Jefferson, taking him seriously, replied before the arrival of the gift, discussing the manufacture of cloth in Virginia and preparing the way for further correspondence. The "Homespun" turned out to be, in the words of Adams, "not Wool, nor Cotton, nor Silk, nor Flax, nor Hemp, nor Iron, nor Wood. They were spun from the brain of John Quincy Adams, and consist in two volumes of his Lectures on Rhetorick and Oratory, delivered when he was Professor of that Science in our University of Cambridge."

With this beginning the correspondence grew and flourished until it became the central thing in the lives of both men. Their letters are almost unparalleled in character and interest. No other of the American presidents have so completely revealed themselves as these two do in their letters. Shot through with evidences of deep devotion, they lay bare the hearts of the writers. In the subjects of discussion and the expression of conviction we have a unique record of the intellectual interests of two unusual men, who in retirement had become true philosophers. Politics, science, philosophy, religion, economics, every human activity and interest, came into the field of their discussions. Both had lived, and they discussed men. Both were avid readers, and even more they discussed books. Their interest did not flag. Adams phrased it well. "As my reason and intellect fail, my imagination grows more wild and ungovernable." Both had been serious and grave in youth; both in age were marvelously fresh and youthful. To their delight they found themselves in substantial agreement on everything, with only enough difference of opinion as to details to lend spice to their letters. Neither was bound by dogmas, political or religious, and each was always ready to follow truth wherever it led. They "cared not if they shook the world if they scattered clouds and let in light on the mind."

The correspondence meant much to both and probably prolonged their lives. To Adams it was par-

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ticularly grateful. He wrote to Jefferson in 1823, "Nothing revives my spirits as much as your letters, except the society of my son and his family." His life was much quieter than Jefferson's; Montezillo was not always thronged with visitors as was Monticello; he was not overwhelmed with letters as was Jefferson, nor were his interests as diverse; and so he had more leisure and wrote more frequently. The charm of Jefferson's letters is well known; it is known to but few that those of Adams are equally delightful, possessing, too, a tang of salty humor, smacking of him as characteristically as the seaweed of his beach did of the New England ocean. This was utterly lacking in Jefferson's letters because it was lacking in their writer. Only twice was there any threat to the renewed intimacy of the men. In 1813 two letters of Jefferson, written to Joseph Priestly in 1801, were published in Lindsay's "Memoirs," which contained what Adams regarded as an unjust allusion to himself. But he took it in good part and agreed with Jefferson in condemnation of the breach of confidence involved in the publication. He thus reassured Jefferson: "Be not surprised or alarmed. Lindsay's Memoirs will do no harm to you or me. . . . If our letters should be shown to a friend or two, in confidence, and if that confidence should be betrayed, your letters will do you no dishonor. As to mine, I care not a farthing. My Reputation has been so much the sport of the public, for fifty years, and will be with Posterity, that I hold it a bubble, a Gossamer, that idles in the wanton summer's air."

The other awkward situation grew out of the publication in 1823 of a series of letters written by Adams, soon after his retirement, to William Cunningham, a kinsman, in which he expressed himself unreservedly on the subject of his opponents in both parties, including Jefferson. The latter proved himself as generous as Adams had been, and at once wrote him a comforting letter. "Be assured, my dear Sir, that I am incapable of receiving the slightest impression from the effort now made to plant thorns on the pillow of age, worth and wisdom, and to sow tares between friends who have been such for near half a century. Beseeching you then, not to suffer your mind to be disquieted by this wicked attempt to poison its peace, and praying you to throw it by among the things which have never happened, I add sincere assurances of my unabated and constant attachment, friendship, and respect."

Adams and his family were frank in expressing appreciation of the letter, and the friendship, if possible, was more closely cemented than ever.

The letters of Adams in this period reflect the mind of the man. They are full of acuteness of reasoning, of lively imagination and striking force of expression, unrestrained by any demands of policy. They reflect his ardent temperament, but no less the strength of conviction and courage that were always his. His style was plain and unadorned; as direct, nervous, and energetic as the man himself. He sought only to convey the thought in the fewest words, and the result was an almost epigrammatic style. His chief cor-

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respondent was Jefferson, but the number of people to whom he wrote increased quite rapidly for some years. Among the more notable ones were Thomas McKean, Benjamin Rush, Benjamin Stoddert, and Benjamin Waterhouse. John Taylor of Caroline, in 1814, sent him a copy of his "Inquiry into the Principles and Policy of the Government of the United States," and Adams wrote a commentary upon it in reply which makes a book in itself. They became very friendly, and Taylor wrote that Hamilton's pamphlet was "the most malicious, foolish, and inexcusable composition which was ever produced by a tolerable mind." All of which was still balm to the soul of Adams. He wrote occasionally to Elbridge Gerry, to whom in spite of political differences he remained devoted until Gerry's death in 1814. He had a correspondence with William Wirt, caused by the claims in Wirt's "Patrick Henry" of Virginia's priority in revolution, in which he defended the claims of Massachusetts and James Otis. A long correspondence with William Tudor, founder and editor of the "North American Review," was devoted to the same purpose.

Adams read omnivorously from the time of his retirement until his eyesight failed in about 1820, when he pressed his family into service and seems to have kept them busy. Any books that were in English he made them read to him; but of necessity, in spite of failing sight, he read those in French himself. So eager was he for such entertainment that he was willing to sit for hours listening to any book which might interest the young people. In this way he heard and enjoyed Scott, Cooper, and Byron. Always he had enjoyed romance, and in the winter of 1812–13 he was reading with interest and amusement "The Scottish Chiefs," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," "The Exiles of Siberia," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake." The next year he was eager to secure "Acta Sanctorum," his mind being set upon an investigation of religions. In 1815 he read, among other things, Ocellus, Timæus, and Julian; and by March, 1816, he reported the completion of fifteen volumes of Baron Grimm, seven of Tucker's Neddy Search books, twelve of Dupuis, and four of Jesuitical history, and added, "Romances all!" His reading varied widely. In 1819 he read the letters of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, with which, without a trace of prudery, he was utterly disgusted. In 1820 he is reading Cato and Cicero; in 1822, having his grandchildren read to him the proceedings of the New York constitutional convention, the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Hubbard's "History of New England," Johnson's "Wonder Working Providence," Morton's "Memorial," and the writings of Winslow, Bradford, Gookin, Eliot, and twenty others. Parenthetically, it may be said that, even to this late day, sympathy for the grandchildren is surely not misplaced! "All the superstition, fanaticism, quaintness, cant, barbarous poetry, and uncouthness of style," he adds, had not prevented as keen an interest as he ever felt in Homer, Virgil, Milton, Pope, or Shakspere. The following year, among other

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things, he was having read to him Simond's "Travels in Switzerland" and Algernon Sidney on "Government."

In later years, friends knowing his tastes flooded him with books until he protested humorously that they were "enough to obfuscate all eyes and stifle all human understanding." His comments on what he read are apt and spicy. Jefferson sent him a life of Rittenhouse, and Adams thus replied: "The book is in the modern American style, an able imitation of Marshall's Washington though far more entertaining and instructive; a Washington Mausoleum; an Egyptian pyramid! I shall never read it any more than Taylor's Aristocracy." He adds, however, that Mrs. Adams is reading it with delight and reads to him such bits as please her, "and that is all of it."

Such are scattered lights on the reading which he said kept him alive.

His eyesight, to his keen distress, never permitted much writing, for he enjoyed his impulsive careless "scribbling" of "such poor stuff as I have been writing by fits and starts for fifty or sixty years without ever correcting or revising anything."

Much of his time and thought for several years was given to an examination of the religions of all ages and nations. He had partly broken with Calvinism in his college days when he abandoned the idea of becoming a minister, and the break became complete in these later years. The result of all his religious study was summed up in four words: "Be just, be good." "The ten commandments and the Sermon on the Mount contain all my religion." This quotation perhaps throws more light than anything else upon his religious beliefs: "I find my imagination . . . roaming in the milky way, among the nebulæ, those mighty orbs, and stupendous orbits of suns, planets, satellites, and comets, which compose this incomprehensible universe; and, if I do not sink into nothing in my own estimation, I feel an irresistible impulse to fall on my knees, in adoration of the power that moves, the wisdom that directs, and the benevolence that sanctifies this wonderful whole." So far as he may be classified, he was, like Jefferson, a Unitarian. His views were of the most liberal variety. "I believe that all good men are Christians." He had no fear of death, nor was he weary of life, nor did he fear the future. "If I did not believe in a future state, I should believe in no God." "After all, I hope to meet my wife, and friends, ancestors and posterity, sages ancient and modern. I believe I could get over all my objections to meeting Alexander Hamilton and Tim Pick if I could see a symptom of penitence in either."

Mentally alert, Adams watched with interest the course of public events. In view of his attitude toward international policy during Jefferson's administration, it is not remarkable that the War of 1812 met with his full approval, although he chafed at the way it was conducted. By 1815 he was friendly to France, which he regarded as the leader of the nations in civilization and the equal of any in science, literature, and taste. He was convinced that neutrality in European affairs was sound American policy, but that if

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alliances were ever necessary, France was the natural ally of the United States, and that Great Britain was the last power with which an alliance of any sort should be made. How much of this was the result of war fever is of course a question.

Two calls to public service came to Adams. In 1820 he was chosen a delegate to the Massachusetts constitutional convention and was unanimously elected president, a tribute which he declared "the purest honor" of his life, and declined on the ground that he was "but the shadow of a man." His only active part was an attempt to secure such a modification of the bill of rights as would do away with the "recognition of distinct modes of religion by the state." In the same year, as a presidential elector and president of the Massachusetts electors, he voted contentedly for Monroe, whom he liked and admired.

In his family Adams found deep joy. Mrs. Adams was the center and stay of the household, and to her Adams owed a debt of which he was fully conscious for the fullness of her help to him at all times and for the joy of her companionship. He owed her a greater one, of which he was probably in complete ignorance, for the softening of his asperities, and the soothing of his numerous spiritual hurts. Her death in 1818 was a severe blow, but its shock was lessened by his expectation of speedy reunion. His children and grandchildren were a delight, and of these naturally his chief pride and affection centered on John Quincy, who was, however, separated from him much of the time. For him the father was deeply ambitious, and he resented the delay in his reaching the White House, saying with a characteristic growl, "My son will never have a chance until the last Virginian is laid in the graveyard." But he and his wife rejoiced when John Quincy became secretary of state, and Mrs. Adams went to rest with her cup of joy full. When at last the son became president he wrote his father:

"Washington, 9 February, 1825.
"My Dear and Honored Father:
"The enclosed note from Mr. King will inform you of the event of this day, upon which I can only offer you my congratulations, and ask your blessings and prayers.
"Your affectionate and dutiful son,
"JOHN QUINCY ADAMS."

Adams replied:

"Quincy, 18 February, 1825.
"My dear Son,—
"I have received your letter of the 9th. Never did I feel so much solemnity as upon this occasion. The multitude of my thoughts, and the intensity of my feelings are too much for a mind like mine, in its ninetieth year. May the blessing of God Almighty continue to protect you to the end of your life, as it has heretofore protected you in so remarkable a manner from your cradle! I offer the same prayer for your lady and your family, and am your affectionate father,
"JOHN ADAMS."

Adams in these latter years was not dependent upon his family for companionship. He saw much of his friends in their homes and at Montezillo. A steadily growing number of visitors came and added

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interest to life. He was gifted as a conversationalist and enjoyed the intercourse.

So passed these richly ripened years. In them Adams did not grow soft or maudlin. He lived out his life a strong man, but with each year the essential sweetness of nature which had lain concealed in him became more apparent. Bold and independent in spirit, in full possession of his mental faculties, he serenely waited for the end. He rejoiced in the approaching jubilee celebration of the Fourth of July, and gave as a sentiment for the day, "Independence forever." The sound of cannon far from disturbing him, each added, he said, five more minutes to his life. Finally just fifty years to the hour from the public announcement, in Philadelphia, of the Declaration, the "chief of the Argonauts," as Jefferson called him, fell quietly into the sleep to which Jefferson had preceded him some hours before; with his thoughts full of his friend, speaking first three words which, while untrue as he meant them, were nevertheless the most prophetic of any utterance of his long and by no means silent life:

"Jefferson still survives."

(Next month: Thomas Jefferson)

THE OLD SEA-DOG

CATHERINE PARMENTER

"Not many hours more," I hear them say.
Damn 'em. . . . They cannot see the schooner's bow
Make head against the waves. (And who's here now?
The parson, eh? I haven't time to pray.)
Cold—cold the wind to-night, and high the sea.
I don't remember such a storm before,
Except the time we lay off Singapore:
A typhoon—no mistake; and but for me
The *Betsey Ann* had gone. How long it seems!
It must be thirty—forty years, I guess. . . .
A pile o' work. . . . A little happiness. . . .
H'm . . . not so bad . . . and Lord! I've had my dreams!
What's that along the starboard side—a light?
Damn 'em . . . we'll make the old home port to-night!

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Down on the Levee

A True Story of the Mississippi Tragedy

Lyle Saxon

We are gathered together on the levee top, white and black men, rich and poor—or rather yesterday we were rich and poor; to-night we are equal in misery, for the Mississippi has taken everything from us.

The old Devil River. Rightly enough do the negroes call it so. . . . "The old Devil River, pushin' and shovin' at the levees," they say. These walls of earth, man-made, erected at tremendous cost and endless labor, are built higher and higher every year in order that our homes, lying behind the levees, may be safe from the ever-rising stream. And now, all useless, all washed away. This part of the broken levee top is like a long narrow island. Twenty feet wide, perhaps, a quarter of a mile long, and water washing on both sides—black water that extends out in all directions, mile after mile, dotted now with wreckage of our homes and covering the land endlessly.

We are tired out, hungry, wet, miserable. There are perhaps fifty of us, near the end of the levee. Ahead of us lies the crevasse . . . the water rushing through, inundating the fields and cotton land deeper under the yellow flood. . . . Yes, yellow by day, but at this hour only a vast black torrent, with never a light anywhere. There is no moon. There are no stars to-night. A soft rain has fallen, making us, shelterless, even more miserable.

We sit upon the ground, in groups, afraid to sleep, too miserable to cry, waiting, with forlorn hope for a rescue boat.

We have been here for more than twenty-four hours, ever since the alarm came that sent us running out into the night. Can it be only twenty-four hours ago? It seems an eternity.

We have no water except that yellow foul stuff that is all about us. We drink sparingly of it, grimacing, wiping our lips. There is no food. There is no wood. We have no fire. This afternoon some one broke up a packing-case, kindled a fire, and made coffee. There was only enough for a few. The aroma made the rest of us sick with its fragrance.

Only two white men. We sit with bowed heads, leaning forward, looking out into the darkness. Near-by a group of negro men are sleeping. A young negro woman, separated from her family, lies moaning. She is going to give birth to a baby before morning—or so the old negro women say who have gathered around her. She is having a hard time. They

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have tried every charm and spell they know, but nothing works.

What can you expect with the old Devil River pounding all around you, and with no help in sight?

The black woman cries. Sometimes she screams aloud. An old negro man lies near her, his head pillowed in the lap of a woman, almost equally old. The old man doesn't say anything. This afternoon we tried to talk to him, but nothing was gained by it. His mind ran back to the old days, to other floods and disasters . . . this one, he says, is no worse than others. . . . The old woman, his wife, grunts and groans, and holds his head.

"De ole man's mighty bad," she says. "'E won't las' long."

The girl's moans, muffled by the rushing of the water around us, worry the old man. He mutters to himself.

I sit disconsolately, thinking of the cotton-fields and the fields of young cane, lying deep under all these miles of black water. Gone, all gone. All that we of the South have labored for, hoped for, lived for.

Not myself only. My own loss is so slight that it does not seem to matter in the general debacle. But the old Devil River has done for us all, at last.

For years we have curbed it, fenced it into its channel. But now it has taken its land again, as it did in the old days, when it spread out as the Nile spreads, enriching the country for the coming year. We thought we were cleverer than the men who lived thousands of years ago. We would tame the old river and make our lands safe.

Ah, yes, I have heard my grandfather, an old planter, say over and over again: "We have worked always to tame the river—but the river waits and waits. Sooner or later it will take what it wants. . . . May I not be here to see it!"

Thank God that he is not here to see it. For he would suffer to see the land laid waste by the torrents of never-ending water that pour over the fields, taking everything before the flood. It is like an old horror tale of Bible times, a plague, a judgment. But what have we of the Mississippi Valley done, save try to wrest a living from the land? For two hundred years our forefathers have lived here, planting the land, fighting the river. Here they built their homes, rough ones at first, later the large, brick, white-pillared houses that we call our homes to-day. Furniture came from France, or from "up North," to furnish them. Our fathers knew great prosperity. Then Civil War, loss of labor—the "hard times" came. Then a sort of renaissance in the eighteen-eighties, when the Cotton Exposition was held in New Orleans, and "King Cotton" became a slogan.

Then the boll-weevil, and high water, and labor hard to get; the negro migration north; and hard times again. I was born at the end of the Golden Age. As a child I saw the last of the prosperity and knew the pinch of hard times. The times have been hard for plantation people ever since; for we are rooted in the old ways. We are planters, rather than farmers. Other people may plant truck-gardens. We plant cane or cotton, or nothing. Well,

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let it be nothing from now on. The old Devil River has finished us.

But who cares for my thoughts? There are other sufferers far more deserving of sympathy than men of my type. We have a sort of resignation that we call philosophy; but our simpler brothers have nothing. For them everything is lost; all they labored for is destroyed to-night.

And the negroes. Their homes are gone; they are destitute, adrift. . . . And yet what lessons they can teach us in taking trouble with ease! . . . "They're used to adversity; they don't mind," says the white man at my elbow.

Something else is there though—these black men who have sung their way up from slavery—now they weather this storm which has laid the white folks low. They seem tireless. All afternoon they have been wading around in the water, salvaging things from the wreckage about us. It was the negroes who found the wood for our puny fire, now burned down to a few ashes.

It was a negro who gave me a piece of stale bread this afternoon. Never have I tasted cake that was half so sweet as that crumbling loaf handed by black fingers. He sits near me now, his head hanging down on his breast. I turn to him.

"Is that a light out yonder?"

His head snaps up; he looks. "No suh, I can't see nutin. . . . Yo' done fool me, boss!" He laughs.

He laughs.

How can he laugh in the face of this terrible night and the black water?

"Where are you going when we get away from here—if we get away?" I ask.

"Maybe to New Awlins! Maybe somewhere else. I got to find Mattie—she's done got los' somewhere."

"Mattie?"

"Yassuh. She done gone up to de school-house wid her maw and sister when me and the rest of the niggers come out to work wid Mr. Jim. . . . Dat was fo' days ago." He pauses. "Mattie's my wife," he adds as an afterthought.

So he has a wife out there somewhere in the flooded land. Safe? Drowned? Who can tell. We have no news. We know nothing and can only conjecture.

All around us lies the flood. No light anywhere. And always the rushing sound of water going by in its mad race toward the lower river and the Gulf. Two hundred miles or more to the south lies New Orleans, under her levees. Day before yesterday—years ago—I saw a newspaper; the water was almost at the top of the levees; the people of the city were "carrying on business as usual." Good brave people, those folks in New Orleans, carrying on their business and their lives, although every man knew that the menace of the river was worse this year than ever before. And what now? To what would the city resort, with crevasses on all sides, and the crest of the flood still somewhere "up river," where I am sitting on a levee top with homeless negroes.

My mind runs back to the activities of yesterday. A back-breaking, heartbreaking day. In a small motor-boat we plowed through the inundated region, trying to rescue some of these poor devils who clung to their homes until too late to get away.

We moved slowly among the

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branches of the trees, in danger of upsetting as we crossed submerged fences. In the afternoon we approached a cabin, standing to its eaves in the yellow water. There was a strange group gathered on the roof. An old negro mammy, very placid, was in command of the situation. She was cooking on a wood-burning cook-stove that had been balanced in some miraculous way on the ridge-pole. The fire was fed with shingles ripped from the roof—nearly half of them gone already. A half-grown boy sat on the edge of the roof patiently fishing. Evidently he had had luck earlier in the day, for a fish was sizzling now in the pan. A young negro woman with a baby in her arms squatted against the chimney, feeding fish to the infant. They greeted us, when we came chugging up in our motor-boat, with cries of welcome—offered us a portion of the fish and seemed greatly relieved when we refused. No, they wouldn't come to the levee top; they preferred to remain where they were. "De watah ain't goin' no higher—an' we's safer heah dan on de levee."

All their meager household goods were piled on the roof-top, and they refused to leave them. They promised to signal us with a torch if the water rose higher, or if the house crumbled beneath them.

It was well for them that they refused to enter our boat, for not half an hour after, we struck a snag and ripped a hole in its bottom. For two hours we hung, wet and shivering, in a tree, until an old negro man in a flat-bottomed row-boat picked us up and brought us to the other refugees on the levee top. And here we have been ever since.

The white man beside me is a civil engineer. He has remained near the river, studying the levees, working to build them higher, year after year. Two days ago we both joined in rescue work, as everybody else did. To-night we are waiting to be rescued. He has said little, except to talk to the negroes, reassuring them, although he has small hope himself. Surely there will be a rescue boat along in the morning. He has said that over and over.

I fall to thinking of the greatest flood that the Mississippi has ever known: Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, and now Louisiana, every state bordering on the great river, suffering. The Mississippi Valley, a third of the United States, draining into the river which now washes around us. And all the dwellers in the lower valley, fighting, year after year, against this ever increasing terror that has now engulfed us all.

The sword of Damocles has fallen.

For we never have the river "off our mind"—those of us who live behind the levees. Every year we work and fear—and the floods come just as our crops are rising from the good black earth. We should know whereof we speak, for we have thought little else. And year by year we have seen the river rising higher, always higher than the levees that rise to combat its flood stage. New Orleans built its levee in the year that the city was founded by Bienville, 1718. But the new levee is inadequate to-day as the old one was inadequate then. Now, at this moment, New Orleans is facing the

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greatest danger in its history, with water lapping at the very top of these man-made embankments, and the crest of the flood still up the river. There were floods in 1785, 1828, 1858, 1862, 1867—each one worse than the one before. The high water of 1882 set new high-water marks, and other disastrous floods occurred in 1883, 1897, 1912, 1913, 1922—and now this flood of 1927—the worst in the history of the river.

And it seems that it will be worse always until some other plan than "levees only" is worked out. I speak to the civil engineer about it. He answers angrily:

"Of course! Since 1879 that fight has been waged. 'Levees only. Confinement of the river into its channel.' It can't be done, old man. Look about you now. This is the result.

"It's hard for me to talk about it calmly, when I think of the millions of dollars and hundreds of lives sacrificed to the levees; and this flood proves conclusively that levees are not enough, and can never be enough.

"Look! From Cairo, Illinois, to the Gulf there are no outlets. Just confinement between dikes. Once there were thirty thousand square miles of natural reservoirs in the Mississippi. Twenty-seven thousand of these square miles have been partly reclaimed by the levee system. All this storage space for water is gone. The water must go somewhere and it is forced into the main channel. For years there have been two groups considering floods on the Mississippi. One group advocated spillways; the other group advocated higher levees, cutting off all natural outlets, and forcing the water into the main channel, the theory being that additional water would dig the channel deeper.

"What folly! Look about you!

"The warning has been plain enough, but people will not understand. 'Levees only' and 'confinement' plans have been proved futile now. This—our worst flood—and two more natural outlets closed: Cypress Creek, an outlet into the Tensas Basin below Arkansas City, and the Atchafalaya River, which opened directly to the Gulf. That is, money given to erect levees has been used to close partly the natural outlet into the Atchafalaya. Formerly there were eight miles of opening there; now there are only three miles. And Cypress Creek is completely closed. The great volume of water is forced back into the main channel. And always more and more water—from lands swept bare of their forests, and from natural reservoirs, now reclaimed behind the levees.

"This year the levees along the Mississippi were higher than ever before in their history. Yet they fall like paper before the flood. We can never build them high enough or strong enough unless there are spillways and reservoirs in addition to the levees. Surely levees alone can never protect the lower valley from the floods of the Mississippi.

"Think of it, old man; there are only fifty of us here on this bit of broken levee top, and up and down the valley there are perhaps ten thousand like us, marooned. It makes me shiver to think of it.

"And every year conditions grow worse. And they will continue to grow worse until there are spillways to carry off the flood waters.

"Oh, yes, I know what you are

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going to say. It will be a gigantic task—as gigantic perhaps as the Panama Canal. But it seems to me that this is the only solution. Levees plus spillways—controlled spillways for the lower part of the lower Mississippi Valley, and levees plus source-stream control above the Yazoo River. I don't see any other way out. And it can be done. It may be that this flood will make the people of the United States see—and make Congress act."

Behind us the negro girl is screaming again. The old negro women are trying to fortify her with one of their remedies—an open pocket-knife placed under her body—"to cut de pain," but this seems to give no relief, although it is one of the negroes' favorite superstitions. Over and over the woman cries out: "Oh, Jesus! Please, Jesus!"

And the old women nodding, mumbling: "Gawd help! Hab mussy!"

The big black man at my elbow leans forward trying to see into the darkness. "Seems to me, I heahs screams in de wind," he says.

We shiver, relapse into silence.

After a time a woman's quavering voice is heard:

"In de time o' dyin'
Ah wan' yuh all tuh draw nigh;
Dey's one mo' favor dat I wan' tuh ask;
Come close muh dyin' eye."

And then every negro joining in the chorus, their voices rising sweet and clear above the rushing waters:

"Well! Well! He's a dyin'-bed maker!
Well! A dyin'-bed maker!
Well! Well! He's a dyin'-bed maker!
Ah know he's goin' to make up muh dyin'-bed!"

The negroes are excited; they move about in the darkness. They cry and moan aloud. The big negro man leans toward me and says, "De ole man's done die' . . ."

The young black girl's screams of pain now join with the moans for the dead man and the rushing sounds of the water:

"Oh, Jesus!"

"Hab mussy!"

"Please, Jesus!"

"Gawd help!"

There are two groups discernible in the darkness now. One group around the old man, who still lies with his head in the lap of the old woman; and the other group is about the young woman.

The two white men, powerless to help, lean forward, burying heads on folded arms. The sky in the east is beginning to show gray.

The black man beside me speaks again. "Ah'm worried 'bout Mattie. Ah shore wish daylight wuz heah!"

"The sun will be up before long," says the civil engineer.

Another hour drags by. As the light increases we can see an old crone crouching at the levee's edge, holding something in her arms. She dabs a rag into the muddy water. And then, in the silence, comes a thin cry, like a cat mewing.

One man is dead, but there is another life on the levee top. We all crowd around to see the baby, lying naked in the old woman's lap. The mother, covered with sacking, lies with closed eyes.

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"Hit's a fine big boy!" the old woman announces.

Immediately there is a chorus of comment:

"Great Day!"

"Gawd knows!"

"What yo' goin' tuh name 'im, sister?"

The black mother opens her eyes in the dawn and smiles a tremulous smile. "Ah specks Ah'm goin' tuh name 'im Refugee," she says.

There is instant agreement.

"Dat's right!"

"Sho' nuff!"

The old woman, leaning with bowed head over the body of the dead man, continues to moan. Above the horizon comes the broad face of the sun, round and red.

We look about. On all sides desolation. Only a strip of levee top, an island, on which we are gathered. And beyond, to the left, the mighty river, roaring toward the Gulf, its surface dotted with drifting logs and uprooted trees. To our right are the inundated fields, with the tops of trees visible, and in the distance the tall tower of the sugar-house, standing clear of the flood. Wreckage is floating about—a chicken-coop, a barrel, a broken chair from some water-swept cabin.

But there, up the river, plainly seen in the first rays of sunlight, is a steamboat. It is far off, but approaching. Above it, a plume of smoke rises black in the clear air. A shout goes up from the levee top.

"Thank Gawd! De boat done come!"

Slowly it draws nearer down the river. A small steamboat, the *Daisy B*, usually in some placid bayou, now playing its part as a rescue boat. Already the decks are crowded with other refugees, but there will be room for us. It is not dangerous for the boat to come near us now, for the water has stopped roaring through the crevasse ahead of us; the water in the fields is at the same level as the water in the river.

A white man is in the bow. He greets us with a cry: "Well, we'll take you folks to land somewhere."

Negroes carry the body of the old man aboard. Those already on deck roll their eyes in superstitious awe. Bad luck for a boat to take a corpse aboard! But the bowed figure of the old woman quiets their comment. The young negro mother with her infant is greeted with a shout: "Lawzee! De flood done brought dat gal a baby! Um-umhp!"

The negro man who sat at my elbow all night goes from group to group, asking for news of his wife. "Is yo' seen anything of a light-brown gal dey calls Mattie?" he asks.

The white man in charge of the refugees asks where she was and, on hearing, becomes grave. He shakes his head. "No, I haven't seen her."

Then, turning to the civil engineer, he says: "How can I tell that black boy that fifteen nigger women were drowned up there at the school-house?"

From group to group the black man goes asking his question: "Yo' ain't seen a light-brown gal nowhere, have yo'? She wuz headin' fo' de school-house, las' time I see her."

And, as he meets with no reply: "I jus' got tuh find Mattie. She done got los' somewhere . . ."

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THE NEW TESTAMENT OF SCIENCE

II—Sensitivity and Progress

WALTER B. PITKIN

BELOVED subjects! In my previous address from the Throne, I showed the perils of breeding many more superior persons. I demonstrated that, as the world is organized to-day, it cannot employ at tasks fitting their abilities many more of the Best Minds than actually are born and survive and are trained in the present course of events. And I have annulled all the Eugenical Bills passed by the Biological Bloc which provided for brain-breeding farms.

I now propose to consider the other Bills of the Bloc, those which provide for the abolition of all poorhouses, all hospitals, all insane asylums, and all other institutions which relieve human suffering or segregate the mental and physical defectives. As you know, the Bloc has established, in the place of these, a chain of lethal chambers throughout our country; and one of the Eugenical Bills ordains that all persons who score below certain levels in either their physical or mental examination shall be exposed to well warmed hydrocyanic fumes for two minutes. All these measures are founded on the firm conviction of the Bloc that "all noble-hearted but soft-headed schemes for ameliorating the conditions of life have failed and will fail to improve the race; and are in fact hastening its deterioration." The Bloc believes that, when we care for defectives, we do them no good but only burden ourselves and our children with debts and responsibilities from which no ultimate good can flow. The Bloc assures us that we are, with all our charities, simply making ourselves the drudges of a horde of misfits who will rapidly multiply and in time swamp us. Bad blood drives out good blood; that is its thesis. The superior man must go under in competition against the inferior. Hence it is the superior man's duty to reduce the birth-rate of all types whom he, in his superiority, deems inferior and dangerous.

Before I analyze these views, there is a matter of fact to be cleared up. The Bloc insists that we superior people are already being swamped by a growing army of inferiors. To prove this, it cites various army intelligence tests. In their official proclamation favoring the eighteen Eugenical Bills, they state:

"The army tests show that there are roughly forty-five million people in this country who have no sense. Their mental powers will never be greater than those of twelve-year-old children. . . . Twenty millions more have a little sense . . . that of

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thirteen or fourteen-year-old children. . . ."

I am pleased to say that many psychologists have already exposed the error in this assertion. The tests referred to were designed to measure the alertness of a man's mind, not its absolute ability. How fast can the subject respond accurately to this question? How fast can he complete this experiment? These were well answered by the army tests. But because a man is no faster than a twelve-year-old child in answering certain test questions correctly, we cannot infer that the man "has no sense." You might as well argue that a low-speed gas-engine has no power because it cannot run at the velocity of a high-speed engine. Now, in men as in engines, the low-speed type often is better than the high-speed. A slow acting Diesel engine burning crude oil has twice the cruising radius of a gasoline-engine of the high-speed automobile variety; and the Diesel costs about one tenth as much to operate. So with men. You will find success and happiness in many a phlegmatic citizen who takes ten seconds to decide whether two plus two can confidently be asserted always and under every circumstance to total up to four. He can often be counted upon to travel further and more smoothly than the fast thinker who can tell you in a jiffy just how much is the sum of the squares of all the odd numbers up to and including nine. The race is often with the slow.

As for the notion that a twelve-year-old child "has no sense," it is plainly to be seen that the Biological Bloc must be composed chiefly of bachelors and old maids. Let them live a while with some twelve-year-olds! Truth is, most children attain adult intelligence between their twelfth and fourteenth years. If they fail to behave like adults, it is because they lack practice and a fund of well ordered experiences. There is no cause for alarm in the fact—if fact it should ever be—that our present system of brotherly love and wholesale charity will flood the state with twelve-year-old minds.

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But now to our main subject!

The Bloc declares that our humanitarian era is multiplying weaklings. We are making life too easy for those who do not deserve to live it. By protecting weaklings, the racial germ-plasm is corrupted, they say. Give us the old virility! Back to the sturdy Cro-Magnon, who had both a big brain and a tough body!

From all the outcry you might be led to think that this business of ameliorating the conditions of life was a recent discovery—perhaps a wicked conspiracy of the Jews or the Catholics to destroy the noble Nordic. But it is not. Amelioration has been going on pretty consistently for several hundred thousand years.

The human race began protecting its weaklings when some prehistoric Edison invented the knobbed club as a defensive and food-getting implement. Consider, beloved subjects, how many mortals this bright idea saved from premature death and hunger! Before the knobbed club was placed on the market, millions of mollycoddles perished because they were bitten unawares by some lean and hungry wolf. Other millions went the way of all flesh because they had nothing wherewith to smite the

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succulent gazelle as it gamboled past them at its and their own meal-times. All such wretches had to live on stationary food, and their diet was cramped accordingly. Whenever the stationary food ran out, they could not easily catch the mobile pabulum. So they died. They were not fleet enough nor brawny enough to overtake their perambulating prey. After the great invention, though, these weaklings were able to have a club breakfast whenever they craved it; so their flat-footed, short-winded, weak-wristed germ-plasms passed on these inferior traits. The Fall of Man began with the club breakfast.

More hordes of inferior physiques were delivered from doom by the gentleman who, some millennia before history started, went first into the clothing business. The devastation which has subsequently been wrought by the cloak and suit trade is surely apparent to all of you. It may indeed be the true first cause of anti-Semitism. Think how effectively the arctic blasts exterminated the thin-skinned, the anemic, the tubercular, the catarrhal, and the rheumatically inclined before raiment was invented! Think of the ease with which mosquitoes and snakes punctured and poisoned the garbless biped! All this was quickly changed, though, after the cloak and suit trade got in its pernicious work. Millions who would otherwise have died now lived on lustily; and all the frailties of their germ-plasms infected the entire human race in the course of a few hundred thousand years.

Before Mr. Prometheus put fire on the market, other millions died because they were too weak to endure the dampness of their caves and mud-huts in the raw winters of the seven glacial epochs. Still other millions died before the day of fire because their stomachs rebelled at raw carrots, raw bark, raw rabbits, and raw bones. All these primeval dyspeptics were saved when some bold man, finding a burnt pig, ate thereof, and slept as he had never slept before. Burning their food, they survived to corrupt still further the germ-plasm of their species.

When the ancestor of Henry Ford figured out the mysteries of the wheel and launched the first transportation business, living-conditions were shockingly ameliorated. Before this race-wrecker came along, millions of weaklings died as a result of exhaustion while trying to drag or carry their household effects out of a famine region into some land of milk and honey. Other millions dropped dead in the harness fastened upon them by the slave-driver of some haughty potentate who craved an everlasting monument to his memory. They quarried and dragged great stones; they hewed and hauled mighty logs; they walked miles over hot deserts, pulling their masters and their monuments on sledges. Strong fellows, these! But still not strong enough either for themselves or for the eugenists. They should all have perished. But the wheel saved them and ruined our race.

Thus ever and ever men have been softening their lives for half a million years or longer. They have trained horses to save the weaklings who would rather ride than walk. They have planted grain for the lazy chaps who would rather grow their winter's food where they choose to live than

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go after food a hundred miles or more away, when their local supply runs out. They have concocted medicaments from herbs and earths to heal the ailing who might better have died. They have banded together so that all might do with ease the work which any one would find cruel or impossible. They have passed laws to protect the meek against the ruthless. And they have pooled their wealth to insure the unfortunate against adversities.

In fact, beloved subjects, save for a few tribes of tree-dwellers, bushmen, and cavern Neoliths in sundry outlying districts of this globe, the entire human race has become so thoroughly softened by its own incorrigible passion for ameliorating conditions that scarcely a man now living could outlive a gadfly if he were compelled to get along without fire, clothing, cooking, shelter, and all the other enervating conveniences enjoyed by us all since Cro-Magnon days.

How is it that the human race has not gone down to oblivion long ago? The Biological Bloc says that amelioration hastens racial decay. Well, where is the decay? The Bloc replies that "microbic diseases are, in all probability, lessening, but man's incapacity to resist them is apparently increasing." If this is correct, it looks dark for the future of the human race, unless we can wipe out the bacteria before they wipe us out. That we are going to wipe them out is quite certain; the control we already have over infectious diseases proves that. But this does not please the Bloc; it ameliorates things too much. It does not toughen man; it merely removes a peril. Man goes on growing softer and softer, they say. He cannot resist bacteria as once he could. Let us see, though, how sound this assertion is.

My staff has consulted with the Bacteriologists' Union at their regular union rates. The Union testifies that the Bloc is all wrong. It says that this gloomy theory is a misunderstanding of the statistics on world morbidity and mortality. There is only one absolutely certain method of finding out whether people are more or less susceptible to bacterial diseases, and this method cannot be employed. For it requires the investigator to count the frequency of infection, the frequency of ensuing illness, and the frequency of death. Here are, for instance, one hundred thousand people in a given community. If all of them are exposed to a given bacterial swarm, how many will fall sick? Of those who fall sick, how many will die of the disease, even though carefully treated? How many will die, when all are left untreated? Finally, how do these numbers compare with those found among another hundred thousand people of a century ago? Or with a third hundred thousand of a millennium ago? To ask these questions is to expose their insolubility.

One fact, however, is clear enough; and it has led to the error of the Biological Bloc. We know that, since the development of modern transportation, wholesale immigrations and emigrations, and the herding of people in huge cities, the frequency of individual exposure to some bacterial plagues has increased prodigiously. We cannot reduce this frequency to an authentic figure. But we can obtain some notion of it

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by a simple comparison drawn from real life.

Let us consider a typical farmer in one of our well populated Eastern counties and a city-dweller who goes to and from work daily in a street-car, an elevated train, or a subway train. The farmer meets, in the course of an ordinary day, not more than five or six people; these include usually his own family, his hired man, a neighbor, and perhaps a country store-keeper or an itinerant peddler. Most of his encounters with these are in the open air, where the chances of infection are vastly less than in inclosed spaces. Let us ignore his chances of infection from the soil and the stable; for such perils as tetanus and anthrax become serious only when the bacteria enter the body through a cut or scratch. They do not endanger life by entering as food, drink, or air enters. So let us estimate only our farmer's bacterial adventures with other people.

Contact with infected food and garments, freshly dispersed sputum, or exhalations at very short range are the main hazards, of course. Suppose, just for statistics' sweet sake, that our farmer runs into one such hazard hourly in connection with each of the six people he encounters. This is an arbitrary estimate, and nothing more; but it will serve. In every twelve-hour day he takes seventy-two risks. How does this compare with the city-dweller?

Well, he travels normally during rush hours. On the street, in his conveyance, and often in his office or workshop he touches the clothes of hundreds of people, crowds against them, and endures their promiscuous coughs and sneezes. In one elevator trip he is thrown in with from five to fifteen people. In one subway car, he inhales the breathings of thirty to fifty humans. On a crowded platform he elbows his way through a hundred more horrors. At the motion-picture house around the corner, of an evening, he meets another score. And so on. I suspect that the inhabitant of almost any large city takes fully a thousand risks of this sort a day, as compared with the seventy-two of our jolly farmer. Let us, however, be conservative; let us cut my estimate down to one quarter. That still leaves the score 250 to 72 in favor of the city man.

Now, were disease proportionate to frequency of exposure (which it is not, by a long shot), then our city-dweller would fall sick more than three times as often as our farmer. And it is highly probable that he does fall sick oftener than the farmer or anybody else who is much less often exposed. The high frequency of such diseases as influenza nowadays is indisputably the result of vastly higher frequency of exposure. It is therefore fallacious to infer that the human race is growing less resistant to bacteria, if you base this on the increase of bacterial diseases. The truth is that, while diseases have increased, especially those which are air-borne, exposure to their bacteria has increased much more. And this would lead us to suspect that man is resisting bacteria better now than ever before.

This pleasant guess is supported by the odd findings of Raymond Pearl, D. H. C. Given, Karl Pearson, and other scientists concerning the steady decline of diseases such as tuberculosis, bronchitis, dysentery, ty-

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phoid, paralysis, and softening of the brain. Pearl has brought together the facts about the trend in four of these diseases whose causes are fairly controllable, and also in four others whose causes are still uncontrollable. To add force to his conclusions, he contrasts the death-rates in countries where modern scientific medicine and hygiene are practised with the death-rates in backward countries such as Italy, Rumania, and Jamaica. What does he find?

Since 1900, deaths from the four controllable diseases (tuberculosis, typhoid, diphtheria, and dysentery) have diminished with considerable uniformity. *But so have the deaths from the uncontrollable afflictions*, bronchitis, paralysis, septicemia, and softening of the brain! Indeed, some of these have been falling off more rapidly than the deaths from the controllable causes. To impress us still more vividly, Pearl parallels the deaths from typhoid in the backward and in the progressive countries; and we see that, *since 1898, the disease has declined in both regions at virtually the same rate.* So too with diphtheria! Now, I am not going to say what this proves. But I am prepared to assert quite dogmatically that it plays ducks-and-drakes with the hypothesis of the Biological Bloc that mankind is succumbing rapidly to microbic diseases because of a softening of his germ-plasms. Civilized men and barbarians alike are growing tougher.

Ah, but cancer! The Biological Bloc loves to gloat over cancer. That is sure proof that civilized man is crumbling in his very fiber! So they say. But isn't this rather premature? Nobody knows what causes cancer. The whole alarming increase in this hideous scourge may be due to something that has as little to do with degenerate germ plasm as the well known Goiter Belt has.

Twenty-five years ago the Biological Bloc might have viewed with alarm the strange frequency of goiter among the Nordics of the Great Lakes region and the Pacific Coast. But this affliction has been traced to nothing more than a lack of iodine in the drinking-water. The trouble ends when the city authorities dump iodine into their reservoirs. Cancer may be quite as simple, once we know what it is. While we remain ignorant, we had better leave it out of the argument. It may be due to canned peaches or to reading the Arabian Nights.

Ah, but how about nervous diseases? How about insanities? When the Bloc raises this issue, it has an arguable point. We must take it seriously. Neurasthenia seems to be a modern affliction, almost as modern as chewing-gum. At least ancient writers have left no records which lead us to guess that they had beheld neurasthenics. Madmen there have always been, in some number. But nowhere in scientific or in popular literature of the distant past do we pick up even a faint hint of a world harassed with multitudes of fidgety worriers, dodgers, liars, trouble-makers, malingerers, anemic dawdlers, and that ilk. Much ado about nothing is a modern pastime.

The Biological Bloc would have us believe that all these neuroses and psychoses come from a decay of the germ-plasm. But our Vocational Psychologists' Union doubts this. Thousands of these hypersensitive

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persons suffer from some more or less obscure maladjustment. Let this be corrected, and they return to full normality. They have drifted into the wrong town, into the wrong business, into the wrong church, into the wrong marriage, into the wrong philosophy of life, into the wrong pair of shoes. They cannot fit their muscles or their senses or their passions or their attitudes to the wrong thing. And they do not know enough to rid themselves of it, or else they lack the courage to do so alone.

The extent of personal maladjustments is revealed a little by the labor turnover in industry, especially where the workers leave of their own will. Brissenden and Frankel, vocational experts, have studied the records of hundreds of thousands of employees; and they discover that 52 per cent left their jobs at the end of the first three months. Kitson, working in this same field, finds that about 40 per cent of the men and 12 per cent of the women he studied were dissatisfied with their line of work, not merely with their particular jobs, and wanted heartily to get into some other field. In general, all investigators agree that a person whose abilities exceed the requirements of the work he is doing soon grows uneasy, cross, and wretched; and he quits his job for something richer and broader. Thus, too, with the idle rich and their unease.

In the marriage relation, maladjustment is reflected by the high frequency of infidelity, separation, and divorce. Physical, psychic, and economic incongruities and conflicts all appear here in a bewildering variety of combinations. In the matter of standard of living and standard of income, thousands of maladjustments arise. Some are as simple as the ancient curse of having a champagne thirst on a near-beer income. Others are subtler, involving such complex factors as the total work environment and the social environment. A man may be, for instance, a mining engineer who can practise his profession profitably only when located most of his days in a South American or Mexican village, whose inhabitants, food, conversation, parlor furniture, and politics wear his esthetic personality to a frazzle. Or he may be a country boy who loves the open fields and still nights of his father's farm; and, being an acute lawyer, finds his livelihood in a clattery office of a corporation in some crowded city.

Now, how can we determine which nervous and mental afflictions in all these many situations and people are caused by hereditary factors, and which are caused by the maladjustments? I challenge the Biological Bloc to answer this question. The only possible answer destroys the Bloc's entire case. We should have to collect thousands of cases in two or more widely separated historical periods; all cases would have to be people who were not gravely maladjusted to something in their environment. Apart from this, all would have to be chosen at random within their age and region, so that we should get something like the normal distribution of rich and poor, strong and weak, typical and atypical, young and old, educated and uneducated individuals. This done, we should finally compare the frequency of mental and nervous afflictions in the two eras.

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Now, nobody has yet learned how to distinguish for a certainty between a man neurotic by inheritance and a man neurotic by environment, when we have both men before us for personal inspection and quizzing. The task baffles us because of the enormous depth and subtlety of childhood influences. Habits of eating, sleeping, working, and playing which are formed in the first few years of life mold the personality to a degree that nobody suspected a few years ago, and which the Biological Bloc steadfastly refuses to admit even now. These influences are never sensed by him upon whom they play. He fondly fancies that he is acting out of his own nature when he is merely following a behavior pattern imposed upon him by blind chance, a stupid nurse-maid, or a driveling pedagogue. So it is that, unless we have a pretty complete intimate history of a man, we are at a loss to assign any trait in him to ancestry or to environment.

Now, how many such intimate histories do we possess? Possibly a few score, scattered throughout the clinical records of the last twenty years. I cannot recall offhand having found more than a dozen; and I hesitate to say that all these are complete enough to answer our question. How many histories such as these can we find in the records of previous ages? Not a single one. There was nobody then living who had either the ability or the scientific interest to compile such a biography.

Out of the last thousand billion humans who have lived on this earth, not even one personal record per billion! What are the chances that the few we have, all of current date, reveal anything about the decline of the racial stock? How flimsy the thinking which leaps to cosmic conclusions on the basis of such evidence!

On the other hand, consider how swiftly our physical and social environments have been changing in the last few centuries. James Harvey Robinson's revival of an earlier analogy brings this out beautifully. If we think of the entire history of our race as represented on a clock which ticks off the eons from the beginning down to the present day, then all the human progress which we call modern civilization since the days of Pericles and Plato has occurred in two or three minutes of a twelve-hour working-day. The clock began at twelve when the first man appeared; it ticked on for eleven hours and fifty-odd minutes before the Minoans erected their cities in Crete and the first Chinese filled the river-valleys of farther Asia with towns and temples. And all that we call modernity is a matter of the last few seconds between 11:59 A.M. and high noon!

Robinson uses this analogy to illustrate the enormous velocity at which liberated intelligence moves. I would cite it to show how dangerously fast man's environment has changed with respect to his primordial animal nature. Physically man is to-day pretty much what he was twenty thousand years ago; and he is biologically identical with his ancestors of a millennium ago. But within this last millennium, there has been a greater change in food, in clothes, in fashions, in politics, in business, in science, in art, in travel, in wars and adventures, in home life, and in community associations than in all the

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hundred thousand preceding years. Nay, more! In each year of our millennium we have lived through greater changes in all these domains than men before us endured in their entire lifetimes.

Now, every widespread change brings some maladjustment to many people. So maladjustments have been multiplying prodigiously. Have mental and nervous disturbances increased as fast as maladjustments in the last thousand years? Obviously we can speak only in terms of the broadest and inexactest of observations. But it seems plain enough that disturbances in our surroundings have long been exceeding disturbances in our minds by many hundredfold. Had the two increased at about the same pace, virtually everybody now living in Western Europe and America would be touched with some neurosis or psychosis. And every year would reveal a measurable increase in the gravity of these aberrations. Bad as matters are, though, I do not believe the whole world is a neurotic ward. Be the truth what it is, this much is certain: *the increase in maladjustments to surroundings is more than enough to account for all mental and nervous diseases as well as for all crime, suicide, and intellectual morbidity.* Why then drag in a hypothesis about weakened germ-plasm to explain what is already sufficiently explained?

Beloved subjects, we have been arguing these matters solemnly, just as if it were possible for us to decide what the human race should and must do. But our argument has no practical bearing on the human race; for mankind has long since committed itself irrevocably to the policy of progress. The big-brained man has won; he has forced his personal ideals upon the billions of modest brains. And he is much too clever to be balked, even by the Biological Bloc.

It is the conscious or unconscious striving of most big brains to get something for nothing—or, if that cannot be done, to get as much as possible for as little as possible. If the big brain lacks the normal emotions and the sympathetic imagination which accompany these, it seeks to get something for nothing, even though other people may thereby give up something and get nothing in return. Thus was Jenghis Khan. Thus Napoleon. Thus all ruthless exploiters of the meek and the lowly. If, on the other hand, the big brain feels as the common man feels, it tries to get something for nothing in a manner harmless to other people. If, finally, the big brain has emotions and visions much finer than those of the ordinary man, it sets out to get something for nothing in such abundance that it can give thereof freely to the whole human race. Thus many of our greatest scientists and inventors.

There is a discontent that is divine. It is usually founded on a laziness that is even more godlike. The gods never work. And man aspires to become a god. Man wears his body out by work; the harder he works, the sooner he dies. In so far as he can slow down, he lengthens his days and deepens his wisdom. So the big primordial drive of the superior man is to master both himself and his environment to the point at which the latter gives him all the

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things he can hope to squeeze out of it, and with a minimum of effort on his own part. This, and not pleasure or knowledge or soul salvation, is the deepest motive behind our kind of civilization. In our pride we call it efficiency and economy. But we may as well be honest and admit that one of its motives is laziness, or a hatred of drudgery.

Now, how shall Nature be conquered, how forced to give us all something for nothing? *As far as the human side of this problem goes, there is only one way to attain this blessed result; and that is to breed the widest possible variety of men with special hypersensitivities toward all the aspects of Nature which need to be understood and conquered. For men will react vigorously, intelligently, and persistently only to things which they acutely sense.*

When toughness involves low sensitivity, it puts an end to progress. Observe the Chinese coolie. He is the perfect stand-patter. Nature has made him too tough. He resists typhoid, cholera, and other plagues which slaughter white men. He recovers without medical treatment from wounds which would kill any of us in a jiffy. He toils dumbly for fifteen hours a day under the hot sun and manages to keep alive on a handful of rice.

What is he worth as an instrument of progress? What is he worth in a civilization like our own? Nothing! He is not even a good laborer, as we conceive labor. Insensitive to heat, to cold, to praise and blame, to ideals, and to almost everything else, he is the little brother of the pachyderm. He is the human turtle, the two-legged rhinoceros. Blank-eyed and serene as a stone is serene, he never tries to ameliorate his own living-conditions. He agrees with the Biological Bloc that man must be hard, hard, hard!

Nature has richly experimented in many ways to adapt creatures nicely to their surroundings. Sometimes she does it by making them extra tough. Again she tries it by making them extra tender. William James thought he detected these two types within the human race. But it is certain that the types are more sharply marked outside of it. The tough animal has few sensory nerves, or perhaps a very thick hide, or possibly a shell, or even mighty scales. Thus he gets along with his world simply by being able to ignore its thrusts and pin-pricks.

For a million or two years, these toughs got along passably. But at length they began to lose touch with current events. They could not notice what was going on around them. And the less they noticed, naturally the less they had to think about. Their worries grew rare. So their minds slowed down, and Nature ran away from them, fully persuaded that it would be wiser to manufacture a batch of tender-minded things.

Man is her dizziest experiment in this direction, at least on this planet. For tens of thousands of years he has carried around in his skull a batch of protoplasm so sensitive that it responds to millions of stimuli which do not affect other creatures. It even responds violently to its own inner stimulation—which it calls dreams, fantasies, and reasonings. The creature has been dreadfully uncomfortable, with all its pangs, its conscience, its secret broodings, and its harassing

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misconceptions. But it was the only sure escape from the Impasse of the Pachyderm. Whether we like it or not, we must keep to its highway.

We must accept as our guiding principle that all sorts of hypersensitive folks are worth encouraging until they have proved themselves useless —to themselves or to the world at large. We want more people with eyes so sensitive that they see things invisible to us. We want more people with ears so sensitive that they catch sounds beyond normal range. We want more people with fingers delicate far beyond the powers of the common digit. We want more people with amazing memories which hold details usefully; more abnormally rich fantasies that conjure up strange pictures; more mathematical brains which weave their strange patterns out of mere logic and symbols; more maniacal curiosity to see how the wheels go around; more of everything in the way of a capacity to detect and construe things, affairs, and forces in this puzzling world which swarms with so many realities that escape us normal citizens.

Progress in the arts comes out of such hypersensitivities. So also does progress in the sciences. So even in business. Oddly enough, the new American economic system, which is making the Old World stare aghast, is founded upon the conviction that continual advancement in trade and industry cannot be attained by accepting the aged doctrine of supply and demand. Factories will soon slow down and close, shops will put up their shutters for ever and for ay, if our makers and sellers are content to furnish simply what customers demand. This demand, of course, expresses the degree of sensitivity of the public in all matters of appetite, taste, social conformity, and personal ambition. And the sensitivity is held to be too low.

Modern business goes out to create demand, not to supply an existing one. They call it educational publicity, and we may let it stand at that. Hatters strive to make men "hat-conscious." Shoemakers sit up nights scheming to make the public "shoe-conscious." Hosiers have reaped fortunes of late by making all women "leg-conscious." And the modern department-store, as well as the nobbiest specialty shop off Fifth Avenue, thrives chiefly by keeping its public "style-conscious" with regard to a hundred commodities. What is all this if not a process of heightening people's sensitivities toward differences and qualities which hitherto have remained unnoticed?

Our schools have long been engaged in the same process of making the rising generation ever more and more tender-minded and thin-skinned toward matters which we have come to regard as worthy of sensing. The dirty little boy is made sensitive about soap and cleanliness. The slovenly little girl is made to feel the nastiness of her ways. Thus are the likes and dislikes, the prejudices and passions of us all intensified toward everything from dress-patterns up to the League of Nations.

Thus in arts and in sports. The delicacy and hence the skill manifested in everything from piano-playing to prize-fighting far surpasses that of a generation ago. Did I say in prize-fighting? Yes! It is the hypersensitive brute who wins in the ring nowadays. He is not hypersen-

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sitive to a crack in the jowl, to be sure; but he is toward every least feint and shift of his adversary, and he is also toward the entire technique of fistic warfare. He construes a certain maneuver with a scientific accuracy unknown in the rude old days when John L. Sullivan knocked out Jake Kilrain. Boxing becomes more and more like chess. Chess becomes more and more like calculus.

Hypersensitivity is the very foundation of an expanding intelligence. It is the source of a deepening and widening dexterity. It is the perceiving of many things where once only few were noted. The more things we detect and distinguish, the more holds we have on the universe. He who senses two shades of blue where I sense only one is, by that much, closer to reality than I. He who entertains two distinct emotions toward a song which rouses only one in me lives a richer life than I live. Even he who gets two frights out of a situation which frightens me not at all probably has a substantial advantage over me in perceiving and avoiding dangers.

Now, the softer we make our living-conditions, at least in certain respects, the more sensitive people become. The Biological Bloc probably does not believe this; it clings to the old notion that the poor Indian has much keener eyes than the white man, that the Bantu has a far keener sense of smell than the city European, and so on. But our Psychologists' Union officially states that this is all humbug: ever since Woodworth's experiments along this line at the St. Louis Exposition, psychologists have been demonstrating that civilized senses are not duller than savage senses but may even surpass them.

In the other meaning of sensitivity, of course, the civilized man vastly surpasses the savage—and supposedly to his own detriment. I refer, of course, to the ease with which he is upset, irritated, diverted, or roused to overt emotional behavior. This general "nervousness" is essentially a product of our civilization and appears most frequently where life has been made easiest. The Biological Bloc, aided and abetted by many distinguished medical scientists, looks upon such "nervousness" as a symptom of degeneration. I do not. I regard it as the opposite. It is an advance in the direction of a wider understanding of ourselves and our world; and out of that advance must come in time a surer and more profitable control of human nature and its environment.

Every hypersensitivity is a little abnormal. And so, beloved subjects, I am urging that, instead of our aiming to multiply the big-brained species of man, as the Biological Bloc advocates, we encourage and protect all sorts of abnormally sensitive people. Among these, we may be sure, will be not a few big-brained individuals. But most of the lot will have only average intelligence, and many will rank just a little above or below that average.

We need such hypersensitives far more than we need the big brains. The gravest trouble with our world today is not a shortage of intellect; it is a shortage of feeling, a dullness toward plain dirt, grime, muck, nastiness, fraud, injustice, fanaticism, brutality, greed, and graft. We are

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not irritated easily enough by men or by matters which ought to infuriate us, if we wish to better ourselves. We are too much like pink little pigs, with our snouts buried in the swill. We do not mind the smell in the least. And we are satisfied as long as we take in enough nourishment.

It is the esthetic side of our natures which must be improved before we force our other functions forward. I do not mean by esthetic any love of beauty, as artists speak of it. I mean simply what the Greek word means, as sensing and perceiving of the forms and flavors and activities of the world wherein we live. Here, more than in the realm of reason, lies one of the immense driving-powers of humanity.

More men with abnormal noses who rebel savagely at every open garbage-can!

More women with abnormal eyes who, infuriated at the sight of billboards along our highways, attack and burn these monstrosities in frenzied mobs!

More citizens with abnormal morality who exclude from their homes and clubs such scum as the blackmailing journalist, the crooked banker, and the blue-sky stock swindler, with the same deeply esthetic motive that moves them to sprinkle cockroach powder around their drainpipes!

More freaks with abnormal curiosity who are delighted to spend their lives nosing into questionable affairs of business and politics, just to see what's going on there!

More eccentrics with abnormal fears who go up and down the world sniffing for evils, perils, epidemics, impending railway collisions, cyclones, and dope-peddlers!

More cranks with abnormal artistry who annoy us all with their demands that we beautify our parks, our front lawns, our shirt-fronts, our religions, our moral systems, and our teeth!

Because, beloved subjects, I defend and help all such abnormally sensitive folk, I hereby forgive the Biological Bloc for their mistaken zeal in behalf of their Eugenical Bills. I recognize that they too are just such hypersensitives. They have been moved solely by their hypersensitive family pride and patriotism and herd fears. That their sensitivity has exceeded their logic is not to be held against them. Let them go forth blameless from the throne-room! Let them go right on wondering and imagining strange dangers to the human race! Maybe one out of a hundred of all their fears may some day turn out well founded. Then we shall have occasion to bless them. After all, we must not expect more than one new truth from any man in his lifetime. Even one such from every hypersensitive in a lifetime would create an appalling surplus of truths which the world could not absorb at any price.

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Liberty to Live By

In One Sense, at Least, We Are Free in Spite of Ourselves

John Erskine

In our Fourth of July addresses each season there is a certain shift of meaning when we speak of liberty. Both the audience and the orator are aware of the change, and of recent years the word has been somewhat avoided, perhaps because it now seems unreliable. No doubt the early patriots, whose memory of the Revolution was fresh, meant political freedom when they said liberty, and certain discriminating and far-sighted citizens may have realized, perhaps, that the Colonies had achieved economic independence. Nowadays neither political nor economic liberty is for the average man a vital issue; perhaps no kind of liberty is desirable; are we not frequently told that liberty is another term for license? If our elders remark that our manners are free, they mean no compliment.

Strange that we haven't long ago recognized liberty, not as a virtue, nor as a state which necessarily has to be worked for, but as a natural endowment of American life. In one sense, at least, we are free in spite of ourselves. The size of the country insures it. When the early settlers arrived in this vast territory, they encountered few limitations of their freedom. Natural hardships were here, but they overcame them with surprising speed, if we reckon decades against the long background of history. Since they brought with them a high degree of civilization already achieved, they were spared the centuries of discipline which went to the making of any other modern nation. America was discovered when the colonists learned that more than other people they could do much as they pleased. This is still our privilege—if liberty is a privilege. It may be wise for a moment to consider liberty neither a privilege nor a handicap, but, in America at least, an inevitable characteristic of life.

Hasty objection might be made that the first settlers exhibited extraordinary character and extraordinary sense of discipline. Doesn't the same tradition of discipline persist in what we call our puritanism, or in conservative public opinion in all our communities, large and small? Quite true. But American puritanism and American public opinion have a quality not likely to occur except in a land where liberty is a natural condition. To make any impression on a vast scattered community, public opinion has to be rather strident, over-aggressive, a little hard—and because of this effort the impression it makes may

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be ridiculous and negligible. When citizens who follow among us a wise tradition of behavior wish to guide the rest of the community, they too must become aggressive, and they may amuse more than they convince us. As individuals they could not hope to move the large and inert mass, so they organize. We are the land of organized virtue. Our most sincere morality and undoubted good-will comes to be presided over by a chairman, a vice-president and secretary, with a system of annual dues. If in our best moments we are somewhat laughable to the rest of the world, it is not because of any meanness or mistake in our motives, but because even a colossal organization is ineffective in a land which, as long as it wishes to, can remain free.

The success of the first settlers in this country, after all, was due not to a discipline imposed on them by others, but to a responsibility which they themselves assumed. In small countries which have grown slowly for many centuries, and which are now densely populated, public opinion can act normally with a certain flexible mercy and understanding, and with undoubted effect. But think what centuries of development went into building up the fine traditions of England, for example—what patience and what varied experience in the home, in the school, in society at large; and society at large in England was never very large, after all. The land is compact, and it is now full of people. What would have happened if into an almost empty England a migration had occurred of people infinitely further advanced in civilization than the old Saxons and Danes, but not numerous enough to fill the territory? Whatever else, the English traditions behind English public opinion probably would not have been born. At times some of us hope to solve our American problems by introducing, into the country which imposes freedom upon us, the traditions of an old and smaller, and therefore disciplined, country; but all those who transplant hither philosophies of life which could never be produced here run the danger of seeming to their fellows humorous—imitators of foreign habits, strangers in their own or any other land. For us, given the conditions of the country, its enormous size, the consequent inadequacy of any police force—an inadequacy which must remain; given also our extraordinary distribution of mechanical devices; given the motor-car, which enables almost any citizen to travel where and when he pleases, at whatever speed he likes; given our public libraries and the accessibility of information and ideas—for us the only kind of government is one of personal responsibility, after a frank admission that little besides our conscience will constrain us.

This is not an exaggerated account of our liberty. It is true that we have a costly government in most of the States, and a still more costly one at Washington. It is true that the statute-books are burdened with laws, and prodigious sums of money are voted and spent to enforce a few of them. It is also true, however, that many of the laws which are not strictly enforced are better obeyed than others on which millions are spent. In one case the intelligence and the sense of responsibility of the

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citizens have been roused. In the other, the government has proceeded on the false assumption that there are enough police in the world to make Americans live as they don't want to.

Not the government alone makes this mistake; it is a curious obsession among us all, who ought to know ourselves better. In this condition of liberty which we manage to preserve for our own use, most of us believe our fellows would be improved by more guidance. We credit them with good-will, but we play with the idea that a little compulsion from the outside would develop their virtues. What a queer appearance we make before the eyes of other countries as we continue to mix futile attempts to curtail the liberty of our neighbors with a calm disregard of all such attempts made at our expense! It will perhaps seem a puzzle to the historian, if he concerns himself about it—why we let others seem to impose their will on us, or what pleasure they could possibly have got from supposing that they did impose their will.

A characteristic illustration of this mixture occurs whenever a university or a church or school appeals for large gifts. These objects are admirable, and the natural supposition would be that people interested in them would feel responsible for their proper support. Our method, however, is to engage some expert money-raisers—managers of a drive, as we call it—who of course are paid for their labors by a percentage of the returns or otherwise. They undertake to bring pressure on the supposed friends of the cause. The supposed friends of the cause, however, instinctively resist the pressure, and usually the drive does not succeed beyond a certain fractional point. The net result is that the sense of freedom in possible subscribers has been delicately offended; to those who wanted the money, however, the efficiency of such drives seems to be demonstrated. Other aspects of this paradox we overlook for the moment—the anomaly, for example, of trying to cultivate loyalty and affection in so commercial a way. What concerns us here is our complete ignoring of the liberty we actually enjoy. After all, what we give in response to such drives is voluntary; nobody can compel us; nobody with an eye on the facts would think he could compel us.

A more recent attempt to invade our liberty, which is likely to end in a similar condition of paradox and failure, is illustrated by the various commercial ventures which pretend to choose a book for us to read each month. Their advertisements sound plausible, if we are not on our guard. They imply that excellent literature is constantly overlooked by the reading public only because in this busy world we haven't time to read all and find out what is best. A small group of devoted philanthropists have decided to scan the field and pick out the best for us. At its worst this sort of scheme would be a serious menace to the intellectual liberty of every intelligent man and woman. If they could succeed, the power of all such commercial ventures over our intellectual life would be fantastic. No program of censorship yet proposed would be so far reaching. As a matter of fact,

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we are led to believe that thousands of people do subscribe to such enterprises. Yet here the American paradox shows itself. Having subscribed to a book a month to be chosen for them by a jury, the American public then insists on returning the book, if they don't like it. In other words, the liberty in which we habitually live is too comfortable to throw off all at once. There are lands in which literary juries of proved authority do choose certain books each month, which are subscribed to by readers who wish to follow the taste of such authorities. It is easily conceivable, for example, that if Bernard Shaw, or H. G. Wells, or Arthur Schnitzler, or Romain Roland, should choose each month the book he personally prefers, thousands of people, because of his name, would wish to read the book. But this could happen only in an old and disciplined country where authority of all kinds, literary authority included, has been built up. The typical American would reserve the right to disagree with any one of these men. The attempt, therefore, to choose a book for him develops in practice into nothing more extraordinary than plain book-marketing under the mask of a critical choice.

In both these illustrations one can easily regret a lack of responsibility either on the part of those who ought to subscribe to good works, or of those who ought to seek out and read good books. Let us grant that we none of us live up to our duties in this and some other matters. But if we are willing to grant also that the peculiar circumstances of American life force us to do our duty in a state of freedom, we have the right to ask whether a fictitious discipline can do anything for us but harm. The financial drive takes out of our gifts the spontaneity and the pleasure which ought to be in them; it takes away from the givers the credit which is really theirs and bestows it on the company which "put the drive over." The various book clubs, if they were thoroughly effective, would take from the genuine reader the habit of browsing and sampling, the invaluable habit of forming his taste in accord with the needs of his own character. None of our schemes for improving each other, even supposing they are quite sincere, makes provision for that increase of responsibility in us which must occur before we can live wisely in our freedom.

On the other hand, there are plenty of instances familiar to us all of responsibility properly assumed. They occur where there is no silly or fictitious compulsion. On a lonely road almost every citizen drives his motor-car carefully to the right as he goes around the traffic post. The chances are slight of his being arrested for making a left turn in the wrong place. But his sense of cooperation has been enlisted in the safety of all who drive on the roads, and in this respect he has become a responsible citizen. The laws which he will not obey, on the other hand, are too obvious to mention, and the reason why they cannot be enforced is simple enough; for the same reason the punitive expedition which President Wilson sent into Mexico failed to catch Villa—there was too much room in Mexico; where there is room there is liberty.

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If we seem laughable to other countries, and if they are inclined to point out certain hypocrisies in our conduct, perhaps we ought to explain to them that our appearance belies us; we are not really hypocrites; we have only made the mistake of ignoring the liberty we continue to live by. Having ignored it, we are forced to exaggeration whenever we pretend to exercise a discipline which does not exist. Yet since we continue ourselves to live in a state of freedom, you may meet us face to face, and discover we are not nearly so bad as at a distance we seemed. You may indict our puritanism all you choose at a distance; you may paint dreadful pictures of our prohibition fanatics; you may show the anti-prohibitionists as degenerate drunkards. But our Puritans, when you meet them, are for the most part really charming people, who do not permit their puritanism to interfere with their own happiness, nor with the freedom of any genial impulses. Even the convinced prohibitionist, who himself will not drink, is often, perhaps usually, quite ready to wink at his neighbor who is breaking the law. Sometimes he will provide for his guest the vile stuff he does not believe in himself. On the other hand, the anti-prohibitionist, when you survey his habits at close range, often gets on without drinking at all. This contrast of our actual selves and our appearances might as well be admitted. If we insist that it indicates a certain error in our philosophy, rather than a flaw in our morals, yet something remains to explain and defend in such a separation of principles and behavior. Shall we say it is a ground for optimism that our behavior is so much better than our principles? Morality exists among us, but how about intelligence? That is why, on our so-called Independence day, some of us wish that independence might be recognized as a fact; that our conduct, such as it is, might be recognized as our conduct; that our principles might be announced with regard to what we are likely to do about them, and with the same charity with which we are likely to live among our neighbors.

The ambition to make our principles match our conduct, or our conduct our principles, is, however, only the more optimistic approach to the problem of liberty in America. In certain darker moods we have to notice that foreigners think neither worth reconciling with the other, since neither our conduct nor our theories have much amiability or charm. They see a strong resemblance between the United States at the moment and Russia. Both countries are large in territory. Both by their very size afford their citizens an amount of liberty which no government, however strong, can really limit. In both countries certain public opinion is at the moment trying to limit liberty, and in both this attempt has resulted, of course, in exaggeration, and, in various degrees, in terrorism. In both countries a free exchange of ideas is suppressed, or, at least, the attempt is made to suppress it. From both countries a sense of humor seems to be departing. Both countries make the impression of trying not simply to solve their own problems, but to

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convert the world to some philosophy or other which the world unfortunately doesn't want. In both countries the attention of serious people seems to be on the wrong problems; and vital questions, much more important, go neglected. In both countries the forces which are on the side of goodness, and undoubtedly profess a sincere wish to benefit mankind, manifest themselves, unfortunately, in ways unlovely, ungraceful, inhumane.

Not all the citizens of the United States, of course, are busy making laws against their fellows, or are busy evading laws. The majority of us are living not by compulsion, and not by liberty plus a sense of responsibility, but by a loose sort of pragmatism. We let the strident fellow try to improve us, and we let the outraged anti rebuke him. We ourselves lie low and make a sort of tacit bet on human nature—in the end we expect the problem to settle itself. Meanwhile we shall keep quiet and do as we please, but do it surreptitiously. Such conduct, no doubt, was followed successfully in other world crises when liberty was at stake. No doubt there were discreet and unheroic souls who lived peacefully through the French Revolution, taking down the shop shutters in the morning, putting them up at night, and thanking Heaven for continued peace and prosperity. No doubt there are many Russians who, in spite of their economic difficulties have been living undisturbed and uninterrupted through these recent troubled years. If merely to survive in comfort is the true purpose of life, then this philosophy is sound.

But we wish some one would say in a Fourth of July speech that no philosophy is sound that does not begin by accepting the facts of our world, and that an American philosophy of government should begin by accepting the fact of individual liberty.

Fortunately we can all agree on many more things in our life besides safety on the highway. In such matters our sense of responsibility puts a limit on license. If Independence day meant anything very philosophic to us, we should use it to remind ourselves that liberty cannot be enjoyed unless we are responsible. If I am free to travel in all directions, or to ramble from one trade or profession to another, or to change my philosophy or my religion overnight, and as often as I like, my life will soon become insignificant unless I find a meaning for it; that is, unless I choose one direction to go in, one philosophy to follow, one trade to work at. No one can compel me to choose, but I ought to choose all the more firmly because I am free. In a state of freedom we are not an individual or a personality until we have made a choice and have continued true to it. It was the peculiar privilege of America to be the one land in history in which men who had already inherited a long culture, and the powers and resources of much science, could choose their way of life. That is still our privilege, so far as the natural condition of the country can conserve it for us. But we remove the bloom from liberty by silly attempts to substitute, for an intelligent character within, a fictitious discipline from the outside.

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THE TRAITOR

LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

IT BEGAN, of course, with Mr. Reggie's return. That was on a Friday, and a great to-do there was about the house; and even I—who knew him but slightly—felt excited about it and distressed because Sir Loyden let his sense of military propriety overcome the sentiment that almost impelled him to meet the boy at the boat.

Before the morning of Friday was over, I had other reasons to wish the major-general had gone. He snarled at me over the morning dictation, until I thoroughly wished he would betake himself to his foul-smelling laboratory . . . his larger one—not the innocuous little test-tube place in the house, but the one at the rear of the estate, where he won his O.B.E. in the World War. However his renown as a chemist and scientist require no restatement here. That is common property. And his speech before an audience of military bigwigs, on the value of poison-gas, particularly for punitive expeditions, is hardly less commonly known.

From his dictation, Sir Loyden swung suddenly upon me, with a sharp, "What time does that train get in?"

I told him 3:11.

"You've ordered Gregg to meet him with the car?"

"No, sir. I thought you would be going—"

"Who the devil asked you to think?"

I let that pass. There are many things I let pass with Sir Loyden. Somewhere, down in the man, there was a magnet for my affection, such an affection as one might have for a prize bulldog of uncertain temper. Straight as a string, Sir Loyden is, I'll say that for him, but a red-faced martinet of the old school, with whose ideas I was in constant opposition. I have sometimes fancied that it was this very quality that cemented our relationship, as employer and employee. To do his best work, he must be roused by some antagonism, expressed or implied; and I was often the spur. He liked, I am convinced, to wave his ideas before me—red rags to a bull!—and then to twit me quite unmercifully.

As now. "Slade," he growled, "what d'you make out of this Nurabian business?"

"That we should have been out of there long ago, sir! We went in ostensibly to do police duty, and remained to act as agents of the 'interests.'"

"Humph!"

I had expected something more explosive, especially when you consider that Mr. Reggie had been one of the Nurabian expedition, having been gazetted as lieutenant just be-

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fore the armistice, and sent out there to help solve this one of the many riddles that sprang into being in the trail of the World War.

"You forget the white man's burden, Slade!" said Sir Loyden, dryly sarcastic.

I rose to that like a fish to a fly. "The white man's burden, sir," I retorted quickly, "is too often the shouldering of the loot!"

He said, still singularly quiet about it all: "How about General Porteous, and now Sir Hamiss?"

It is scarcely necessary that I should remind those who read these lines of the murders of these two leaders of our national interests by Nurabian fanatics. The one, of course, dates from the troublous times when first the expedition went out, and has been paid for by the blood of some score of tribesmen, but the latter is too recent to require further mention here. I thought of Sir Hamiss, lying there in his bed; of his orderly entering the bedroom to report having heard curious sounds in the night, and finding him bathed in blood in the moonlight. . . .

"Our raw materials are stained with their blood, sir!" I said.

Sir Loyden stared at me, but he did not see me. He was looking at another picture, as his words proved when they came.

"I knew Sir Hamiss," he told me. "We were at the 'varsity together. A splendid fellow, and—you may sneer if you wish—a humanitarian."

"I have no desire to sneer, sir!"

"Hold your tongue, Slade!" The storm, I could see, was brewing now. Red mantled his cheeks and brow until they purpled. But he controlled himself. "Too much a humanitarian, poor chap. You can't treat these niggers like human beings; they don't understand! By gad, sir, there's a bit of poetic justice about it!" He rose and paced the room, the words seeming to bubble up in him, until at last they overflowed. "Yes, sir! Poetic justice—that I should have a hand in punishing his murderers. . . . You knew, I suppose—or have at least suspected, with your perspicacity, Slade—that there is to be, when the time is ripe, a punitive expedition to the interior?"

"Good God, sir, you're not going out?" I cried.

He looked away. "No," he said presently, and with a certain grimness, "not personally—no—except in a way. Mr. Reggie will represent me."

"He's going again—soon?" I could hardly credit that, knowing how he had been longing to get back to life in England again.

"On Monday he will return to town for final instructions, and sail by the first boat!" said Sir Loyden, and, like a flash, I knew that his grim calmness was not the portent of a surface storm, but of one in the depths.

"Mr. Reggie knows?" I ventured.

He almost winced, but drew himself up stiffly. "Not yet, Slade. But he will go. No Jaruss has ever failed the Empire in its need!"

I thought of young Mr. Reggie, the beardless youth, who went out with a proud quiver on his lips, and the high military traditions of the family in his heart; of his years out there; of his letters, making a brave show of contentment that only in the face of his actual return home had been broken through.

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Filing correspondence one day recently, I had found a letter addressed to Miss Miriam—who ran the household since her mother's death—and who was as much a mother as a sister to him. Almost without thinking, I had read a paragraph that caught my eye before I realized that this was private:

". . . you know, sis, one doesn't get used to life out here—oh, in a way one does—there are interesting things about it, you'll have gathered that from my letters—but I've never dared confess, until now, when my face is set toward England again, the *unsatisfied* thing *inside*.

"When I came out, of course, and the war was still on, one couldn't get into things fast enough, but now one thinks of things at home, getting back into the jolly old rut . . . I've had letters from some of the chaps—cricket and shooting, and town in season, and even the Christmas pantomime . . . Teddie Markham writes that he's settled down in a little place—for two—not far from Oxford, all green and gray and the flowers of English spring—that kind of thing! It rather gets a home-loving bird like me. Besides, don't breathe it to the guv'nor, but I've a rather different slant on things after five years or so—I suppose we all have, more or less—perhaps even he, though the dear old war-horse would never admit it, would he? . . . You remember, sis, that volume of Noyes you sent me? There's a thing been haunting me lately, asleep and awake

"'A moon ago there came a cry,
From England, from England,
Faintly, fondly it faltered nigh
The throne of the Spring in the Southern sky,
And it whispered "Come," and the world went by,
And with one long loving blissful sigh
The Spring was away to England!'

I'll be too late for it, sis, but not for English summer, and long, lazy days . . . I've planned a score of things for us to do . . . and in the autumn we'll take in the 'little season' in town, and then heigh-ho for a real English Christmas!"

Was I wrong in reading this far before I remembered? The thing caught at my throat, and now again as I faced Sir Loyden.

"What's on your mind now, Slade?" he snapped suddenly.

"I'm thinking," I said, "that perhaps, after all, the white man's burden isn't just shouldering the loot!"

I met Mr. Reggie myself. He was a bit dashed at sight of me, though he gave me a tremendous grip of the hand, as if I, at least, was a link with home.

"Guv'nor not ill, I hope, Slade?"

I told him "No," and wondered if that was the whole truth, remembering the face of Sir Loyden, as he stood hesitating whether to go to the station after all, and deciding against it, doubtless, as a sentimental thing!

"Miss Miriam would have come, only she is putting the finishing touches to the house, that things may be just so for your arrival, Mr. Reggie!"

He laughed, shaking his head in a

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boyish way that reminded me of the lad who had left, and who was now, seemingly, so much older, and tawnier, and on whose shoulders were a captain's stars.

"Good Lord!" he groaned comically. "As if I would notice if the parlor-maid had dusted the top shelf of the what-not! The same old Miriam—steeped in the 'Jaruss sense of duty'!" He threw back his head again and laughed. The car rounded a turn in the road, between clipped hedges, and he caught my arm. "Gad, Slade, there it is—dear old place! . . . One never knows just how much of home is knit into every bone and sinew until one gets away from it far enough. . . . And one's country!" His voice trembled a little, and I told myself that this tawny-skinned captain was still a boy at heart. "Look," he cried, again, "there are the jolly old woods we used to adventure in as youngsters! Listen to the rooks! It was always full of them. . . . Sometimes, at night you know, when one is fanciful, I've wakened, and fancied I heard the rooks calling." He broke off. "I suppose the guv'nor has his ghastly old stink-hole back in among the trees still? . . . There, I forgot, the need of that is past, thank God!" His face clouded for a moment, and I made quick answer:

"Yes, it's closed now!"

Which, God knows, was true enough in a way, yet not as he took it, for there was still vividly in my mind that time, a month or so back, when Sir Loyden had his triumph, and a half score of military bigwigs to clap him on the back.

There was Miss Miriam in the doorway now, for we had come quickly up the curving driveway, and swung to a halt in front of the old Queen Anne mansion . . . and, just behind her, Sir Loyden—in uniform! Only on special occasions did he wear this, and it struck me at once that it was ill-timed now, when his gray tweed sack suit would have struck a much happier note. However, I gave him credit for seeking, after his manner and tradition, to do honor to his son, the captain . . . until I remembered, and a little chill stole over me there in the English sunlight.

As for Mr. Reggie, he recovered from his sister's impetuous embrace, turned to his father, hesitated, and drew himself up in a quick and punctilious salute.

But a moment later they were in each other's arms.

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There was the week-end, of course. Miss Miriam with all manner of things arranged to celebrate the home-coming; people in and out, neighbors, local gentry, all glad to welcome the lad back. The old house, alive as I had not seen it in my time there! Girls, of course, plenty of them, and Mr. Reggie in gay resignation accepting the rôle of hero thrust upon him . . . though I noticed he gave them all the slip whenever there was the opportunity of an *affaire à deux* with the Rawlinson girl, to whom, it seemed, he was attentive in his callow undergraduate days before the war.

And Sunday! I have often thought since of the utter peace of that Sunday morning . . . one of those dew-drenched summer mornings, with an infinite delight in the

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walk by the short cut through the meadows to the parish church—Sir Loyden was rigorous in the matter of his household's attendance on divine worship Sunday mornings—and a laziness in the sound of church bells, and in the movement of the kine in the lush meadows, and in the breeze that stole gently in through the ancient windows of the ancient building, a somnolent breeze that had no sooner entered than it fell asleep, and tempted you to like irreverence. We forgot to be lazy, though, when the sermon came. Young Merrivale, the new curate, spoke, the vicar himself suffering from a growing bronchial affection, and I was aware at once of Sir Loyden's stiffening in the seat beside me. He himself had helped secure the young man this post—as an ex-service man—but had since repented it. "A wishy-washy sentimental fool!" was his comment. "There are too many of the breed nowadays!"

"Damned impudence!" exploded Sir Loyden as soon as we were out. "What business have politics in the pulpit? And even to make reference to the Nurabian affair, with you in the seat there—"

Mr. Reggie laughed, clapped his father on the shoulder, and thrust his hands into the capacious pockets of an old sack suit he had insisted on wearing.

"Dear old war-horse!" he jollied the major-general. "My dear guv'nor, how could the fellow know I would be home, and what of it, anyway? I'm not the Nurabian affair. Matter of fact, I thought he talked pretty straight common sense. That thing he quoted rather tickled me. Remember it?

"'Christ's followers here denying
what He saith,
Christian in babbled word, heathen in act—'"

I do not know what would have happened then if Miss Miriam had not suddenly called a truce to the argument, for all of which Sir Loyden was still speechless and purple when we reached the house. There his duties as host—for he had asked one or two over for midday Sunday dinner—had a calming effect.

It was not until the late afternoon, when others had joined us at tea on the lawn, and the shadows were drifting lazily across the turf, that the thing came up again. It was natural, I suppose, that the Nurabian affair should be mentioned, with Mr. Reggie there, just back from the scene of it. One of the men put a question, and Sir Loyden, with what I felt to be infinite wisdom, rose and quitted the party.

I can remember, with singular clearness, how Mr. Reggie leaned back in his garden-chair, smoking lazily, and answering the questions thrust upon him.

"Sir Hamiss? . . . yes, we all loved him." Mr. Reggie's eyes half closed, as if to summon up a vision. "When I think of him," he said quietly, "I think of that type of courteous, justice-loving, big-hearted English gentleman who has been the very genius of all that is best in our empire-building. . . . The natives loved Sir Hamiss, too—those who knew him, and weren't blinded by the things they fancied he stood for." He smoked a while. "Jolly decent beggars, the Nurabians, most of 'em—if you give them half a

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chance!" He smoked again. We hung on his words, for the matter was critical at that time. "Sir Hamiss was killed by the—interests—more than by the natives. You knew?—or perhaps that didn't get over in the news—the man who killed him gave himself up later on, half crazed with the thing he had done! Sir Hamiss had befriended him once. You see what I mean . . . it was the protest of his country, but not against Sir Hamiss. The beggars marched at his funeral—the biggest fomenters of rebellion in the pack. If only they could see that he was England—not the England of the politicians and the demagogues and the interests—but *the* England—" He broke off. "Listen to those rooks, will you! The things haven't forgotten their raucous voices. You've no idea how jolly they sound!"

The conversation drifted off into lighter vein at that, but, watching the rooks flying above the trees, I caught a glimpse of Sir Loyden Jaruss coming out of the woods. . . . Later I happened upon him in the office, his cigar glowing in the darkness, and his lips muttering: "Not until the morning . . . not until the morning!"

I wakened on Monday morning with the sound of voices under my window.

Mr. Reggie had always been an early bird with a fondness for an airing before breakfast, and it was scarcely conceivable that he would neglect the opportunity on this the occasion of his return home. Sir Loyden looked like a man who has passed a sleepless night. They went away together, father and son, quite companionably toward the woods.

I was dressed and down-stairs when I saw them return. Mr. Reggie's face was white and set; Sir Loyden's was flushed with anger.

I heard him say: "You will report to me at ten, in the office. We must be in London by three. My instructions are definite!"

Mr. Reggie simply said, "Very well, sir!" with military stiffness, and they parted. Breakfast was a ghastly meal, at which Mr. Reggie put in no appearance, and from which I escaped as quickly as possible. Going out, I found Mr. Reggie in the garden. He was in uniform again, and I thought, with a quick pang, how well it suited him as he moved about in the rose-garden, almost idly sniffing their delicate fragrance, and touching their dew-wet petals with an odd gentleness. He started at sound of me, drew himself up, nodded briskly.

"Great morning, Slade!"

"Yes, Mr. Reggie!"

And there we stood, facing each other like two fools, afraid of speech, and still more afraid of silence. He said at last, "There's nothing—just like this, is there?" He gestured with his hand, though I knew he meant the garden, and the shrubbery, and the turf beyond, leading to the house, and the broader sweep of meadow and sloping land to the village, pierced by a glittering stream of quiet water. "England!" he said, and then gravely, "I wish to God I didn't love her so!"

"Mr. Reggie!" I said impulsively. "It's a wretched business—you having to go again—"

He gestured again queerly.

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"You don't understand," he said; then quickly, "You know about this new punitive expedition, Slade?" I nodded. "Thank God for that!" he cried. "I've got to talk to some one . . . and he doesn't understand! My father! Dear God, is he my father? . . . What am I saying?" He gestured again. "This England, you know—it's not just the leaving again, I could stick that—if I could take the real England with me—this mellow peace, Slade, this native, natural peace!" He lit a cigarette jerkily. "We've given so much—we've so much more to give—our best things, the ripe flowers of civilization that the years have brought to perfection—like these—fragrant, beautiful!" He touched a rose. "You'll think I'm gone queer," he said, "only I'm seeing the other thing . . . You understand, they're just waiting—the fanatical ones—for such a move. We'll advance into the interior, you understand, still under pretense of police duty, as a sop to the people—well, thank God the nation, and the House, wouldn't stand for the thing if they knew how they're being hoodwinked by the extreme military clique! Anyway, we'll advance, and it'll be a red rag to a bull. They'll come on to 'drive us into the sea,' as they have sworn. The same ghastly, decent beggars who followed in poor Hamiss's funeral cortège . . . fighting for what they conceive to be their freedom, like the ancestry we play up in our histories—that kind of thing. And then—little puffs of explosion—and the gas, Slade!—the gas! My father's gas, Slade! . . . If it would blot them out then and there, even, but it won't!"

He almost staggered, himself, then straightened.

"Spare the rod and spoil the child, Slade! Better a few should die that many may learn the lesson! . . . lots of specious excuses . . . You understand, Slade, the damnable cleverness of it? . . . not too big a dose, they flee before it, gasping—the white man has put an evil spirit upon them! When they get back to their homes, and comrades, and families, not till then, if the gas is used discreetly, will the thing get them, or most of 'em—a few may get more merciful whiffs—then the evil spirit will tear them, and they'll die in agony before the eyes of their families, and friends . . . A splendid lesson! My father's gas, Slade, the triumph of his life!"

"Good God!" I exclaimed.

He stared at me in boyish horror.

"What have I done?" he cried. "You didn't know—no one is to know, of course, the inside truth, except the military bigwigs—and me! I shouldn't have told . . . the thing that's up there in the woods, such an innocent-looking case of it, that I'm to take!"

"You?" I cried.

"Who else?" he said bitterly. "My father's son! A supreme compliment; I'm to get my majority out of it!"

Sir Loyden's voice, calling imperiously for his secretary, took me from him then. Sir Loyden, I noticed at once, was spick and span in his staff-officer's uniform.

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It was, I believe, by deliberate intent, that Sir Loyden detained me in the office when the hour of ten struck and Mr. Reggie came in. My own

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interpretation is that it was to be strictly a matter of official business, transacted before a secretarial witness, with no earmarks of a father-and-son dispute.

Sir Loyden looked up almost casually over his glasses and fingered some papers.

"I have the instructions here," he said. "You may read them."

Mr. Reggie took them without a word and read them through. Then he stiffened to attention.

"I am sorry, sir," he said, "but I cannot carry them out. I am resigning my commission!"

"You—what?"

"Resigning. Throwing up my commission, sir!"

The veins in Sir Loyden's face turned purple. He leaned forward as if to speak, sat back again, stared blankly, leaned forward at last to say, with a deadly quiet that was more terrible than any explosion: "The Jaruss's have never failed in their duty yet—generations of them — It has been left to me—to me, sir—to produce the first traitor!"

Mr. Reggie started at the word, flushed, clenched his fists, got himself in hand to say, "You will be sorry for that word, sir!"

"Traitor!" repeated Sir Loyden bitterly. "Refusing to obey orders! Swanking about in uniform, and how much fighting have you seen? Barely a smell of powder with the Nurabian expedition. And now, when you're needed for special and important duty, you would resign, would you?"

"You are deliberately misunderstanding me, sir!" cried Mr. Reggie suddenly. "You know my feelings about the gas—"

"A soldier has no business to consult his feelings!" He stretched out a podgy forefinger. "By gad, sir, a soldier's business is to deal with death! What is death? Nothing to the soldier, everything to the coward!"

Mr. Reggie seemed about to speak again, but held himself in, his brow wrinkled.

Sir Loyden toyed with a key on his key-ring, then detached it, and set it deliberately on the corner of his desk. He looked up at the clock on the wall, compared it with his watch, and said with surprising calm:

"You will go, sir, and reconsider this for a quarter of an hour. Should you decide to obey orders, you will return here in uniform and get the key. Should you decide to play the traitor, you will discard the uniform that no—coward or traitor should wear, and return in mufti. I shall then understand that the army has lost a worthless member, and that I have lost a son! Take some dictation, Slade!"

Mr. Reggie bit his lip, hesitated, turned sharply on his heel, and left.

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I have marveled, since, at the control of Sir Loyden in that fateful quarter-hour. He removed his Sam Browne, as if there were relief in the act. His face was grim and white instead of the usual dull red, but he dictated calmly, steadily, until my own trembling fingers almost failed me. Once or twice my eyes stole to the clock, and once, when a minute was lacking, I caught him at the same trick, and our eyes met. His almost wavered, then he said, brusquely:

"Another letter, Slade!"

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In the middle of it, there was a quick step on the gravel path outside, for one can enter the office directly from the garden. My back was to the door, and I did not dare turn. I saw Sir Loyden look up, his face ashy; then he reddened strangely, and stood up to face the thing. A tall figure in khaki, his soft service-cap jauntily in place, passed me, and clicking to attention before Sir Loyden, saluted.

"I'm not afraid to leave England or—to die—for her, if necessary!" said Mr. Reggie in a high, tense voice. "May I have the key, sir?"

Sir Loyden just pointed to it. Mr. Reggie picked it up, faced his father for a silent moment, saluted once more, and went out. For a moment the stiff military figure of his father broke. He reached out an arm as if to stop the boy and tell in words the high pride that was in his face. But Mr. Reggie had already gone out into the sweet-scented summer air.

"Where was I, Slade? . . . Yes, yes . . . 'I will make inquiries and advise you further' . . . damn these letters, Slade!" He took off his glasses, put them on again, leaned forward to snap at me: "I suppose you disapprove of the lad, huh? Thought he'd turn out a pussy-footed sentimentalist of the ultra-modern breed, didn't you? Lord knows where the world and civilization and the white race and the Empire would be, if there weren't some of us to balance things! . . . Forgot he was a Jaruss, didn't you? Thought he'd buckle in the test, didn't you? Well, maybe I did too. But he didn't, Slade, he didn't! . . . Thought I was harsh with him, didn't you? My dear Slade," he laughed now, "I didn't really believe that stuff—called him traitor and coward just to put him on his mettle. See that picture up there; that was the boy's great-great-great-grandfather, well, I don't know just how many generations back . . . time of the Roundheads. Got some scruples about his conscience and the king, and it seemed a toss-up if he'd play the traitor or not; but in the end, like all the Jarusses, he stood loyal in the test, Slade. Odd how history repeats itself!"

Seldom have I seen Sir Loyden in such a communicative mood. And looking back now, I think it was compounded of other elements than a natural pride in the boy. His last words came up before me in confirmation . . . no, not quite the last . . . for he said:

"Slade, a soldier has to do repugnant things sometimes!" . . . and then: "Listen, Slade! What's got into the rooks?"

"They scolded like that, sir, when you came from the woods yesterday."

"Didn't notice," he said; then, suddenly, we both found ourselves tense, listening. Never was such excitement in the rook colony before! We were in the door now—Sir Loyden beside me—both staring across the sunlit meadows to the woods at the back of the estate. Often since, in sweating nightmares, I have dreamt of the rooks as I saw them then—a black cloud rising above the trees, an angry cloud, hesitating, then sweeping under some sudden leadership toward us, a strange, halting flight, battalions of them, more than one would think the woods could hold.

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"Good God!" cried Sir Loyden, gripping my arm.

The black battalions were faltering in their flight. Somewhere we could hear the shrieks of women—the domestics, and perhaps Miss Miriam. The birds were almost overhead now; right and left they began dropping, in meadow and shrubbery and garden, and one black lifeless creature at our feet on the garden path. Out of the woods they still came in their eery flight, and now death was among them savagely, and their cawings, save for a few escaping birds, were stifled in a croaking and finally a ghastly silence.

Out of the woods came a figure, barely distinguishable at first in his khaki, a figure not less eery in his way than the flight of birds above him, for at times he walked, and at times he seemed to run jerkily forward, as if, at any cost, the distance must be covered. If we thought at all to run to him, our feet were paralyzed. We stood there, dumbly watching, until he came upon us, a staggering figure now, reeling forward, stiffening straight as a rod at last before his father, Sir Loyden, saluting.

"It's all destroyed, sir!" he said. "All destroyed!" His hands worked convulsively about his head and face. "If—if you make more of it . . . remember, sir . . . just what the thing—looks like!" He choked horribly, put a hand to his throat, controlled himself, and gave all his effort in a struggle to tear off his Sam Browne and his tunic. "A traitor, sir!" He reeled. "A traitor—to you—and gas—and war—but not to England! . . . England!"

An agony seized him again. He fell to the ground, writhing, clutching at his throat. We were impotent. It is not of his convulsive anguish as I saw it then, that I shall always think and dream. It is his face! I cannot describe it, as at last he turned and lay stark and still, with the English sunlight full upon him.

I only know that his father, Sir Loyden, with an inarticulate cry, tore off his tunic with the red tabs of authority upon it, threw it over the face of his dead son, and fled.

YOUNG LOOK

FLORENCE S. SMALL

There is a look all young things have—
A kid, a calf, a colt, a child,
This tight closed bud upon the bough—
A look that is both soft and wild

And frail and sweet and all askance,
Atilt for flight, a dewy stare
That questions life; untarnished, they
Pass judgment, shyly unaware.

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CROWD WANDERLUST

Let's Go See, Is the Post-War Cry

WALTER S. HIATT

SINCE we crawled out of the ooze on to dry land, since that first jungle baby crept on all fours to see what lay in the next dell, the wander instinct has been strong in us. It has perhaps been the dream of every person ever born to travel to some distant place; in this century, to go around the world.

There is something very fresh, almost primitive, about our present travel psychology. It smacks of a fabled first sport, of the day when drama was born. Our eyes are full of seeking, draw our bodies in headlong plunges up and down the world. We count our crowds by the million because people won't stay still. Our South and our West are full of young people who see the country by working their way from job to job. I met one of these lately, a tramp librarian.

"I adore travel," she volunteered, as she handed out some references on the amazing growth of the tourist industry.

"Why?"

"Oh, it's such fun," she said with glowing eyes; "seeing life, different countries and things. My home is in the Northwest, but I've traveled a lot already, seen California, the Middle West, New York." Then a shadow crossed her face. "I haven't seen Europe or the East—yet."

In this prim bespectacled librarian spoke the age-old call of the wild, the voice of romance, the yearning for the new and the strange, the will and the daring to take the open road across wide rivers on to new frontiers, to answer freedom's challenge.

When the travel itch caught people, they used to have to invent sound reasons for wishing to follow the path that lured them. Not so long ago, in quieter days, travel for pleasure was often considered the sport of spendthrifts, of very bad runaway boys, something shady, one of the vices of the loafer, at best the recreation of harmless if not respectable old people, preferably men. Boys of the Middle West who wondered how it would look to see the ocean roll—if it really did roll—were solemnly warned that it was a most dangerous place. And as for ships, it had been known since Bible days that they invariably sank with all hands.

To-day people are ashamed to stay at home, and as for ships they can't be kept off them. Lately I was on the dock of a vessel sailing for Spain. One of the passengers was a Middle West teacher on her first trip abroad. As the steamer pulled out of the slip, her face radiated joy. She threw kisses helter-skelter at friends

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on the dock. Every twist in her quivering body said, "At last, at last, I'm going!" One of those women friends on the dock exclaimed, tragedy in her eyes: "I feel like an exile, positively! I have to stay at home."

Last year a steamship man organized a world university cruise for men students. He had more than a thousand applications from young women who didn't know it was a cruise for men only.

Inland people respond readily to the newer plans of travel that make it cheap. A few years ago a Missouri physician, out of health and funds, felt he should go abroad for a rest. He had heard of the group travel plan. So he organized a tour for physicians and nurses, found a sufficient number, and came home restored to health, with money in his pocket.

On a recent trip the *Leviathan* carried thirty-two hundred passengers, nine hundred of whom were students of all ages. By tapping the desire of America to travel, and placing comforts at the disposal of travelers at a minimum rate, the Atlantic steamship trade has avoided some of the losses resulting from the United States immigration exclusion law.

Travel has become a top-liner, the chief of all outdoor sports. Go! That's the new crowd psychology of all the peoples of the earth. Go! It's grand fun. And everybody's doing it, especially the women. That poor old World War started it, of course. Like a Rip Van Winkle, every once in a while we rub our eyes and see some new change wrought by that war. The war buried many; but it has resurrected more. That churning of souls brought out the wild sap of youth, revived the instinct of freedom, restored the roaming lust of the caveman, akin to that of the animals of the jungle, the birds of the air, the troop of horses jumping pasture fences.

We have lost the rocking-chair point of view of living; we have a newer, or perhaps an older, concept of leisure. The pre-war traveler who, loaded down with baggage and guide-books, took his travel seriously, to improve his mind, is all but gone. Certainly he is now submerged in the crowds of joy travelers, always on the go, new editions of the Flying Dutchman.

Proof or evidence of this new travel mind has lately been provided by the failures of two world expositions, one in London, one in Philadelphia. After the London failure, the matter was heatedly debated in Parliament, charges of mismanagement and corruption made, finally the losses settled with much grumbling. To the Philadelphia exposition last year came five, not fifty, million people as expected. There followed the same charges, the same grumbling, as after the London exposition.

Why would not people travel long distances, as they had in pre-war days to other expositions? The answer is, in the slang of the day, that expositions are "out." People have traveled so much that they have seen most of the things expositions provide, or else they wish to see their sights at the point of origin, not in glass cases or as side-shows. Above all, when they travel, it is frankly to enjoy themselves. They are more sophisticated. They know

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a good deal, and they know what they want.

Coney Island, the most widely advertised freak pleasure-resort in the Western Hemisphere, has for several seasons complained about the unfavorable weather that keeps away the great spender crowds. It is not the weather at all. People go farther, to other beaches where there are more crowds or fewer crowds, where the atmosphere is different. Resort managers about London and Paris have the same tales to tell. Staid London has always been a dead city on Sunday; and now Paris, and for another reason, is dead on Sunday. People begin on Saturday to leave for the country; they range for hundreds of miles over France, instead of going for a brief afternoon walk on the grands boulevards or to the Bois, or taking a ride on the Seine boats. On holidays, Sundays, in vacation time, Berlin, Munich, Vienna, empty themselves in the same way.

So there is a new world picture, and it was not there in 1914. Nor does anybody want to go alone any more. The crowd is milling here at home, afoot, hiking, hopping into automobiles, riding horses, aëroplaning, motor-boating, swimming, racing hither and yon by railroad, by electric car, by motor-bus, fleeing east, south, southwest, to Canada and from Canada, to the West Indies, to Europe, around the world, in season and out—there are no more seasons for travel-going!

Fear of strange places has gone out of the world. That mid-Victorian fixity, primness, stay-at-homeness, inhibitions of what the neighbors think, these are with the snows of yester-year. I sometimes fancy I saw the death of Fear. It was on Monte Nero, the last mountain held by the Italians against the Austrians seeking to break forth upon the plains toward Venice and Padua. A motor-truck carrying shells to Italian guns was swinging up a road built along the mountain. The road was being shelled by the Austrian guns. On the seat of the truck was a baby, out for a ride, and at each shell explosion he clapped his hands in glee. A grand ride!

That baby is the new generation, symbol of other crowds roving the wide world. Those other crowds are not so prosperous as the American crowd, not so well fed and clothed, not provided with so many aids to travel, but they go. I've seen Russia topsyturvy with such crowds, piling on trains already overcrowded, pushing into coaches that were jammed, then climbing for more room on the car roofs. I've seen the same spectacle in Rumania, other crowds in Turkey, Persia, going afoot, on horseback, in wagons, carts, going.

And it was these people, particularly the Orientals, who before the war regarded the American or European traveler as some sort of a lunatic. To them the objects and pleasures of travel were unintelligible. That European and Asiatic peasant used to be a stay-at-home body who rarely left his fields. Recently I saw some hundreds of peasants rushing a train in Central Europe.

"Where are they going?" I asked the distracted conductor.

"I don't know, and they don't either," he replied sourly.

When the war was ending I was

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caught in the remnants of the Austrian army that had formally surrendered to the Italians and then been told to go home. In a railway station at Laibach a strapping young Austrian soldier came up and shook hands. "We are all brothers now," he said. "Free to live. I'm going to make off to South America right away."

Four years later I passed a few days at the old home of Tolstoy, near Tula. There was a piano in the room assigned to me, and a young Russian used to come in to practise his music. One morning he said, "I'll tell you good-by. I'm off on a tramp to India." So he went, afoot, with a stick, a haversack, light pocket and light heart.

The World War killed in battle about nine million men, but it deeply stirred the remaining fifty-six million of the sixty-five that were mobilized. It opened new horizons to their hundreds of millions of fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, children, started them going, physically and mentally. How could it have been otherwise? Millions always on the march, minds working, filled with hope, fear, wonder, hearts beating faster, love and hate, all the passions in play. Stimulating instruments to set them going have been the free railway ride furnished by governments to soldiers and their families, the wider use of the automobile and the motor-truck, the steamship, the larger manufacture of these and their intensive use as carriers, the new inventions, the radio, the newspaper, more money, more books, broader geographical information, more international trade. These are the handmaidens to the spirit of motion born of the war.

The love of jazz, the recklessness, the laziness, the irresponsibility of post-war people and of the new generation are manifestations of the same motion spirit. Behind this desire to go, to keep on going, stand too a multitude of minor sports. Never has the world seen such a development of sport. When one goes somewhere, one must do something, play golf, run, walk, play tennis, dance, see a horse-race, a motion-picture. Some observers declare the world is motion mad, afflicted with a St. Vitus's dance, as it has been on a smaller scale, in times of less population, in other periods of upheaval.

In Central and South America, in Malaysia, everywhere, in spots untouched by the war, the motion spirit is working. I have just seen it in action in the West Indies. During the war and for a period of eight years there was an occupation by United States marines of the republic of Santo Domingo. It brought new contacts to a land that had been living in the eighteenth century. The Americans built a few hundred miles of road, brought in automobiles. Now the go spirit has entranced this fairy-land. With their last dollars the people buy or hire automobiles, drive them over impassable roads, or make long journeys on mule-back or afoot, move about as restlessly as in Persia. The native women bob their hair, wear silk stockings and one-piece dresses, and show themselves as alert and independent as American women. And both men and women are dreaming of leaving that paradise of white light, soft air, cheap living, the quiet of the sea-shore, the marvel of the

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hills covered with green and flowers, to come to the United States, the place of bright lights and go.

For the same reason an army of negroes moved North, out of the Southern States. The same interpretation can be applied to the people of Iowa and of other States who have moved to southern California, to Florida, to Arizona.

Without emphasis on these migrations within the United States, or on shiftings of population in other parts of the world, the go spirit has certainly many interesting phases that do not belong to 1914. The northern peoples, the Germans, the Italians, the Portuguese, the Spanish, the French, the Dutch, the English, have at some impulse in their history become great travelers, but never as to-day. At certain holiday periods it looks as if all England, traditional home of the traveler, was moving across the Channel on the way to France, Belgium, Italy, there to fight tides of Germans, Hollanders, Spaniards.

The American tourist swarm has become almost a nuisance at home, and last year it was a matter of political comment in France. The French felt overwhelmed by the numbers. There are about fifty thousand Americans resident in England, and a larger number in France. The number of Americans who go abroad, largely to Europe, is now annually about four hundred thousand, and they spend more than half a billion dollars to go. The American Legion will go forty thousand strong this September, and the fact hardly raises comment. What would have been said in 1914?

Not people but crowds on the move, and always more people, and always bigger crowds. Crowd-sick people crowd to get away from crowds. Where do they come from, where are they going? Some of it is for business, but much of it is for pleasure, the pleasure of going, seeing. Automobile venders estimate that sixty per cent of the motor traffic is for business, and they estimate the nation's annual motor transport bill at eleven billion dollars.

Consider the huge city of New York, never still night or day. It was far quieter in 1914. Then its population was 5,136,706. In 1926 the population was 5,924,139, hardly 800,000 more people. Its surface traffic by street-car was a billion people in 1926, just over 100,000 more than in 1914.

But its subway, elevated railway, and bus traffic, taken in a lump, has doubled, jumped from 914 millions in 1914 to 1938 millions in 1926. It has a million more people living in its suburbs, and there are more people who visit it from greater distances. So there are upward of 338 millions of people a year who come and go by railway or ferry. Roads lead to rivers to cross, and over four of its great East River bridges pass each twenty-four hours on foot and on wheels 2,500,000 people as compared to 1,500,000 in 1914. It has more than half a million city-registered motor-cars and trucks, and hundreds of thousands of others come and go each day from distant places.

On Manhattan Island, one of the five boroughs of New York, the single bus line that in 1914 carried 11,276,000 passengers in 1926 carried

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nearly 70 millions. This curious fact may be interpreted to mean that people living within the city travel more, make many more trips daily than in 1914. They cannot keep still!

Paris and London, like New York, were pervaded by an almost village calm in 1914 as compared with to-day. In those cities is found much of this bewildering traffic, more people afoot, more automobiles, more strangers, more people going about, more crowds, with more traffic rules to protect the safety of the individual in the crowd from the crowd. At six o'clock in the evening life is equally unsafe in Piccadilly Circus, the Place de l'Opéra, and Fifth Avenue at Forty-second Street.

This international need and desire to go is creating gigantic traffic problems in every city and land. In 1914 the railways of the United States carried more than a billion passengers on an average journey of 33.25 miles. In 1926 they carried just under a billion passengers on an average journey of about 40 miles. The electric railways carried last year between fourteen and fifteen billion passengers, a slight relative increase over 1914. But elsewhere the traffic increase has been incalculable. In 1914 there were 1,625,739 registered passenger automobiles, each running its average of five thousand miles a year with an estimated average of two and a half passengers, running for pleasure or profit. In 1926 there were 19,520,000 registered automobiles, or roughly twelve times as many as in 1914, running their hundreds of billions of miles and carrying billions of people. Somebody going somewhere all the time, night and day, rain or shine, the motor accommodating the motion spirit born of the war.

It was the war that brought in the motor-bus. As late as 1917 there were no intra- or inter-state bus lines. To-day there are 80,000 buses in use, operating on 232,000 miles of road as common carriers, competing with or replacing electric and steam railways, and used by schools, hotels, and excursion parties, in addition to their regular passenger services. On holidays, during the seasons of flight, in vacation time, the highways are crowded to the full, yet the total mileage of 3,000,000 has been increased by 500,000 since 1914, and on the surfaced mileage by 400,000. Significant of the nomad spirit is the fact that in 1925 there were 15,279,730 visitors to national forests, 3,000,000 more than in the preceding year.

The Romans built a few thousands of miles of roads, and they have been held up to the admiration of mankind for centuries. Right here we are spending more than a billion dollars a year on roads; our work in any one year would make the roads of Rome seem bridle-paths. We spend other billions on tunnels and huge bridges, with paltry millions on road signs and speed marks for the guidance of our crowds, and we think nothing of it.

We have not managed yet to get as many people together in a single place for a single purpose as the Romans, whose Circus Maximus in the fourth century accommodated 385,000 spectators to witness games and horse and chariot races. But we could if our amusement taste

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demanded it. In New York we crowd on any given week-day winter night more than a million people into upward of five hundred theaters and pleasure places. Nowhere to go but out!

Our go spirit has resulted in building of more than ten thousand wayside motor-camps throughout the country, in providing many rest-camps for hikers in our national forests and parks. It takes us to the sea in new thousands yearly, where there is more room, and is resulting in the building of unnumbered pleasure motor-boats and yachts for use in rivers, on lakes, bays, sounds. The number of luxurious passenger and tourist ships and sea-going yachts is increasing each season. Our eleven thousand or so millionaires and friends and families readily spend a few thousand dollars on cabins for a seven-day trip to Europe or the West Indies. To accommodate this trade, the British, the Germans, originators of the joy-ship, the French, the Italians, even the Spanish, so long silent on the seas, are building newer and larger sea sky-scrapers.

And there is the air. Nobody is afraid of that either. For profit or pleasure, commercial aëroplanes in the United States last year made 258,762 flights for 5,396,672 miles and carried 205,004 passengers. How many people would have been willing to fly in 1914?

There are many who look sad-eyed at this post-war travel fever. They say the world has become populated with a horde of tramps, and, as was well known in 1914, rolling stones gather no moss.

President Cutten of Colgate University, looking at it as a purely American phenomenon, has called it "the threat of leisure." "For a variety of reasons," he says, "we are less prepared for leisure than any people since the beginning of time."

That is as may be. What's happening here is happening in every land, more bridges, tunnels, roads, more automobiles, more hikers, more ships dotting the seas, more people going, with a round 1700 millions of people on earth, and the population figure rapidly rising each year.

The motion spirit is encouraged by governments through official travel bureaus, by tourist agencies, by banks, by the suggestion of advertisement, by books of travel, by hotels and resorts providing comfort for travelers. The money investment is so huge and so dovetailed that no estimate can be formed of the number of billions involved.

As opposed to this blind travel, never has the world seen so many travel expeditions for delving into the lost, forgotten, unknown places of the earth, expeditions to explore the seas, to bring strange animals out of the jungles, to study the past life of mankind. Such expeditions stimulate new ones, divert blind travel into definite paths. People are no longer content to read about strange places, listen to lecturers; they want to be actors in the great drama of beholding, finding.

A new trend of world travel is toward the United States. Just as Americans want to see the older lands, their wonders of art and architecture, their strange customs, and to participate in their pleasures, so the people of the older lands are eager to get acquainted with the

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most talked-of country, see its marvels of industrial equipment, its hospitals and educational institutions, whatever is commonplace to us but strange to them.

It may be that in retrospect this period will be compared to that of the Renaissance in Europe in the sixteenth century, one of the elements of which was the go spirit of geographical discovery.

"The great flood gates of the wonder world swung open." So wrote Melville in his preface to "Moby Dick." He was writing of the lure of travel, of going, and as a sailor. In his day many thousands responded to that lure, since the war many millions; and some have seen more than Melville with their eyes if not with their minds.

That is the point. Literally, to travel is to go from one place to another. To-day people stride the earth with the ease of a Colossus. They may boast they have seen more than Columbus, who was rather a poor traveler in the light of modern conditions; he never got around the world. To-day that may be done inside of thirty days, and to-morrow perhaps in a few days. But what do the minds of these trippers see? "I know I can't see everything, so I prefer not to travel at all," I lately heard a woman complain. For so poor a mind, her decision was remarkably clever.

Perhaps the chief fruit of travel for the individual is health. Cage the lark and it dies. Travel gives one a mental and bodily shaking-up, leads to a readjustment of vision. It carries with it the opportunity to enjoy life to the full, and brings an energizing thrill no other sport can offer. After all, there is something very personal about travel. "I saw"; "I went"; "I did this and that." It loosens the tongue. Therein comes one of its many delights. Travel gives rise to tales unnumbered. It brings the imagination into action, makes it playful. Those tales may tax the credulity of the listener, but as he could not be present, he could not contradict the recital. Also, as time and life go on, these plausible recollections are stimulated in an amazing degree.

Travel develops courage, confidence, makes one self-important, sometimes important in the eyes of others, say, when one has come safely and unafraid through a danger. Travel must always remain an amateur sport. There are no gate-receipts. It may be practised by the young, the middle-aged, the old, and by both sexes. One does not have to be expert in this business of getting about; and, if one travels in the right frame of mind, the mistakes of travel are the best part of the fun. The mistakes may be the real adventures of modern travel. Travel leads to dreams, dreams before the journey, dreams on the way, more dreams at its conclusion when any hardships are forgot. Travel should be a teacher, teach us that home is the grandest spot in the world and to stay there; but it rarely does, for once a traveler, always a traveler.

Another advantage of the sport is that one really doesn't have to go very far to enjoy it. Some of its best fun may be in camping out by a lake-side, going down to the sea-shore, and wading a few miles along the beach. De Foe, the author of

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the great wander book, "Robinson Crusoe," which has sent so many on their travels, was never near any of the scenes of his story in a physical sense. His mind was too busy working on other things. He could hardly have approved of travel for pleasure. Among his many tracts was one stoutly maintaining that the only enjoyment in life comes through making money.

Travel leads to new companions, strange comrades, to wayside friendships, to the discovery of a faithful Man Friday. Travel gives occupation to those who have none. It is a boon to the old, to the idle rich; though indeed the happiest traveler may be the poorest. He does not expect very much and therefore cannot be too much disappointed. He has not the right to complain, as do so many of our Americans abroad, that flapjacks and corn-syrup are not on the menu, that in France so few people speak English in the understandable accent of the folks back home. Nor does he storm because there is no bath. He has the doughty pilgrim spirit of the happy tropical tramp who exclaimed, when a tornado blew the thatched roof off his hut: "What an interesting country! I never saw that happen till now."

The right travel spirit is that which was described by Darwin, who, very grateful for the opportunity he had enjoyed, wrote at the close of a five-year voyage around the world: "The effect ought to be to teach him good-humored patience, freedom from selfishness, the habit of acting for himself, and of making the best of every occurrence. He will discover how many truly kind-hearted people there are, with whom he never before had, or ever again will have any further communication, who yet are ready to offer him the most disinterested assistance."

This travel that puts so much spice into life, until in the upper half of the hour-glass remain but a few grains of sand, also leads one to forget to remember.

If the World War had any compensations, the travel spirit is one of them. It awoke the instinct to try to be careless, to seek more freedom; and does not freedom ever lie over the hill, across the sea, somewhere else?

Let's go see.

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THE WOMAN PHYSICIAN

Has She Arrived After Her Long and Adventurous Struggle

ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

THE STORY of American women in medicine opens humorously. Time: a morning far back in the Early Hoop-skirt Age. Place: Amphitheater of the Medical College at Geneva, New York.

Enter students, all men. They seat themselves as usual, tier above tier. Enter the dean, looking much troubled. With a letter in his hand, he mounts the platform, to make an unexpected and most sensational announcement: A woman, Miss Elizabeth Blackwell, has applied for admission to the college! She has made previous application at a dozen other medical schools and been refused. Geneva will refuse her if a single student so wishes. What do the men say? Shall she be received, or shall she not?

This was the dean's way out of an embarrassing fix, but the students, regarding the whole thing as a hoax perpetrated by some rival institution, returned a hilarious chorus of "Ayes," and, when the dean demanded to hear from those contrary-minded, only one man cried, "No!"

Pandemonium followed. The ayes pounced upon that no and forced him to reverse his vote. Still not satisfied, they restored order and drew up a solemn document pledging themselves to welcome Miss Blackwell with all courtesy and consideration.

To their amazement, she came—the first woman ever to study medicine in America. The men kept their word, and treated her beautifully throughout her stay; but the townsfolk were scandalized, some of them deciding that she must be insane, others thinking her disreputable, and the college declined to recognize her admission as having established a precedent.

That was a mild sort of snub by comparison with what happened much later in the Hoop-skirt Age when the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania had been in operation for nineteen years. On a day in November, 1869, a class from that institution ventured to attend a clinical lecture at the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia. According to a newspaper of the time, "the students of the male college, knowing that the ladies would be present, turned out a hundred strong, with the design of expressing their disapproval of the entrance of women into the medical profession. Ranging themselves in line, these gallant gentlemen assailed the young ladies, as they passed out, with insolent and offensive language, and then followed them into the street, where

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the whole gang joined in insulting them."

A communication printed in the same newspaper gives a more circumstantial account: "When the ladies entered the amphitheater, they were greeted by yells, hisses, caterwaulings, offensive remarks upon personal appearance, etc. . . . During the last hour, missiles of paper, tin-foil, tobacco quids, etc., were thrown at the ladies, while some of these men defiled the dresses of the ladies near them with tobacco juice."

Being anything but historians, the young savages were unaware that the "entrance of women into the medical profession" dated from remote antiquity and that women, here and there in the world, had practised medicine ever since. They had never heard that in 1292 Paris boasted eight women physicians; or that the chronicles of Frankfort-on-the-Main from 1389 to 1497 mention fifteen, three of them oculists; or that the University of Salerno had several women professors; or that Alessandra Giliano, a professor at Bologna, was the first to inject and color anatomical specimens; or that Anna Morandi Mazzolini, also of Bologna, introduced wax models; or that the Countess of Cinchón was the first to prescribe quinine for malaria; or that a Swiss woman, Mme. de Hilden, was the first to remove a bit of steel from the eye with a magnet; or that Oliver Wendell Holmes had attended Mme. de la Chapelle's medical lectures in Paris. Of all this and vastly more, the "students of the male college" were uninformed.

They did, however, possess information hardly tending to make them admire medical women. There had long existed in America a type called "lady physicians," whose practice was of the criminal sort only. Women in general thought the study of medicine "improper." When the now famous Eliza M. Mosher first planned to become a physician, her Quaker mother said, "I would rather pay to have thee taken to a lunatic asylum than send thee to a medical school!" If that was the way women looked at it, why should men be more tolerant? Especially when medical women, once admitted to practice, might monopolize maternity cases!

It should be remembered, too, that persecuting the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania was already an established custom. It started in 1850, when the college began its career in a suite of rear rooms reached by a passage from Arch Street, Philadelphia, and its forty girl students were jeered by hoodlums as they passed in and out. Hardly any one in Philadelphia respected the new institution. Ministers frowned upon it. The press misrepresented it. Not a hospital would admit its students to clinical lectures. The local medical association threatened to excommunicate any member who should have any connection whatsoever with it or any dealings with it.

Perhaps what chiefly enraged the association was the fact that male physicians had founded the college. Moreover, all its first instructors were men. Traitors to their profession! Inviting competition whose effect could not be other than ruinous! Odious fellows, deserving ostracism or worse!

Not very much is recorded concerning them, but we know that the

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founders were men of grit, immensely in earnest. As Dean Clara Marshall tells us, "It was Dr. Bartholomew Fussell of Chester County, Pennsylvania, a member of the Society of Friends, who first conceived the idea of founding a medical school for women. Profound respect and reverence for an elder sister who was deeply interested in his medical education aroused in Dr. Fussell a sense of the inadequacy of the opportunities open to such women as his sister compared to those available to men. He called a council at his residence of five young physicians, two of whom became members of the faculty of this college." Decidedly unprofitable the pair must have found their occupation, for the college had almost nothing with which to pay instructors and rather less with which to provide for the illustration of lectures. In order to obtain the sum requisite for the purchase of the institution's first manikin, Dr. Elwood Harvey ran the risk of getting shot.

At the time, the Underground Railroad was offering a reward of three hundred dollars for the rescue of a runaway slave-girl who had got as far as Washington and was hiding there while slave-catchers, hoping to win the much larger reward offered by her master, scoured the city for her. Dr. Harvey slipped down to Baltimore, hired a buggy, drove to Washington, and found the girl. At his bidding she put on boy's clothes to pose as his servant, and met him in front of the White House. During their ride north, they braved inspection (and possible bullets) at every toll-gate, and one of the houses at which they stopped happened to belong to a slaveholder who knew Dr. Harvey and innocently chaffed him about his "runaway." Nevertheless they got safely to Philadelphia, where Dr. Harvey handed the girl over to the Underground Railroad, collected the three hundred dollars, and bought the manikin.

If this story illustrates the spirit dominant among the champions of the college, another, curiously resembling it in certain respects, demonstrates the pluck of Ann Preston, who joined the first entrance class and eventually became dean.

Miss Preston is described as having been "small and fragile in body, but with an indomitable little soul." One day not long before her removal to Philadelphia, her parents left her at home while they went to attend a Friends' meeting some distance away. During their absence, a fugitive slave woman arrived at their house. Miss Preston concealed her in a closet, fed and made her comfortable, and awaited anxiously the time of her transfer to the next station.

One morning a neighbor rushed in with the news that slave-catchers were about. They were even then searching his house (the woman had been last hidden there) and would soon reach the Preston place. When Ann asked what she ought to do, he said, "You must plan everything yourself; I've got to hurry on and arouse the neighborhood."

Ann locked the woman into the closet, ran out and caught a horse, harnessed him, and then, going back indoors, released the woman and disguised her in her mother's shawl and Quaker bonnet, adding the two veils which Quakeresses often wore when driving. Off they started, not away

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from the slave-catchers, but directly toward them. As it was Sunday, they could perhaps pass for meeting-goers, unless—

Oh, well, the "unless" was inevitably a part of it, but Ann had not reckoned with the determination or the inquisitiveness of the slave-catchers. The fellows rode up to them, came close to the carriage, and peered in. Ann held her breath. The colored woman nearly fainted. Then, to their unutterable relief, the men, seeing only a young girl and a companion whom they took to be an elderly Quakeress, hurried on to search elsewhere. Not long thereafter, the fugitive was again on her way to Canada via the Underground Railroad.

A great little fighter was Ann—in her way. That she preferred the Quakerish way, need hardly be added. "Your business," she said to the girl medical students when dean, "is not to war with words, but to make good your position by deeds of healing. Probity, simplicity, modesty, hope, benevolence, prudence are needed alike by the woman and the physician. All the brave, struggling women who, in various walks of life, are laboring for small compensations, will be benefited by the movement which opens to women another department of remunerative and honorable activity."

Writing this into its manual of arms, the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania waged a campaign as notable for its amiability as for its brilliant success. Persecution ceased. Money came. Across the way from Girard College, a new building—the first building in the world to be devoted exclusively to the medical education of women—was erected in 1875. Later on, Dr. Anna E. Broomall, an alumna, founded the out-practice maternity department, which has cared for ten thousand patients. Still later, the Broomall Maternity Hospital was built. Today, three main structures and sixteen houses converted into clinics, nurses' quarters and the like, cover a city block, and are altogether inadequate. Sixteen hundred women have studied there. Their success long ago made opposition ridiculous. In her day, a famous graduate of the college, Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, the first woman to be admitted to the New York Academy of Medicine, could even then write, with amused condescension: "The history of the movement for introducing women into the full practice of the medical profession is a record no more of fact than of opinion. And the opinions expressed have so often been so grave and solid in appearance, yet proved so frivolous and empty in view of the subsequent event, that their history is not unworthy of careful consideration along with other solemn follies of mankind."

The Hoop-skirt Age had not yet drawn to a close when Mary Putnam Jacobi entered the college, and it was at about that time that the Philadelphia institution began to affect institutions elsewhere. In hoop-skirts presumably, and in great spirits as we know, five young women in Boston joined hands and danced around a table on hearing that the medical school of the University of Michigan had been made coeducational. Thither they hastened. A few years later, they might have entered any one of several other medical schools.

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Indeed, foreign universities began to open their doors to women and even to grant them degrees. Switzerland led off. France, Sweden, Holland, Denmark, Italy, England, Finland, Portugal, Bulgaria, Rumania, Greece, Mexico, and Austria followed in succession. By 1900, Germany had completed the list. Here at home, the Woman's Medical College of New York, founded by Drs. Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell in 1868, was absorbed by Cornell, and so the Philadelphia institution remains the only medical college exclusively for women; but women students of medicine were admitted to Johns Hopkins in 1893, to Cornell in 1899, to the University of Pennsylvania in 1915, and to Columbia in 1916. They are now admitted to sixty-three university medical schools. For all this, the school across the way from Girard College in Philadelphia may take the share of credit that belongs to all who have dared to break the thick ice of prejudice.

How exceedingly thick the ice was, the first women actually to practise medicine in America soon found out. As Dr. Mosher tells us, "Women doctors used to be refused rooms in New York or would be charged a prohibitive price and refused the privilege of hanging out a sign." Dr. Hannah Longshore's sign in Philadelphia attracted a ribald crowd. Druggists refused to fill her prescriptions; one told her to "Go home and darn her husband's socks." Several years after horrifying Geneva, Elizabeth Blackwell opened an infirmary in New York, and, as Fanny Kemble was giving a series of Shaksperian readings, Dr. Blackwell asked her to give a benefit performance in the interest of the infirmary; this, in Dr. Blackwell's own words, is what happened:

"She received us courteously, listened with kindness to an explanation of our visit and of the needs of the infirmary; but when she heard that the physicians of the institution were *women* she sprang to her full height, turned her flashing eyes upon us, and with the deepest tragic tones of her magnificent voice exclaimed: 'Trust a *woman*—as a *doctor!*—NEVER!'"

In America to-day there are seven thousand women doctors, but the Fanny Kembles (of both sexes) we still have with us. Only a few years ago Dr. Richard C. Cabot remarked, in the course of a commencement address at the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, "The medical women of my acquaintance have been disappointed women; don't practise," and many of the interviews made during a recent survey in New York disclose a similar pessimism. According to the investigator's note-book, the male physician at the head of the medical department of a great corporation asked, quite coolly, "Did you ever hear of a distinguished woman doctor?" Then he said, "Women have no place in medicine; their place is in the home." At a famous medical school, which numbers fifty girls among its students, the associate dean confessed, "The subject of women in medicine is one to which my attention has never been drawn." At another famous medical school, the woman acting as dean of women said: "Only a few hospitals admit women as internes, and even this is recent. You re-

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member the newspaper excitement over Emily Dunning, the first woman ever to ride on an ambulance." At the office of the State Medical Association, a woman secretary who has long observed women in medicine said, "The older women are embittered, and the younger women realize that it remains to educate the public." A prosperous woman doctor said, "No doubt you recall the series of articles in which Dr. Bowditch declared that women should keep out of the profession and that, if they insisted on entering it, they should have separate medical schools, separate hospitals, separate medical associations. My own hospital work was interfered with by men." Regarding the motive, she said: "Self-preservation. Men dread increased competition when there is too much of it already. Medicine is a struggle. A fight."

However, the same note-book contains an interview with Dr. H. Edwin Lewis, who edits "American Medicine": "About a thousand girls are now enrolled in our medical schools," said Dr. Lewis—"twice as many as three years ago. The reason? For one thing, old pruderies have vanished. For another, brilliant service by medical women during the war has been capitalized very effectively. Still again, newspaper accounts of astonishing progress in medicine give the profession a new glamour, and medical women are becoming more prominent than ever in civic affairs—taking chairmanships of committees, taking municipal appointments, earning reputations. There is something fascinating, too, about wearing natty uniforms and riding on ambulances; the profession has gained in *chic*. Meanwhile, new fields for women are opening up—research, social hygiene, psychiatry, pediatry, dietetics, college professorships, medical oversight of women in industry or of students in women's colleges, medical inspection of school-children, and many more. Medicine now attracts splendid girls." In his enthusiasm, Dr. Lewis added, "They study harder than the men and enter practice better equipped than the men."

Some day a novelist with a feeling for romance will study the achievements of American women in medicine—such women, say, as Dr. Alice Hamilton, probably the best known woman physician, who lately returned from a consultation on industrial medicine in Soviet Russia to resume her work as a member of the faculty of the Harvard Medical School; Dr. Florence Rena Sabin, now serving on the research staff of the Rockefeller Institute; Dr. S. Josephine Baker, who organized the first bureau of child hygiene under government control, reducing the baby death-rate in New York to a figure lower than that in any other large city of America or Europe; Professor Rosalie Slaughter Morton, decorated with the Serbian Order of St. Saba for her work in Macedonia and Saloniki; or Dr. Mabel C. Elliott, who served as medical director of the Near East Relief.

At Marash, during the French occupation of the city and all through the siege, Dr. Elliott combated hunger, disease, and fear. When Marash fell, she endured three days of continuous marching through snow without water or food, sharing the

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wretchedness of the fleeing army and populace. At Ismid, she continued her hospital and relief work throughout the bombardment. In the Transcaucasus, she devoted herself to the hordes of children whom the Turks had driven out of Armenia. She was at Smyrna during the evacuation. Particularly vivid is her account of the siege of Marash. "All this time," she writes, "the firing roared and crackled. . . . We brought most of the patients into down-stairs rooms where they would be protected by the compound walls; the others we laid on mattresses on the floor, where they would be out of range of the windows. Bullets were singing like mosquitoes around us. It seemed a miracle that none of us was wounded. . . . Hours went on, and the steady continuance of the firing became incredible."

There is romance, too, in the story of Dr. Clara Swain, a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania and the first American woman ever to become a medical missionary. In all Asia there was then no hospital for women. Dr. Swain resolved to open one and to lease for the purpose a property belonging to His Highness Mohamed Kallub Ali Khan, Bandahur, Nawab of Guntur. Him she visited, taking with her a male physician and his wife. As we read, "When the prince heard that they were coming, he sent relays of horses and a grand state coach with grooms and outriders and an escort of cavalry. They entered the city amid the salaams of bowing inhabitants and were driven to the house reserved for the guests of royalty, where they feasted on Oriental banquets of great magnificence. That night the prince had his guests driven about the city, but excused himself on the plea that he was especially engaged in his prayers. The next morning the wondering missionaries were admitted to the palace, while royal elephants made obeisance on the right hand and on the left. They entered the 'presence' and were seated by the side of royalty." Instead of allowing Dr. Swain to lease the property, his Highness gave it to her outright.

Later on, Dr. Swain was called to treat the ranee of the raja of Khetri, and we are told, "she departed in great state. There was a camel chariot, two palankeens carried by seventeen men each, riding horses and elephants, and, for the two native servants, a rath drawn by beautiful white oxen."

Another splendid source of "copy" is Dr. Mary W. Griscom's story as told by herself in the "Atlantic Monthly." A graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, she spent six years roving alone through China, Tibet, India, and Persia, visiting medical missions, and exercising her skill as a surgeon. At a station far back in the mountains of China where "never surgeon had been known," Dr. Griscom met patients whose behavior was sometimes remarkable, to say the least:

"One patient, after a serious abdominal operation, wished to rise, to ascertain whether she was 'in Heaven or on earth,' judging by whether or not she could walk. I persuaded her to stay in bed by assuring her (through an evangelist) that I had done much cutting and, should she move, the next thing I would lop off

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would be her head. She smiled and kept very quiet and lived, and her husband's older brother gave me a 'tablet' commemorating my activities. It was pea-green, six feet long, and its chief inscription, in large gold letters was 'Resurrected from the Dead.' This was presented with great ceremony, to an accompaniment of drumming, trumping, and a fearful din of mob noises. Then I received a coop of chickens, a basket of eggs, and a pink-eared rabbit, all honorable gifts in that region; also two dollars for the operation fee and a pair of lantern earrings to light me into the path of possibly being born a man in the next incarnation and thus attaining immortality."

A male physician (here again the notes of interviews made during the past week are of service) says, bluntly: "I don't approve of women doctors even as medical missionaries; if Asiatic women can't have male physicians, let them take the consequence," but not many of us are as delightfully ferocious as all that, and, East being East, it is like to remain so for a considerable time to come. Which means that in Turkey, India, and China millions of women will be denied effective medical care save as it is brought to them by women. According to Lambuth, who should know, women in Turkey, India, and China "are so secluded through the suspicion and jealousy of their male relatives and often through their own pride and false modesty, that a male physician, if admitted at all, may only be permitted to ask questions of an attendant in an adjoining room or on the outside of a curtain while the attendant or patient on the inside makes reply." Evidently, then, the Anna Kuglers, the Pauline Roots, and the scores of others who followed Dr. Swain into Asia went where they were needed. To-day the Roman Catholic Missions are beginning to send out women as medical missionaries. Dr. Johanna Lyons, of Chicago, is the first to sail.

This brings us to the question: Are women doctors needed here at home? The laws of New York State would seem to show that in certain positions they are. In obedience to law the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in its New York offices employs four to care for its women, the Bell Telephone Company in Philadelphia employs fifteen women physicians in the city, and the New York Telephone Company employs twenty-five in New York State. Also in obedience to law, every State hospital for the insane has a woman doctor to care for its women patients. The law may yet extend very greatly its list of positions open to women doctors, but numerous financial and commercial institutions are already finding work for them. In New York City a famous department-store has its woman doctor, and the same is true in Philadelphia, and so has a famous chain of New York restaurants, and so has a famous New York bank with many branches. As the number of women in industry increases, the demand for women doctors will increase proportionally. Moreover, it is through no compulsion that two women doctors have been admitted as faculty members at the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research. In research, women shine. One hears that "where a man will perform thirty-nine experiments and stop, a woman will

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keep on until she has found out something."

Women doctors have not always been averse to going where they were not wanted. The first women to practise in Boston hired their first patients, and only a relatively short time ago women students at the Medical College of Cornell University still talked about "storming the gates of Bellevue." A woman wiser than the others said, "Wait until women patients inside Bellevue Hospital express a desire for your services." The girls waited, the demand came, and the unstormed gates opened. One may predict that the gates of general or special practice will open as readily to the girls now studying in our medical schools. Few of them have chosen medicine as a mere means of livelihood. The vast majority have chosen medicine for its own sake. Many "have money back of them," one is told. Indeed, a girl connected with a family celebrated for its wealth recently began her medical studies at a distance from New York so that she might escape the pressure of social obligations.

Even the best-informed onlookers differ widely in their interpretation of the motive actuating this female "rush into medicine." Some tell us that it is only a sign of restlessness. Others—shrewder, perhaps—trace it to the maternal instinct, partly, and partly to women's increased interest in science, as the forthcoming edition of "Scientific Men" includes more biographies of women, proportionally, than ever before. But at all events, the "rush" is far from terrifying. Calm yourselves, brethren! All told, there are fewer medical women in the entire country than there are male physicians in New York City.

I SHALL NOT GRIEVE TOO MUCH

LUCIA TRENT

I shall not grieve too much, but I shall understand
If you must go with eager men, who ride
To swift adventuring, and grave command
Of things a lonely woman is denied.

I shall not grieve too much if you will come to me
For beauty rising like a spire of flame,
For tears like spring rain falling on the sea,
For frail mute loveliness that has no name.

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Moscow

She Wears the Languor of the East Like an Oriental Shawl

Avrahm Yarmolinsky

It was a Hindu who said that Moscow reminded him of Delhi. It was a Chinese who said that Moscow was another Peking. Certainly this city that is the mistress of the great Eurasian continent wears the languor and the soilure of the East like an Oriental shawl. What was garish has faded to what is delicate, but what is picturesque is also somewhat slovenly, and these sprawling alleys and patched structures are shabby and easy as an old shoe. Asia leaps at you in the *izvoschiks* (cabmen) who battle with noisy words and heavy shoulders for the prize of driving you home from the station or the opera-house. Asia looks out of the eyes of the ivory-cheeked Mongols who help to swell the crowd in the market-places and on the exchange.

In the clear light of a winter Sunday the city is given over to her markets. Every day one may see the wooden stalls filled with toys and laces and notions, the counters for old books, the squares lined with rude sledges piled with logs for the winter firing, or with the carcasses of slain calves and pigs. But on Sunday the streets around the booths are thick with peasants who have brought their handicrafts to sell in the town, and with nondescript men and women who have set out on the snow a curiosity-shop a yard square.

In a moment you are in the thick of the market. For several blocks the curbs are lined with venders: women in heavy shawls that cover their heads and their bodies; men in bulging sheepskins. The pavement and the slippery sidewalks are packed with the crowd—a few who will buy, many who come for the pleasure of the show, some peddlers who carry their wares strapped to their waists, and not a few blind and limping beggars, crying out as they pass.

A medley of improbable merchandise is set out on the snow: printing-blocks that the publisher has thrown into the dust-bin and that have been rescued for sale; an Arabian coffee-pot, delicately engraved, with a little brass ball in the lid, that clinks when it is lifted, lest it be secretly opened by your enemy to drop poison into your coffee; a worn icon, its enamel fallen out and its halo of gold wire twisted; a child's china mug, and a gay expensive piece of silk. Bits of fine Russian enamel weight a package of old postal cards, with writing on them and canceled stamps. A tarnished silver samovar lords it over scraps of lace and a painted toy or two. A bright blue phonograph brays to an admiring group, and fur-

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ther down the street a man has both arms full of records for sale. A wrinkled woman laboriously threads a sewing-machine for a prospective customer. An old, old lady waits patiently for some one to price the trimmed toque which she holds in her mittened hand. Next to her stands a tall man in a tall woolly cap, exhibiting a gold wrist-watch, and beside him a young girl with very red cheeks holds a rod from which are suspended seven long switches of human hair. The merchants are almost as stationary as their wares, until they see you are ready to chaffer with them, and then they cheerfully boost each other's prices. The crush of people seldom seems to halt for the buyer's pleasure.

Not all the exhibits are miscellaneous in character. There is one block devoted entirely to furniture, where you will see chairs and tables and bedsteads standing about as unconcernedly as if the snowy pavement were the parquet floor of a fashionable shop. In the market-place the goods, like their sellers, seem to be used to weather. One quarter is given almost wholly to boots and shoes: the small furred boots, not unlike those worn by the American flapper, which every woman tries to afford; the slim cloth boots with leather vamps; the quite common felt boots that keep the feet of the peasantry warm in the worst frosts, and that are now worn also by academicians in chilly libraries. A little further on you can buy apples—"Sweet apples!"—and girls and women press forward with covered baskets full of *pirogi*, long plump brown pancakes, greasy and unpalatable-looking, but eagerly devoured by hungry youths. And everywhere are tables full of toys—gay rag dolls, wooden soldiers who beat their drums, and wooden bears that dance at the turning of a bit of wire; everywhere there are women with trays of cigarettes and men with a squirrel skin or some other furry hide for sale weaving in and out of the crowd.

Eastern in its squalor and in its tempo, Moscow is Eastern above all in the multitude and the dominance of its shrines. Irony rides this city. And so a régime which sees an enemy in every form of institutionalized religion has its seat among forty times forty churches. If there is not the traditional number, certainly there are so many that you cannot turn a corner, nor cross a street, nor look back at some neatly grouped chimney-pots, without seeing a little brood of cupolas huddling against the sky. Sometimes they catch the sun like the breasts of golden pouter-pigeons; sometimes they wear a dull purple or the blue of the heavens at night. Churches squat casually in the midst of traffic. They have delegated chapels to hallow with their names, as well as with their presences, the streets and thoroughfares. They stand withdrawn behind weathered palings. They have taken unto themselves little squares. In the lanes, placid churches sit and sun themselves like so many old women. And the old folks come to them and stand for several minutes, piously crossing themselves before the icons that surmount the gates or that hide under the eaves which are built specially for them like bird-houses. It makes no difference if heavy iron padlocks are hanging on

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the doors, or if the churches are boarded up like houses whose occupants have sought a friendlier climate. The old women stand and cross themselves just the same, and often they go up and stretch their lips to kiss the frosty pane that covers the holy picture.

Kings have pleasured themselves by building cities to be their monuments, and in the end to be their tombs, like the pyramids of the Pharaohs. Constantine erected Constantinople; Louis XIV packed the essence of his age into his retreat at Versailles; the Russian Peter turned a Finnish bog into St. Petersburg, which although it now bears the name of Leningrad, remains St. Petersburg still. If the men who have been carried into power on the tide of Russia's revolution had been given by an experimentally minded fairy the gift of building a city overnight, they would have erected one differing from Moscow as utterly as a Euclidean diagram differs from a child's drawing with colored chalks. It would be a perfected Manhattan, with its sky-scrapers, its subways, its elevated structures, but shorn of its slums, with theaters instead of churches, its mansions converted to public use, its factories transfigured and exalted. It would be a steel-glass-and-concrete triumph of utilitarianism, rationalism, and standardization. One artist, belonging to the Left group that presumes to speak in the name of the revolution, has published a plan of the ideal city. Its buildings are erected in concentric circles, with the undeviating uniformity of beehives, the heavy traffic flowing beneath these geometric structures. One's address, in such a model town, would be 33 degrees, 15 minutes, 75.5 meters, rather than Apartment 3 at No. 11, in the lane of St. Nicholas on the Sands, near Little Dog Square.

The Bolsheviks have had no chance to build anew. They are forced to live in a house wrought and furnished according to the taste of the previous tenants, with whom they have nothing in common. They have had to accept what they found, this Eastern Rome that had forgotten none of its past—a city that had been a fortress on a broad hilltop with a trading town huddling at its feet, that had become the winter resort of a comfortable nobility, and later a center for busy industrialists, but always gravitating toward its churches, and crowned by the golden domes of the Kremlin.

They have altered what they could. Mansions have been turned into public buildings. The home of the merchant prince Morozov houses the offices and the theater of the Proletkult, an organization devoted to promoting proletarian culture. There are young people flirting in the ball-room as they must have flirted in the incredible days when Morozov was the host; but instead of the men's severe black and white and the ladies' brilliant silks, the present mode is leather jackets and stained khaki. In the ball-rooms of other mansions, stuffy in the way peculiar to schools, children in seedy clothes are spending their recesses. Large private residences are also used to shelter the numerous new institutes. One large building, its façade draped with red festoons, is given over to the study of Lenin's work and the preser-

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vation of the relics of his personal life. As rarely happens, its reception-room has retained intact the original furniture with its air of dreary sumptuousness. The home of the former governor-general has been turned into the offices of the Moscow soviet. In what used to be the private chapel where the family made their devotions, nothing is now to be heard but the click of typewriters. "Where people wasted their time," Mr. Kamenev's secretary remarked in showing me through, "they are now doing useful work." The restored windows where the machine-guns stood in 1917 look out upon one of the few monuments erected to the revolution. Beyond it a playground has replaced a police station, with its attendant jail. Again, public buildings are turned to new uses. The Institute for Well Born Maidens has become the central House of Communist Education of Youth. Part of the Imperial University of Moscow, the oldest institution of learning in Russia, has been transformed into a preparatory school for working-men. The palace of Prince Dolgoruki, which later became the club of the nobility, is now the hall of the trade-unions, and it was in its immense and brilliant ball-room that the body of Lenin lay in state.

Some of Moscow's hotels are functioning under government management, and their guests pay a tidy sum for the cleanliness and comfort that is offered. The rest are now "soviet houses" or communal dwellings, where responsible government employees find lodgings. The sudden access of population when Moscow became the capital, and the lack of building, have combined to produce a severe housing problem. Whether you were never anything but a clerk, or were once glad to be a count, you seldom have more than one room in which to sleep and eat, surrounded by your family. An apartment of six rooms would now furnish forth four households; and beside the bell, in those cases when it works, are listed the number of rings required for each household. When one goes to call, it is by way of the courtyard, piled with winter firewood and invaded by an occasional cock, and up stone stairways to the back door, which is unchained by a barefooted serving-maid; and then one must pass through a kitchen full of stale cabbage odors and lively cockroaches to reach the chilly room of one's host. What contributes to the difficulties of finding one's way, in a city of curving lanes and confusing courtyards, is the fact that some of the streets have been given new names. Church Street is now called Babel Street; the Lane of St. John the Baptist has become Bolshevik Lane. One old street has been renamed for Kropotkin, and another for Herzen, while Empty Street has been given the most revered name of all and become Marxian Street.

Theater and barracks and university have been stripped of the double eagle. Down the steep and snowy Coronation Staircase in the Kremlin small boys slide on improvised ski. In front of the Museum of Alexander III the *disjecta membra* of an iron czar lie scattered on the ground. In this respect Moscow has been more radical than Leningrad, where Alexander III still heavily bestrides his

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pig-like steed. But on the pedestal a quatrain has been engraved in which the penultimate emperor declares that he was left standing to be an everlasting scarecrow. Rude sculptures of Kropotkin or of a group of battling Communards are cut into the stone walls of old monasteries. The Iberian Chapel sits humbly under the inscription, "Religion is the opium of the people." The tearing off of the word "imperial" from the long white buildings of Moscow University has left a discolored space and given a rude twitch to the dignity of the façade.

There is one place in Moscow where the double-headed eagles still look east and west or north and south. Black with age, they perch on the towers set like crowns on the walls of the Kremlin. It is part of the irony that marks Moscow that the Communist government should be enthroned under these dark, ancient, imperial birds. The Kremlin is like a shining island lifted above the city. Behind the red walls, with their swallowtail battlements and their corner towers roofed like wooden pavilions, wearing, some of them, a delicate aged green, the domes soar upon the sky like immense golden bubbles. This is the Russian Acropolis, not quite so high as the hill that holds the Parthenon, but broad enough to accommodate a scattered company of palaces, barracks, and churches. It retained its importance as a fortress as late as the time of Peter the Great, and it is still largely populated by soldiery, and by the gray crows that rest above the frescoed saints as the doves rest on the sculptured Madonnas of Italy. Boys with peaked caps and red stars on their sleeves trail heavy cloaks across the snow. In the narrow rich old rooms, where once the czars slept and ate and ruled, strangers of mean birth now live and move and have their being. In the long, freshly whitewashed Court of Law, from whose tortuous corridors no prisoner was ever known to escape, sits the *Vzik*—the Central Executive Committee of the Soviets of the Union. In these offices one gets a breath of air from an American skyscraper. One room holds nothing but typewriters, card-catalogues, filing-cases, and their attendant typists, cataloguers, and filing clerks. Not far away, in the old palace, is the window from which the Czar Alexis, the father of Peter the Great, would lower a casket into which his subjects placed their petitions.

The home of this pious monarch, which is now inclosed in the barrack-like palace erected by the first Nicholas, was a great novelty when it was built. In 1635 every one but the emperor was satisfied to live in a wooden house. Except in material, however, the palace differs little from the small three-windowed peasant *izba*, whose fretwork on gable and sill (the hall-mark of a Russian village) is reproduced in colored stone. You enter Alexis' apartments through tall "golden gates." They are really of copper gilt, and were wrought of coins which had been withdrawn from circulation, melted down, and hammered into gargoyles with the legs of storks and Falstaffian noses, and colored in faint blues and greens, and delicate rose and yellow. Fantasy romps through these low square rooms, with the brilliant flower

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frescoes on wall and ceiling and thick groined arch, the huge porcelain stoves in emerald and amethyst, the cut stone staircases, the balustrades of carved and painted wood, the newel-posts in the shape of wooden lions, with lolling tongues and popping eyes, the wooden candelabra with their blossoms and their eagles. Alexis' desk still stands under his study window, and his beautiful Chinese bed still holds the place of honor in that room which no one was allowed to enter save one trusted servitor. For the emperor had a wholesome fear of the evil eye. Now the room is filled with excursionists from schools and orphanages and factories, and smells of old sheepskins and wet leather.

The queen's reception-room, which is wholly stained with gold, from the walls and ceilings to the supporting beams or "bowstrings," is in another part of the palace, and older than Alexis' rooms. It is an ill lit place, but one fancies it aglimmer with candles and brilliant with silken brocades on those Easter mornings when the royal family assembled there with the patriarch, and kissed, and murmured, "Christ is risen." The largest room in the old structure is the Granovitaya Palata, which was built by the command of Ivan III's Byzantine princess, who had no love for the close tiny chambers of the Russian family into which she had married. The walls are covered with frescoes, representing God's services to the czars, which seem to have been many; and three golden thrones still stand under a handsome canopy of carved wood, inlaid with exquisite medallions. It was here that the czar received the foreign ambassadors, keeping a basin beside him to wash from his hands the kiss of the unorthodox. It was here that the patriarchs were ordained. Here Ivan the Terrible celebrated the conquest of Kazan, and here Peter the Great celebrated the victory of Poltava. Here Catharine opened the commission for her new code of laws, and it was amid this spacious splendor that the solemn dinner was held after the coronation of the czar; the czarina and the young princes feasting in the seclusion of the balcony above. There is yet another place in the city where one can see a seventeenth-century Russian interior. It is the palace where the first Romanov is reputed to have been born. A monastery is attached to it, and the blue-walled chapel sits like a pale hermit (cleaner than most) in a sky-colored robe on the edge of Moscow's traffic.

In the course of time the apartments of the early Romanovs in the Kremlin were in a measure superseded by more spacious structures. The "big palace" built under Nicholas I has replaced all the old buildings except the modest rooms of Alexis, which it incases. It is a sumptuous affair of long halls, each dedicated to its special saint, and made impressively ugly with ornate pillars and elaborate cornices.

It is in the Hall of St. George that the ironic Fate who is mistress of the city has one of her several establishments. This is a beautifully proportioned place, all white plaster and bright gold, with handsome inlaid floors. Its decorations are ugly, in a heavy rococo fashion, but it has its dignity too. St. George is a favorite with the Russians, and some of

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the finest fifteenth-century icons represent the small armored figure on a black horse charging his fire-breathing adversary. There are repeated representations of him on these walls, whose marble slabs are engraved with the names of those who were decorated with his order. It is the obvious setting for a formal state function. It is at present the setting for the two hundred red and black wreaths which were the last tribute to Lenin. Down the length of the room, at the base of the double row of columns, and all around the walls, the stiff red flowers and black ribbons repeat themselves monotonously. Down the length of the great hall and up again, a row of crude portraits of Lenin render the slightly Mongol features and bald forehead with the same faithfulness to canon that the icon-masters used in depicting St. George. Some of the wreaths are a contribution to the new esthetics, created as they are out of the materials which the workers had at hand. There are mourning mottoes made of cotton wadding from the cotton-mills, of straw from the wicker factory; there is a wreath of motor parts from the motor-works, a wreath of steel bolts and the blades of bayonets from the arms factory. These memorials, fashioned by common people of machine-made objects, body forth present-day Russia as vividly as the dark-visaged, jewel-incrusted icons in Alexis' chapel manifest the dispossessed past. That these proletarian wreaths should be housed in such a royal room only sharpens the contrast between the body of the old Moscow and the spirit of the new Moscow which so restlessly abides therein.

From St. George's Hall you pass through St. Alexander's into a third, more gorgeous, more glittering, and more grotesque. This is the throne-room. Its immense columns are thickly gilded except for the black double eagles screaming over them. Its great gilt chandeliers are ornamented with the double-headed birds in gold. Above the platform for the thrones a slab of bright gold, emanating golden rays, holds a single golden eye which stares down over the long high gold-incrusted hall. Along the walls at a great height are small medallions bearing the devices of the Russian provinces, the only really lovely things in the big gaudy place. The thrones have been removed from the platform, and the All-Seeing Eye shines above the portrait of Lenin and an assemblage of heavy red banners. Facing the Eye, at the far rear end of the grand rich room, hangs, a little crookedly, a cheap print of Karl Marx. The throne-room of the Romanovs has become the session-chamber of the Communist International. Through the doorway, in the passage that leads from the new palace to the old, are visible the plain board tables at which the delegates eat their cabbage soup and black bread.

One need not go within the gates of the Kremlin to realize with what old and incongruous furniture history has set the scene upon which this parentless era has come. One must stand in the Red Square (in old Russian, red is synonymous with glorious, beautiful), at the Gate of Our Saviour, just outside the high brick wall, four centuries old. Its swallowtail battlements, built by

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Italian masters, are even as those that overlook the Roman amphitheater of Verona, but the roofs that protect its towers from the snow are in the native style.

To the right rises the party-colored mass of St. Basil's. The church is rooted in the misshapen cobbles of the square like a fabulous bush with bulbous leaves of yellow and blue and green and red. The barbarism of its colors and the awkwardness of its proportions are to the lovely dignity of a basilica as a mountain is to a tower. And like the mountain it is heavy, even to its great Russian crosses, with their enlacing chains, so unlike the tenuous crosses of the cathedrals of the West. Its narrow steps, trodden into hollows, lead up into high dark painted chapels connected by complicated passages as in a prison. Insistent as an odor, there hangs about these grim yet elegant caverns the memory of Ivan the Terrible's devotions. The church was built under that czar as a memorial of his conquest of Kazan and Astrakhan with money taken from the Tartars. It symbolizes sixteenth-century Russia as the tiny heavily buttressed Church of Our Saviour in the Forest, within the Kremlin, suggests the feudal Muscovite principality, and as the huge ivory-toned pile of the Church of Christ the Saviour embodies the Russia of the emperors.

A few paces away from St. Basil's is a round stone platform, the Place of the Skull, from which the czar's heralds read ukases to his people in the days when the Red Square was Moscow's forum, the place where his executioners did their work. At the base of Kremlin wall the graves of "those who died for socialism" are kept green until the snows. The latest of these graves is the small, cubical, lead-colored house, guarded by soldiers with guns across their shoulders—Lenin's tomb. Beside it stands a huge rough statue of a working-man waving the kind of cap that Lenin affected. Opposite, on the other side of the square, is the old bronze statue of the butcher and the prince who saved Russia in the Time of the Troubles that preceded the election of the first Romanov.

Over the Gate of Our Saviour rises one of the most beautiful of the Kremlin towers, with an ancient clock wrought by a foreign master, which is now officially known as the Clock of the Third International. Above the gate the icon still hangs. The glass is broken and the lamp extinguished, but the holy image remains. The Latin inscription which says that the gate was built by a Milanese master, one Antonio Solario, was interpreted by the Russians who had no Latin to be a curse on him who passed without baring his head. To this day simple folk doff their hats as they pass by. Three hundred years ago there was a moat around the Kremlin, and the bridge across it which led to this gate was the haunt of unemployed priests, who waited to be hired by rich men with private chapels. They bargained with the priests then, as one does with the *droshky* drivers now, and the priest who wanted to close a bargain would draw a wheat loaf from his breast and threaten to take a bite, whereupon his hirer would make a hasty agreement, for a priest who had just eaten could not serve mass.

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The arch of the Gate of Our Saviour, paneled with flowered murals, green and blue and yellow and red, scarcely faded by the centuries, is just wide enough for a heavy wagon. The road is paved with cobbles, beaten into ridges and hollows. Over these cobbles, under this arch, with the speed and the shriek of a fire-engine, an army motor-truck flings its loud enormous body. Under this arch, over these cobbles, rattles a *droshky*, looking as though it had rolled out of an eighteenth-century picture-book. The driver wears a long wide-skirted coat, accordion-pleated at the hips, and a belt of gay embroidery. He rattles briskly through the gate. A pedestrian comes next. But he does not pass. He is a peasant, in one of those curious garments that have been patched so often that there seems to be no thread of the original stuff left in them. His beard is ragged too. His broad dull face is the same color as his woolen cap. He stands outside, his clumsy headgear in his hand, crossing himself and muttering a prayer. Three times he makes the sign of the cross, and shambles off across the muddy square.

There is the noise of horses' hoofs on the cobbles now; many horses, in double file, moving toward the gate, under the great wall, moving up to the gate, over the old cobbles, and under the old arch. The horsemen are in khaki, with the peaked caps of the Red army, and each carries at his side a long Cossack lance in rest, one end strapped to his boot and one clutched in his hand. There is a tinkle of little bells. Carried in the hand of one horseman, like an icon, a tiny golden tower with jingling golden pendants rides musically by. And after it once more the file of horses and soldiers and Cossack spears. Now they have all passed in. For a space no one enters. The icon hangs motionless overhead. The painted flowers glow faintly. The cobbles are still. Against the dull red brick of Kremlin wall stands the khaki figure of the Red guard, with bayonet fixed. If you listen sharply you can hear from within the crying of the crows.

Facing the majesty of Kremlin wall stands a row of dowdy stores, descendants of the shops of the old Cathay Town, of which the Red Square used to be the center. Although the commercial activities of Moscow are widely scattered over the city, the considerable remains of Cathay Town's ancient wall still inclose a congeries of shops, banks, and offices. Already in the fourteenth century the Chinese City crouched east of the Kremlin, like a feudal town at the foot of a fortress. By the time of Ivan the Terrible it had become a trade-mart where Persians, Bokharans, Swedes, Greeks and Britons mixed with the native merchants. Its streets were named for the wares that were sold on them: gold and candles, nuts and caftans, honey and fish. On Lice Street they sold second-hand clothing, and barbers stood about on muddy corners, ready to part men from their hair and their head-lice at once. It was a place of wine-shops and bawdy-houses, and its ways were filled with as motley a crowd as ever moved through a medieval town. Strolling players passed through the gates, girls called from the doorways, a lit-

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tle group of men would go by, carrying a corpse to the morgue or a sick man to his house. Prisoners moved along these lanes, asking alms, their cries punctuated by the sound of chimes from wooden belfries. And sometimes the passers-by would kneel bareheaded, as the priests filed past with banners, bearing a miracle-working icon.

At present, the new economic order has wrought great changes in this section of the city. The names of private dealers upon the sign-boards have been largely replaced by weird combinations of syllables which when decoded, resolve themselves into the names of state syndicates and coöperative agencies. Here the Red merchant is the cock of the walk. The street known as the Smiths' Bridge (Kuznetzky Most) is another of Moscow's business centers, lying beyond the confines of the old Cathay Town. This street has been famous for fashion since Catharine's day, and is so still, with its alternating smart hat shops and jewelry stores. The portrait of Lenin, decorated with black and red streamers, is to be seen in most of the show windows, and outside stand beggars in sacking and peddlers with peasant handicraft for sale, looking neither modish nor contemporary, but rather as though they had been translated here from an old print.

In the north, the Red Square is closed by the elaborate red brick mass of the Historical Museum. Here, as in the multitudinous smaller academies, institutes, and museums of more recent origin, the "little learned acrid archive men" are laboring to preserve the art treasures and relics of the past, and more especially of course, those that have to do with the revolution. The old collections are intact; and the efforts of the staff are severely taxed by the large accessions due to the nationalization of private collections. The ubiquitous lady with a Baedeker is not to be seen in the galleries of Moscow. One sees mostly groups of tattered children and seedy factory hands, shepherded by a lecturer with a school-teacher's manner. Visiting the Tretyakov Gallery, the best museum of Russian art in the city, the week after Lenin's funeral, I found in the lobby half a dozen miners from the Don Basin, who had represented their union at the obsequies, and were come to see what they could see. I discovered them later standing in pleased contemplation of a canvas representing men at work in a mine. They were evidently surprised to find that an artist would consider them as a subject. Not far away a group of Tartars was listening to an exposition of one of the historical paintings in which the Tretyakov Gallery abounds.

One is apt to encounter a more sophisticated public in the two small Museums of Western Art. You have no sooner entered the first of these, yielded your arctics to the peasant woman at the door, and climbed up to the landing, than a brick-colored mural by Matisse at once takes you out of Moscow; as far away from its churches and its snows and its Communist academies as if you had fled to another world. A world of the blue and yellow and lavender lights in which Monet drowned his Paris, a world of the breathless gestures to which Degas's

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ballerinas danced, a world of the fantastic shapes and shouting colors that enveloped Picasso, and Gauguin's world of warm and golden languor, magical in coral and jade, in orange and turquoise. These grave-eyed graceful brown women, touching some bright fruit, or leaning against a dark tree in a light that seems mixed of copper and gold, of honey and sun—how perfect they are, and how remote from the landscape framed in the window: the dazzle of snow and the stiff exquisite patterns of the frosted trees—how remote from the little wrinkled peasant women who sit in attendance in the corners, and from the crowd of art-lovers in their thick worn winter garments.

Yes, Moscow is out at elbow and down at heel, but as you move along its ill kept streets, the peddlers singing over their sandwich-baskets, the students swinging along toward the university, the russet-cheeked peasants on the low sledges strung in leisurely caravans, give one a sense of the vitality that enabled this nation to make the revolution and to endure its whips and scorns. On a street-corner two people are stamping their heavy felt boots in time to a tune. They are so wrapped in burlap that it is hard to tell if they are men or women. Their boots are meant for pushing through a blizzard, not for any *pas*. At twilight, along Kuznetzky Most, their wide khaki coats flapping about their legs, young men with guns are marching. One of them lifts a sturdy voice in a revolutionary song. It is caught up by his comrades, the front ranks answering the rear, weaving the music back and forth in a rich melody, filling with it the snowy dusk.

One cannot prepare to leave Moscow without a foretaste of fitful nostalgia for it: for the faded richness of its Kremlin, for the peace of its little homely churches, for its markets and theaters, for its ironies as strident as the crows and its paradoxes as bare as the snow-drifts, for its rowdy iconoclasm and fanatic faith, and, above all, for that uncertain exciting sense that to this poor and uncouth city all the roads of the future lead.

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ORPHEUS

L. A. G. STRONG

IT COULD not have happened; for the dew had not yet dried from the grassy hollows in the sand-hills, where she had let go his arm on their way down to bathe, to run and feel its coolness on her bare legs, rejoining him flushed and breathless, her white canvas shoes all flecked and stained with wet. On their way down to bathe—an hour ago.

He reached the top of the sand-hills, and before him was the farm where they were staying. Its clean whitewashed walls stood out boldly against the hill at its back, behind which, towering over all, Craig Colman rose clear and mighty in the morning air. All looked as yesterday, and as the day before. No; it could not have happened.

He stumbled on across the fields, instinctively seeking the room where they had slept.

How could disaster come so swiftly? She had gone into the water before him. They swam and laughed and splashed; then he climbed out, and stood toweling in the sun. She sat on a ledge below him, kicking her legs to and fro in the green water.

"Aren't you coming out?"

"Not *just* yet." She leaned her head back, and sent him up a kiss. "It is so lovely. Besides, I must wait till *that* boat goes, to dress."

She pointed with her toe at a boat, which had suddenly appeared round the end of their little rocky bay.

"Don't stay in too long, there's a darling."

"Rather not."

She was in again, turning over and over, lying on her back, splashing.

"Oh, lovely, lovely, lovely!" she cried.

He gazed adoringly down at her, and went on rubbing his head, tingling with warmth and well-being. How glorious the world was. He began to sing, and the jerking of the towel gave his voice so ridiculous a tremolo that he laughed aloud. Oh, it was splendid to be alive!

"Dick!"

Her voice had a puzzled anxious note.

"Dick!"

"Yes?"

He emerged from his towel. She was a few yards away, swimming toward him. Her face was upturned to him and wore a strained expression; she was trying to smile.

"Dick—it's awfully silly—but I'm having rather hard work. I think—"

Her head jerked back, and she began to struggle. Quick as thought he was in the water, within a stroke or two of her; but just as his hand shot out he somehow missed her. She had gone under. He dived at once, but could not see her. Up again. He looked quickly

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around, but there was no sign—she had not come up. Nonsense—he simply couldn't lose her, in that little space. Still calm, but with a cold dread growing at his heart, he took a long breath and went under again, deeper down this time. Almost at once he felt the swift tug of a current, and yielded himself to it, in the hope that it might carry him to her; but in a few seconds he was fighting madly to break loose, and only reached the top in time. Sobbing, distraught, trying to get back his breath and dive again, he heard a hurried sound of rowlocks, and the next instant he was clinging to the side of the boat, gasping out his story. There was still time, there was lots of time; she hadn't been under more than a minute. Lots of time.

Yet they were an age finding her, an age of struggling, slowly drowning hope; and another age trying to bring back her life on the warm sand. A boy from the boat ran to intercept the doctor. Going his round from the nearest village, five miles off, his car had to pass along the road above the farm. He had come running over the sand-hills, his worn leather bag in his hand. All that was possible had been done; an age of effort, but to no purpose. She was gone.

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His feet stumbled on the weed-grown cobbles of the farm-yard. Mary, the maid of all work, who trudged two miles every morning to help the farmer's wife, was hanging out clothes to dry. She stared at him, and her mouth opened slowly. He didn't hear whether she spoke but went slowly up the creaking stairs to their room.

The bed had been made, but the rest of the room was still in merry disarray. Her short red evening-coat, a Moroccan affair, with little pieces of glass and metal set in bizarre embroidery, lay across a chair. A jumper, discarded at the last minute in favor of another, hung from the bed-rail, one sleeve drooping forlornly to the floor. At the window the sun was streaming in, making an angular splash of brightness on the floor, lighting up mercilessly the grain in the boards and the frayed edge of the mat under the dressing-table. It emphasized her row of shoes—she loved shoes—new shoes for the honeymoon: a pair of slim brogues for climbing the mountains; a pair of fat woolly bedroom slippers, made altogether of lamb's-wool; and evening shoes, not meant for sunlight. A sob caught in his throat; he raised his eyes to the table, but for a moment he could see nothing. There were her brushes, her little powder-box.

"Don't laugh at me, Dick . . ." She would so often give her nose an unnecessary reassuring dab. For self-confidence, she explained. "You're *not* to laugh, you horrid creature!" and she would seize his arm, and rub her cheek against his sleeve, as they started off somewhere together.

No, no, no—it couldn't be true. Here everything was, as she had left it. It was a dream, a bad dream. Such things didn't happen . . . in the first week of a honeymoon.

Ah! He stood still, in the middle of the room, frozen by a sudden thought. They would be bringing her up soon. A little slow mournful procession, across the fields, in the sunlight. Some one would remember her clothes, and go back to get

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them; and he saw her again, eagerly stripping them off, standing up with the white heap around her feet, stretching up her arms, singing to herself. Solemn hands would retrieve them, fold them reverently, and bring them up after her.

No, no, never! Why should he believe it—why believe such nonsense, such cruelty—such blasphemy against the summer day and all that was good and happy in life? He would not stay to see anything at all. He would go away, for a long walk in the mountains, walk off this incubus, this nightmare. Then, when he came back in the evening, all would be normal and well again. She would be there to welcome him.

He blundered down-stairs in a sort of panic, and ran for the woods at the back of the farm. Until he reached their cover, he dared not look behind him, for fear he should see a little procession coming up slowly across the sand-hills.

Of the time he spent walking the mountains, between the morning and the evening, he could give no clear account. Only vague memories of misery, with a few clear-cut pictures far apart, remained with him. It was as if his mind, in its fevered endeavor not to think of the early morning, had fogged itself as to the present also. Certainly he succeeded in not thinking articulately of her, and was not put in mind of death by his glimpses of the sea; but all his body knew that something terrible had confronted him, and he wandered unresting for many hours in the vague misery of a beast.

Once, soon after he had fled from the farm, he found himself upon the railway line. Only two days before, they had walked along it, stepping on the sleepers, laughing at the difficulty of making their steps fit the narrow intervals.

After that, maybe an hour later, he was on a steep slope, clawing his way upward through the bracken, tearing his hands, sweating, very thirsty. Then there was a loch; he must have knelt to drink, for he remembered feeling peevishly that the knees of his trousers were wet and cold.

Once, himself high up, he heard shots in a valley and saw a tiny speck fussing about in answer to them. For a while this surprised him; he only remembered afterward that it was the wrong time of year for shooting.

And then, once, he saw the farm, infinitely small below, and in a flash of apprehension had his one coherent memory. Oh, God, she is there, she is there, she is alive, let her be alive, she *must* be alive! He knelt, and his body strained, with agonized muscles, into one taut sinew of prayer that should move a mountain and alter the counsels of Heaven.

More hours, blind, weary, forgotten; then, without having decided to return, he found himself on the level ground, approaching the farm. The sky was sleepy and rich; it was evening. His legs ached terribly, and his knees were giving at every step. She would be there, to comfort him.

He crossed the cobbled yard, in front of the little hot bed of nasturtiums, and labored painfully up the stair. The door of their room confronted him. He gripped the handle, shut his eyes, and prayed, affirming his passionate faith that she was there.

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Then he opened the door, and there in very truth she was, sitting, brushing her hair in front of the looking-glass, wearing a bright silk dressing-gown. She turned and smiled at him, but did not speak. The blessed relief flooded his soul, and with a great sigh of happiness he sank down on the edge of the bed, utterly exhausted, and sat watching her. The brush flowed up and down in long smooth strokes, rhythmically, fascinating him, almost sending his tired mind to sleep. How graceful her arms were! How soft!

For a long time he sat there in silence, content to watch her. Then he remembered the morning, clear in each detail. His heart began to beat cruelly; his breath came short; he passed his tongue over his lips, but it was parched and thick. Then, in torture, he rose to his feet, and tottered stiffly toward her with outstretched hands. She turned, and sent him a kiss over her shoulder, as she had done that morning in the water, the same gesture. Water. Her arms had been limp and motionless, her hair matted; when he had raised her head, a thin trickle of water had run from her nostrils. Water. She had been drowned.

Terror seized him.

"Water!" he screamed suddenly.

"Water! You're covered with water! Oh, my God, you're drowned, you're drowned!"

She dropped her brush, turned round, and looked at him in an agony of pity and reproach. She stretched out her arms, and parted her lips as if to speak; then she burst into a passion of tears, covered her face with her hands, and disappeared.

The light faded slowly from the room, and he lay still, perfectly conscious now, defeated. She was gone, gone past recall. He made no more effort. He had prayed, and his prayer had been granted; but he had not the courage to accept his miracle. O ye of little faith!

Yet how could a man in his wits believe such a thing, so contrary to all experience? What about the others, the doctor, the men in the boat? They had all seen her—like that. Or was it because every one accepted the fact of death, and no one believed that—? He groaned, and put his hand to his brow; then his mind went back on him, and he wondered if she had really been there when he came in. If her return, not her death had been the dream. If the sun and his wanderings had so fevered him that he had seen a vision. He could swear to nothing; it was all now a part of the past, of the day's phantasmagoria. How could one ever know?

Yet—there was her brush on the floor, where she had let it fall. There seemed to be a faint radiance around it. Creeping forward toward the window on his hands and knees, he raised his eyes and saw that the moon had risen. He picked the brush up. It was still fragrant from her hair.

Then he heard voices at the foot of the stairs, whispering together. They were coming to look for him.

How could one ever be sure? Had she indeed come back? If he had only believed, would she be with him now? Was it all a dream, or had Orpheus once again lost his Eurydice?

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THOSE QUARRELSOME BONAPARTES

VIII—Josephine Takes the Wrong Road

ROBERT GORDON ANDERSON

JOSEPHINE, then, was shaking dice when her lord and master set his boot once more on the soil of France. Her last little tower of gold louis had been whisked away when Fouché's finger-tips fell like five cold bivalves on her arm.

"I would tempt Fate no longer," said the minister of police. "He travels fast!"

She turned with a swift movement from the waist, even in her alarm still graceful.

"Who travels fast, Citizen Fouché?" she asked, her little fist flying, clenched, to her parted lips.

"Your adoring husband, the illustrious general," supplied Talleyrand, bowing and applying thumb and forefinger outlined like a bird's head with brown grains in its beak, first to one nostril, then the other.

"There must be some mistake, Fouché," she cried. "Surely you are wrong. He would not leave without sending me some word."

"Even so, Citoyenne Bonaparte, he is here," said the death's-head, "on the road to Paris, and not, I should venture to say, sparing horse-flesh."

She knew that he was not mistaken. Did not this master spy know everything that went on! And surprise was her husband's first rule in love as in warfare.

Ruefully she looked at the green table. She had hoped to be able to pay off some of those debts long before his arrival. And, generous as he was, he could be very stern about debt. Still, one thing was certain; his brothers must not reach him before her.

"How charming to see a two years' bride so eager to greet her husband!" said Talleyrand, to the blinking minister of police, as she fled the room. "*Pardieu!* It restores one's faith in human nature."

Outside she leaped into the berline, bidding the postilion lash his horses —a cruelty unusual in the soft-hearted Josephine.

"Louise! Hortense!" she called as she gained her room. "The general is on his way. Any moment he may be here. What shall I do?"

"Why not, *maman*, ride down to meet him?" said Hortense.

"A stroke of genius, my child," exclaimed the lovely lady, her tears now turned to laughter. "If he is vexed, that will disarm his anger. But hurry, Louise. Pack. Don't stand there like an idiot, gaping!"

Meantime the various members of his family had gathered at Joseph's house in the Rue Rocher. It was a cozy home, rather elegant too, for

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Joseph had capitalized his brother's fame and the comfortable *dot* which Monsieur Clary, the rich silk merchant of Marseilles, had turned over to him with Julie.

First Pauline had danced in, all soft curves and enchanting chatter; then, more mannish and imperious, Eliza. Louis had brought his young side-burns and a new hussar's uniform all green and gold, with a furred pelisse over the shoulder. Letizia surveyed him dryly. She could not altogether blame Napoleon for his disappointment in Louis. The little fellow he had taught and supported, covered up at night to protect him from the air of the Auxonne marshes, had turned into something of a dreamer.

Lucien, who now appeared with his wife Christine, was more promising. He had given up three jobs that Napoleon had secured for him; but now he was a rising young legislator in the Council of Five Hundred, making speeches to his heart's content—good ones, too—and looking quite well in his red senatorial toga.

Christine, too, was a satisfaction. Only an innkeeper's daughter, to be sure and a bit pock-pitted. But she had a sweet face and wore her clothes well. Nothing could be more *svelte* than her gown—from the hands of the renowned Germond—nothing less—though it cost too much. She learned very quickly, that girl.

And Julie was no trouble—so amiable and with such common sense. If only the widow—to Letizia, Josephine was still "that widow"—had half as much!

Letizia had not greatly changed. A little gray in the chestnut, a few lines at the corners of the mouth, and a decided paling of the old peach-blow; but still plain of dress and awkward in her French, yet stately and commanding and with the old noble candor in the fine mouth and expressive eyes.

"Is not that like him?" Paulette was saying as her mother entered the room, from upstairs where Joseph had set aside an apartment for her. "To think of skipping over the sea and across all those countries without letting any one know!"

"*Eh!* He has come in time," said Eliza. "The creole's conduct has been perfectly scandalous!"

"Perhaps it was to catch her napping," Pauline suggested.

"I hope she hasn't heard the news. Then his eyes may be opened," Eliza returned. "Napoleon is not one to wear the two horns."

The boys made no comment on their sister-in-law; and Julie and Christine, who, though they had been thoroughly merged in this turbulent clan, yet had a little of understanding sympathy for Josephine, were too tactful to defend her now.

Letizia, however, was in no mood for gossip.

"This is no time for incrimination," she said in rebuke. "The important matter is that your brother has returned."

"She never paid you any attention—hasn't even called," persisted Paulette, pouting.

"I know; she has shown me little respect," her mother answered. "But all I want is Napoleon's happiness. If she has been indiscreet, things may be patched up. And you do not *know* that she has been more than that."

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"*Mon dieu!* Mother!" exploded Eliza. "That dandy, young Charles, the butcher—"

"He isn't a butcher," interrupted Pauline. "He's in a wholesale house; they export something."

"Groceries, then," Eliza retorted. "It does not matter. She bought a partnership for him or persuaded old Boudin, the merchant, to give him one. How? You may surmise."

But Paulette was shaking her pretty head.

"No one so old," she said. "To do her justice, like me, she prefers them young."

"Enough, Pauline! Have you no decency?" (This from Letizia.) Pauline, however, hadn't—not much more than Josephine.

"*Eh bien!* Leave Boudin out," said Eliza, taking up the thread. "There's Barras, Gohier, a whole pack; to say nothing of—"

"*Basta!* Say nothing!" broke in the mother, her dark eyes flashing fire. "Time will settle all these things. All we are concerned with now is that your brother gets the proper welcome. He has been away from home for a year and a half, in strange lands, and through many dangers. We must be at his house in the event of his wife's not being on hand, as I suspect she may not."

"Trust that," said Pauline, in a murmur now, not daring more.

But Joseph and Lucien, who had been conferring, announced their intention to ride down to Lyons to meet the wayfarer; and the host pulled the bell-rope to order out his cabriolet. Louis, too, had a suggestion.

"Do you not think it wise," he asked, caressing his side-burns and shifting his pelisse at the prospect, "for me to announce the news to Madame la Générale en Chef?"

"An imbecile idea!" Eliza again exploded. "To warn her and not let him see!"

"*Per Dio!* Did I not tell you to hold your tongue, Signora Bacciochi? Go, Louis. Give the widow a chance. It may save him hurt."

So off Louis posted. He had not made the suggestion through consideration for his wandering brother only. In the course of following Napoleon's injunction to give Josephine "good advice" and relieve her loneliness, he had found duty somewhat less than stern, and her brown eyes—no, they were dark blue—or was it black—she was so dark of coloring one always thought of them as brown—anyway, he found them quite fascinating. And she, on her side, always welcomed "dear Louis."

And, "Dear Louis," she said now, "thank Heaven you have come!"—taking his hands in hers, there in the mêlée of petticoats and sheer nightgowns which she was assembling to enslave the conqueror. There was no sign of tears. Before men who did not know her so well as Napoleon she was ever the poised, the lovely, the superbly dressed, and the most adorably feminine.

"It is good to see you," she went on. "Besides, you can drive me down to meet Napoleon. Of course you have heard the news. Will he take, do you think, the Bourbonnais Road or the Burgundy?"

"The Burgundy; it is shorter. I shall engage a berline"—he had none of his own, a hardship for which daily he blamed his brother—"and will lead the way."

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So it was that, a few leagues beyond the city walls, Madame de Bourrienne, riding up to Paris, saw Louis riding down, and, following him, a carriage with two fair passengers asleep, their poke-bonnets beside them, the chestnut hair by the flaxen, Hortense, compassionate even at her sixteen years, pillowing her mother on her shoulder. And Madame de Bourrienne, who, like many in Paris, got some amusement out of poor Josephine's tragi-comedy, or comi-tragedy, did not stop them, though she had reason to think that Napoleon had gone the other way.

He had—Josephine's luck had deserted her; and when she was aroused by "Wake up, *maman;* we are at Lyons," it was to be informed by a jubilant crowd of hostlers, postilions, and cooks, who had left their horses half hitched in the shafts, their lentils and their *bouillabaisse* scorching in the pots:

"*Le général est arrivé! Vive le général!* The general was here; the general had gone. *Oui, madame;* he *had* gone—swift like the eagle. How he kicked up the dust! I saw him—and I—and I—brown as an oak-leaf in winter; with folded arms thus, and so stern! But when he smiled it was as though the angel shone through. Which way, madame? By the Bourbonnais Road. 'Impossible?' *Non, madame. Oui, oui, via Bourbonnais. Voilà!* There still hangs in the air the dust of his wheels. And here is the *deux sous* piece he gave me. I shall keep it for our children. *Merci, madame, merci!* He is the best man in all the world!"

"Too late! Now he will *never* forgive me," she cried. "And the only word I get of him is from lackeys!" At which Louis looked blank, Hortense pitying.

"We shall hurry back, *maman.* And make no mistake. He will be overjoyed to see my beautiful mother. There, dry your eyes. *Déjeuner,* Uncle Louis, might help a little."

And Uncle Louis, himself only twenty-one, began to think a flaxen aureole of hair, sea-blue eyes, and sixteen quite as attractive a combination as creole brunette, olive skin, and thirty-seven.

And *le général*— "the best man in all the world"? "Brown as the oak-leaf in winter, from the Egyptian suns, his arms folded thus," and not smiling like any angel now, but with eyes somber and stern, he whirled on toward Paris to a street once called that of the Little Sucking Pigs, then of the Queen of Song, and now of the Victor.

The horses were jerked back until traces and whiffletrees almost snapped; Napoleon leaped out, bade Lavalette and the officers, who had been transferred to Joseph's coach when the brothers met him, drive on to their homes; and also dismissed Joseph and Lucien; then entered the door. No one in the reception-room, or in the dining-room on the stiff horsehair chairs. He raced up the steps, two at a time. The rooms were empty. On the bed was still the imprint of her form. His hand trembling through memories, he touched the place.

"The hare has flown. The nest is still warm."

Now Louise entered, no longer laughing in her sleeve. This was no *gauche* lover sitting like a ramrod

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awaiting his mistress, but an enraged conqueror.

"Where is your mistress?"

"She just left, Monsieur le Général en Chef. She rode down to Lyons. Very happy she was in the thought of meeting you."

"A likely story! She has taught you too, to lie. Take yourself off. What are your wages?"

"Oh, monsieur."

"Do you not hear me? I will not have two lying women about. One is enough. What does she owe you?"

"Five months' wages, Monsieur le Général—two hundred and fifty francs," she faltered. "And there is two hundred more I lent her."

"Lent her! She borrows from her maid! Runs up bills, with all the money I allowed her!"

She was in tears. He did not like a weeping woman.

"Never mind. You abet her, but it is not wholly your fault. There. Here are a thousand francs. You may wait until your mistress returns. Now tell me the truth."

"It *was* the truth. She went down to Lyons."

"Truth! *Comment diable!*" Throwing up his hands in despair, he left the room and locked himself in his cabinet.

Fifteen minutes later Louise knocked at the door.

"Madame the general's mother wishes to see him."

Composing his features, he descended, to find not only Letizia but the whole family assembled on the horsehair chairs.

"Ah, mother!"—he embraced her, held her in his arms. She thought he trembled, gazed at him longingly. "Joseph, again, my beloved brother! —and Paulette, prettier than ever!" —tweaking her cheek. So, almost in the order of his affection for them, he greeted them. "Lucien!"—no rancor now in spite of all those jobs so wilfully abandoned—now Eliza. "And Caroline, you will rival Paulette, give you a year or two more. Ah, Jérome, my little cockerel. *Tiens!*" he passed his hand over the smooth cheek—"I have heard of that silver-mounted shaving-set you smuggled in your room. I hope you use the sword as well. Julie, you are welcome. You are just right, but no more bonbons! Diet. You are at the danger-point. Christine? No. Yes, it is. How well you look! No little country girl now. Bacciochi, my hand. You too are welcome as long as you do not bring your violin!" He looked around. "Where is Louis?"

There was an embarrassed silence. They knew but hated to tell and so confirm her story. He thought he detected a little of malicious triumph on the faces of the girls—also on his brothers'. Letizia, however, was fair.

"He went down to Lyons—with Josephine—to meet you."

His look thanked her. But he was in no mood for family parties.

"You must excuse me," he said, almost mumbling now. "I have to dress—see the Directors."

They left, and from the window above he heard their careless chatter: the "He's brown as an Arab" of Pauline; "Has had his hair cut short," from Caroline. Then Eliza —"I told you she wouldn't be here. Now maybe he'll wake up"—followed by the "Hush, don't wound him!" from his mother.

A day passed, twenty-four hours

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of interviews with the Directors, Barras, the Abbé Sieyès, Gohier, Moulin, and Roger Ducos, with other celebrities, Caulaincourt, Cambacérès, Rèal, Admiral Bruix, and hordes of staff-officers. The halls were full of swallowtails, swords, and bright sashes.

At night he tossed in his room, got up to go into hers, looked into her closets, running his hands gently through the perfumed things hanging there, then wearily returned to his bed, to lie sleepless, listening for returning wheels. Despite the bright eyes of Madame Fourés the old wound had been opened again—for the last time.

In the morning he heard the wheels turning slowly, almost wearily, as if to symbolize the passenger's own fatigue and fear.

He did not go down to say futilely like any other husband, "Where, madame, have you been?" He turned the key in his door, and received Barras instead. So she had to wait, sitting on the bed with the arms of Hortense around her. Eugène bending over her, consternation on his handsome ingenuous face.

She did not dare to enter while Barras was there. Within a half-hour Barras left, glancing in at the three, with a cynical look of malice that suggested the rake supplanted in a lady's affections, or perhaps persistently rebuffed. When he had disappeared she knocked at the door of Napoleon's room—timidly. No answer—louder this time—and still no response.

"Napoleon—Napoleon," she cried brokenly. The man within shuddered but did not stir. Tears streaming from her eyes, she returned to her room, threw herself on the bed, and would not be consoled.

Another half-hour passed. She tried it again—listened—only the scratching of his pen. He was going on determinedly with his writing—and making a botch of it.

And again tears and the prostrate figure on the bed. "What have I done?" she wailed "—only wanted—to have—a happy time. That was not wrong, was it, Eugène?"

"Of course not, mother."

"They have gossiped about me—lied about me—his sisters—mother—"

"Hush," said Hortense.

At last she brightened with hope and raised her head.

"*You* go to him—both of you, my dear ones. He loves you; perhaps he will listen to you."

Napoleon's anger had never been for the boy, except on that fearful day in Joppa—then only for the moment. And Eugène was valiant. Nevertheless he approached the cabinet with apprehension, pulling his sister by the hand, Josephine stationing herself on the stairs.

"It is I, Eugène," the youth said, knocking. "Will you not open to me, *mon général?*"

The lonely man within the room tore up his notes—the first so treated in years. He appeared in the doorway. The storm seemed over, for he glanced, not sternly, but mournfully at the two. "Ah, Eugène, Hortense!" Tenderly he embraced them.

Out of the corner of her eye Josephine was glancing at him. Not so angry, she thought, and looking very well. His figure scarcely less thin but more sinewy and harder, and straight as an arrow.

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Then she was not so sure, for he looked down on her. The handkerchief she held concealed her face, all but the chestnut coils and the olive forehead so sweet in its contour. But he caught sight of the eye peeping out of the corner of the handkerchief. *Appraising* him, eh? Dramatics again—*diable!* she could give lessons at the Odéon. A curse almost escaped him, but he stifled it, as Hortense placed a hand on his arm and called him "father." He tried to think back. Yes, it was the first time.

He studied the girl's face with its wide sea-blue eyes, framed by its flaxen hair like wind-blown floss. All frankness; no play-acting here. None of the abominable tricks and histrionics of her mother.

"Father," she repeated, "do not break our hearts."

"Give me a minute," he said, turned on his heel, and closed the door. Up sprang Josephine, triumphant, and went to repair the damage of the freshets.

For that minute he slammed himself down at his desk. He did not blame himself or his masterfulness. Never in all his life did he think of that as a possible cause of dissensions in his relationships. With all his vision he could not turn round and see the back of his head. But, truth to tell, his masterfulness had had very little to do with Josephine's conduct. She was made that way, loving pleasure at perhaps too dear a price. He thought of it and cursed her environment—Barras, Therezia, the convent of the Carmelites, the Revolution, everything.

And what could he do? Divorce was out of the question. That he could get, of course, though the circumstantial evidence—so painful to one who loved—could never, beyond doubt, prove infidelity. And she would go down, lying charmingly about it, to the grave. But he could not wholly forget his passion, even though she had made herself and him unpleasantly conspicuous, even ridiculous.

Then there was his career—oh, yes, such practical considerations will intrude themselves at emotional moments—and Hortense—Eugène! How could he tell the girl of the conduct of her mother? Or the boy? He had not told him, to defend himself, back in Cairo. There are things even a conqueror cannot do.

Wearily he turned to the door, called them. They led her in.

With outstretched arms, she came, relying for the moment on the spell her charms had always woven. He saw each one; memories tugged at his heartstrings; then in bitterness he recoiled. Wisely she fell back on being what she was, a naturally affectionate and now very unhappy woman; and her distress melted him where the physical had failed. That nobler expression with which he had once gazed on the slain del Sarra at the altar, on his mother, looking up at her on the stairs, in the old home, now totally changed the admirably cast, but too often relentless, features. He took her in his arms. The others stole out.

"How can I understand you, Josephine?" he asked, sadly looking down at her. "First you trample on my heart; then you make me the laughing-stock of all Paris by allowing others to make love to you."

"No, not that," she temporized.

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"It is gossip. I only allowed the attentions a woman must have."

"And I gave you none! Come now, Josephine."

There were tears. "Stop that!" Seeing he had no use for them, she smiled.

"*Ah ça!* That is better. Of course, you are lying. But how do I know? *Eh bien!* I must forgive you, little one. And we must patch things up."

He took a chestnut tress, fine as spun silk, in his hand.

"And I could have loved you so! Still, we must not talk of that. But give me no cause again. No miserable fops and wagging tongues!" Then, mournfully, he added, "We shall patch things up."

The old century meantime was dying. With the new, Josephine turned over a leaf.

News of the reconciliation reached in due course the house on the Rue Rocher. The girls were furious, but Letizia said nothing, except once to Fesch:

"United again! What difference can that make except to avert scandal? He unlocked his heart to her; she locked hers up. And there is the trouble. Now he will retire but the further within himself and draw the bars. This incorrigible self-reliance of his will ruin him."

Already, on his arrival at the port of Fréjus, he had been pretty well aware of conditions; and Joseph and Lucien had further informed him on the way up from Lyons. The old oligarchical Directorate, the corrupt Barras and Moulin, the inefficient Gohier, Roger Ducos, and Merlin, had lost the greater part of Italy and plunged France into a desperate financial condition, with climbing prices, unjust laws, high taxes, and an electorate correspondingly low in spirit. In spite of all the *Liberté, Égalité, et Fraternité* inscribed on their pillars and altars, Frenchmen had never really wanted the republic —only what they vaguely guessed as *Liberté*. They had done away with the old régime, owned their little plots, were free of torture and *lettres de cachet;* now they longed for freedom from taxes, from constant upheaval, and from fear of foreign invasion; in short, to be policed.

But the wish was almost unwhispered, for this combination police chief and Messiah could only come through a miracle. And since God had been pretty well left out of the churches, they could not hope for a miracle. It was therefore almost unconsciously that all eyes in France began to turn toward the East, all ears to listen for the march of Napoleon's returning legions. He had not guessed so badly when he had prophesied that his absence would make all this quite clear. And as he rode up from the port of Fréjus, it was as though the veil had been suddenly lifted. While the populace shouted its *vivas*, pulled his horses from the shafts, or ran along the road ahead of him with myriad torches, they knew that at last they hailed their savior. It need not take vainglory and ambition to accept the rôle, when already one has had such abundant proof of others' incompetence.

There was, too, as Joseph told him, a wise old priest ready to play a part. He rather fancied that of

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Moses the lawgiver; did not count on Napoleon and his brothers making him John the Baptist instead. This was the famous Abbé Sieyès, the only hold-over of the men who ran things in '89, and recently elected a Director in Merlin's place.

"The abbé," explained Joseph, "has at last finished that constitution of his on which he has been working for the past ten years, and purposes overthrowing Barras and the other Directors to put it into effect."

"And he is looking for a general," further explained Lucien; "Moreau, Masséna, or Jourdan. Bernadotte is also a possibility. He cannot accomplish his *coup d'état* without the military. To-morrow," he added, "I shall bring Sieyès to my house. You can talk things over."

"Not so fast," Napoleon had said, still in the coach, riding northward. "I must not go to him, even at your house. You must bring him to me."

"That can be easily arranged," answered Lucien, now quite tractable, with the glorious prospects in view.

"Not yet. I must study the situation, see where I am. For the time I shall stand aloof. That will but make me the more desired.

"And one thing is certain," he went on decisively. "I will not head any one faction. If we are to judge from that"—he waved toward the torches that made a lane of light through which they rode—"all France is for me. And I must be the united choice of all France."

The brothers, Joseph gravely, Lucien exultantly, assured him that he was.

"But they are as unstable as their own torches. We shall have to put hurricane-shields around them so that they burn steadily."

Still, it was with no ignoble satisfaction that he surveyed those flickering torches—and the prospect. All the old ardor for the principles that had illumined his youth had returned to him. He had been disillusioned about the Revolution, the capacity of men for self-government. Never mind; like Charlemagne, he would bring security, freedom, an enlightened rule to his adopted country.

But there were ways and means to be thought of. It takes machinery, manipulation, intrigue, if you will, to bring about even a temporary millennium. Accordingly he set to work, shortly after his return.

In his calls on the Directors, who were to be unhorsed, he was affable, self-effacing, letting his victories speak for him. He met Sieyès at Gohier's, and rather ignored him. It worked. The abbé had a mind that ran smoothly in its narrow grooves. He could devise a constitution that would serve theoretically until Napoleon had given it iron. But in spite of his position, to be avoided aroused the feminine in him. He ran after Napoleon.

And still Napoleon affected an indifference. And when the abbé's eagerness showed itself all too plainly on his parchment face lined with innumerable wrinkles as thin as drawn wire, the general said to Lucien:

"Now you may bring him to your house. I, by chance, shall be there."

It fell out as planned; and Sieyès broached his constitution, also the little *coup d'état*. Napoleon showed just the right amount of detached

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interest. Affairs were in bad shape, the Directors inept, he admitted. Yes, a strong hand was needed to support the statecraft of the abbé. "Why not Moreau? Or is he too dilatory? Bernadotte, Augereau, if they were not so hot-headed."

"Yourself, general," said Sieyès, in an agitated whisper, quite as if no one but himself had thought of it before.

"You flatter me, abbé; but I will not be your man, nor any man's man. It must be the voice of France that speaks."

"Who can doubt that?" said the abbé; then he paused as he wondered just what that meant. But Napoleon merely answered, "I shall think it over."

Meanwhile he said little about the abbé's pet constitution except in praise, not, however, committing himself on any specified points. Later he would put in the blood and iron, when he was in the saddle. So he left Sieyès, like John the Baptist, to prepare the way. Completely deceived, the statesman lined up his conspirators in the Council of the Assembly, the Council of the Ancients, and that of the Five Hundred.

Napoleon had another suggestion when the abbé sought him out again —with Lucien.

"You need," he said, "a new president in the lower chamber, some one of known republican principles, no erratic Jacobin and eloquent, also fiery, since the members are all young men." He did not glance at brother Lucien as he spoke; nevertheless the thought was conveyed. Brother Lucien was made president of the Council of the Five Hundred.

Now there were conferences with Fouché. Still Napoleon stalked the boards, like Cincinnatus, firm in his integrity and love of country. The wily Fouché was not fooled by this apparent indifference; but it paid him to appear to be fooled.

"They say, general, that you are the man."

"Not I," replied Napoleon. "It is Sieyès's mess. But it would pay you, Fouché, to side with them. If he doesn't succeed, some one else will. Your portfolio might become permanent."

The sandy-haired death's-head had his answer. The police could be counted on.

Talleyrand too. He had been minister of foreign affairs; had lost the office because of his peculations, particularly a round two hundred thousand dollars he had got from the envoys of the American republic. But he was invaluable.

"You are necessary to save France," vouchsafed the general; "the king-pin of the new government."

"The king-pin's king-pin," replied Talleyrand, taking snuff.

"Possibly," replied Napoleon, looking a little annoyed. "But I can think of less distinguished and— less lucrative offices!" And this time, too, nobody was fooled.

Cambacérès, Lebrun, Caulaincourt, it was found, could also be counted on; and Admiral Bruix of the Marines, and most of the ranking generals of the army. Only Lefebvre, Bernonville, and Bernadotte in especial, held aloof, despite the most diplomatic soundings-out and advances. Thus Sieyès and his two brothers reported; so Napoleon himself undertook the work, with great

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discretion and apparent casualness. In vain; Bernadotte did not want to be "permanent" minister of war. "Evidently," remarked Talleyrand, "he wants to be that king-pin of which I am to be king-pin." Bernadotte was *not* acquainted with the plot.

But it was all ticklish business, this stealing a government, so ticklish, in fact, that Talleyrand and Napoleon, two nights before the event, had quite a scare. They were seated in the former abbé's study when suddenly they heard shouts without and a pounding at the door. Discovery? Arrest? Again the guillotine? Talleyrand blanched though he preserved his smile. Napoleon did not blanch, but he felt none too comfortable. They snuffed the candles, stole to the window. *Bah!* a crowd of rowdies around a broken-down carriage! The cause was saved, but Napoleon was chagrined. It was too much like burlesque. He had appeared to better advantage on the battle-field.

So the day set, the eighteenth of Brumaire (appropriately named the month of fog) arrived. In the Council of the Ancients, Sieyès had his men in hand, and Lucien his in the Council of the Five Hundred. It was a great moment for Lucien!

Also Fouché had his police stationed at critical points in the purlieus, while several army battalions lounged on their muskets in the environs of the palace. Others, too, were near at hand. Not to-day would the Sections march on the Tuileries; the odds were too hopeless. Besides they knew little of what was afoot. None the less the resolution was introduced and passed, the resolution to move the seat of government away from the "hysterical populace of Paris to the safer sanctuary of St.-Cloud"! General Bonaparte was directed to command the escorting troops; and the Directors were caught napping.

Meantime Napoleon had risen, long before the sun. He had issued an innocent invitation, the night before, to a number of the generals to take an early breakfast with him in the morning. Already several were here, Murat, Lannes, and the loyal conspirators in the preponderant majority, but also a few of the disaffected. Bernadotte, a tall *Béarnais* with a complexion as swarthy as a Moor's, and a raven lock of hair falling over his coal-black eyes, had gone upstairs, by special invitation, to his chief's study. The rest basked in the radiance of Madame la Générale's smile.

"You, General Lefebvre here; General Bernonville there, *s'il vous plaît;* and General Bourrienne by my side." So, like a true helpmeet, she placed the reluctant.

"General Bernadotte will be down directly. He is up with *le général en chef* in his cabinet." Then, aside to Bourrienne: "See if you can't bring them down. He can do nothing with him." Which was as much as to say, she might.

Ascending the stairs, he could hear his chief hectoring the fiery Moor.

"Why," came that rapid voice, "are you not in uniform?"

"I only wear my uniform when I am on duty," in sullen tones.

"*Que diable!* You shall have duty enough this morning!" and to Bourrienne as he opened the door, "He might as well have come in slippers!"

He composed himself, however,

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when later they sat down at the table; and so agreeable was Napoleon, so delightful Josephine's throaty voice, with its modulations as sweetly variable as the undulations of her body, that the disgruntled generals did not notice that many officers had been arriving, also many civic celebrities. The entry outside, the staircase, were crowded, and they had overflowed into the little garden.

Suddenly Bernadotte discovered it, and rising to his full height—a splendid figure of a man—at the same time upsetting his coffee, he exclaimed:

"Ah! I see it all now. This military club meeting is the cover for another *coup d'état!*"

"No matter, general," said Josephine, trying her best to be helpful. "It will come out. What a good thing it isn't your uniform!"

And now Napoleon was speaking, with all the old impetuous vibrance the Moor remembered from many a battle-field.

"If so, what of it, Citizen General? But no, we will away with the if. Our cards lie on the table. This morning we ride to establish a new government. France has too long been the prey of spoilers."

"That, I do not admit," responded the sullen Moor.

At once there was a hubbub from Junot, Murat, all the loyal aides, who growled angrily as they surrounded Bernadotte.

"Silence!" and their chief's eyes blazed. "I will handle this situation, gentlemen." Then he softened, wore once more his old smile, with its charm not untouched with melancholy and reproach.

"Bernadotte, my old comrade, you served under me in Italy. Think—remember! Then when you have recalled the dangers we have shared together, throw in your fortunes with us for France!"

The Moor remained silent.

"You will desert us then? But the army is with me. See for yourself." And seizing his little round hat and greatcoat, he strode into the garden to a salvo of cheers.

"You see, Bernadotte? Others trust me. Why not you and you, Lefebvre, and Bernonville? Ah, excellent, Lefebvre. I knew you would not desert me at the pinch."

So, surrounded on all sides by the loyal staff, Bernadotte shrugged his shoulders and yielded in so far as to promise "to await events" at the Rue Rocher with Joseph, as Bonaparte had adroitly suggested.

And just as this last and most formidable enemy was removed, into the garden bright with late blooming flowers and the gay uniforms, came the messengers of the Assembly.

"*Citoyen le Général en Chef*, the Council of Ancients requests your presence to take the oath and escort them to the Palace of St.-Cloud."

∾

The play was on; and, at the cue, Murat's dragoons rode up the street, brave in their array of green coats, white epaulets, and shining casques with red pompoms, gilt chin-straps, and black mare's-tail plumes streaming in the crisp morning breeze.

The citizens of Paris, now on their way to work, had seldom seen, even at a review, so many famous soldiers gathered together. There were exclamations of astonishment, but many more cheers, particularly for the little man at the head, as the

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bright cavalcade clattered and jangled over the cobbles to the Carrousel and the palace of the kings.

Into this Napoleon strode quite as he had into his garden; and his stride had the effect of a possessive pronoun. But smile as you might at some pompous action, one never smiled in his face. And the Ancients in the Salle de la Liberté did not smile as he mounted the tribune, facing the crescents of green-draped seats, the marble pillars and bronze capitals, the semicircle of boxes, and the towering statue of Liberty at the end of the hall. And no one caught, between statue and conqueror, the least sign of a wink.

His oath was more successful than his speech which followed, for in taking it he adroitly managed to avoid swearing fealty to the old constitution, which freed his conscience from embarrassment. His speech struck no one favorably. Now, his sentences on the field of battle had a most compelling sonority; to the ambassadors of Montebello and the beys of Cairo he had spoken with suavity and pith; but this morning his vague exposition, generalities about liberty and death, was something of a jumble; and too much of staccato crept into his tones. Perhaps an unreceptive audience was to blame; with conspirators and latter-day Jacobins watching each other, all this oratory seemed a waste of time. But then the tribune was a new experience for him; and even the most exalted genius can be afflicted with stage-fright. At any rate, when he had finished, he was chagrined; and since he never did anything badly without wanting to try it again, when he caught sight of Bottot, as he left the hall, he decided to use the poor fellow as a text.

This Bottot was the envoy of the Directors—in particular, Barras's tool—and none of the Directors was at hand. Barras was at home, fearing the end. Too much dalliance had sent a slow paralysis creeping into his brain; and he was trying feebly to shave himself. Gohier and Moulin were consoling each other, somewhere, over coffee; Ducos did not matter; since he was Sieyès's man; and Sieyès himself, wanting to make a good appearance when he rode in triumph by Bonaparte's side—or, rather, a little ahead—was practising horsemanship in the Bois. So Napoleon, standing on the steps leading from the courtyard into the palace, poured the vials of France's wrath (and his own) against these unjust stewards—the Directors—on poor Bottot's head.

"What have you done"—so his voice rang through the court—"with this France so brilliant when I intrusted her to your care? I left you in peace; I return and find you at war. I left you victories, and I come back to hear of defeat. I left you the millions of Italy, and I see spoliation and misery everywhere"—and so on; it was much better than the speech from the tribune. Here, before those casques and shakoes and the fringing crowd, he was on his native heath. And his voice could carry; it rang through the courts, and the walls seemed to echo it and the cheers, as he left poor Bottot, mounted his splendid black, and rode up and down the ranks adding other indictments in like strain.

Then the resignations came in—forced, of course, but none the less

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resignations—from Moulin and Gohier. When Talleyrand brought in Barras's, Napoleon's personal triumph seemed complete. He seldom cherished grudges, but he had never forgiven Barras; and now the old rake had paid.

That night and the next day were anxious times for Letizia, with two of her sons at St.-Cloud. Even an eight-year-old child had memories of the Terror. One false step, and Lucien and Napoleon might account to the guillotine. More than ever, as she sat by the window, waiting for news, did the game seem scarce worth the candle. And, indeed, on the following day, things did not come off so well.

Behind the peaceful gray walls of the old château, set in its placid park, the Ancients had gathered in the Hall of Apollo; the younger Five Hundred, with brother Lucien as president, in the orangery, overlooking the flower-beds. Now, with the suspense, the conspirators among these legislators began to grow faint of heart; and the Jacobins were fast assuming the upper hand. Still, Lucien was happy. He was no longer sitting on a wine-barrel, shooing rats and signing vouchers. He had been right in throwing up Napoleon's jobs. To-day his brother would see.

Upstairs, suspicious eyes were on Napoleon—Bourrienne, his secretary, Minister of Police Fouché, and Talleyrand—all for him at the time, because of their own precious careers, yet secretly resentful of his domination and eager to find the fatal flaw at which they might sneer in private and thus reward him for the honors they received at his hands. Still, he had need of them, so perhaps it was all a fair trade.

And they thought they saw ground for their suspicions. There was no denying that the little general was nervous. It was not cold, yet he kept on his greatcoat and warmed his hands at the fire. They talked this over afterward; also they decided that somewhat mumbled was his third speech, made to the Ancients, who sat, scarce knowing where they were, with the Directory dissolved and nothing yet to take its place.

He may have felt trepidation, but he never faltered when, after the speech to the upper chamber, he left for the orangery and, cries of "Outlaw him!" "Down with him!" "Dictator!" followed him down the stairs. Into the orangery, now in an uproar, he plunged direct, with only three at his side. He was surrounded, pulled about, then struck by some one's fist. Slight of frame, he was dragged by the taller togas this way and that—struck again; blood flowed from his cheek. He tried to speak—in vain—nothing could be heard above the clamor, not even old Augereau's bellow demanding a vote, or Lucien striving to quell the disorder and reach his brother's side. There was nothing to do but retreat; and out to his troops he went, where Junot, Leclerc, Murat, waited, eager for a try at those red togas.

"Pale," decided Bourrienne, taking a mental note for his diary. Perhaps Napoleon was, and with blood on his cheek, but his first thought was not for himself. He sent a squad of dragoons in to rescue brother Lucien.

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"He hesitates," again noted his secretary. However, Napoleon was thinking fast. It would have been easy to mount his horse and order his troopers in; but though parliamentary procedure could no longer be observed, he wanted to preserve a semblance—for bulletins and for history. So he waited for Lucien, who now appeared.

"Address them, Lucien, in your official capacity. Joachim"—he turned to Murat—"get him a horse."

The bold Lucien needed no cue. Leaping on the borrowed steed, he rode down the ranks.

"I, as president of the Council of Five Hundred, assure you that the majority of the Assembly live in constant terror of ruffians, who with daggers prevent the course of legislation and threaten us with death. These assassins do not represent the people of France but violence and the guillotine."

He would have said more; but his voice was swallowed up in the roar that greeted a little man who now made his appearance, with his round hat down over his forehead, a torn sash, and blood on his cheek. That blood was sacred, a crimson banner to the soldiers. "*Vive mon général!*" "The Little Corporal!" "Remember Arcola!" "They have tried to kill him. We shall kill them to the last man!"

He held up his hand, signaled to Murat, and the bugle sounded. Then a surge-like movement in the ranks, and the grenadiers were across the court and up the steps. Bayonets pricked the now twilit spaces of the halls—also the breeches under the red togas of the Jacobin senators. Off came the red cloaks; they huddled in a corner; while, below, the dispersed Jacobins of the Five Hundred tumbled out of the windows of the orangery on to the flower-beds.

The drama had been turned into a kind of burlesque. Still, that was to be expected. But now promptly he turned it to drama again, for Lucien assembled a rump parliament; and the new government was declared, with Bonaparte, Roger Ducos, and Sieyès as provisional consuls. Afterward an election was declared; and poor cat's-paw Sieyès was left out in the cold, Lebrun and Cambacérès being returned, with Napoleon as first consul for ten years. And he sat down to the making of some reactionary, but many more wise and enlightened, laws.

So he became the first man, Josephine the first lady, in France, and, so many thought, the first in all the world. The referendum at the election had been cleverly put. Still, since more than three million of these who were qualified to vote were for him and only fifteen hundred and sixty against—Lafayette and Bernadotte making it exactly 1562—he had some slight ground for suspecting that he knew what the people wanted, that he was the people's choice.

With the new century he and Josephine took over the old residence of the kings.

(To be continued)

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FAREWELL TO GREAT ACTORS

There Is One Glory of the Sun, and Another Glory of the Moon

JAMES AGATE

MY DIFFICULTY is not to appear ungracious. How, with the vivid recollection of so many exquisite modern performances, can I declare the present-day stage barren of great actor or actress? First let me define "exquisite." Some little time ago the "Warratonga Walloper," an influential organ of Australian opinion, complained in its review of one of my little books of dramatic judgments, which had unexpectedly crossed the seas, that the excessive adulation of modern actors gave one particular Walloper the gravest doubts. Could modern English acting be really as good as all this extravagance came to? Well, I plead guilty to having liked a great deal of modern English acting. And will my judges take into account, please, that if a critic is to fill two columns of a newspaper every Sunday in the year, he must, hang it all, like something. It has often amused me to note how some of my colleagues slate play after play, finding none to their taste. I suggest that the dramatic critic who in twelve solid months has found nothing to praise ought to abandon dramatic criticism, since it is obvious that the modern theater is not for him. The kind of critic that I have in mind dislikes a play of epigrammatic noblemen and swooning duchesses because it does not "touch life." Present him with a piece set in a grocer's shop in Paddington, and he will ask who is to take delight in the petty and the sordid? Now a little of this, taken in small daily doses, is easily swallowed; nobody troubles to coördinate Monday's, Tuesday's, Wednesday's single platter of disgust. But you cannot serve up a whole meal of dispraise. "Is the man never going to like anything?" the layman cannot help asking. That is the reason why, each week, one has to put the thing one has liked best at the top, actually and figuratively. When one says that Miss Smith's *Juliet* is exquisite and Mr. Jones's *Othello* superb, one means that these performances have attained maximum excellence, given the amount of exquisiteness and superbness in a lesser world. Let us have an analogy, fatal though such things usually are. I suppose you could dredge the dictionary and not find a superlative which the batting of Hobbs, the cricketer, has not provoked. Yet has our premier batsman, in twenty years of marled wickets and the course of his hundred and odd centuries, stopped as many shooters as the old man had to negotiate in the course of a single score of three hun-

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dred? Give me the wicket of the sixties, and with luck I'll sneak one past Jack's defense myself, whereas catapults could hardly prevail against "W. G." Yes, cricket has shrunk since Grace, and great acting has declined since the days of Siddons.

What is it, then, which constitutes the great actor? I am not going to weary the reader with a long philosophic treatise; but we may put it, I suggest, something like this. A player may possess every imaginable quality of mind and temperament, yet these will be unavailing if he have the mendicant's whine or the crossing-sweeper's cringe. On the other hand the noblest bearing and a voice like a church organ will not avail the actor who wants temperament. A great actor must possess, therefore, not only the temperament but all those physical attributes which make of the body a perfect instrument for the conveyance of genius. Let me give an example of what I mean. There is a quality which all actors know as "tears in the voice." This is a purely physical matter. Nature either gives the actor this quality or withholds it, no amount of study enabling him to encompass it, though a working simulation may sometimes be achieved. An actor who does not possess this faculty may drench his private soul with tears, weep bucketfuls inside as it were, but he will not move his audience. On the other hand, an actor who is so fortunate as to be endowed by Nature with this gift can achieve most heartrending effects of pathos though his mind remain as dry as Sahara. I remember sitting at supper opposite a well-known player and saying something nice to him about his performance in a highly emotional part. "Oh, that's nothing," he said; "anybody can cry. Wait till I've swallowed this bit of toast and I'll show you." Having swallowed it, he collected himself for a second and began: "Eyes, look your last! Arms, take your last embrace!" And before he had got to *Romeo's* "sea-sick weary bark" the tears were rolling down his cheeks and splashing into his soup. Paul Mounet is said to have bettered this by crying over the quotations on the Paris Bourse.

But the mechanical gift does not make the great actor, neither can that actor be great who lacks the mechanical gift. There is a good deal of luck about the business, therefore; luck in the sense that if you are Garrick and Kean, Talma and Salvini and John Barrymore rolled into one, a squint will still ruin you. Godlike apprehension cannot survive a harelip. A *Romeo* who has to look up to a *Juliet* when they are both on the ground floor, a *Macbeth* who should say "dearest chuck!" to a giantess capable of chucking him out of the window—these will be merely absurd. In the old days the critic went over an actor as a horse-dealer goes over a horse. Was he sound in wind and limb, was his cast of features noble, his voice agreeable and his manner imposing? Satisfied on these essential points, he asked to see the fellow act, just as the buyer, pleased with his animal on the floor, asks to see him trot. But does the modern critic appraise the modern actor so? And if he dared, would his editor print him? And in any case what view would a jury take of it? May I safely declare that Miss A.

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has a cast in one eye, that Miss B. has a mean mouth, that Miss C.'s figure is dumpish, that Miss D. waddles? No. Yet we need not look beyond these elementary reasons to know why we have not in England to-day a really great actress. Henry Irving was nearly a great actor because if Danish Hamlet, English Charles, and French Louis were not each exactly like Henry Irving, then so much the worse, one felt, for the three of them. He imposed a romantic, flamboyant, and overpowering personality upon each and every part. Yet critics of the day insisted, and rightly insisted, that this actor cut up verse like *Mr. Jingle*, that in moments of passion his voice rose to a scream; and then, of course, there were the legs! Yet if not a tragedian, Irving as a melodramatic actor ranked with Lemaître, whose murderers—I would go to the stake for it—cannot have exceeded the Englishman's in their power to terrify. But that Irving, with his physical disabilities, could have been the equal of Kean or Talma, I cannot believe. There is no player, man or woman, on the legitimate stage to-day, with the possible exception of Mrs. Campbell, who has sufficient personality, magnetism—call the quality what you will—to make the great actor or actress. Nobody living, except Lauder and Chaplin—and that is why I was so careful to use the word "legitimate"—can "fill a doorway." Arthur Symons tells us that when Sarah was about to appear one had an "obscure sensation of peril, such as one feels when the lioness leaps into the cage, on the other side of the bars." Irving had this power, and so too had Mrs. Patrick Campbell. At her best, in her great days, you knew her for a great actress before she opened her mouth. In this sense Bernhardt, Irving, Janet Achurch, and Mrs. Pat are the only "great" players upon whom it has been my privilege to set eyes.

Here one would say something on the old question as to whether the actor who subdues his part to the romantic splendor of his own personality is as great an actor as the player who can abstract his own personality and build himself up into a new man with each new part. Is the "great" actor really an actor at all? How shall we rate Coquelin, whose disguises as *Monsieur Jourdain* and *Cyrano* would have defeated Scotland Yard? Or Tree, each of whose metamorphoses had a separate finger-print? Or Laurence Irving, who could be more Japanese than the Japanese, yet made the perfect English justice of Shakspere's time? Or Matheson Lang, who can ruffle it with the Borgias or take tea with Celestials? Or Martin Harvey, whose *Burgomaster* is as far from his *Pelléas* as dwellers upon earth are from people on the moon. Or Frank Cellier, who can fill both the mental and the physical eye with his *Falstaff*, yet dwindle to a *Peter Quince* whose skin hangs about shrunk limbs? To my mind this is superb *miming*, and, unless something of the heroic quality of the great actor accompanies it, not of very much finer accomplishment than the "protean" actor who presents—God save us—*Uriah Heep* with the aid of a red wig and *Micawber* by means of a cardboard dome. But the "great" actor

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must have some admixture of the mime. A pair of legs and a voice will not bring us to the end of both *Coriolanus* and *Shylock*. The point is one which every playgoer must decide for himself. Would you rather say, "Here's that splendid actor again; I wonder what character he's supposed to be this time?" or, "That's the best *Mercutio* or *Torvald Helmer* I've ever seen; I wonder who the actor is?" My own feeling is that the heroic "swell of soul" is only to be obtained in the first category. To give maximum point and beauty to *Hamlet's* soliloquies, even in your own person, is a greater thing, surely, than to gum a beard on to a downless chin, or play the lover at ninety. Each performance may be a hundred per cent efficient; the comparison to be instituted is not between the achievement but between the things attempted. A perfect fifteen-hand roadster will always beat a perfect thirteen-hand pony, and in art we may equally well say "a good big 'un will always beat a good little 'un."

I am not going to pretend that the great actor is not sometimes led by his own romantic splendor into some mighty queer difficulties. He can never be, or allow himself to pretend to be, at anything less than maximum magnificence. He must inhabit the mountain-top and may not condescend to the slopes. He is the sun at high noon, and in his world it can never be four o'clock. His smallest offerings take on the air of princely largess, and if he has a trifling favor to ask, he will bend a princely knee. He will even carry this into his private life, in Elliston's manner. There is a wicked story about our noblest actor and an invitation to lunch. The guest invited said he could come. "God bless you," replied our nearest approach to a tragedian in his deepest voice, and with the unction of Charles I on the scaffold taking leave of Bishop Juxon. It is the same with actresses. Take Mrs. Campbell's *Hedda Gabler* and compare Ibsen's stage-directions for the presentment of this under-sexed, Northern heroine with Mrs. Campbell's temperamental Southern beauty. *Hedda's* steel-gray eyes "express a cold, unruffled repose"; whereas Mrs. Campbell's blazing orbs are the twin craters of a volcanic temperament never less than ruffled and knowing nothing about repose. *Hedda's* hair is "of an agreeable medium brown, but not particularly abundant." Compare our beauty's raven locks, the aura of some flaunting Gipsy. Could *that* Hedda have endured *Tesman* with his fearsome slippers? Would she not have thrown them at *Tesman's* silly head and herself at handsome unscrupulous *Judge Brack?* Yes, Mrs. Pat's *Hedda* would have quickly shaken Christiania's dust off her shoes, affirming, good female *Coriolanus* that she was, the existence of a world elsewhere. This *Hedda* was a glorious performance by one who could never by any possibility be or look Ibsen's heroine. But, frankly, I would rather see a play spoiled by Mrs. Pat than made by a lesser actress. After all, one can go home and read the play for one's self.

The bigger is greater than the less, and, conversely, a thick ear is among the minor shocks that flesh is heir to. If it were not so, then Sir Gerald du Maurier could be ranked with the biggest of the shining ones who have

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used their stardom to eclipse their parts. Like those others, du Maurier is a king of infinite space; it is the range of character portrayed which must to-day be confined within the nutshell. A sort of hypernaturalism has become this realist's god, in comparison with which loyalty to the old *optique du théâtre* is to qualify for Partridge's admiration. Yet Kemble, who was always Kemble, ruled the world; and it is to modern preference for *Raffles* over *Richard* that the kingdom of the later actor owes its shrinkage. Du Maurier has been playing *Raffles* or its equivalent for twenty years, and will, one trusts, go on giving us that exquisite impenitent grace for another twenty. This artist's virtuosity may be a cadenza upon one note, but it is a fine cadenza, finely played.

If the grand school of acting has passed away, another has succeeded. The age is now definitely that of the intellectual actor, of the player who *is* rather than the player who *does*. Earlier on I used a cricket simile which I knew to be unsound. The unsoundness consisted in this, that the modern actor's wicket is a hundred times more difficult than that of his compeer of a hundred years ago. To be *Gregers Werle* or the *Rev. James Mavor Morell* is, in a different way, as big a thing as to spout *Coriolanus;* to argue every inch of the journey to the stake with *Joan* is as vital as to curl up on a Louis Quinze sofa with *Marguérite Gautier* and die of consumption. What, one may ask, would Kean have made of *John Gabriel Borkman*, or Macready of Pirandello's *Henry IV?* Miss Sybil Thorndike and Miss Edith Evans may not be "great" actresses, but what would Mrs. Siddons have made of *Claire* in "The Verge," or Mrs. Bracegirdle of the *Serpent* in "Back to Methuselah?"

One would even say that the age is for the intellectual play as well as for the intellectual player if the current of taste were not at the same time moving just as obviously in the opposite direction. One may ask pertinently here how far the critics are responsible for, or can affect, public taste in drama. The answer is simply that they do not affect it, never have affected it, and never can affect it. A nation which should choose its theater-going according to its dramatic critics would be an intelligent nation, and it has been sufficiently pointed out that we are not Germany. "Thank God!" we add. But can it be doubted that if Germany had won the war the builders would by now have been putting the slates on the Memorial Theater at Stratford, and the State Theater in Trafalgar Square would have been opened by an august personage on a white charger?

Who, let us ask, takes criticism seriously? It cannot be the actors, since they take no notice of it at all. "Criticism?" said the leading lady in the musical comedy. "Who the hell wants criticism? Praise and plenty of it is good enough for me." And even when you praise actors it appears that you don't praise them enough. Hector Berlioz tells the story of an opera singer about whom one of my profession said that her eyes resembled Vega and Aldebaran, her hair the Coal-Sack in the Milky Way, her waist the belt of Orion, and her voice the Heavenly Choir.

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"Fool," she said, "clumsy fool! He can't even write!" At a dinner at the O. P. Club I sat next to a lady upon whose trim ankles the English public have showered more applause than they ever accorded to the genius of Duse. "Of course," she said, "I never read all that stuff you write about the piece. All I look at is the bit at the end where you say how good I am."

Does the public take criticism seriously? You may consider the public in two ways. You may divide it into two sexes, or into people who have money and people who haven't. Let us take the question of sex first, realizing that three fourths of every audience is feminine, and at matinées nine tenths. Is it not true, as Mr. Ben Levy says in "This Woman Business," that woman is "impervious in the mass to ideals"—and I would add ideas—also that she is "a confused thinker, at once cynical and sentimental, and unable to appreciate where the personal element is lacking?" That is a damning indictment. It is quite sufficiently answered later on in the play when Woman justifies her position in the whole scheme of things by the mere statement that she is the mother of the human race. But I am not concerned about the position of Woman in the general scheme; what bothers me is her influence in the theater. And there I think that it is perfectly true that she is impervious to ideas and unable to appreciate where the personal element is lacking. I remember lunching with a man of science and his charming wife. We were discussing some abstract question, I forget what—something about purpose and design in the protoplasm or the survival of personality in the amœba. I turned to my hostess and asked for her opinion. She replied: "I don't think like that at all. I never can think about anything abstract. All I am thinking about now is a tall thin man in a blue suit talking nonsense to a short stout man in a brown suit." Women in the theater are like that. They are incapable of seeing through the charm and talent of an actor or actress to the idiocy of the play beneath. Now, criticism is less than half concerned with any particular actor or actress. The player is transient, the drama permanent. Therefore the critic, being more deeply interested in the play than the player, devotes most of his attention to the former. And the woman reader who has spent the evening wondering whether she would look as nice as Miss Gladys Cooper if she possessed her frocks cannot understand what the poor fool in the morning paper is bleating about.

Then take the case of Valentino. What was the reason of this film actor's extraordinary success? The question has baffled even Mr. James Douglas, who normally can rhapsodize over anything and everything, from prize guinea-pigs to yesterday's sentimental disemboweler of his paramour. Yet Mr. Douglas does not know, and cannot find out, what it was that women saw in this "rather commonplace and ordinary young man who looked ridiculous in plus fours." To the male way of thinking, Valentino looked ridiculous in whatever he wore, plus or minus, toreador's cloak or the dirty blanket of a sheik. No costume could, to

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masculine eyes, conceal the Soho waiter. This movie star had neither the genius of a Chaplin, the charm of a Barthelmess, nor even the virility of a Fairbanks. What, then, was his secret? The secret lay not in Valentino but in the women who themselves registered the emotions he was supposed to express. Women of all classes, from the duchess downward, adored him. Whenever a Valentino *première* was announced, the most expensive cars lined the street, showing that our feminine betters equally with their worsers adored the foreign mountebank. For Valentino the actor they cared nothing, for Valentino the man, everything. The average woman, applauding John Barrymore, does not care whether he is playing *Hamlet* or *Sydney Carton:* her heart tells her that Jack is a far, far better-looker than she has ever known.

One would definitely say that what, in the cant phrase, is "wrong with the theater" is the preponderance of women in the audience until one remembers the men. When I think of what my sex likes in the theater I declare I cannot find it in my heart to blame the other. Indeed it seems to me that this division into sexes is a foolish one, and that we must fall back upon our other subdivision, that of money or no money. There I must lay down an axiom, which is that people with money have no esthetic intelligence, and conversely that those possessed of artistic feeling never have any money. There is no reason why this should be so any more than there is any reason why Mount Everest should be so many thousand feet high and the Pacific Ocean so many hundred feet deep. It just *is* so. Bloomsbury is crammed with intelligent people starving in garrets. Mayfair is full of millionaires bursting with food and drink, driving down to the theater in Rolls-Royces, and smoking cigars rather longer than the prize asparagus which they have just devoured. And when was understanding given to men of money? The expensive people may be seen at any first night of any play at a West End theater. But on the night of a *première* at the Old Vic, is the Waterloo Road thronged with Chryslers? No. The intellectual drama in England is supported by people who can with difficulty support themselves. The rich we have always with us, and so long as we have the rich we shall have rubbish. Let not the reader think that he will defeat my general argument by telling me of some individual millionaire who has subscribed five shillings to a home for superannuated morris-dancers.

One of the chief characteristics of the age is the belief that enjoyment cannot exist at the same time as intellectual effort. The reason that the English theater still lags fifty years behind the English novel is that people dress for it. The Frenchman puts on evening-dress when he goes to funerals; the Englishman dons it when he sets out to enjoy himself. If Englishmen had made a habit of dressing before going into their libraries, Wells and Bennett must have starved. Never mind about swallowtails; a dinner-jacket does the trick.

However full the pit and gallery, empty stalls mean that a play must be taken off. It was the indifference

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of the stalls to "Much Ado About Nothing" which drove Mr. Ainley from Shakspere to Sheikspere. All that can be said about the lower classes is that they are low; the pathetic thing about the upper classes is that they are lower still.

One of the critic's greatest difficulties is to put himself at the point of view of the man who goes to the theater once a month and desires only "a good time." Whether the critic ought to take that standpoint into account is debatable; the important fact is that it cannot be his standpoint. The critic is too often sick to death of the whole wearisome business of theater-going, sick of the same cloak-room crush, the same inhuman first-night audience, the same foul atmosphere, the same foolish play. He wants to see the curtain come down, not go up. Then, tastes in the theater differ so enormously, as indeed they have every right to differ. I remember, one night during the war, overhearing a party of young men also on leave discussing what play they should visit after dinner. They mentioned this theater and that, arguing long and vigorously but without coming to any agreement. So I approached the group and said: "Gentlemen, I have listened to your discussion. Let me ask you something. Do you want to see a play of great spirituality and noble meaning, couched in fine, nervous English, and likely to send you to your beds better men?"

"Good God, no!" replied the most ardent spirit. "There's a war on."

"Very well, then," I replied; "go and see 'The Bing Boys.'" They went, and I have no doubt that the recollection of that bright revue helped them through many a dark hour.

Again it should be remembered that many playgoers are as completely devoid of the esthetic sense as I am of any taste for engineering. Throughout all my cycling days I never managed to learn how to mend a puncture. When the tire went down I wheeled the thing to the nearest railway station. Now if I am in a car that breaks down I leave it in the ditch and walk. I am not, please God, the meaner creature for knowing nothing about plugs, sparking or otherwise. Why should I despise the honest stock-broker who cares nothing for the principles of drama and frankly finds Mr. Travers's tame cuckoo more exciting than Ibsen's wild duck? It so happens that I know nothing about bulls and bears, the best of my speculations approximating to ducks and drakes. Why, in any liberal view, must I be a godlike creature and my clever stock-broker an imbecile? It is my privilege to know a captain of industry whose brain controls the destinies of the greater part of a million of men. He told me quite frankly that, if he had his way, there would be no waiting for St. Paul's to fall down. "I should pull it down!" he said. I asked him with what he would replace it. "Sky-scrapers for insurance companies," he answered, "or just warehouses!" The Greeks had no sense of the past and invented whatever history they wanted. For them the present and the beauty of art sufficed. My business friend slakes his spiritual thirst in the materialism of the moment and his efforts to improve upon it. He thinks

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that in his next incarnation he may be a cog in a machine and hopes only that the machine will not be a Ford motor-car. He is a brilliant mathematician, a first-class bridge player, a sound motorist, and kind to children. His outlook on the theater is, shall I say, pitiful. He adores Ralph Lynn and has never heard of Salvini. Nor does he want to hear of him. "A live dog is better than a dead lion," was his way of crushing my protest, "particularly when he's an amusing dog."

A very clever Harley Street specialist confided to me that he didn't like the theater because he found it too intellectual. "It can't get low enough for my taste," he said.

"Not even in Shaftesbury Avenue?" I asked.

"Not even in Shaftesbury Avenue." So I asked him what his idea of a good entertainment might be. "Every evening after dinner," he replied, "I devote half an hour to the latest medical treatise, and then settle down to a good read."

"And what is that?"

"I like what the school-boys call 'a blood,'" he replied. "I like a hero who is made to walk the plank but takes such a header that he dives clear of the ship's keel in time to snatch a princess from the jaws of a shark. Together they swim to a neighboring coral-reef, where the hero discovers that the pearl necklace round the princess's neck is worth a king's ransom. Next morning they are rescued by Admiral Sir Frobisher Drake, who has recognized his nephew through his spy-glass; in the afternoon the chaplain performs the wedding ceremony; and before nightfall they run in with the pirate, whom they hang from his own yard-arm. I can't get enough of books like that, and that sort of play isn't written."

Both these friends of mine "know what they like," and it is they and their kind who are the biggest nuisance to the critic. If they were to rule, then Shakspere, Ibsen, Chekhov, Shaw, and all our young hopefuls would be forever silent. No theater would by law be allowed to produce any piece except on the lines of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" or "No, No, Nanette." People like my friends hinder the theater, but it may be that the theater helps them. And, taking a sufficiently wide view, may it not be that the theater at best is only a means toward brightening existence and that, as they used to say, Life is a bigger thing than Art? There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon. There is the harmony of the major stars and the twinkling melody of the minor. But let not many exquisite twilit evenings with modern players deter me from bidding farewell to the sun, which I fear, alas, will not rise again in my time. As I say good-bye, a theater gossip tells me that an admirable player whose *Othello* placed him in the class of "great" actors is to appear in musical comedy. Now, the age which applauded Macready would not have tolerated that, and it would have shown its intolerance in the best possible way. It would have gone to see Macready's *Othello*. It was "The Belle of New York" that sounded the death-knell of the great actor. For players must live, and even the greatest get tired of casting pearls . . . But I must not be rude to my bread and butter.

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THE GARGOYLE

FRANK SWINNERTON

MILLICENT thought she had never seen such an ugly young man. He was not only ugly in a passive way, as many men are; but he had a grotesque, gargoyle-like face, and it was further distorted by an expression of great cheerfulness and good nature. A large nose that was slightly awry, a large mouth, a queer-shaped skull, beaming eyes, and nearly six feet of solid-looking flesh—such was Mr. Domayne. He advanced into the drawing-room, grinning (she felt) at her surprise, at that slight ruffling of temper which she could not wholly suppress in contemplating so odd a stranger; and Millicent resented everything about him. She resented his coming, and his happy ugliness and the air he had of being more at ease than she was herself; and worst of all she resented the fact that there was nothing really to resent about him at all. On the contrary.

"I'm sorry that my father is away," she remarked, trying to hide her annoyance. "He was called away unexpectedly by a telegram."

"Is that so?" answered the stranger, becoming serious. "I hope it's not bad news."

"We don't know yet. I don't expect so. Telegrams are always vague, aren't they? But we didn't know your address, and so we couldn't save you a useless journey."

"Ooh," said the Gargoyle reassuringly. He beamed afresh. Nothing, it seemed, could prevent him from beaming. "That's quite all right. Don't worry about me. I'll amuse myself easily. But I do want to see your father. He's promised to help me, you know."

"I know. You're writing a book, aren't you?" Millicent had a terrible fear that she was speaking to this man as if he were a slum child placed in her charge for twenty-four hours; but she *could not* alter her tone. She wished that Everard had been there to help her—Everard was her fiancé—but unfortunately Everard was never there when he was wanted. That was Everard's chief quality as a fiancé, indeed.

"I'm writing a book," agreed the Gargoyle, seriously, as if he were amused by Millicent. As if *she* were the child, and as if she were in *his* care. Ridiculous! Humiliating! She had never been more conscious of her two-and-twenty years, of the

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half-hoop of diamonds and sapphires which decorated the third finger of her left hand, of her five feet two inches of maturity.

"What will you do, then?" she asked. "Father, I think, suggested that you should stay with us; but—"

"Don't you trouble about that," answered the young man, grinning hideously and almost paternally, as if he were patting her hand and setting everything right. "I came down by motor-bike; and when I passed through the village I noticed a pretty little inn. The Crown, isn't it? I'll just get a room there, and come back, if I may, when Mr. Pearson returns."

"That would be . . ." began Millicent, with dignity. "Of course, I don't know how long . . . He might be away for *days* . . ."

"It wouldn't matter. The book I'm writing is about Roman remains in Britain, you know. Perhaps you *didn't* know? Well, your father is a great expert on the subject; and he's promised to read over some of my notes and discuss some theories of mine. It's a great privilege . . ."

"I know that Daddy . . ."

"He's the *greatest* authority. But meanwhile I can get about this part of the world. I mean, there are several places . . ."

"Of course, if I can *do* anything," Millicent said. "You've come such a long way."

"No. If you don't mind my calling to ask . . ."

He was on his feet. There was every indication that he considered their interview to be at an end. And then something fatal happened. It was not seen at the moment to be fatal, but that might be said of every small event in the world's history from which crises have developed. Annie—officious Annie, the Pearsons' maid of all work—dropped something tinkling in the passage outside the door, and a moment later came blundering into the room bearing the best tea-tray, upon which, like lightning, she must have set the best tea-things as soon as the stranger had been admitted.

"Oh!" said Millicent quickly. And then, confronted by Fate, she added: "You'll have a cup of tea, Mr. Domayne? After your long ride . . ."

The Gargoyle was again distorted by that recurrent smile. It became almost handsome with delight.

"There's nothing I should like better," exclaimed Mr. Domayne with enthusiasm. "Thank you."

Again Millicent had a sense that he was amused by her dignity. Nobody had ever before been so amused by her dignity; or by herself. But this ugly young man did not seem able to take her seriously. He was quite unlike Everard, who was never amused at anything she did. Everard *adored* her. It was nice to be adored. It was nicer to be adored than it was to be laughed at. With increased dignity, Millicent busied herself with the tea-tray.

"Sugar and milk?" she inquired. "Neither?"

It was four o'clock on midsummer day; and this old house lay in the heart of Sussex, amid scenery that was almost distractingly beautiful. For a wonder, midsummer day was radiantly fine. The sun shone hotly, and a fresh breeze stirred the leaves. Stirred, too, the tendrils of Millicent's fair hair, and fluttered about her soft cheeks. Blackbirds were

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warbling thoughtfully in the garden beyond the wide-open French windows; sparrows were chirping; a thrush was varying his note with all the well-known impatience of thrushes. The setting was ideal. The silences of this part of the world, which was seven miles from a main road and a station, and sixty-five miles from London, were miraculous in a noisy modern world. And tea at Rest Harrow was the kind of tea that one reads about in old-fashioned books, for the Pearsons were old-fashioned people. Millicent had not been to London more than a dozen times in her life. The fact was to be read in her pretty face with its delicious complexion, and in her ordinarily simple manners; but it handicapped her, she felt, in pouring out tea for a young man with a face like a gargoyle, about whom she knew nothing, and who seemed to regard her smilingly as a child of fourteen.

She passed Mr. Domayne his tea and then looked quellingly at him. She might have spared her pains. Nothing could quell such a young man. Even Everard's mother, the vicar's wife, who was frightfully freezing, could not have quelled him. He would have beamed at her too. How dearly Millicent wished that Daddy had been at home to talk to this young man! Daddy, or even Everard, who was so clever and so adoring, and who (she was confident) could talk to anybody about anything in the whole world, even Roman antiquities, because he was so learned and was so glad to put everybody right about what they did not understand.

Unconsciously, as she longed for the support of Everard in this present ordeal, Millicent sighed; and as she had just placed a piece of Annie's rich home-made currant cake in her mouth, a crumb flew instantly into her windpipe. Choking, she knocked against the folding table which bore the tray, and spilled her tea into the saucer and into the tray. Embarrassment upon embarrassment! Tears—not of grief or anger or shame, but of mere ignominious choking—started to her eyes. She was blinded, suffocated . . . She knew that the Gargoyle had jumped to his feet, that he had moved the folding table a little to one side, that with his pocket-handkerchief in his hand he stood ready to give any necessary assistance, from that involved in carrying her into the fresh air to that which went no farther than dabbing the stain on her dress with a motor-cyclist's pocket-handkerchief. The knowledge, and the dread of any application of that terrible handkerchief, made Millicent choke more than ever. Her face burned cruelly. Overwhelmed by mischance, she began quite definitely to dislike Mr. Domayne. She thought him officious, as well as ugly. She also thought of him as the cause of all her misfortunes. She was right in this; but worse was to follow.

For just as Millicent stood upright, quite scarlet in the face, resisting Mr. Domayne's hand, which pressed upon her the grimy handkerchief from which she shrank; just as the gargoyle face was near her own, beaming reassuringly, and with something in the eyes which looked like laughter; just as they must have looked the most extraordinary couple in the world, the oldest of friends, the

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newest of sweethearts, laughing and embarrassed; Millicent's prayer of a moment earlier was answered. It was answered too late, or too soon, to be of any use to her. It was answered at an excessively inopportune moment. Through the open French windows, suddenly, in silence, and with great precipitation, as if he had been running, came a young man.

"Everard!" cried Millicent gaspingly. And, as if that were not enough, she must needs add, "How you startled me!" Well, of course, that was the worst thing she could possibly have said. The words proceeded from a mind as flushed as her cheeks, which were as red as they could be.

Everard was younger than the Gargoyle. He was a year older than Millicent, whereas the Gargoyle looked as if he might be about twenty-eight. Everard was the vicar's son. He was extremely learned, for his age, but he did not look learned, and, in fact, he did not look his age. He had very round pink cheeks, and a little chin with a dimpling cleft in the center of it. He had a large mass of curly flaxen hair, and wonderfully red pouting lips. The ten young women who composed the eligible population of Pigglesdown and its neighborhood were all discreetly half in love with Everard, and Millicent a year earlier had been given the prize, so that she was really a very lucky girl indeed. She knew this. She had known it—almost monotonously—for twelve months. She knew it more distinctly than ever as she gazed at Everard after her idiotic remark, and saw him gazing at the Gargoyle with a most peculiar expression upon his face. She had only to look from Everard to the Gargoyle, and back again, to realize her good fortune very acutely. Everard was well-favored. By contrast with the strange ugly young man he became positively beautiful.

"Everard," cried Millicent eagerly. "This is Mr. Domayne. He's come to see Daddy, and Daddy's been called up to London. Come and sit down. Or first—call Annie. Oh, there you are, Annie." She was speaking feverishly, the color still flaming in her cheeks. "Yes, Annie; I was just going to ask if you'd bring them. Thank you. Mr. Domayne is writing a book, Everard. It's about that he's come to see Daddy."

"How d'you do?" said Everard stiffly, frowning with intense distaste.

"How d'you do?" responded the Gargoyle, beaming.

And, having exchanged these courtesies, the two young men appeared not to notice one another, after the best model for the deportment of young English gentlemen who meet for the first time. An age passed. Millicent gazed in despair at Everard. He looked black. He looked terrible. She ignored his expression, and dwelt upon his features. She saw with joy and pride how the sunlight caught his mop of curly flaxen hair, and could not resist peeping at the Gargoyle in order to observe the degree to which he was impressed. To her indignation, his ugly face wore its apparently customary expression of hideous benevolence, but in the depths of those frank and comprehending eyes there

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lurked once more the indescribable shadow of deep laughter. It was too much. Having seen Everard limply return his cup to the tray, and having satisfied herself that the Gargoyle, also, had finished his tea, she jumped to her feet.

"Now, Mr. Domayne," she said briskly. "Would you like Everard to telephone to the Crown, and ask them to keep a room for you, while I show you the garden?"

"That would be delightful," said the Gargoyle. "Would he mind?"

"I'll ask him," Millicent dryly responded. "Will you, dear?"

"For to-night?" asked Everard—she feared rather sulkily. Nay, she *knew* it. *Very* sulkily.

"For an indefinite period," said the Gargoyle, beaming with amiability. "Thank you so much."

If Millicent had not by now thoroughly disliked Mr. Domayne, so that she was delighted when his horrible motor-bicycle snorted away to the village, she would have found Everard's new silence of jealousy rather gratifying. It pleased her vanity that Everard should be jealous, but it irritated her to know that the jealousy must be giving immense amusement to the Gargoyle. Also, Everard behaved in a rather ignominious way which made her ashamed of him. He ignored the stranger; but he ignored him overstudiously, until it seemed as though the Gargoyle glittered by comparison with a perfectly dull school-boy. And so, in spite of the Gargoyle's tact, their walk round the garden was less than a triumph of sociability. It gradually became a funereal promenade. And at last, much to Millicent's relief, Mr. Domayne took his leave, promising to call again the following afternoon.

And as the loud clattering of his motor-bicycle died away in the distance Everard committed an indiscretion. Instead of clasping his beloved in his arms, and murmuring "At last!" (to which Millicent would have responded with a heartfelt "Thank goodness!") he looked distantly away from her, with a scowl as black as thunder on his plump childlike face, and uttered terrible words.

"I want to know how it is I found you kissing that bounder, Millicent?" he said.

Millicent could not believe her ears.

"Everard?" she demanded.

"I want to know why you let that beast kiss you?" said Everard doggedly.

Millicent's heart seemed to lurch sharply. She felt sick. The blood swept up to her face exactly as it had done when she choked over the crumb which leaped into her windpipe.

"How *dare* you!" she cried, in a rage. "I'd never seen the man until an hour ago."

"That only makes it worse," retorted Everard, with trembling lips.

Millicent could not speak. She was choking again—this time with indignation.

"I'll never speak to you again!" she declared. "At least, not till you've apologized!"

And with that she turned swiftly on her heel and ran back to the house.

She was still furious when she arrived indoors and for five minutes afterward. She walked about the sitting-room with her heart beating

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and her teeth clenched. And at last her breath caught in a rather hysterical laugh of excitement.

"How ridiculous!" she exclaimed. Again she quivered with anger. "How shameful!"

Her finger flew for one instant—so indignant was Millicent—to the half-hoop, as if she would cast it from her. But the action was not completed. Her hands dropped to her sides.

"To think that I'd . . . *That* man! Good gracious! what can Everard *see* in him? It's disgraceful of Everard. It's disgraceful! He'll be coming in to apologize in a minute, and say he's sorry. Then I'll explain. We'll laugh at it."

Slowly her head shook.

"I wonder if we shall?" she thought. "It's quite true, Everard's not easily amused. He's serious. It's because . . . Oh, how disloyal I am! He's perfect. *Perfect.*" And all the time a little voice was saying within her: "He isn't. He's been silly and insulting . . ." But her conscious thought continued: "He's just different from Mr. Domayne, who's amused at *everything*—even if it's nothing at all . . . Here he comes . . ."

It was Annie, come to collect the tea-things. Millicent turned away to hide her bright eyes. Annie was another woman, who "noticed" such things.

Meanwhile, Everard, his heart swelling at thought of the fickleness of woman—of *modern* woman—had reached the vicarage. He had entered the drawing-room, where his mother sat, eagle-eyed, rather eagle-nosed, a large, rather short, magisterial woman who wore a large square-patterned dress of gray flannel and held her head very high.

"Everard!" she cried.

Sulkily Everard sat down at a distance.

"What is it, my dear?" demanded his mother. "You're upset. Tell mother what it is."

Haltingly the tale was told. And to an accompaniment of exclamations of incredulity and amazement. Mrs. Manners became more eagle-like than ever. She looked first at Everard, and then, scathingly, as if at an imaginary Millicent.

"Scandalous!" cried Mrs. Manners. "Her father not two hours gone from home. Scandalous! I always suspected it. The girl's no good. I must think what's to be done."

In his room at the Crown, the Gargoyle was staring at the tiny rose pattern of his wall-paper, and at the pictures of race-horses and dogs which hung irregularly about the room; and he was thinking: "What a very nice, pretty, attractive girl! And what a young prig of a sweetheart she's got!" And at the same time he thought with pleasure of the fact that he would be seeing Millicent again within twenty-four hours. Because although Maurice Domayne was quite the most learned man of his age regarding the Roman occupation of Britain, he had not gone so far into personal antiquity as to be blind or insensitive to young women as charming as Millicent Pearson.

He was still thinking of Millicent as he took a stroll through the lanes about Pigglesdown after his supper that evening. The hedges were

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high, the roads were white under a large moon, except where they were deeply shadowed by overarching trees, and little bats were whisking about in the gloom, blundering about his head in their flight. Sounds carried very far, and a thousand faint rustlings caught Maurice Domayne's ear as he walked. Presently, when he had gone perhaps a mile or so from the village, he stopped to gaze through a gap in the dark hedge and across several moon-bleached meadows, to the lovely shape of a low hill which stood at some little distance. Presently, tempted by such beauty, he slipped through the gap, and sat down on the grass, in the shadow, with his knees up and his arms clasping them. His position—although Maurice did not realize this until later—was such as to conceal him from the rest of the world. It was completely shrouded by the darkness and by heavy undergrowth. Puffing gently at his big round-bowled pipe, Maurice sat in silence exulting at the radiance of the scene, and thinking idly and pleasantly of Millicent.

For several minutes he had sat thus, without hearing anything but the distant noises of the village, and the hushing of the soft leaves, and the hardly perceptible movements of birds and creeping things in the hedges about him, when without warning there came a whisper through the evening air. Maurice started. The first whisper was answered by another.

"You're late, I say."

"I couldn't get out before . . . Mum kept on at me . . ."

There was a kiss, and some smothered laughter from a girl. A rustling as if two persons had brushed heavily against the hedge behind Maurice.

"Don't be so rough," said one of the whisperers. "Ooh!"

Maurice became very uncomfortable. The rôle of eavesdropper was a new one for him, and he did not like it. Should he plunge suddenly out from his place of concealment? Or should he stay where he was? The voices seemed to be nearer. He remained still.

"I'm not rough." It was the thick voice of amorous youth.

"Yes, you are." It was caressing, enticing. "Nice rough."

There was another rustling. For a moment Maurice thought the lovers were upon him. Then came silence. Had they gone? No. There was a whisper which he did not catch. It was indignantly answered—this time almost aloud, and by a man.

"I *don't*, Nellie. I swear I don't. Yes, I know; but she doesn't either. I caught her kissing another fellow this afternoon. I'm sick of it. But you know my mater . . . No, it's *you*. I swear it is."

"What you going to do, then?" came a quick murmur in reply.

"I'm going to—oh, I don't know. A fellow can't . . . I mean . . . You'll have to wait a bit. Yes, *wait* . . ."

"But Everard . . ."

"Ssh!"

They had passed, leaving Maurice staggered. Everard—wasn't that the name of the young man with the red face and the mop of yellow hair? Goldilocks? The donor of that appalling half-hoop upon . . . And Nellie—what was Miss Pearson's name? Hadn't the fellow called her

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Millicent? Yes, of course he had. Millicent Pearson. Not Nellie, or whatever the original of Nellie was. Besides, there was a burr in this girl's speech. This was a country girl. Millicent spoke otherwise. It was not she.

"Oho, Master Everard!" muttered the Gargoyle to himself. "So that's you, is it? Not a prig but a cad, is it? A Don Juan! Oho! Now this is decidedly interesting!"

And with that he puffed again at his pipe, relighted it, and came forth from his resting place and resumed his walk. The lanes were shadowed hereabouts; but they were not so shadowed as to prevent him, a few minutes later, from seeing two figures withdrawn into the darkness under the trees, hardly breathing, alarmed by his footsteps and hiding from his eyes. He had no difficulty—now that he had been warned—in recognizing the figure of the young man; and as he did this Maurice drew his breath sharply.

"Kissing another fellow, eh?" he thought. "You liar! And what are *you* doing?"

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"Domayne? Look here, I'm so sorry about yesterday." The voice was raw and unrecognizable over the telephone. "I was called away. I got back an hour ago. Can you come up? Bring your traps. What's that? No, no, no; of course you're coming to stay here. That's all nonsense. My invitation holds good. The room's ready for you. Come along at once, will you? We'll have a good talk before dinner."

Maurice Domayne's beaming face had a little dry expression as he heard Millicent's father ring off. He backed from the telephone, which was in the passageway of the Crown, between the parlor and the bar, and saw Mrs. Howard, the landlady, standing at a little distance, watching him and smiling. Mrs. Howard was a trim, plump, smooth-faced woman to whom everything was—it seemed—as much of a joke as it was to Maurice. And she had taken a liking to the Gargoyle, reading, perhaps, his heart, and not (as Millicent had done) his face.

"So I've got to go, after all," Maurice said to her, a little ruefully.

"Perhaps you'll come back again, sir."

"Perhaps I shall. I *hope* I shall. Oh, by the way . . ." A thought struck Maurice. "Do you know a girl in the village—I should say about twenty—called Nellie?"

Mrs. Howard considered, her eyes bright with curiosity.

"Fair or dark?" she asked.

How was Maurice to know that? He had not seen the girl. Her voice? Some instinct guided him.

"Dark," he said promptly.

"Ah, that's Nellie Rich, over at the farm about a mile out of the village, sir. Parrott's Farm, they call it. She's a good girl; the eldest of seven bonny children. Mrs. Rich was a Furll, daughter of the baker here. Her mother was . . . Why was it you asked, sir?"

For answer, the Gargoyle beamed.

"I just wondered," he said pleasantly. "Only curiosity. She's very pretty."

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Mr. Pearson received him warmly—an oldish, but not an old, loosely built man with a long chin, a wide, thin, humorous mouth, and some

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thin gray hair. He was all gray, it seemed, for the light suit he wore was gray, and his shirt and tie were gray. Even his face was rather gray. In a particularly gentle fashion he was very genial. He was extremely tall, and he stooped, so that his arms hung loose. And he too, as Mrs. Howard had done, took an instant liking to Maurice, and in shaking hands with him raised his other hand to the Gargoyle's shoulder.

"Well, my boy, you were unlucky yesterday. Or rather, *I* was unlucky. My poor sister-in-law—Aunt Doris as we call her—fell downstairs; and as I could be of no possible use they telegraphed for me. They thought she'd die. But of course when I arrived she was quite well again, and the whole thing looked a fraud. You had tea here, I heard. You saw Millicent. She's my prop. But she's in some trouble, it appears, and has gone for a bicycle ride to let off steam. She'll be back for tea. Sit down, my boy, sit down. These young people have their troubles that we never dream of. Though I suppose . . . Now that I look at you, I suppose you'd regard yourself as young enough to have troubles. Eh? Eh?"

"Almost," agreed the Gargoyle. "Or at least to sympathize with the troubles of others."

The old man shot a sharp glance from under tufted gray brows.

"I'm young enough for that myself," he observed dryly. "Did you see a young man here yesterday? Yes, of course you did. Yes, of course you did." There was a great twinkle in Mr. Pearson's eyes. "What did you think of him?"

Maurice was taken aback. Swiftly he recalled the conversation he had overheard on the previous evening. The grin on his ugly face wavered for an instant.

"That's dangerous ground," he ventured. "Is it a fair question?"

The old man looked about him, over his shoulder, and at the open French window of the sitting-room. Following the glance, Maurice could see a corner of the green lawn, and a profusion of beech-leaves, rich and tender.

"To tell you the truth," said Mr. Pearson in an undertone. "Mind, I'm indiscreet . . . I'd rather it was anybody else. Eh?"

The Gargoyle's eyes gleamed. He was amazed at such indiscretion. But he had the sense to know that it was not vulgar indiscretion. It came direct from an appreciation of his own trustworthiness.

"But your daughter, sir?" he asked, in the same low tone.

"Pooh! A pretty boy. No mother. It happened a year ago. She's older now. She's waking up to him, I think. They do, you know. They see through us—eh? Well, then it's a question of fancy, whether they stick to us or not."

"You think she'll throw him over?" The Gargoyle was aware of strange excitement.

"As soon as she sees a real man," answered Millicent's father, with his wide grin. "Don't you?"

It was at this juncture that Everard's mother arrived. She walked straight in by the French window, as though she had a right there. Maurice saw an elderly dame in a flannel frock which hung about her like a sack. He saw ugly arms, an eagly nose, and piercing eyes

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under a broad-brimmed youthful straw hat. Mrs. Manners was warm, as a result of her errand and her physical exertion. She came into the room abruptly, stared at both Mr. Pearson and the Gargoyle, and looked beyond them for Millicent.

"Oh, I wanted to see Millicent," she said rather rudely.

"Out," answered Mr. Pearson, straightening himself and gazing ironically down at her. Maurice saw that Mrs. Manners would look more impressive seated. Here, on her feet, she was dwarfed by the tall old man, and her massiveness took a great deal from her own height. "May I introduce my friend Mr. Domayne? Mrs. Manners, our vicar's wife. The mother of the young man you met yesterday, Maurice."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Manners, again, staring at Maurice for the second time. "So you're the young man my son saw yesterday."

Maurice bowed. Mr. Pearson drew forward a comfortable chair.

"Sit down," he said. "You've come to tea, I dare say."

"I have *not*," said Mrs. Manners. "I've come to have a few words with Millicent."

"A few words! Tut tut!" rallied Millicent's father. "Say them to me, Mrs. Manners. Say them to me. As a matter of fact, I'm glad to see you. I'd rather have seen your boy."

"My poor Everard!" exclaimed Mrs. Manners.

"Poor?" Maurice could not restrain the inquiry.

The effect upon Mrs. Manners of this simple ejaculation was electrical.

"Yes, sir, *poor*," she repeated. "As well you know." Her head twitched as she glared at him.

"Is he in trouble, then?" questioned Maurice.

"I decline to discuss him with you," said Mrs. Manners haughtily. She turned away and swept Mr. Pearson with her eyes. "I don't know if *you* have heard, Mr. Pearson, of the shock my poor boy has had?"

Before replying, Millicent's father interrogated Maurice with a mute glance. Maurice's face had taken on an amused expression, but he was not at all perturbed. Mr. Pearson's eyes gleamed.

"Dear, dear," he murmured sympathetically.

"A shock," pursued Mrs. Manners, "which has been as great to myself."

"And the cause?" questioned Mr. Pearson.

"This young man knows perfectly well what the cause is." Again her head twitched with excitement. Her face reddened.

"Greater to you, I'm sure," suggested Maurice. "After all, your son has only himself to blame."

Mrs. Manners appeared astounded.

"Blame?" she stammered. "You're very impudent, Mr. . . ."

"What is it? What is it?" demanded Mr. Pearson testily.

"Mrs. Manners is naturally distressed," said the Gargoyle pleasantly. "She has a very difficult task to perform. She has come to apologize to Miss Pearson."

"Apologize!" cried Mrs. Manners. "Certainly not!"

"Her son, she finds, has been carrying on an intrigue with another young woman, while he is engaged to your daughter."

"Ridiculous!" interrupted Mrs.

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Manners. "Ridiculous! It's the contrary of the truth. Mr. Pearson—"

"And so Mrs. Manners has come up to make what apology she can—"

"Be silent, sir! Mr. Pearson, poor Everard came here yesterday to see his fiancée—his fiancée—and upon entering the room discovered her in *this* . . . this young man's arms, kissing and being kissed by him. I have called for an explanation. Such a thing has—"

The Gargoyle interrupted her.

"Do you want the explanation?" he demanded.

"Come along, Domayne."

"Miss Pearson was choking—"

Mrs. Manners could not restrain her laughter.

"As you or any other lady might choke," persisted the Gargoyle.

"*Really*, Mr. . . ." cried Mrs. Manners scornfully. "I should have thought you could have thought of a better explanation than that!" She pretended to laugh again.

"I wonder," said the Gargoyle with great deliberation, "whether your son could give quite as good an explanation of the way he is deceiving a poor young village girl here."

Mrs. Manners became furiously angry. She grew crimson. She trembled violently.

"*What* young village girl?" she almost shouted. "I don't believe it!"

"I'll give *him* a chance to tell you her name," said the Gargoyle.

"Pooh!" cried Mrs. Manners violently. "You can't do it!"

"I could. I won't. Ask your son."

"I never heard—"

Mrs. Manners rose impetuously to her feet. She was seething with rage. She could not complete her sentence. Instead, she caught her breath, took another, tried once more to speak, took a third breath, and at last, as if suffocating with all the emotions which this young man's coolness could arouse in a lifelong tyrant, she most vehemently *choked*.

To one choke was added another—and another. Gasping frantically, and almost weeping with fright, Mrs. Manners put out a hand and clasped the first arm that was proffered. Her chokes grew deeper and deeper, like whooping-cough. They racked her. She stood choking and choking, at the same time holding tightly to Maurice's stout arm, gripping him with unconscious ferocity. The blood rushed to her cheeks, which grew darker and darker. Tears filled her eyes, which started from her head. It seemed as though she would never stop choking. As though she would die of choking. The horrors of suffocation were upon her. Never in the experience of any of these three had there been so overwhelming a fit of choking. It was voluptuous, regal, terrifying. Anxiously, both men gathered to her side, patting her shoulders and supporting her, looking at her and looking away, full of concern and helplessness.

And at that moment Everard himself appeared in the open French windows, as he had done upon the previous day. He stood transfixed with astonishment at the sight of Mrs. Manners in the embrace of two agitated members of the opposite sex.

"*Mother!*" he exclaimed reproachfully. "*Mother!*"

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A few weeks later, in the same room in which these events had taken

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place, Millicent was pouring out afternoon tea. She was wearing a pale blue dress which revealed deliciously the clear pink and white of her complexion. She held the tea-pot aloft in her right hand, while her left hand, ringless, rested on the edge of the tray. Near her, in the chair which he had occupied on the occasion of his first visit, sat the Gargoyle. But he did not seem to Millicent any longer to resemble a gargoyle. She felt that his very fine, dark, humorous eyes dominated every other feature. They were full of laughter and full of nonsense. And laughter and nonsense, she now saw, were the most charming—and indeed the most valuable—qualities in the world. It was impossible to overestimate their charm or their value.

"Daddy isn't coming down to tea to-day," said Millicent. "He's not very well. He's resting."

"He's getting idle," said Maurice.

"Is it as nice tea as you get at the Crown?"

"Almost as nice," he teased. "Of course, Mrs. Howard—"

"Yes, I know she's perfect." A pretended frown crossed Millicent's face.

"This afternoon," proceeded Maurice, "as I was strolling up here, I ran into young Everard. That was what made me late. You know, although he's a puppy, he's not an absolute fool."

"No, I suppose not. Where was he going?"

"He didn't say. Out to Parrott's Farm, I suppose. He tells me that Mrs. Manners has given in over that."

"They're engaged? Oh, how good!" There was no bitterness and no pretense in Millicent's exclamation. But in a moment it might have been observed that she gave the smallest of sighs. Maurice was unaware of the sigh. He was busy with his own thoughts.

"It's an extraordinary thing," he said at last. "Wherever I go, I seem to have an effect of some sort."

"You're very conceited," criticized Millicent, looking at him disapprovingly. "Very. And don't we all have some effect?"

"Perhaps." He nodded his head. "When I came here first Mrs. Howard—"

"Oh, bother Mrs. Howard!" cried Millicent laughing.

"And you . . ."

"What about *me?*"

"Well, you were engaged."

"Was I?" The hand resting on the edge of the tray moved slightly.

"To Everard. Don't you remember?"

"I've forgotten," said Millicent.

"And now *he's* engaged to Nellie Rich."

"That leaves only you . . . and me . . . Millicent . . ."

She made no reply; and the Gargoyle, as if discouraged, fell suddenly silent. With a quick glance, Millicent saw that he had become very grave. His expression was serious; his eyes were lowered. That grin, which she was beginning to find so subtly reassuring, was absent from his face.

A terrible constraint seized them both. It lasted—oh, endlessly, until Millicent seemed to feel a little cold spot, which was her heart, sinking gradually lower and lower, and becoming heavier, heavier . . . Tears

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gathered behind her eyes; her smile was forced. She raised her tea-cup very calmly to her lips, to show that she was entirely mistress of herself; and she set the cup down again untasted, with her lips and her fingers trembling.

But just as she was beginning to feel like a little girl who is in disgrace, Millicent received an inspiration. It darted through her mind like quicksilver. It was an inspiration that came straight from Mother Nature, who must have been hovering there in protection of her children. Millicent, in fact, reached out her hand and took a piece of cake. Nothing in that, you will say. It is done every afternoon. But listen! It was not the same cake as that one which had produced the earlier catastrophe, but the twin sister of that cake. It contained currants, and it crumbled. And Millicent, putting into her mouth a first piece of this providential cake, and very archly glancing during the process at the Gargoyle, unseen by him allowed herself shamelessly and deliberately to choke. It was not a very serious choke—not a choke such as Mrs. Manners had suffered, or even a choke such as Millicent herself . . . It was merely a little cough or two, or at most three or four . . . And having choked once, she must needs choke again. In choking, she laughed . . .

It was nothing. Neither in point of time nor danger was it anything at all. And yet the choke and her laughter brought warm blood into the Gargoyle's cheeks. It brought a light to his eyes. Slowly, slowly, from between her eyelashes, Millicent saw the grin return to the Gargoyle's face, and expand, and at last envelop him entirely. At this point Millicent closed her eyes fast. Her little handkerchief was held close to her lips. She seemed almost to lose consciousness, even to fall into a dream. And in dreams, as all know, the strangest things happen—the strangest, most incredible, and at the same time (often enough) the most agreeable things. When next Millicent opened her eyes it was to find that she was no longer mistress of herself. Maurice's arm was drawn closely about her. She was pressed to his side. His ugly gargoyle-like face, decorated and suffused with a grin of delight such as would have melted a heart of stone, was irresistibly near to hers. His eyes were so deep and so near that she could see herself drowning in them.

"Thank you," Millicent murmured gratefully. "I . . . Oh, Maurice!"

Mr. Pearson, who had changed his mind about coming down to tea, looked in at that moment through the French windows; but as he was a wise old man he withdrew quite hastily and in silence. It was a sacrifice for him to go without his tea; but he would have sacrificed more than his tea just then. Indeed, as he sauntered about the garden, Mr. Pearson was smiling to himself as though a secret wish of his own had just been fulfilled.

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THE WITHERED ARM

And What It Did for the Kaiser

JOSEPH JASTROW

DO MEN make history or does history make men? This engaging query has as ready a solution as the puzzling priority of the hen or the egg. The psychologist is committed to seek in human events no less than in human lives, the play of personality, to find the common motive forces in careers significant and insignificant. For in whatever setting, the nobilities and achievements, the inconsequences and failures, the vices and degradations of men are of one nature, one source. Man's nature and his works are equally exhibits of his traits; they are his making and undoing. Much of circumstance is of the same human making, the working of the same psychological forces, but on so monumental a scale that the beating of any ordinary pair of wings against them is helpless. The heroic is exceptional. The human story is the shifting interplay of personality and social circumstance, both ultimately of one origin. Now and then a commanding personality converts a cry in the wilderness into the reality of history.

In the course of empire, in the stress of economics, in the formulations of philosophy, in the expressions of literature, appear the issues of human urges playing their part in the span of a life; a conflict humble or glorified among universal needs and their satisfaction in a thousand settings. In recorded fact or liberated fancy the dramatic may enlarge the worthy to the heroic and conceive the superman. Yet glory and power may lie in circumstance, with personality lacking in distinction or even handicapped by the clinical frailties of the human lot. The modern note in psychology aims at insight through analysis. Looking upon the drama of personality contending with circumstances or bending them to motive or ambition, it claims a voice in the interpretation of human behavior called history.

In one momentous instance the theme may find an emblem in the withered arm of the last of the Kaisers. Herr Emil Ludwig is his psychobiographer. He sets forth that because Friedrich Wilhelm Viktor Albert von Hohenzollern was born in 1859 with a minor deformity, his subsequent behavior was such as to precipitate in 1914 that heroic catastrophe that in detachment we call the World War. When Freud comes to replace Grimm in nursery tales, children may read "The Story of the Withered Arm"; or some psychoanalytic Poe may tell the college

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version as "The Strange Case of an Inferiority Complex."

The problem of William II, like that of many of us, was a problem in personality but was given a definiteness by fate of birth and a stage by fate of circumstance which he rough-hewed into history; the problem of concealing, outwitting, defying a withered arm. Despite it, because of it would say the Freudian Adler —with a motivation like that of the tongue-tied lad who became Demosthenes, but with dire contrast in issue—he made of himself a good rider, a skilled if bagging marksman, a martial figure in appearance, an overlord in reality.

"The moral victory over his physique was his destruction." In these oracular words his biographer has carved his epitaph for Wilhelm's exiled eyes to read.

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History, then, is biography on a grand scale, and biography is the psychoanalysis of personality. One withered arm upsets the peace and transforms the map of Europe and shapes the map of life of millions of souls animated by the same urges and compulsions, because of the consequential stage that the maneuvering of human motives called politics provides for the star players. The issue hangs not upon the hazard of a diplomatic stroke, but upon the uncertainties of a psychoneural constitution. If the accoucheurs had been more skilful, or if the loyal child had been of other psychic make-up, or if despite his station the young man could have been diverted from Berlin to Hollywood and persuaded to accept the tinsel glory and the matinée idolatry of a "movie" nation, instead of insisting, centuries too late, upon the divinity that once did hedge a king; what we agree to call history might have been a different story, and all of us might be living and thinking differently. So far as this is true, is all this doom the cost of permitting one neurotic individual to act out in fateful reality what many of his kind live in the indulgence of fantasy, or experience through the creations of literature, or in what reasonable romance life affords? The play that many a striving self produces in a private Freudian "little theater" with sporadic uprushes into reality, follows the same plot that holds the stage in the momentous world-theater so fatefully circumstanced for the last of the Kaisers.

The persistent key-note in low life and high life and in the "all highest" is the parent motive of domination. The nurse's, the parent's, the schoolmaster's, the economist's, the statesman's problem is all one: to control and adjust the ego-lust, the desire for dominance, the will to prevail. Yet, if crudely restrained or crushed, ambition would fail, and the servitude of dumb driven cattle be the common lot. Masters and slaves in some measure we must be, though in no dread approximation to a Nietzschean world; for the hazard of it is emblazoned in Freudian characters on the deserted palace walls of the withered arm.

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The modern mind pursues two directive insights, two large comprehensions of the public human drama on whatever official stage it may be set. The one is the motivation plot called psychology; the other

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the "reel" of incident and circumstance called history. Conflicting enterprises, conferences, parliaments, decrees, drawn battles, maneuvers, strategies, armistices, alliances, treaties, victories, subjections, compromises, tell the one tale; the consequential one. Ambitions, rivalries, lusts, dreads, animosities, triumphs, debasements, tell the other; the psychological one. The double trend —manifest content, and latent meaning and determination—that Freud discovers in the network of the dream, pervade reality. The ostensible plot, the staged conscious conflict makes the record of the conventional historian. By bringing forward the latent subconscious version, the psychologist remodels the technique. We are no longer content, refuse to be blinded by the glamour of diplomacy, the confusion of action, the alleged inevitability of man-made forces. We look behind the scene for the decisive motivation, the unacknowledged ambitions and repressions. The suppressed secret plot is hidden but not securely buried in the psychoanalytic crypt of Adamitic urges. History supplies the censored version for the populace and the text-books, and to uphold national pride and engage academic profundity. The exposures released by the post-war dismissal of the Freudian censor, contribute to the emancipation of our "now-it-may-be-told" era.

The case of Wilhelm Hohenzollern as reported by a social worker would make an interesting assignment. An unfortunate heredity, a birth palsy, a childhood troubled with nervous and allied maladies, disturbed family relations, an unsympathetic mother showing marked preference for her more normal children, a father distrustful and depreciative of his first-born son and heir, absence of sisterly and brotherly affection; fear of betraying physical weakness unbecoming to a soldierly station and destined career, a natural vanity reinforced by fawning associates; a lack of true companions, of adequate corrective control, of respected guides, philosophers or friends; a temperament imperious and bullying by nature as well as by prerogative, with no discipline of enforced adjustment; surrounded by turbulent cross currents of antipathies and dissensions; an impulsive, restless, rebellious, indiscreet, overweening, distrusted, fear-ridden youth, resorting to concealment and pose; all converging inevitably into a seriously maladjusted personality,—a tragic combination of a handicapped nature with an aggravating nurture.

A devoted marriage—if that were possible to so ego-bound an individual—to a perfect mate endowed with skill or charm to subdue unruly nerves, might have brought the redemption of home life; but as actually arranged was uninspiring and invited further estrangement and avenues of escape for unsatisfied urges. In the Ludwig version:

"What went on behind closed doors in this conjugal relation of a gifted nervous man with a sweet-natured, narrow-minded, devout country-girl was revealed to few and by fewer reported; compassion for the hapless consort of an hysterical autocrat disarmed all criticism."

A noble friendship might have brought salvation or mitigation. Of

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the few intimates in the procession of Wilhelm's private attachments, paralleling the frequent shifts of his political "pilots," the most constant was a gifted dilettante, Philipp von Eulenburg, on the whole a humanizing influence, bemoaning the trials of his artistic temperament in a diplomatic atmosphere. But when he was involved in more than rumors of a coterie given to the nameless perversion, his long loyalty did not save him from dismissal. His comments when unreserved, were discerning; the sight of the Kaiser at the maneuvers aroused "that fear of megalomania which I combat incessantly." The "snapping," the "hating," the "lying," the "betraying" of the Court made him feel as if he were "living in a mad-house; insane narrowness, insane controversies, insane arrogance; bedlam, bedlam, bedlam!"

For the rest, the psychoanalytic interest lies in disclosing the personal in the political Kaiser. The strutting pomp and ceremony, the constant change of costume to look the part, the lime-light processioning, the theatricality of the *Reise Kaiser*, ever on tour, everywhere seeking to impose and receive the plaudits of the crowd; a conquering hero in any and every rôle of mingled pose and deluded reality; on land, at sea, at court, in his shooting-box, ever insatiable. The golden letters on a block of granite tell the tale:

"Here his Majesty, Wilhelm II, brought down his Most Highest's fifty-thousandth animal, a white cock-pheasant."

Aspiring to be his own chancellor, his own field-marshal, his own admiral; orator, preacher; a confident critic dictating to architects, sculptors, painters, dramatists, writers, thinkers; a self-appointed, self-anointed superman, invoking the divine only to confirm his kingship.

We have next to consider Wilhelm as a neurotic. The authoritative diagnosis of Dr. Morton Prince has the added value of a clinical prediction. "The Psychology of the Kaiser: A Study of His Sentiments and Obsessions" was written in 1915 upon the evidence supplied by the Kaiser's passion for expression, characteristic of his neurosis.

"It would be absurd to say as some have said that the Kaiser is afflicted with paranœa, but it is true that in normal people we find the prototypes of mental processes observed in abnormal mental conditions, which in this case is a systematised delusion. . . . It would be extravagance to say that the Kaiser's delusion is anything more than a normal fixed idea which he could change if he wished to, but this fixed idea is so strong, so deeply rooted in his personality, and so directly the expression of a cherished and cultivated wish, conscious or sub-conscious, that it dominates his interpretation of facts which to an ordinary person flatly contradicts it."

Both when his accession was imminent and later, the fitness of the Kaiser to rule was discussed. Herr Ludwig, though he speaks only with the lay authority of a journalist, reaches an acceptable diagnosis.

"As a private individual, William the Second would not be declared legally irresponsible in any court of law, by a physician who knew his

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business. It is true that such gifted and complex natures as his are never normal—they are always on the dividing line; but while it may please the psychiatrist to write him down as a case of neurosis, the psychologist will be particularly careful to avoid this 'flight into illness,' [a Freudian formula] and will seek to account for him simply and naturally as the inevitable product of heredity and environment, unmodified by controlling and counteracting influences."

It thus appears that the withered arm was but an aggravation in the neurosis, perhaps no more than the last straw on a back constitutionally unsuited to bear responsible burdens steadily and safely. The type of the Kaiser's emotional instability can hardly be placed anywhere except in the protean clinical picture of hysteria. Because this neurotic liability is more common in women, it must not be hastily inferred that the Kaiser's neurosis displayed feminine traits—though these are in evidence; the paranœid symptoms referred to by Dr. Prince are more common in men. It is this tendency that develops delusional beliefs. They may occasionally find a culture-bed in hysterical soil; the fusion is expressed in the masculine phases of domination. The Kaiser's delusions are fixed no deeper than the hysterical level. Had his hysterical instability not been complicated by the inordinate vanity, pushed by the paranœid trend beyond any ordinary hysterical orbit, it might have proved fairly innocent however difficult to those who had to bear with it; and we should not be tempted to give it a large place in the protocol of history.

The delusional beliefs of the Kaiser, integrated closely with the exaggerated and unbalanced traits that express his neurotic nature, have acquired a public, an historical interest. Delusion, Dr. MacFie Campbell tells us, is an attempt of a personality, usually a burdened, distracted, stranded or otherwise ill-adjusted one, to deal with special difficulties,—"to neutralize some disturbing factor, to compensate for some handicap." One cannot ascribe to the Kaiser's belief-complex any deeper place in his maladjustment than we assign to his other vanities and overbearings. Because in part they follow, as Dr. Prince indicates, the prototype of paranœa, they do not make the Kaiser a paranœac, or in popular phrase a crank, wholly or in spots. Whether, if his symptoms could be regarded in detachment from their momentous setting, he could be registered as a psychopathic personality is questionable. His place in the gallery of deviation, where portraits of royalty or nobility appear about as in other strains, is much nearer the normal, and is readily paralleled among all sorts and conditions of men. If he had taken his place incognito in the waiting-room of a neurologist's clinic, the entry on the case-book would hardly have attracted unusual attention. His phases and symptoms of exaltation would have been dwelt upon; but it is his political exaltation that gave them moment as well as an extraordinary opportunity for gorgeous and imposing, psychologically imperial expression. Moreover, he found

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ready to hand a rationalization of his delusion in the "divine right of kings." In this device he differs little from other neurotics who utilize similar defense mechanisms. What is unusual is to have at command a body of followers—the Junkers—who by tradition were ready to echo and support the pretensions of their war-lord.

"What counts psychologically is that the Kaiser believes that a divine right to rule is his prerogative. How, in this age, a man who has shown such marked ability in certain directions can be such a fool—I mean psychologically, of course—as to persuade himself to believe such stuff, is another story," the clue to which, Dr. Prince finds in the wish.

Whether the Kaiser's neurotic folly could have been knocked out of him by a course of fagging as administered to youths of high station in the public schools of England, or by any more diplomatic pedagogic device, is a matter of conjecture. His megalomania seems to have gone into retirement with his exile; but "fifty-nine" is not "nineteen" nor "twenty-nine," and neuroses run their course.

One could trace the shifting expressions of the "kaiser-complex" with the years, and find in them abundant confirmation of the diagnosis. On the circumstantial side there is the shift of excited hostility from family to national rivalry, and then to the menace to his superiority presented by democracy. This became the focus of his irritation, whether as displayed toward French republicanism—an hereditary foe—or most vehemently toward the enemy within the gates, the Social-Democratic party, or outside toward any movement favoring the democratic-parliamentary order.

Presidents of republics were irritating persons prone to "imagine that they are quite respectable people with whom Royalty can consort and sympathize." "Republicans are by nature revolutionary, logically to be regarded as people who will one day have to be shot or hanged." "Take my word for it, Nicky [a letter to the Czar, 1895], the curse of God lies ever on that Nation [France]. A sacred duty is imposed by heaven on us Christian Kings and Emperors,—to uphold the doctrine of the divine right of Kings."

The Social-Democratic party was a red rag and a *bête noir* in one; his irresponsible utterances under this irritation are notorious. In his comment upon the Hague conference any diplomatic reserve is overcome by the neurotic urge to expression.

"In practice, I, at any rate, will henceforth rely and call upon God and my bright sword alone!—and damn their resolutions."

Wilhelm the neurotic dominates above William II the Emperor of Germany. The political rôle, even when it occupies the stage, takes its clue and color from the neurotic one. The neurologist sees the resulting picture as a kaiser's neurosis; the historian, as a neurotic on a throne.

When dealing with a case in which every act and attitude of personal life is determined by station, it requires an extraordinary detachment to treat a weighty "scrap of paper" as if it were a private note disclosing a personal failing. Writing from Berlin to St. Petersburg, as one anointed to another:

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"I don't in the least look forward to enjoying the Prince of Wales' visit—forgive me, he is your brother-in-law after all—but with his intriguing disposition he will certainly try to play some political game with the ladies. May Allah consign him to perdition, as the Turk says . . . It is to be hoped that the Mahdi will drive all these English into the Nile!"

With slight changes this effusion might have passed from one greengrocer to another about a rival who chanced to be connected by marriage, and if presented in a court of domestic relations as an exhibit of common human failings would have been dismissed in a ten-line notice in the daily news.

The diagnosis in such neuroses always looks for symptoms in the depressive phase as well as in exaltation; looks for inhibitions, repressions, fears, timidities, shrinkings, and reactions of dejection that are at times suggestive of exhaustion, alternating with the more typical exaltation. The psychologist detects them here in the vindictive hatreds, the insensibilities, the envies, of the aggressive excitable neurotic. Herr Ludwig records that the Kaiser was subject to "intermittent nervous irritation invariably followed by characteristic depression." To this may be added his abnormal fear of exposure to contagion, the careful police patrol of his person, his private thrift in contrast to public extravagance, his cowardly desertion of friends in trouble, his shirking of real work and absence of deep interest, and, when the crisis came, a terrified escape and an unheroic exile.

Many passages from his stream of addresses are more convincing as neurotic extravagances than as political appeals; and the urge to utterance, "the bad fairy's gift to Wilhelm," is itself a typical symptom. Much of it is bluster to conceal a shrinking defensive. There is as much vehement denunciation as lordly admonition. An outlet in words is often a compensation for a shrinking in deeds. It was all part of a restless vivacity that in an amiable mood had its redeeming side. But when playful it was gruffly so with an uncertain touch leading to poltroonery, mingling jest with insult,—a rather cheap raillery, often to the consternation of Court circles. It completes the picture of nervous, febrile, tense, uncertain energy, spending itself impulsively, and in the delicacies of diplomatic life converting what may have been meant as a harmless fire-cracker into dynamite; even on state papers occur such comments as "sheer imbecility." Clearly a more fateful psychic make-up for a leading rôle on the European diplomatic stage could not have been devised by Machiavelli himself.

To all this the circumstantialist historian replies that the position of the Emperor of all the Germans remains the determining factor in the life of Wilhelm, and that the vagaries in the conduct of the imperial responsibility are but incidental. The march of events, the historian says, took their course, and his part in them is the significant record to be written by those expert in such affairs; the rest belongs to private memoirs where it may well remain undisturbed. The psychologist cannot concede this view without abandoning his case, though admitting

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that the mailed fist and "*Deutschland über alles*" policy might have caused an eruption in volcanic Europe under any auspices. For a normal, reasonably extroverted, profitably occupied man, the enterprise of career—the life work, the job—in large part shapes and absorbs the man; the personality extends in it and through it. For the introverted neurotic, this transformation is partial, imperfect, arrested, and in the extreme impossible. The most glaring contrast to the Kaiser in the domain of rulership would be a Lincoln, in whom a supernormally poised control and humane devotion to a noble goal, gave to a career just that inspiring infusion of personality that makes the man shine through the emancipator. There, psychoanalysis would be an impertinence. For a marked neurotic the career *is* the personality in a public relation. For most of us, personality and career are fused with shifting values of the one or the other influence.

In the case of the Kaiser, Germany was the career. There is little to show that the Kaiser attained to a responsible, objective pursuit of policy or a leadership in sentiment and opinion. The Teutonomania that prepared for the war and rose to irresponsible expression in it, was cherished and embraced by the political Kaiser as an aggrandizement of the personal one. He encouraged but did not originate the doctrines or the propagandist campaign; he seems to have taken an active part in the promotion of the cult and took under his patronage its spokesman, the English renegade Houston Chamberlain. The notorious "Attila" speech, to intimidate China and extend the greatness and the terror of Germania to the farthest East, was a bombastic bluster that proved to be the deadliest boomerang of all times; Wilhelm's neurosis gave to history the sinister modern reference of the Hun. Councils, official and secret, record complications rather than aid and direction, which the will of the Emperor introduced. Wilhelm's career as a ruler has its modest place in the current of events in which he was inevitably an important participator; his personality prevented him from making it a significant career in any other relation than that of estrangements, which he aggravated so definitely that perhaps he will be said to have created them. The isolation and encirclement of Germany that were resented as a political conspiracy, could hardly have assumed their proportions without the unfortunate neurotic stimulation of the Kaiser under the aggravation of the withered arm.

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The withered arm is more a symbol than a text; and what parable it holds may be turned to the saving grace of normality to carry heavy burdens, a tribute to the heroic effort that bears a cross nobly. A well-balanced nature would accept any such not too incapacitating stigma naturally; as naturally as Lincoln made a jest of his niggardly dower of personal attraction, or as Rostand engages a kindly sympathy for a romantic Cyrano unkindly deprived of his part by nature's too generous dower in the matter of a nose. And those who listened to President Eliot's words paid as casual attention as he did to the

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accident that one side of his face was discolored. The normal-minded escape complexes by encouraging their strengths and by disciplining their weaknesses; we all build character by the aid and the control of temperament. "With most men, sick or well," observes Mrs. Shaler, who in her "Masters of Fate" assembles the heroic notables who have achieved in spite of incapacities, "the battle of life is fought uphill. . . ." "The cripple has a chance of heroism always at hand, Fate has set a combat in his soul and it may be his own fault if he does not win victories there."

History at best is an artifact,—the issue of a selected interest, often as conventional as the traditions of the stage or the customs of society. Men are men; and most consequentially motives not manners make the man. The reconstruction of a circumstantial record into a psychological one must be included within the historical horizon. Dr. Campbell holds that the millions of men who were wiped out in the World War were destroyed neither by machine-guns nor poison-gas, nor by famine or pestilence, but by the inadequacy of the belief-mechanisms which civilization has been able to establish, for translating motive into action. The greater war and the greater salvation must be there fought and won.

If we accept as the ultimate goal of all knowledge, its convergence upon human control, we face not an alternative but a dual adjustment: so to shape the machinery for control as to place in command those of fittest endowment for direction; so to train and encourage those qualities of nature that are of choicest value for the enterprise. The one is the control of circumstance to make it a favorable stage for human quality; the other a control of human nature to fit it to worthy rôles, competently performed. Expressed educationally, it is what we educate for, and what we educate and educate with; changing human circumstance and changing human nature to their better adjustment under an increasing sense of purpose. Expressed politically in an acceptable American formula, it is the problem of making the world safe for democracy, by making democracy safe for a redeemed human nature. In the career reviewed, which resulted in the decree that this shall be the last of the kaisers, there was a lamentable failure, a conjunction of misfortune, in both phases. It seems to emphasize the hazard of setting a stage in which such a tragedy is possible, and the penalty exacted of an inadequate assignment of parts when the stage is all the world. Life is the consolidation of personality and circumstance, or in Emersonian phrase: "Know in thyself and the world one selfsame soul."

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WHISTLE-PUNKS

They Are the Hardest Kids Ever—or They Want to Be

STEWART H. HOLBROOK

WHEN I first went to work in a logging-camp in the Pacific Northwest and heard mention of "whistle-punks," I thought the term had reference to some mythical animal like the swamp-wogglers and side-hill badgers of the East, or to some fabulous character of the Oregon timber. But I soon learned that whistle-punks were very real, and very, very hard-boiled.

In the West any boy is known as a "punk," just why I haven't learned. Whistle-punks are officially known on camp pay-rolls as signal boys. They are the youthful loggers who, with jerk-wire or electric toots-ee, give the signals for starting and stopping to engineers of donkey-engines that yard the big Douglas fir timber, up and down the West Coast. They are automatons, standing throughout the day in one spot and yanking the whistle-wire once, twice, or in combinations, in answer to the hook-tender's orders. The hook-tender has a log ready. He shouts "Hi!" The punk jerks his whistle-line and the whistle on the engine snorts. The engineer "opens her up," and the log is brought in to the landing.

Despite his lowly job, which compares in dignity with that of the water-boy of construction gangs, the punk is a well-known character in the Northwest. In Tacoma, Washington, the "Lumber Capital of America," a newspaper has a daily column headed "The Whistle-Punk." I hold the punk to be well worth a column.

When placed alongside the average whistle-punk, the so-called tough kids of the Bowery and the gamins of Paris are like so many cherubim. Punks are the "hardest" kids ever; or, at least, they *want* to be. They are so tough they won't even read the "Police Gazette." To hear one talk you would suspect that he liked for breakfast nothing so much as a keg of iron bolts soaked in gasoline, wood-alcohol, and snuff.

The vizor of the punk's cap is worn smooth where it has rested over an ear. His best Sunday conversation sounds like extracts from Rabelais; and when he is going *good* he can out-curse any cockney that ever mentioned the King of England. When he spits, it is what learned men term a cosmic disturbance. . . . Yes, the punk is *hard.*

The toughness of the punk is equaled only by his bellicose precocity. He is what an Englishman calls "a little bounder." Although he is but eighteen years of age, the punk often calls the camp foreman

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"boy" and gets away with it. When the foreman has occasion to bawl out the rigging-crew, the punk adds a caustic razzing: "Who tole you guys you was loggers?" Of an evening when some of the old-timers are doing a bit of stove-logging around the big heater in the bunk-house, the punk horns in with some of *his* experiences. And his talk, when they will let him talk or when they cannot prevent him, is well interspersed with those short but expressive old Anglo-Saxon words of four letters. The subject of his logging tales is always the same: how he told the hook-tender to "go to hell," or the timekeeper to "make 'er out, damn her." I have heard twenty-seven different punks tell exactly the same story in precisely the same words, and I am forced to the conclusion that the formula has been secretly published and circulated among them.

As a gambler the punk believes himself the genuine, one-hundred-proof Hoyle. He is the kind of wise youth who tells the world he knows when to play 'em and when to lay 'em down. But he seldom has enough money to interest the camp tin-horns; otherwise some one would have to write a new song about the punk who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

The punk's literary tastes are simple. He likes "The James Boys in Missouri" and "The Life and Battles of John L. Sullivan." In his suitcase he has a pamphlet clandestinely purchased from a news-agent on a railroad train. It concerns the life and works of a frail yet beautiful lady known as Mayme, no last name given. It was never entered at the post-office as second-class or other matter. He also reads the "funny pages." Occasionally he will, in a blatant voice, read aloud the asininities of that popular family of morons answering to the names of "Min" and "Andy."

It is the camp cook, more often than not, who removes some of the offensive freshness of the punk.

This camp chef is the master of all he surveys. The kitchen and dining-room are his precincts, and he guards them no less jealously than he does his dignity as cook. He is supreme monarch of the mulligan. Loud boisterous talk from the crew at meal-time, to the cook's way of thinking, should be punished by no less an operation than speedy decapitation; while derogatory remarks about the fare, or in fact any sort of wise cracks around the cook-house, call for complete annihilation without benefit of clergy. Thus it is the cook-shack where the forward-looking punk often meets his Waterloo.

Once at a camp on the mighty Fraser River in British Columbia, I witnessed—and cheered on—the freshest punk that ever blew whistle being propelled suddenly, openly, and manifestly from the cook-house door, and to a distance of some twenty feet beyond, all by the honest right boot of one Erickson, a noted camp chef of the time. The punk was not only booted clear of the hallowed precincts, but with him at the moment were at least ten million vitamines, in the form of bread-dough, plastered well over his head and running down both cheeks, thrown there, as I later learned, by Chef Erickson. Inquiry

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brought to light that the punk, in his usual care-free way, had wandered into the kitchen where Erickson was making bread, and had asked him, brightly, why it was that Danes were so much smarter than Swedes. Erickson, it appeared, had been born in one of the faubourgs of Stockholm.

The punk's private idea of heaven is to have a trick suit of clothes with bell-bottomed trousers, a sheik haircut, a flapper, at least fifteen dollars in his pocket, and a Ford car stripped of all but its lungs and rigged up to look as the punk thinks a Mercedes racer looks. Here is paradise enow!

But he can't have heaven and his $3.50 a day at the same time, and so when in camp the punk does the best he can with cigarettes, snuff, chewing-tobacco, and loud talk. This snuff is not the kind that our forefathers sniffed. It is a powerful concoction of finely ground tobacco known as Scandinavian Dynamite and is carried in the lip. It is the badge of the he-man.

Just plain snuff, however, is not enough for the punk who is really *hard*. Not at all! He first fills his lower lip with the snuff and then wads in a bite of plug-tobacco. On Sundays he does even better, when, in addition to this monumental chew, he simultaneously smokes a cig'ret. It is here he rises to heights of *he!* He blows smoke out of his nose and mouth, and if it were possible he would blow it forth from his eyes and both ears. If a punk ever succeeds in accomplishing this latter feat, he will become the greatest punk of all time.

The punk's boots always have the longest and sharpest calks in the camp. If calks were made six inches long, the punk would have them. How he loves to stagger carelessly into the bunk-house, stand still a moment until he gets his calks well set into the floor, and then turn sharply on his heels in an effort to rip the flooring asunder! No really good punk stops short of a two-foot splinter. Some can split an inch board. Hard? . . . If they ever build bunk-houses with cement floors whistle-punks will quit cold.

When a punk stags (cuts off) his pants legs, he stags them four inches higher than any one else in camp. When he paints his slicker to keep out the rain, he paints it *red!* His bunk is the dirtiest on the claim and looks like one of those hazy photographs they send over radios and publish in newspapers. The cuspidor beside his bunk is a keg, sawed in two.

In all these things the punk is colossally he. But there is another side to the story of this most masculine youth, for, like all red-blooded men, he has a weakness. *It is chocolate bars!* Yes, sir, a weakness for those bars of candy so popular with children and young ladies! The choc'lit bar is his one vulnerable spot. One minute he may be telling how he would like a good meal of canned heat, or making a cynical reference to the origin and forebears of the camp foreman; but expose him to a soft brown bar of chocolate, and you have taken the wind from his sail. He is half ashamed to take it, but he is helpless.

On an average it requires six choc'lit bars daily to run a punk,

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with ten on Sundays. It is here that he falls down in the business of being a tough guy. For whoever heard of a tough guy, a real he-logger, eating choc'lit bars? It is preposterous! And the punk feels it. But what would you? . . . Youth must be served, and no man can rise above his eighteen years.

So, when in camp I tire of the punk's heavy-duty stories and tough tales and loud blats and cursing and cynical jeers, why, I just reach out right in front of the whole crowd and offer him a chocolate bar. I call it by name, so that all may see and hear: "Hey, punk, want a chocolate bar?" He will waver a moment between acceptance and scornful refusal . . . but the choc'lit bar will win. This will shame and tame him for the evening at least; he will munch his chocolate and remain quiet.

It is worth ten cents.

IT IS MY FAULT!

MAURINE BAKER BARCAL

I will not sit with pious head bent low
And say it is God's will I suffer so.
I will not weep, unstruggling, spirit dead,
The tears designing Fate would have me shed.
I will not drink Life's cup and finding it
Not to my liking, be content to sip.
I will not wait, sing as I humbly plod,
And blame my special discontents on God.

It is my fault! This is the creed I own
And with it I shall walk the world alone.
I shall remember if I chance to lose,
That I alone was pilot to my cruise.
I'll burn high tapers at Achievement's shrine,
And know the thing that built its spires was mine.

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PIONEERING IN WALL STREET

How Women Came and Stayed and Conquered

EUGENIA WALLACE

SHORTLY after the dawn of the present century, certain representatives of big business found themselves in a quandary—their office was growing too fast for its housekeeping. Clever young men were in training but they had lost their taste for the service end. "Systematizing doesn't interest live-wire men," they had just announced. "It hasn't future enough."

Necessity won over caution. "There is Miss Blank," the partners said, referring to a very able woman who had braved the bulls and bears of Wall Street to become librarian and statistician for a banking house. "See what a remarkable success she is. Perhaps there is another Miss Blank, somewhere."

So it came about that the senior partner journeyed up to the university training-school and put his case squarely before the librarian. Could a woman, a trained woman, bring order out of chaos? Could she master legal vocabulary, keep business hours, hold her own in a world of men? He would pay handsomely—sixty dollars a month if necessary. The librarian was sure that a woman could, but he knew the failings of men, even great men, when it comes to judging them. "Leave the selection to us," was his wise condition.

Of course there were drawbacks—that legal vocabulary for instance, but women are not long in mastering vocabulary. Order grew where order had never been and burdens of responsibility slipped from the shoulders of the great. The success of the experiment was noised abroad. Others called on the librarian during the next few years. I fell to the lot of a railroad president, and I think I shall tell the story through, not only because it shows the changed attitude of Wall Street toward business and professional women, but also because of the change in the women themselves, of whom there are now more than 126,000 in New York State alone. Twenty-five years ago they were hardly worth reporting. A little vanguard of stenographers, typists and telephone operators were already in the field, but no one realized that these women were starting the most significant pioneering the modern world has seen—the pioneering of middle and upper class women, trekking, thousands upon thousands, into the land of business and self-support.

To begin my own story. I hesitated to grasp opportunity, dazzling though it seemed. That vocabulary! Would I ever learn the inner meanings of such words as deben-

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tures and amortization? I might get eighty dollars—salaries had soared—but could I possibly earn them? Hardest of all, how confess to my world that I was doing anything so *outré* as "going downtown"? Like others of that day I wept secret tears of mortification and fear but I went—my call had come and the pioneer in me heard and answered.

Once downtown things were not so bad. Of course we never ventured out at noon, but ate our sandwiches in the office and always scurried home through side streets lest we be seen in the land of brokers, inconspicuous and tailor-made though we were. To-day, during the noon hour in Wall Street, one building alone releases six thousand girls in search of lunch-counters, lingerie shops and midday strolls. In the outer office I found an atmosphere quite frigid at first. An accountant had exploded, "Some man should be getting that salary," and his indignation spread over the place. The chief, however, was a truly great man and so was his assistant. Busy Western men made up their immediate staff and the stimulating sense of "big things doing" was in the air.

Learning the work did not prove over difficult but—office diplomacy and the ways of business! The very first lesson was a jolt. I had foolishly used my feminine signature in writing to the Western officers. A few days later the chief sent for me. He looked at the fire-breathing letters that had just come—to him. Why had I written for all those contracts? He suppressed a smile at my explanation, wrote "Please send everything asked for" across the letters and signed his name. My correspondence held no humiliations after that. I used my initials only and cultivated a truly masculine signature.

Also I learned to dictate; a fearful proceeding, arrived at by composing my first letters in secret and then reciting them from memory, as casually as possible. It made a great impression on the office boy. "Gee!" he exclaimed. "If only I had your brains." Brains indeed—a woman dictating to a stenographer!

But the hardest lessons the pioneers had to learn were outside the office. Dinner invitations became *en famille*. We were less, much less, popular at dances. Worst of all, old friends and relatives were embarrassed when asked about our work. Without doubt we were over sensitive and yet every advance women have ever made has meant conquest of prejudice and social customs, their own as well as their neighbors.

My work grew rapidly. Sometimes it was necessary to stay down in the evening. An officer would say, "I should like to have you help me to-night, *if your mother can come down to be with you.*" Certainly times have changed! Contrast this after-the-war picture: one of Wall Street's biggest corporations and a mailing-list department of young girls. In rush times those girls ran their machines until three or four in the morning, when they were taken in taxis to a hotel to snatch a few hours sleep before starting them again. It was breaking the law of course, but there are no factory inspectors hunting trouble in Wall Street.

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The fear that I should not earn my salary proved groundless. I earned it twice over—railroads were expanding in those days—but nothing was said about an increase. Things went on for two years but I shrank from asking for more money. None of our group had done anything so personal as that. However, I mustered courage at last and took the matter up with the chief. He asked me what I was getting!

When I got over my astonishment and took it in that the man who had loaded me with responsibilities had not only paid me the compliment of letting me shoulder them alone, but of thinking I was business woman enough to see to my salary, I learned the biggest of all my lessons—the right attitude toward business values. I got not only the increase and the assistant I asked for then, but have been given all the increases and assistants I have ever asked for since.

A word about assistants. They were by no means easy to find. Women had not "invaded" Wall Street then; they had to be hunted out and lured there. None of the business schools had courses in office management, filing or systematizing of any kind, and very few library school graduates could be tempted downtown. Finally I had a happy thought—I would train my own assistants. Blithely I knocked at the doors of the colleges. Alas for hope! "Very few of our students turn to business," they reported, "and those few prefer secretarial work."

If there were few college graduates in the Wall Street of those days, there were fewer married women. One was sent to me, but employ, even teach, a woman whose husband could support her! I was not alone in this narrow view. Men and women alike felt keenly about the "intrusion" of women who were economically independent. "Careers" were never heard of, it was all a serious business of bread and butter.

Time flew by. The chief was made chairman of the board and all the world knocked at his door. Roosevelt had his big stick out for the trusts and was making it easier for business men to be honest. Everybody was going after the railroads which were harassed, not only by the people but by politicians, with requests for rebates, passes and privileges of all kinds in exchange for their services. If the pioneers learned something about business they certainly learned something also about government and began quietly doing their bit toward hastening the day when they too should have a voice in the matter.

At that time, however, suffrage seemed generations away. We had no business organizations of our own and were certainly not admitted to those of the men. We did not attend staff meetings or even dream of officerships. There was no "woman problem" in the days of those first thirteen milestones. Perhaps we were a little too content. We had systematized—almost monopolized—the service end of business. Here and there overbusy women earning, some of them, as much as twenty-five hundred a year, served with the zeal that Chesterton dubbed "women's wolfish wifehood" for the firms who employed them.

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About the relations of men to the women in their offices. They were courteous, even friendly, but nearly always formal. There are no greater exaggerations than the reports of office romances. Even if women were willing to forget the dignity so necessary in those days, men would never have been allowed to do so. To be interested in a "girl in the office," was thought to be fatal to the career of any promising young banker or lawyer or bond man. I knew of several cases in which a young man who had temporarily lost his heart—or was it his head?—was quietly rescued by his associates, who took him in hand until he came to his senses, and who, just as quietly, "worked the girl out" unless she understood and resigned in time.

When the Interstate Commerce Commission ordered our headquarters back to the West I began my first search for a job—I mean a position. Women did not speak of jobs in those days. My modest salary—less than twenty-four hundred a year—was the stumbling block. I remember one man to whom I mentioned it. He fell back in his chair, gave a long whistle and exclaimed, "What a salary for a woman!" with all the abandon of utter astonishment.

"But if a woman earns it?" I asked, amused in spite of myself. I rose to go, for I saw that our points of view were years apart. No, there was no woman problem, as far as business was concerned, in the year 1913.

Then, quite suddenly, the Germans advanced on Belgium. I was in one of the country's greatest banking houses and saw what was coming. When foreign loans got into the air we girded ourselves for action. I asked for another assistant, and because she must be worth two to carry the load, decided to find a trained and thinking college woman for an organization and a field where college training had seemed most unnecessary for women clerks. There must be no failure in the experiment, so I searched for a girl of high grade but no slightest hint of the bluestocking about her. Vassar produced her and she made good. Smith College sent the next, Barnard followed and then Wellesley. At once controversy arose in the publicity department.

"Why not put this division in charge of a woman—one of those college girls?" a junior officer asked.

"She will never be able to carry it," his senior objected.

"She's made good so far."

"So far, but she won't stick it out."

"Try her, you'll see."

"*You'll* see—but go ahead."

She too, made good. Other officers said "go ahead" and the search began in dead earnest. There was one condition. Graduates, whether of high school or college, must have excellent rating. As for jobs going only to the needy, I had not only found the needy too often handicapped by lack of training, but I had learned the danger of putting a premium on such handicaps. "What's all this talk you've been giving my daughter about education?" one irate parent called up to ask. "Why should I keep her longer in school when she can get a job without it?"

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Why indeed? Because business was paying too high a price for training that parents and the state should give.

War was in the very air and the call for college girls and technically trained women became insistent. There may be fields they have invaded and captured against the will of others but they are certainly not in Wall Street. I gave up the evening classes I had been teaching at the university and devoted myself to the work of "recruiting women" to fill the jobs of fighting men. They were desperately needed if the business of the nation and the war was to go on, but to me there was another need, even greater and more far-reaching. The years in Wall Street had taught me many things, above all that business is the foundation of our institutions. Business is splendid, stimulating, but it is cruel as well and takes its toll of human happiness and human life. I had seen one promising man after another give way in health or in moral fiber, rather than be counted among its so-called failures. I had seen our own country twice plunged into war and knew that more wars must follow unless—unless what? We are still groping for the answer, but it seemed to me then as it seems to me now, that it waits for the partnership of women. Both business and government need the rectitude of women, need their deep concern for human happiness and life. Mere numbers, however, will accomplish nothing. Tens of thousands holding service positions only, will not make a dent upon the surface. If civilization is to reap the benefit of the changed status of women there must be opportunity for women with leadership ability and civic conscience to shoulder with men the responsibilities of business and government. Also, and most important of all, there must be opportunity for potential mothers to know the world for which they must gird their sons and daughters.

Those were wonderful days, really stimulating. The United States was fast changing from a debtor to a creditor nation and Wall Street was hard pressed to meet the demands made upon it. Our organization had leaped from four hundred to nearly as many thousand and was still growing. Almost without exception our college and technically trained girls were a success from the start. As time wore on they stood up splendidly under the strain of rush work, long hours and night classes. They were full of enthusiasm and quite free of the absurd social restraints that hampered the pioneers of a dozen years before. Men too were feeling more at ease about the women they met in business, and wedding-rings and wifely titles were coming to be openly worn.

Every day saw old prejudices and barriers give way and new opportunities pop up. For instance, the bond department manager came in to say, "We have a hard time every month getting the salesmen's records untangled. Do you want to try your luck with women? The right men can't be had just now."

They *were* luck, good luck, the girls who straightened out that division, so that only once did those millions fail to balance. The leader —we found her employed in a museum—organized her work so well that

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later on she was sent to our branch houses to establish the same system.

Opportunity knocked again. The publicity department called for a woman to edit financial bulletins and put them into French. We found a college instructor who was equally at home in English and the Latin languages. She too made good. When she wrote an article bubbling with delicious humor, they made her assistant editor of the house-organ and, womanlike, she took on the load. She got out an issue all her own and the Mighty exclaimed, "This is good! So good we must run off 50,000 extra copies and send them out at once."

Word of this achievement got about. The library and foreign departments called for translators with rare gifts; for instance a Spaniard with higher education and technical training, and a Russian who could translate, analyze financial reports, and find her way through the government documents of any country.

After a time we opened "a corporation school" but women were admitted only to a few of the classes. A number registered at the universities for extension courses in statistics and accounting or at the American Institute of Banking for its evening work in elementary banking. Five college girls however were extremely eager to take our own course in investments. The management stood firm but the sympathetic instructor sent them, daily, copies of the lectures that were multigraphed for his men. At the end of the course the girls filed in for "exams." He protested. They could never stand the test—they had had no part in class discussions. They replied that they could not measure their understanding unless they did take the test. As for discussions, they had held their own.

Then came the grades and the honor roll and the tale they told is not an exaggeration but a fact story out of, shall we call it big business, or the woman movement? A girl from an Ohio university rated ninety-nine plus. Next a man and then more girls. The fifth fell as low as ninety-six and shed secret tears of mortification, uncomforted by the knowledge that at least two thirds of the men had not made the honor roll at all, and were still smiling.

After that every class in the place was open to women.

But their promotions! They had to be carefully handled, a young chief clerk explained, because of the feelings of the men. That youngster had spent his first days in office receiving congratulations at a desk banked with flowers, but girls were very quietly slipped into positions of responsibility. Our gifted Russian, for instance, was offered a three months' trial in the heretofore "closed to all women" statistical department, if it could be so negotiated that the men would not suspect. She was "transferred," ostensibly to assist during an emergency, then as soon as she was proved, awarded the salary and title of a real statistician.

One significant thing stood out clearly—the men who believed in women and were willing to trust important work to them were men whose families boasted able and progressive women.

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It is impossible to describe the growth and the thrill of that time. The air was full of big things, sacrifices, opportunities, enterprises that tested all one's abilities. Women as well as men flocked into the streets, for the streets were gorgeous. Flags hung from the windows of the skyscrapers, floated over Broadway, that great defile, and catching the sunlight, filled the streets with color. Bands played on the busiest corners, even the hurdy-gurdies ground out patriotic airs. I shall never forget one frightfully busy morning when the "Star Spangled Banner" wailed below our windows, eight stories down. The army man who was talking to me sprang to his feet. The manager rose and continued his dictation. His secretary stood, still taking notes. In a moment we were all on our feet and all at work. No one smiled. This was war.

But if war work meant thrill and opportunity, it also meant confusion and mistakes. Because experienced men were overbusy, hiring and firing were usually left to youngsters who knew no more of psychology, especially female psychology, than they knew of the Fiji Islanders. The wrong people were taken in or the right people put at the wrong work. Medical and welfare departments were opened and costs mounted. The "woman problem" began. When the flapper invaded the strongholds of finance her dress, or lack of dress, her rouge and her high heels became trials to the Great. Strange and various ways of coping with the problem were tried; in vain of course when the power to promote and reward was left with the younger men. I well remember one who almost disrupted a department of trained and able girls by selecting the two least valuable in the group for coveted promotion.

Long before the close of the war people began to be interested in business women—"big women" they were often called. Reporters searched them out. One was found who advised clients and bought and sold "on 'Change." Another, oracle for a bond house, had trained several of its younger sons for partnership in the firm. A "diplomat" not only got into a club of statisticians but even won an officership. But let them sell bonds! Make them officers of banks! Never.

"Why not?" some one asked our own bond department manager.

"Women who invest would not buy from women. They want to deal with men," was his smiling but confident reply.

His theory was put to the test. "How do *you* feel about it?" we asked a woman who had always been self-supporting.

"Certainly I would not buy from a woman," was her emphatic answer, "nor would I employ a woman doctor or a woman lawyer. Why? Because women of my age never have a chance to talk to men except when they pay for it. Why yield the opportunity?"

Then, quite suddenly, something happened. A well-known suffragist and club leader opened a bond department in a financial house of the best standing. The ambient air was instantly agitated. Newspapers and magazines took it up. A woman selling bonds! Others began to sell securities, not

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only to women but to men, banks and insurance companies. A far-sighted woman in our own house had urged this procedure, but in vain until a new officer—a Western man with a college bred wife and a very genuine confidence in women—came upon the scene and gave her the opportunity. Another, an able Southern woman with the very necessary social background was also a pioneer, for she not only took our own course in investments but was the very first woman to graduate from the three year course of the American Institute of Banking.

These women are typical of the "new woman" who appeared during the war years, those who followed the pioneers and pushed on toward equal opportunity. They dictated their own terms to a far greater extent than we could do in our day because they were able to prove their value in dollars and cents. Many of them were married and that meant a broader point of view and often social contacts of real value. The business world began to understand this and to search out independent women who had initiative and business-getting qualities and who were not afraid to express ideas. Even society women were "invited" to come downtown—incomes shrank during the war. Most of these women have lasted, not only because of their clientele and drawing power, but because of innate ability and their own need for success. These "new women" do not hold service positions but are working on an even keel with men, where they take the same risks and are measured by the same rigorous standards.

So much for the war years in Wall Street. An invitation, a demand almost, came from Washington but I managed to evade the call, financially tempting though it was. I wanted to see my own work through, so when the opportunity came to put into effect a war program in employment I knew it for my own. The opportunity proved greater than I had expected. Where I had dealt with hundreds I was to deal with thousands now and through a lens of nation-wide reach.

The demand for women was unceasing, but if business houses, service organizations, hospitals, even college presidents, beat a path to our door in search of them, the women themselves now beat a veritable roadway. In spite of their numbers, however, it became increasingly difficult to fill "men's jobs." There was a double reason for this. First, a woman was rarely installed until there had been a hard-fought battle over the innovation, so it was natural enough that with skeptics "waiting to be shown," her champions should insist on having a paragon with all the virtues of the elect—mental ability, education, taste in dress, always social background and after that special values such as financial experience, club contacts and speaking ability. But, and this is the second reason, the salaries were still women's salaries. The bid was sometimes raised a little when the search proved unsuccessful. After that—"Well, if we must go as high as three thousand dollars," or four or five, "we will get a man."

After the wild, never to be forgotten joy of Armistice day, women looked at each other and asked,

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"What of us?" The answer came clear enough during the years that followed. It has had a very sobering effect on the leading business and professional women and on the vocational advisers in the women's colleges, but that good will eventually come out of the bitter lessons of that after-war experience, they all agree. One thing stands out above all others—women, to safeguard themselves and to win real standing in the business world, must become a money-making force as well as a service army.

It also became clear that they must have an organization through which they could work, so in 1919, under the leadership of the far-sighted woman who is now its president, the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs was born. Less than twenty years had passed since our little group of pioneers ventured into Wall Street, yet forty-four states had not only business women enough but clubs enough to form this organization of the nation's economically independent women.

Those women are looking their problems squarely in the eye. Business ability has been demonstrated beyond doubt, but for every successful woman there are scores of the inexperienced elderly thrown on their own resources and the inexperienced young with the least possible training for their business life. The elderly are a problem of this generation only, but the young must yield to the pressure coming from employers who, though they have not actually reduced salaries in the after-war years, now demand a great deal more training and ability for the same amount of money. It is significant that a later convention of the Federation unanimously indorsed the resolution that a full high school education *must be the basis for further training for business.* That women will soon have that further training, and as a result, a more professional attitude toward their work, is proved by the fact that the best professional and collegiate schools of business are rapidly opening to them.

The after-war experiences of business women have brought another fact clearly to light. More and more women, if they are to have any potent influence in the world of business and government, must join the new pioneers who are making independent ventures of their own. In the United States, as in England, many are now "going into trade" and themselves becoming employers. Their signs swing in the breeze—"Joan Jefferson, Consultant in Office Organization"; "The Blue Plate Coffee Shop"; "Josie, Jane & June—Gowns." Banks respect them and seek their accounts. They are beginning to enlarge their contacts and soon they will even learn to play.

As I look back through our first quarter of a century one thing impresses me above all others—the character of successful women. Something more than sheer ability is expected of them and something more than success flowers as a result of their efforts. This, I believe, will continue to be the case and will be women's special contribution to the world they are entering for the first time in history.

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THE SHORT BALLOT IN LITERATURE

It Would Contain Less Than One Hundred Volumes

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

"I HAVE read all the books," sighed Baudelaire; and if he meant by books the undiluted race-plasm of great men, he might have added, "And they were not numerous either."

All that is published is not Book. There is not enough energy in the world to produce more than three Books in a century. A Book is the gist of an epoch, the archive of an era. "The Lusiads" of Camoens *is* the maritime glory that was Portugal; the "Summa Theologiæ" of Aquinas *is* the culmination of Christian theology, thirteen centuries in the making. A Book drives its taproot into the granite strata of race thought and aspiration; and it is the fate of any grubbier weed to be choked down by contemporary tares before a decade passes—witness the last end of Tupper, Paley and N. P. Willis. Who reads to-day "Evidences of Christianity," "Vignettes of Manhattan" or even "If Winter Comes"? The half-million volumes published in Europe and America last year will furnish half a million exhibits to the collector of cynical statistics; the books and the snows of yesteryear are to be found in exactly the same place.

Competent opinion differs as to the publication date of the last Book. A few academic stalwarts believe that the Folio of 1623, carelessly and lovingly edited by Heming and Condell seven years after Shakspere's death, was the great divide in English letters, and that since that time our literature has been tumbling downhill. A handful of revolutionists cry out for Rousseau's "Le contrat social." Others testify that nothing has been written since Karl Marx corrected the proofs of "Das Kapital." The scientist with a flare for polemics will say that 1859, the year of Darwin's "Origin of Species," is the last great date in English literature. And occasionally we encounter a Grecian who believes that Aristotle was the first Neoplatonist, and that since 399 B.C. everything has been mere comment and repetition. But wherever the decision rests, whether with the synoptic gospels or Lyell's "Geological Evidences," it does not affect the contention of this paragraph that a great Book visits these lunar glimpses about as frequently as Olbers's meteor.

The paucity of human ideas has a cheerful corollary: one idea will suffice for a Book. Jesus developed one text only; Horace sang one song. Carlyle, Epicurus, and Montaigne had a theme each. Yet though the thoughts of men be few, they are

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deep hidden among stagnant swamps of commentary, plagiarism and gloss. To trace the germinal ideas of literature through jungle-bogs of exegesis and abridgment to their purest source, to read again the words of Dante, Lucretius and Cervantes—even in translation—and to hale the democratic herd up to the clear-gushing rock, seems to be the simple task of the guardian of literary morals, be he teacher, critic or dictator.

As a humorless and prematurely gnarled baiter of college youth, sitting day after day on the infallible side of the class-room desk, I have been more than casually entertained by the contemplation of the great Books of the world. Out of the surplus of an instructor's salary I have bought them all, one at a time, and there they stand on a short shelf—the noblest library a man could wish to own. And doubtless they will continue to stand there until the president of the Tremendous University drives up to my door in a taxi, leaps out and cries aloud:

"I want you to revise all my reading courses. What is your program?"

Whereat I shall look up from my book (I hope it will be Plato) and, to the astonishment of boggle-eyed academicians, roar:

"The short ballot in literature!"

What do I mean by the short ballot in literature? I mean, quite literally, that there are in the world less than one hundred books that can seriously engage the attention of the mature reader. That there are other books of value and interest I do not deny—jolly books, pretty books, tender books. But I am concerned her with nothing but the quintessential oil of literature, attarized and triple-distilled. And I contend that any man of favorable predisposition can read these books with pleasure and inestimable profit in less than five years; that by so doing he will acquaint himself with the best that has been thought and said in the world, acquire a finer palate for truth, establish trustworthy bases of departure for his own contemplative life and, in short, render himself immune from the miserable plagues of popularizers, outliners and book-a-month mongers that infest the day.

To understand further what I mean by the short ballot, pick up its antithesis, the catalogue of the Great University. Heft the article. It weighs from one to three pounds, contains about two hundred pages and offers more than a thousand courses. Disregard the extension courses devoted to brass-crafting, tuba-pumping and home-budgeting. Persons who take these courses are incapable of being harmed anyway. But turn to the college section and view the extraordinary jumble of electives permitted the undergraduate. After satisfying a major and a minor sequence (a sequence is a consecutive series of courses in the same subject), he is allowed to wander at his own discretion among the specialized courses in eighteenth-century diarists, commercial geography and histories of esthetics. At the beginning of his second year the student begins to stock up on pre-professional courses leading to business, law or medicine. After the third year he is admitted to the professional school, sticks his nose into

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text-books and is forever lost to the humanities. Hundreds of students enter professional school without a single course in philosophy or literature beyond the scanty and compulsory introduction of the freshman year. I have sat at college tables with dozens of these men, none of whom happened to be working toward a baccalaureate degree. They were using two years of college as a spring-board, from which they jack-knifed into the specialized pond of some professional school. Very well —each to his own. But what did we talk of? Did we share a common body of traditional knowledge, the superb inheritance of the English race? Did we stand on the hill of Western culture, surveying civilizations, languages and philosophies in the perspective of twenty-five centuries? We did not. My friends were interested in torts, office management and Spanish with which to net the South American trade. Lacking better subjects, we talked always of comparative football scores or trailed off into the lethal patter of fraternity politics and personalities. Since we had no ideas to broach and no arguments to settle, we met on what ground we could. Or, finding no ground at all, we turned on the graphophone exclaiming, one after the other: "Hot mama! . . . Dickety-dog! . . . Eva, burn my shoes!"

But during my own junior year John Erskine conceived the bewildering idea of the short ballot in education, and jammed it through a skeptical Committee of Instruction. In effect his idea was to stock a small room with great books and to expose a selected number of upper-classmen to their naked influence. That was our only *ratio studiorum*. From Homer to William James we read a Book every week, and discussed that Book around a table at a single weekly meeting. How or where we spent our week did not matter, the only requirement being that we *read the Book!* The carnage was awful. About twenty of us fell to reading the Greek dramatists, historians and philosophers so avidly that we entirely disappeared from the campus and came out only to rage in debate with each other over midnight sandwiches and matutinal coffee. We pernoctated with Plato and with Boethius outwatched the Bear. We read Lucretius and were Epicureans; we read Marcus Aurelius and straightway became Stoics. We had discovered the heritage that was rightfully ours. Within two years we had wrestled and been thrown by nearly one hundred of the giants of Western literature. We familiarized ourselves with the noblest, the most delightful and the most difficult thoughts of man. We read Goethe for twenty-two hours at a stretch and boiled mystically over the "Enneads" of Plotinus. Boring passionately through the outer kernel of appearance, we arrived somehow at an intimation of our immortality. I think we were the luckiest score of youths that ever attended a college since the days of the Academy.

I predict that the university of the future will give its entering students a list of not more than one hundred books; that it will say: "You who are entering upon life are saluted by those who were the lords of life. Read these books over and over until their furious and exalted language has inflamed you with the flame of

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desperate beauty. Let them immerse you in the blood and tears of a thousand invasions, martyrdoms, visions and prophecies. When you feel that you have absorbed as much of their energies as your youthful fibers will bear, come back and tell us about these books. If you speak of them eloquently or penetratingly or even with stammering intensity, we will confer upon you the only honor we are able to bestow: in a world of brass pretension and vain noise we will extend to you the assurance of our esteem and high friendship."

And these young men, having been admitted to the esteem and high fellowship of the university, will step out into the public square and on the morning of the first day will pull the greasy and disorderly togas off the limbs of a noxious hack-quack literati. Undraped, this gentry will be seen in all their blue puffiness and will be ridiculous at last in the eyes of those who have been reading their daily column. Next, the young stalwarts from the Academy will erect a huge oak measuring-post in front of the Public Library, flanking it with a steel seismograph and a gold spirit-level. All books from all publishing houses will be measured, leveled and attuned to the vibrations of the earth. If they fail in any test, they will be consigned to mean fires amid the rejoicing of the multitudes. And the terse motto on the oak measuring-post will run, "When a new book is published, read an old one."

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What are these mystical old Books on the short ballot of literature? They are the indubitable world books, the Kalevalas, the Faustiads, the Njala Sagas, the *niemals aus der Mode* books, the compacted archives of cultures past and present. They are the Best Books of a planetary dispensation, the spiritualized experiences of the human race. They are few, huge and unmistakable. And I believe they can be selected quite arbitrarily. Let any ten persons, whose only qualification be that they have read all the world books at least six times, each compile a complete list of great works. On comparison the lists will be found to be almost identical. How could it be otherwise? Who, having read Sophocles, could possibly leave him off such a list? Or Euripides or Shakspere or Thucydides? Actually it will not be necessary to consult ten opinions. Any man who has spent his days in the presence of the masters will be the Aristotelian "just man," the measure of all good and bad. And after debating briefly with him concerning a few doubtful members of the list Adam Smith, Bernard of Clairvaux, Henry David Thoreau—(do you wrangle with me here?) I should willingly accept his list as my own. If he rated Hegel greater than Kant, or Corneille of more importance than Racine, I could readily assimilate his suggestions and doubtless be nourished thereby. For I believe that humility is the abiding mark of the world reader and that his first emotion on discovering a new work is wonderfully close to gratitude. To read the words of any hero is to become his violent champion; his rock, Peter; or John, his first and best loved disciple.

But if I prescribe these books to

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physic the rankness of a costive age (and I do), it will be objected: "On what tablets of gold is recorded the virtue of these classics in correcting the humors and inflations of men? Why should flaming youth and crabbed age be dieted on Homer, or suffer Virgil's epic leech to tug at their swollen veins?"

It is a long time since any one has written a defense of classical culture, and a restatement of the grand position is ripely overdue. George Edward Woodberry's "New Defense of Poetry" is probably the last sonorous peal from the deserted battlements of a great tradition. His utterance is lucid, sanguine. He believes that the race mind, being the warder of the best that anywhere comes into being, clings with the grip of fate to anything of beauty, wisdom or eloquence emanating from the heart of man. With a preternatural selective economy the race preserves every syllable of its greatness:

"One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world has never lost."

The ornate, the trivial, has been purged away by the pitiless erosion of centuries. The remainder is best *quia* Best, if that superlative means only the highest comparative of the Good. And contact with this chaste superlative beauty is a swift abrasive, potent in scraping away the barnacles of our brackish mortality.

"The thing's restorative i' the touch and sight," cries Browning, tossing in the air his great "Yellow Book"—

"A book in shape, but really pure crude fact
Secreted from man's life when hearts beat hard
And brains, high-blooded, ticked two centuries hence."

"Give it me back; I need the vigor of its blood-stream pulsing through my own," he added. He knew the energy of a living document. In the feel and flavor of a veteran book there is a lean muscularity that shames all flabbier ware. It is the cardiac muscle of a generation. Though it has run far, you need only to touch its resilient pulse to know that it will again outrun a million broken-winded glanderous nags with blurbish jackets and bishoped brown teeth.

It may seem rash and ill-considered to expose a citizenry bred on slops to the close-fibered loaf of a grand book. But I know of no other expedient to correct the shocking lack of taste and nutriment in the annual troughful of literary pap sanctioned by the critics and consumed by the readers of the United States. My jeremiads are concerned not so much with colleges, for there at least the great tomes are silently exuding their energies, *volo nolo*, into the skull-pans of teacher and pupil. But my lamentations are loudest when I seek for one honest man in Newspaper Row. The newspaper critics—what a microcephalous race! No ephemera is too wispish, no trash too trifling, for their conflagratory superlative and fudge signet of approval. "Most significant book of the decade"; "centered on the axle of profound genius"; "worthy of a place beside Balzac and Melville and Fielding"; "tremendously *total*"—are some of

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the log-rolling, back-scratching, cent-a-word dithyrambics over a tawdry plot-jobber or Mayfair Priapus. With neither perspective nor common honesty, these "critics" (is it Swift who suggests that critic means, etymologically, *mirror of brass?*) ring the old changes in present-day journals better known for their rotogravure sections than for their literary good taste.

But this is not the worst affliction of a harassed and gullible people. In an age of frantic compression and tabloid culture, there has arisen a crew of popularizers and outliners and cogging hacks who will for a penny hire (a pretty penny too) dismember, chop, season and stuff into handy-sized skins a sausage-like mixture of pseudo-learning and greasy sciolism. Outlines of History, Religion and Science, Mankind, Womankind, Love, Marriage and the Seven Arts are baled up like cut fodder and marketed by the ton. But in this chopped straw there is no juice, no healthy vitamine, no intellectual roughage. Chaucer and Puvis de Chavannes are ticketed with orange labels; the Logos is made into a story; and Louis Untermeyer is proved kin of Beowulf! "Before I read your 'Story of Philosophy,'" writes Mr. Heywood Broun, "Plato and Aristotle were mere names to me." Well, we are getting on. At the age of thirty-eight Mr. Broun realizes that there is a Book called "The Republic." Possibly he may review it some day in his column.

If the bristling bustle of modern life has made the tabloid a necessity and has driven a poetry-hungry, beauty-starved nation into the corners of the lending library and upon the spikes of the outliners, then the short ballot in literature should receive the joyous suffrage of a people. For I think that a kind of compression and exclusion not hitherto practised in our lives is the solution of many evils. Only by the exclusion of all that is cheap and ephemeral can a race grow substantial in truth. Only by a rigorous economy can the few hours we devote to reading be made at once a delight and a tonic stimulant. And whatever *progress* may mean, I am sure it cannot be attained by gulping down frantic digests, nor by dosing the intelligence with mystery novels and shoddy romances. By taking thought the individual *can* increase, by the much-to-be-desired cubit, the stature of society. And only by affectionate knowledge of the good, the courageous and the durable can he protect himself against the vicious, the transient, the trivial. Under a little heap of great literature lies the double-edged Theseus sword of personal liberty and cultivated taste—the only objects worthy of the free man's worship.

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BEYOND SOUND OF MACHINE-GUN

LLEWELLYN HUGHES

UNDER the January rain that fell perpendicularly from a leaden sky, the Arras-Doullens road seemed to wind to and from desolation: a spectral ribbon of mud with shattered weeping poplars throwing their shadows across its stagnant surface; and all along its woeful route the ghostly cairns of smashed and broken gun-wheels, limbers, remnants of ammunition columns, and gaunt ferocious-looking horses stiff and grotesque in the posture of a pantomimic death.

Down this road came a long and tortuous centipede; something with two thousand legs that moved with rhythmic tread; something replete with slung rifles, rubber sheets caped over war-weary shoulders and great-coats that weighed a ton; something with a thousand tin hats that dripped the January rain; with packs; with knapsacks: the whole, phantom-like as the road it traversed.

A battalion coming out on rest. Not a full complement; for they had been raked by a machine-gun that had taken its toll of them.

Men. Men with life's responsibilities, with love and hate in their hearts, with secrets, with thoughts of home and children, with disappointments, joys and sorrows . . . even as you and I. Men as homogeneous, colorless, gray, as the lice in their shirts.

Coming out from Vimy, on rest.

"O! Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Par-lee-voo;
Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Par-lee-voo;
Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Hasn't been kissed in forty years,
Hinky, pinky, par-lee-voo."

They were leaving behind them their dead and a line they had held for three weeks, and they sang because they were happy. They were beyond sound of a machine-gun. Only the rain pattering on their tin hats reminded them of it.

Taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-

The cough of a Maxim! An evil, hideous, nerve-jarring, deadly thing of the Vimy mud. Unseen, impregnable behind its concrete hide, it spat death at all the world, and the world could not silence it.

Taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-

In the last week it had cost them a total of thirty-one lives. To kill it, crush it under heel and exterminate it, would—so it seemed to the battalion—end war and strife for all time. But the supporting artillery dare not try to locate it; it was too near their front line. Trench mortars failed. Mills bombs merely chipped its concrete emplacement.

Three times the colonel had called for a volunteer. Three times the

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battalion responded. And thrice a man had gone out, to be seen and heard no more. The weather, the glue-like mud, prohibited anything in the nature of a raid. The Maxim continued to cough with venomous effect. In the dead of night, in the gray of morn, a metallic hate that chilled the spine, made men lie face downward in the slime of their sewers.

Taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-

To hell with it! Let the relieving battalion do the worrying. The 14th Royal Surreys, through for a week—perhaps longer—were sloughing back to Avesnes-le-Comte. To barns with dry straw in 'em. To hot baths. To clean underclothing. To estaminets. To beer. To girls—such as they were—God bless 'em.

"O-o-oh! Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Par-lee-voo;
Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Par-lee-"

"Incline to the left, men!"

A supply column, going up to Vimy, passed them on the gallop, splashing mud in all directions. Mud! "I've got mud on my soul," muttered the lieutenant. "Lord!" sang the file, "won't it be good to see a gel again?" "And plenty o' beer," said another. "Yus," said the sergeant, "and I hope the blasted war's over afore we get sober."

Laughter! A wave of it, spreading through the platoon. Laugh men! It's easy on the chest. Laugh a bit of color into your gizzards.

In front of them marched the colonel; a tall, grave-faced man. "One in a million, he is!" "Yus! Who gave us an extra rum ration?" "The colonel!" "Who's never downhearted?" "The colonel!" "And who'll we go through hell for, anytime he askes us?" "The colonel!" "Three cheers for the colonel!" Beginning in A company, it ran down the drenched, mud-plastered ranks, through B and C and on to D.

Four paces in the rear of the last file, a rifle-less man trudged between two guards. The 14th was bringing out a prisoner. Not a German. He was one of their own men. His name was Private Hobbs and dreadful was the thing he had done. For during the night he had left his listening-post and while he did so two Germans had crawled across the strip of fetid No-Man's-Land and come within an ace of bombing the battalion dugout and killing the colonel; a catastrophe frustrated only by the quick action, the blazing courage of the man responsible for the whole blunder.

"O-o-o-oh! Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Par-lee-voo;
Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Par-lee-"

That, however, didn't excuse him. It was bad soldiering, and for the like of it there is a just and sure punishment. Still, the colonel—who dearly loved his men and was cognizant that, after all, he most probably owed his life to the man—was loathe to press the maximum penalty.

He should, he knew, call a military board, a court-martial. The finding of that board would certainly not be favorable to Bill 'Obbs. They would order him shot with no more ceremony than they would order

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their breakfast, and in the strictest military sense their decision would be proper. The man had no vestige of excuse. He had deserted his post for no other reason than a sentimental desire to bid a dying comrade God-speed. This lad, a weak and grudging soldier, was the prisoner's chum. Humbug!

"O-o-o-o-oh! Mademoiselle from
Armentières,
Par-lee-voo;
Mademoiselle from Armen—"

Now the battalion liked Bill 'Obbs. They admired his cool indifferent nerve. They grinned at his square and ugly mug that was ornamented by a broken nose and bracketed by two outstanding ears. But there were whispers that Bill 'Obbs had served time before he joined the army, and although he was none the less a soldier for all of that, he was yet a bloke to keep a fair distance from.

He had one real friend, a lad named Watts; and thereby hangs the story of the post desertion. For Tommy Watts was a sick and weakly youth whom soldiering had not improved. Too long a term in London's slums had done its work and all the physical training of the universe could not correct it. Many a time Bill 'Obbs carried his pack, many a time lent a helping hand, and last night he had violated orders by taking part of the lad's guard.

A listening-post is no sort of place to desert. Under ordinary circumstances Bill 'Obbs would never have dreamt of it. It was this way. As Tommy came down the trench to take up the remaining hour of his guard, the boche Maxim coughed a little and got him neatly through the chest. He yelled for Bill—as he often had before—and Bill ran frantically to aid him.

So it was that Tommy Watts leaned—even unto death—on a man they were now bringing out under guard, to a place beyond sound of the *taka-taka-taka* that had severed their relationship forever.

What's the idea, Bill? Your feet should be dragging. Your head should hang low, like it did last night. And what's the meaning of that look in your eyes? Steel gray they are; but wistful, Bill, damned wistful. Perhaps you are tired? All right, keep a-marching. You'll rest long enough when they finish with you at Avesnes-le-Comte.

"I know a gel there," piped a lad. "Her kisses are sweet as honey." "What," roared the sergeant, "that there one I seen you with the last time? She's a cow." "Hey, matey, give us a fag, will you?" "Will I? Take all you want. I'm happy to-day. You can 'ave me bloomin' shirt, if you like." "No thanks, mine's just as crummy."

"O-o-o-o-o! Mademoiselle from
Armentières,
Par-lee-voo;
Mademoiselle from—"

The 14th Royal Surreys. Coming out from Vimy, headed by their tall grave-looking colonel. And four paces in the rear of their last file, where a scoundrel properly belongs, they were bringing a man called 'Obbs. For he had done a dreadful thing, had 'Obbs; and when they got him to Avesnes-le-Comte they would haul him before his betters, hear all he had to say, and when he'd done

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a-talking they would tie a handkerchief over his steel-gray eyes and shoot him like a dog. . . .

"O-o-o-o! Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Par-lee-voo;
Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Par-lee-voo;
Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Hasn't been kissed in forty years,
Hinky, pinky, par-lee-voo."

They were in a dingy room in a square stone building honored with the name, Battalion Headquarters. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning. Benches lined the damp walls. Behind a solitary table with its confusion of reports and papers, its field-telephone, its military law books, sat an elderly grave-faced man whose eyes were gentle as a woman's. Dennison was his name—Colonel Dennison. At the door was a sergeant and a khaki phalanx of four men with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets.

The colonel cleared his throat. When he spoke his voice seemed strained. "You—you appear to take this very casually, Hobbs."

"I lost me mate. I don't give a damn now, sir."

"You understand, exactly, what it means?"

No answer.

"A military board sitting here in the war area would order you shot"—the word seemed to pain him—"at dawn, to-morrow morning."

Bill 'Obbs nodded. "That's what I'm expecting, sir."

Colonel Dennison looked at him. "You—you have nothing more to say, Hobbs?"

"There ain't anything I can say, sir. Oh, don't you worry about me, sir. If I've got to be shot, I'm glad to get out of it. Gawd's truth, sir. Fair sick of the blinkin' war, I am." Bill spoke listlessly. His eyes were lifeless. "Been sick of it for years, sir. It's waiting for it that makes a man suffer. Like you, sir, and them chaps over there." He glanced in the direction of the phalanx. "You'll all be going back up the line again. And I'd go with yer, so long as I was free. But—"

He faced his colonel. "I ain't afraid to die, sir. One volley from the old rifles and"—he was pale—"the blinkin' war'll be over for Bill 'Obbs, Esquire. I won't be missed. Now Tommy Watts has gone, there's nobody going to walk behind my coffin."

The colonel didn't stir.

"When did you join up, Hobbs?"

"What, me, sir? September, 1914. That's when I took the bloomin' shilling, sir."

"In it since the very beginning?"

"Yes, sir. Wounded four times, as you can see by these stripes on me arm. But they kept sending me back. Oh, there's only one way to get out of it, sir," he advised generally. "Take what's coming to yer and die to end this 'ere militarism they're gabbing about."

"Well, Hobbs," again the colonel cleared his throat, "I don't know what to do about you. I'm shelving my duty as it is. I ought to call a—"

"Don't worry about me, sir."

"I want to make you see the full seriousness of your crime, to make you realize the punishment which should naturally follow it."

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"I understand, sir."

"If I had you shot," the low grave voice went on, "it would automatically stop your pension, and your family or wife—"

"I got no family, sir, or a wife. And as for me blinkin' pension—why I never even made out me papers for it. I ain't got anybody to leave it to. Not a bloody soul, sir. Never 'ad anybody—as I can remember." He folded his arms across his chest. "So let the bleedin' government keep me pension and buy themselves a bit o' ribbon with it. Gift from Bill 'Obbs, sir—and be damned to 'em!"

There was a silence. Then Colonel Dennison said, "You'll be kept in the guard-house, on bread and water, until I decide what to do with you. All right, sergeant. Take him out."

"Squad! Right turn! Quick march!"

Left, right; left, right; left, right. With Bill 'Obbs in between, the squad marched down the hill toward the guard-house. Before and above them, high in the heavens, the sun poured down on Vimy and the rancid reeking hogwash that was its network of trenches.

Taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-

Two Canadian artillerymen, their backs against a barn, watched the little procession come down the hill.

"Hello! here's a guy they're sticking in the coop. Soft for him, all right."

"Maybe he's going to his funeral."

"G'wan. He ain't worrying." He greeted the prisoner with a shout. "Hey there, feller. How'd you get out of the war?"

Left, right; left, right; left, right—

"One of them 14th fellers."

"Yep. The suicide battalion. They been catching hell lately."

Another shout. "Hey, feller—I guess you know when you're well off, all right. Your battalion's going back in again, to-morrow."

This caused Bill 'Obbs to turn his head.

"It's a fact. I see the orders this morning. The 14th's got to pull off a big raid in a day or so. So ain't you lucky, feller?"

Left, right; left, right; left—Going back in the line! Why, the battalion had only been out three days! A raid! Up there, in the face of that Maxim! They'd be slaughtered—

When the sun went down, Bill 'Obbs requested to be paraded before his colonel. For three days the battalion hadn't given a thought to him. They were not thinking of him now, at seven in the evening. Avesnes-le-Comte occupied all their time and attention, and the estaminets rang with the raucous symphony of their jollifications.

But Bill 'Obbs had been thinking of the battalion, thinking of the mugs he'd never see again; the mugs who, after to-day, would never look on Avesnes-le-Comte or on England. For they'd be going up to Vimy in the morning and Bill 'Obbs knew by experience what that would mean to many of 'em. Not until the middle of the night would they be told. And then—in barns, in billets—what an awakening! From the blissful depths of a profound and alcoholic sleep the brass of their N. C. O.'s would startle them into an acute and frozen sobriety. "Parade, 4.30 A.M.! In the square! Full marching kit!"

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All afternoon Bill 'Obbs had thought of it, had visualized their white and anxious faces, had heard their whispered questioning. Parade, lads! For Vimy! Your jaunt in Avesnes-le-Comte is over.

So, once again, he faced his colonel.

"I bin thinking, sir."

"Yes, Hobbs."

They were alone. The phalanx and its sergeant had been told to wait outside.

"As I told yer, sir, I'm fair sick of the blinkin' war. I'm glad to get out of it." The lifelessness had left his steel-gray eyes; pin-pricks of brilliant light danced in them, vanished, then danced again. "I hear the old battalion's a-going back in the line, sir? To-morrow morning."

"Well?"

"Back to face that blasted pill-box, that there Maxim, sir. It got me mate, Tommy Watts. It'll get a lot more of us. I hate to think of the lads what's going to cop it. Now sir, I bin thinking."

Colonel Dennison was very patient.

"I know a way to put that Maxim out of business. Smash it for good and all, sir." And with a funny little chuckle Bill 'Obbs told the colonel of his desperate scheme.

The elderly grave-faced officer heard him through, then gasped and rose to his feet. "Could such a thing be attempted?"

"I can do it, sir." Bill was anxious. "Is it a go?"

"Well, Hobbs,"—he was studying the unmilitary figure, staring fixedly at him—"I really don't know what to say. It's a reckless scheme and—and—" His set features relaxed a little. "Perhaps I should tell you this, Hobbs. I've decided, under the circumstances of your action following your military crime, not to call a court-martial. My present plan is to take the matter up with Brigade and have you shipped back to England, to the military prison at Aldershot."

Bill 'Obbs suppressed a shudder. He had heard of that prison, knew what they did there to crimed men.

"Let me tackle that blasted Maxim, sir," he begged. "That'll be taking all that's coming to me—in one lump. I'm willing to take my punishment. Comes to the same thing in the end, sir, and we'll save the government a hundred wooden crosses. Anything for economy, that's what I say."

Colonel Dennison was graver than ever. "It's a brave, a very brave, a deliberate sacrifice," he stammered. He went to the window, stood there in silence. At length, without turning, he said: "I'll think it over, Hobbs. I'll let you know before morning."

"Very good, sir."

One hour later, Bill 'Obbs strolled into Avesnes-le-Comte a free man. His boots were cleaned and polished, the buckle on his belt gleamed like gold, his tin hat was oiled and set at a jaunty angle and in his trousers' pocket was a roll of notes given him by his colonel. "Back pay, Hobbs—and something extra." The back pay amounted to forty francs; the something extra increased it to a hundred. "Enjoy yourself, Hobbs. Have a good time."

"I will, sir."

But much as he desired to join his mates, to treat them to all and every-

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thing they wanted, to force them by the elbow of wholesale generosity to take him to their hearts, Bill 'Obbs—under the grim circumstances of his freedom—couldn't make his release known. Somehow, their jollifications, the conviviality of their drunken rowdyism, seemed barred to him. It was as if something, something insurmountable, lay between them.

Taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-

Regretfully, he turned away. He wandered aimlessly through the dark streets and took an unfrequented road that led west, toward the Channel, toward England.

Bill 'Obbs grinned as he realized the direction he was headed in. They said the stars were millions of miles away, but England was farther still. Quite suddenly he felt tired, in need of a stimulant. The money in his trousers' pocket burned to be spent.

Turning, he retraced his steps to a small deserted café that stood about half a mile from the town.

A low dark room received him, a room lit by two tallow candles stuck in dark-green bottles that were mantled by white grease, and a small fire in a preposterously large fireplace. There were a few round tables, some chairs and high-backed benches. Bill 'Obbs had to stoop to avoid the great black cross-beams as he made for the fire.

Accentuating the loneliness of the place, a girl sat at one of the tables. She was a young and pallid little thing who appeared either starved or consumptive. Here, in the gloom, her lips seemed black. In reality they were a vivid red. Bill 'Obbs could have put all the clothes she wore, including her hat and shoes, in the pocket of his greatcoat. There was something about her eyes, in their misty depths, something that—

But no. Few men would have looked twice at her. Still Bill 'Obbs looked, looked a dozen times and more. Her eyes made him think of London, when the scintillation of its west and east, its mansion, pub and music-hall was screened by a thin transparent fog. Ah! London was beautiful then! Very beautiful!

On impulse he rose and walked over to her.

"You're English, ain't yer?" he asked tentatively.

"None of yer dam' business."

He smiled. "Yus, I thought you was English," he said, sitting down beside her. "London, too, I'll bet five bob. And I wouldn't be so far off if I said the Mile End Road."

A smoldering fire played through the foggy eyes. Her little white face grew hard as marble.

"Needn't sit down," she informed him. "I don't want yer bloomin' company."

Bill reddened. "I thought perhaps—"

"Oh, you thought, did yer? Well think again, old dear. Slope off!" she ordered. "Fade away, beat it, vamose, and do the conjuring act on yerself!"

Her table was bare of glass. A broken saucer served as ash-tray and there was one cigarette stub on it.

"Yer wouldn't like a drop of—?"

"No, I wouldn't," she snapped. "I want to be left alone—that's all I want. To be left alone!" And on the instant of this fierce statement, the mist in her eyes evaporated and left the makings of a tear. At least

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that was the way Bill 'Obbs saw it, and his manner softened.

"I didn't mean to hurt yer feelings," he said. "I'm lonely—like yourself, maybe—and I only thought—"

He sat at another table. The proprietor came in—an old man with a face furrowed like a walnut shell—and stood bent half over in a mild inquiring posture.

"What about a glass o' beer?" invited Bill, addressing the girl.

A withering glance relegated him to perdition.

Bill drank his beer, then drank another. An hour went by in silence save for the distant roll of war, the drone of passing aëroplane.

"What are yer staring at?" she snapped, suddenly.

Bill coughed. "I was just a-trying to figure you out," he replied and chanced a smile at her. "Now then," he coaxed, "come off yer perch. 'Ave a drink with me. You can 'ave anything yer like. I've got the money." And he slapped his trousers' pocket.

She didn't answer.

Another half-hour went by in silence. Then he said: "What I can't understand is this. How's it happen that a girl like you is landed in a dump—?"

"None of yer dam' business." Again two smoldering eyes rebuked him. "Look here, Mr. Nosey," she demanded; "who d'yer think you are? A bloomin' officer, or something? Didn't I tell yer I wanted to be left alone?"

Bill snapped his fingers. "Now I got yer," he said. "So that's it, eh? I thought at first you was stranded here, or something, maybe an ambulance driver, or the likes of that. But *now* I got you."

"Oh, you have, have yer?"

"Yus," said Bill. "And d'you know what I think? I think it's a blinkin' shame. That's what I think. A young gel like you, pretty and—" He straightened. "What in 'ell brought you out to a place like this?"

No answer.

"Why didn't yer stay in London?" asked Bill. "'Cause that's where yer come from, I can tell by the way yer talk. You wasn't forced to come over here, like me. Look here!" he roared; "they ain't keeping you 'ere, against yer will, are they?"

"No."

"Well, don't tell me you like being 'ere?"

Spasmodically, she smote the table with a small clenched fist. "No, I don't!" she cried. "I want to go back . . . I want to go back!"

"What makes yer stay?"

"I dunno."

Bill 'Obbs, in the manner of his kind, then summed up his opinion of her. "You're a blinkin' little idiot," he swore. "That's what you are. A blinkin' little idiot."

She glared at him a moment longer, then gave way. Burying her face in her thin arms she sobbed as though her heart would break.

Bill sipped his beer. No use saying any more till she'd finished crying. But he'd got her right, hadn't he? He nodded solemnly. Not that he cared where she came from, nor what she was. Part of the war, of course, but a damn sight less useful than Tommy Watts. A blinkin' shame!

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Bill 'Obbs was no moralist. He viewed her as a bit of down, light as gossamer, blown from the daisied cliffs of Merrie England and caught, held, by the brambles on a foreign shore. To Bill, apart from that misfortune, she was as good as the greatest lady in the land, and a hell of a sight more attractive to look at.

Later, when she dried her tears and started chatting, she saw in him a kindred spirit; some one who spoke her language, was commonplace and bred of the same bone. Gradually she composed herself to a keen appreciation of all he did and said. At times the strange dancing lights in his eyes riveted her attention. She drank his beer and liked it better than champagne. He said things that were kindly meant but were roughly delivered, came straight from the shoulder. His superiors wouldn't have dared talk to her that way, but with Bill 'Obbs she laughed, and her laughter rang a note of music into her starved and pinched soul.

Both were products of a part of London, a warren into which the warmth of social kindness rarely pierced, a locality where tradition taught its denizens to help one another.

When she told him she didn't know how she had ever strayed, Bill 'Obbs believed her. But when she said she'd give an arm to break away and lead a proper life—he kept silent—because he couldn't believe her.

He still hit from the shoulder. "How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"What about your parents?"

"Dunno," she said quietly. "Dunno anything any more 'cept this place, down the road. I hate it. That's why I come here, now and then, to be by meself a bit. I'm fair sick of hearing 'em talk."

"Reserved for officers," he growled.

She nodded. "So dam' polite." She twirled an imaginary mustache. "'Awfully glad to see you, don't you know.' 'Charmed, charmed.' 'I say! won't you harve a cigarette? Oh, do.'" Maisie sniffed. "They don't talk natural, like you do," she complimented him. "Gawd! the blighters don't even swear, or nothing."

Bill 'Obbs laughed.

"You say you can quit, any time yer want to?"

"Yes."

"Well, what about it?"

She hesitated. "I ain't got the money."

"Money for what?"

"To get me back to London."

He studied her intently.

"Would yer go, to-morrow, if you—?"

"Would I?" she retaliated swiftly. "Give us the chance, that's all."

Bill 'Obbs laid a roll of notes on the table. "Well," he said, "there's yer chance! One hundred francs, almost."

Maisie Taylor didn't move. She glanced at the money, then slowly lifted her eyes. "What's the game?" she asked suspiciously.

"It's yours. If yer mean all yer say."

"If I mean what?"

"You don't need to lose an arm. Keep it, to grab that."

She remained very quiet. Then, all at once, she threw back her head and laughed hysterically. "Well, if

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you ain't the funny one," she cried. "Giving me all that money, just for that. Want me to reform, do yer?" Her laughter ceased. She leaned forward aggressively. "Yes," she demanded, "and what else d'yer want?"

"Nothing."

For a full minute and more they stared at each other.

"What's the idea?" she almost whispered.

Bill 'Obbs laughed. "Just that I want to do some one a good turn," he said, "afore I go back up the line."

Taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-

"You see, we're going back into Vimy to-morrow," he said, still looking at her. "A good turn. That's all it means. You're young and, to me, a bit o' England." Again he laughed. "Maybe the last bit I'll see. Yer never know. And I'd give me life for England, any old time she wants it." Bill 'Obbs's voice had risen thrillingly. "She's done nothing for me, as yet. Never will, I s'pose. But just the same she's me bloomin' country, and dam' it, I can't 'elp loving her."

The blood left his head and he flicked the money with his fingers. "That's nothing. And I've no use for it. Take it," he said.

Her throat was paining. "To—to go back to London?"

"That's it."

An expression of infinite tenderness had stolen over her face. There was something about this man that found her out, rode roughshod over all her pretenses, stirred what little self-respect she had to a boiling-point. Had he materialized, even less than a year ago, Maisie Taylor knew they would have been married. He was that sort. She could see it in his eyes. They'd have been happy, too; happier, anyway, than she was at present.

"Lots of jobs you could take," he was advising. "How about a job in a tea-room or something like that? Yer'd look all right in one of them little caps and aprons."

"Yes," she managed. "If—if you—"

"If what?"

"If you'll write to me—and—when you come on leave—"

"Oh, never mind all that. Well," he boomed, "how about it?"

Her eyes were frank. "I'll go to-morrow," she said.

He gazed at her and felt she would keep her word. Possibly, too, she meant something more. Bill 'Obbs didn't dwell on that. But, on a sudden, it elated him, lifted him to heights he'd never known. Something in this salvation thing after all! Then her quiet and simple promise. Nothing better girded him for the task he would face up at Vimy in the intense dark of to-morrow night. Making the blighters pay for Tommy Watts. That's what he wanted. Not to escape a court-martial. To hell with that!

Taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-

"Good Lord!" he said, rising. "It's eleven o'clock. I've got to go." Again he looked at her. "That's a promise, is it?"

"Gawd's truth."

"How'll yer go?"

"Army truck to Calais."

He moved away. "All right."

"You'll write to me?"

He considered it for a moment. "Where'll I write to?" he asked.

She bit her fingers, nervously.

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"Miss Maisie Taylor," she said. "Care of Mile End Road post-office, London, E."

He grinned. "Didn't I tell yer? I knew you came from somewhere round there. All right, Maisie. They say a dead man can't write, but you'll hear from me, if the government don't fall asleep."

She ran after him. Putting a thin transparent hand on the sleeve of his greatcoat, she looked up into his eyes. "I don't want nothing to happen to you," she said fiercely. "I'd like for to see you again, some day. When you get yer leave. I'll be looking better, then. We could go for a walk. Hyde Park or 'Ampstead 'Eath."

Bill had to laugh. "Gawd!" he said. "You're the first one as ever wanted to see me again. Come off yer perch. You wouldn't walk out with a mug like me, would yer?"

"Yes," said Maisie Taylor. "Anywhere."

Bill reddened. "Um," he doubted. "You'll come?"

"You never know yer luck." He opened the door. "Staying here?" he asked.

"Yes."

He nodded his approval. "That's the gel. Well, s'long, and get yerself a job."

"I will."

"Mean it?"

"Gawd's truth," said Maisie.

'Well, s'long."

A little sob escaped her. Pathetically, she tried to hold him back. "Don't yer—don't yer want nothing?" she begged, a catch in her voice.

Bill 'Obbs changed his mind. Lifting her up as he would a child, he laughed. "Yus," he roared. "Give us a bloomin' kiss. There you are, bit o' England. Gawd love yer!"

Releasing her, he yanked the door wide open, swung through it, slammed it behind him, and set off down the dark deserted road in the direction of the town.

A sleeting rain drove from the north. Under it a battalion, in marching order, stood paraded in the square.

It was past eight in the morning and the colonel, his officers and N. C. O.'s were frantic with suspense. Pale and tense of face the men waited leaning on their rifles, the rain dripping from their steel helmets and rubber capes; waited for the word that would set them in motion; waited for the extra tot of rum they hoped to get before starting.

Prior to lining up with them Bill 'Obbs had stuck his head in at the orderly office window.

"Hey, corporal," he bellowed; "file that there for me."

"What is it?"

"What is it? Why, me blinkin' pension. That's what it is."

"What's the hurry, matey? Getting ready for the burial party?"

"You never know yer luck, do you?" sang Bill.

"Hey, wait a minute." The corporal scrutinized the bit of paper. "What's the name on this? Who's this going to benefit, when you're safe in heaven?"

"Can't you read?"

"Miss Togler, Miss Jogler—?"

"Taylor," roared Bill. "Mile End Road post-office, London."

"Ho, ho! Who's the lady? Your sweetheart?"

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Bill 'Obbs had a flash of a white little face and a pair of smoky eyes that blazed.

"None of yer dam' business," he grinned.

The battalion got their rum and cheered the colonel for it. Then, in a voice that seemed to come from the leaden sky and had behind it the weight of awful judgment, the command was given.

"Batt-al-ion! Right turn! Forward march!"

"O! Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Par-lee-voo;
Mademoiselle from Armen—"

Once more they were marching down the Arras-Doullens road, with its smashed and broken gun-wheels, its dead horses; going back into the line, to Vimy and a Maxim that spat defiance against all the world.

Taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-taka-

Moving down the road in the January rain. Men. A battalion of 'em. A full complement now, for they had been reinforced up to strength. Men with love and hate in their hearts, with thoughts of sweetheart, fame and fortune—even as you and I. Moving up to Vimy.

With them went Bill 'Obbs. Not four paces in the rear of the last file; but up ahead, in A company, in the front rank, right behind his colonel.

"O-o-o-o! Mademoiselle from Armentières,
Par-lee-voo;
Mademoiselle from Armentières—"

And an hour later—just as the 14th, winding east, was clear of Beaumetz—an army truck went west from Avesnes-le-Comte; west toward the channel, toward England. In it, seated on a pile of empty mail-bags, was a young and pallid little thing who appeared either starved or consumptive.

She was neither. The bit of down that had blown from grace was going back to the garden to take root and try again.

And a month afterward, in an officer's training camp in Sussex, she was wearing the neat uniform of the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps. That is, she was a Waac. Gone was the fog from her eyes. Gone was her pallor. Indeed she was beginning to bloom, as a flower should, and the corporal in charge of the mess had saved much from his pay to court and compliment her.

Her duties—as were those of thousands like her—consisted of waiting on table, removing the dishes and washing and drying them in the kitchen.

She had just completed her breakfast work and now came out of the hut to catch the morning sun. A fellow Waac was seated on the kitchen steps reading a day old newspaper. It was a tabloid sheet. Covering the whole of the front page was the enlarged reproduction of a photograph of a soldier.

With a savage gesture of possession Maisie Taylor snatched the paper from the girl's hands.

"My Gawd!" she gasped. "It's *him*."

Under the photograph was a caption. "Private Hobbs, 14th Battalion, Royal Surrey Regiment. Awarded Posthumous V. C. for conspicuous gallantry in action."

"D'you know him?"

"Know him?" was the proud reply. "I should say I do."

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"He's a V. C."

"You bet he is," said Maisie fiercely. "I knew he'd do something like this. I could tell, by the light in his eyes, the last time I saw him."

"When was that?"

"None of yer dam' business." Maisie gripped the newspaper as though she never meant to let go of it. "He's coming to London, one of these days," she prattled on. "To take me out walking."

"Ain't you lucky," said the other one, admiringly. "A hero, like him." She rose to take another look at the photograph. "I wonder what that means?" she said. "That word —posthumous?"

Maisie looked at it. "I dunno. Something wonderful, I'll bet."

HARLEQUIN DOWNTOWN

ISABEL MCL. MCMEEKIN

"Yes, madam, velvet slippers, triple A,"
(The music's coming down this very street,)
"French heels, with straps and buckles both, you say?"
(They ought to accent that third marching beat.)
"We have no black: I'll show you oak-leaf brown."
(I wonder if old Tim is still the clown,)
"A lower instep? I'll just go and see,"
(I wonder if they have forgotten me!)
"Suppose we try the shoe-horn; it might help."
(Has Benjy trained that last young lion whelp?)
"Yes, lady, I am really sure they fit,"
(Why did I ever dream of leaving it?)
"You'd like to think them over and come back,"
(I'd have, perhaps about an hour to pack,)
"Right after lunch, because you live quite near?"
('Right after lunch,' thank God, I won't be here!)

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DULLING THE SCYTHES OF AZRAEL

Long Life and a Healthy One, but the Ship Will Be Overcrowded

EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

DISEASES have multiplied along man's path as in a hard winter wolves gather about a migrating herd. Isolated races living under primitive conditions enjoy good health. The first explorers of Australia found aborigines to whom smallpox, scarlet fever, measles, whooping-cough, diphtheria, yellow fever, epidemic cholera, syphilis and leprosy were unknown. "As a rule the health of the blacks in their wild state was excellent." "Almost every small community will have in it two or three over seventy years of age and here and there some centenarians would be met with." The Eskimos were "uncommonly healthy." The North American Indians were remarkably free from disease before the whites infected them. The marked liability of primitive races to our common diseases—recall the fate of the splendid island races of the South Seas—indicates that no immunity had been developed against these diseases because they were formerly unknown.

Many of the pathogenic microorganisms which harry us may have gained their evil power not so very long ago. In the evolution of such species our day is as a thousand years; so there has been time enough for bacteria originally harmless to turn malign. The most ancient centers of deadly infectious diseases are in the valleys of the Nile, the Euphrates, the Ganges, the Hwang-ho; and just here it was that men began to live in walled cities of an overcrowding and filthiness no one can imagine until he has visited the East. What golden opportunities here for species of bacteria which infest vermin or foul water or spoiled food, to become adapted to a parasitic life within the human body! Perhaps this is why leprosy, cholera, smallpox and the bubonic plague can be traced to Oriental centers, where for a long time they were endemic before they launched into a world career. In developing physiological resistance to such germs the Europeans seem to have been behind the southern Asiatics and the Nordics, behind the Mediterraneans, just as the native races of the Americas and the South Seas were behind the Nordics.

Owing to the universal scattering of disease germs by migration, war and trade, the European races, a few centuries before the Christian era, began to descend into a vale of horrors from which they have only lately emerged. For, dirty as a European city might be 500 B.C., our worst diseases never came to pester it.

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There was no malaria; an African disease brought to Europe by way of Egypt about the fourth century B.C. Only lately have we realized how malaria sapped the energy and undermined the civilization of the classic peoples.

There was no bubonic plague; it had not yet crept out of its lair in the East. It arrived 542 A.D. although it is possible that the mysterious pestilence which ravaged most of Europe between 164 A.D. and 188 was the plague.

There was no cholera; until the nineteenth century it limited its ravages to Asia and Egypt.

There was no smallpox; for this was a gift to the West from the Saracens. We first hear of the disease among the Arabs in the sixth century A.D.

There was no yellow fever; native of the West Coast of Africa, the disease appears to have been carried by the slave-trade to America whence it spread through the hot-lands of the world.

There was no leprosy; this specter first appears in Europe soon after Xerxes' invasion.

There was no hookworm; this bloodsucker, which is said to prey on half the inhabitants of some tropical and semi-tropical countries and which has been the chief blight on our Southern States, was introduced from Africa.

There was no syphilis; a disease so recent in our experience that some suppose it to have been brought from the New World by the sailors of Columbus. In any case the first important explosion of it in Europe is traceable to the mercenary army which Charles VIII of France led into Italy in 1494.

In view of what it was free from, no wonder the Golden Age of Greece was characterized by a serenity of soul, a freedom from superstition, an ardor for the truth and a confidence in the unknown which were wanting in the pestilence-haunted late-Roman epoch and the middle ages.

With the exception of Jenner's discovery of vaccination not much had been done to hamstring the great scourges of humanity until fifty years ago Pasteur's experiments put the germ theory of disease on its feet. He opened the battle with the development of an antitoxin for anthrax in 1881 and another for rabies in 1885. In 1882 Koch succeeded in isolating and identifying the tuberculosis bacillus and the following year he described the germ of cholera, the notorious "comma bacillus." Since then—but who does not know the story?

The triumph of the germ theory dug the grave of the filth theory of disease. The best sanitary experts used to charge malaria to decaying vegetation in swamps, cholera to the eating of decayed fruit and vegetables, diphtheria to some defect in house drains which allowed the air of dwellings to become poisoned. In our South the notion that yellow fever is a filth disease led in some communities to "clean-up" policies which were nothing less than frantic. The very real victories of this type of sanitation have been won over diseases of intestinal transmission—cholera, dysentery, typhoid, hookworm; insect-borne diseases—yellow fever, malaria, typhus, the plague; as well as such diseases as blood-poisoning and tuberculosis. These

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afflictions can be checked by the protection of water, milk and food supplies, the liberal use of sunlight, fresh air, soap-suds and whitewash, and the destruction of rat harbors and vermin insect-breeding places. But there are other communicable diseases, such as diphtheria and scarlet fever—not transmitted by filth or vermin—which can be foiled only by *isolation* or *immunization*.

So the struggle against diseases turned into warfare upon the bacteria which cause them. In this attack perhaps the best weapon is general sanitation and personal hygiene. Asiatic cholera, typhus, typhoid and tuberculosis are losing power over the more cleanly peoples. The program includes the extermination of vermin; for the flea, the louse, the bedbug, the house-fly, the mosquito and the tick have been proved to be carriers of deadly germs. Then there is vaccination. When an individual is attacked by specific disease-bacteria, they create a substance known as a toxin. It is this that overcomes the body cells. The healthy body, however, reacts to the presence of these toxins by secreting a neutralizing substance, an antitoxin. The mild attack brought about by vaccination develops antibodies against that specific disease germ, hence creating a term of immunity. With serums it is not the toxin which is introduced but the antitoxin. The antibodies already formed are taken from an immunized animal and injected into the bloodstream of the person treated.

Each of the great scourges is under attack by science. Mark the tide of battle on various fronts.

Typhoid. Known since 1880 to be bacterial, this pest is now in utter rout. Two methods of attack have been developed. One is preventive hygiene, for there is little typhoid where foods and drinks are incontaminated. The other is anti-typhoid inoculation. Thus on the Western Front, thanks to anti-typhoid inoculation, there was less typhoid among the British army of one and a quarter million troops than among the 208,000 British troops engaged in the Boer War. Among the American troops in the Spanish-American War typhoid was over two hundred times as prevalent as in the recent American Expeditionary Force overseas, made up of inoculated men. Inoculation is now practised with success on the civilian population. In view of the fact that, while in 1900 it stood eighth in the list of killers in the United States Registration Area with a toll of 31.3 per 100,000 population, in 1924 it ranked nineteenth with only 6.7 deaths per 100,000 population, it seems safe to predict that we are about done with typhoid.

Diphtheria. The germ of diphtheria was isolated in 1883 and in 1895 began the general use of the treatment originated by Behring. As a result there has been a remarkable fall in the diphtheria death-rate. In 1900, this disease had a death-rate of 43.3 per 100,000 in our Registration Area; in 1925 the rate was 7.8 and rapidly dropping. It is believed that the early and universal inoculation of infants with toxin antitoxin will utterly annihilate this scourge of childhood.

Tuberculosis. Although no successful serum has been found, the

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mode of distribution of the White Plague is understood, its presence may be tested, and it is not difficult to cope with in its early stages. From being our arch-killer in 1900 it has sunk to fifth place, while in a decade the average age of its victims has been pushed upward six years. In twenty-five years the American mortality from tuberculosis has been cut 58 per cent. A hundred thousand and fewer persons die each year in the United States from tuberculosis than would have died if we were still subject to the death-rate of two decades ago.

Malaria. Snuffer-out of perhaps two million human lives a year this disease is now Azrael's best minion. Sir Ronald Ross, the English surgeon awarded the Nobel Prize for his discovery of the rôle of the mosquito in malaria dissemination, has estimated that one third of the population throughout the tropics suffers from this disease every year and that it is the cause of about one third of all the admissions to the hospitals in the tropics.

Malaria makes some parts of the world not only a graveyard for the white man but even uninhabitable. In the Terai, a wet forested belt along the foot of the Himalayas, I am informed by the Public Health Commissioner of India, malarial mosquitos are so bad that, although a forest folk manage to survive, the Indian settlers brought in to cultivate the land lose virtually all their children!

Since 1901 malaria is known to be produced by an animal parasite conveyed only by the bite of an infected female anopheles mosquito. Destroy the mosquito or prevent the dear little things from becoming infected by biting the sick and there will be no malaria. The marvelous success of this policy in conquering the disease in the Canal Zone, in the Roman Campagna, in the Malay States and in other infected regions where the scientific man has a chance, is a seven-days wonder. In a quarter of a century we have cut our malaria to a fourth.

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No life-saving exploit matches our success in throttling those pestilences which, since men took to cities, trade and travel, have swept through populations like a typhoon. Already most of these furies are chained and the prospect is bright that within a lifetime all the chief mass-slayers will be laid low. Behold how dulled are the scythes of these grim reapers.

Asiatic Cholera. This disease is endemic in the delta of the Ganges from which, following the paths of human intercourse, it has from time to time sped to the ends of the earth. During the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it blazed out at various times in India, but it did not invade Europe until 1817. Since then wave after wave has swept the Western world. The French epidemic of 1853–4 cost nearly 150,000 lives, while during the fourth pandemic (1864–75) Prussia alone lost 115,000. In the fifth pandemic, European Russia lost about 800,000. Our growing mastery of the disease may be read in the figures of deaths from cholera in New York City during successive decades since 1830. They are: 4486, 5095, 3025, 1304, 16, 0, 9, 0.

Since Koch's discovery of the bacillus we fight cholera by checking

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the diffusion of the bacillus rather than by attacking the disease itself. The prairie-fire spread of cholera, once attributed to wind-borne infection, is now seen to be always along the lines of human movement. The vast pilgrim throngings at Hardwar and Allahabad in India used to be regularly followed by cholera outbreaks. The chief means of prevention is strict cleanliness along with the extermination of flies. Although occasionally nowadays a case appears in an Occidental seaport, prompt isolation of the patient prevents further trouble.

Typhus. This disease preys upon men living closely together in uncleanness and hence its aliases, "jail fever," "ship fever," "camp fever." It was the terror of the Napoleonic campaigns and the scourge of the armies in the Crimea. During the World War more than a million cases occurred among the Allied troops, mainly on the Eastern fronts. In 1908 it was shown by the French bacteriologist Nicolle that the germ of typhus is conveyed by vermin. During the World War the United States Public Health Service sifted the matter and concluded that the body-louse is the sole carrier. The brilliant success of American sanitarians in checking typhus in the Balkans, the Near East, Russia and Siberia was due to their anti-louse tactics. Thanks to such measures the American Expeditionary Force was virtually free from typhus. In 1923 only two deaths from typhus were reported in the United States. There is no reason why the disease should ever bother civilized countries again in time of peace. In Soviet Russia during the civil war and invasions, typhus gained such momentum that the death-rate exceeded the birth-rate and Lenin said, "The question hangs in the balance whether the louse will conquer socialism, or socialism the louse." Having got the general death-rate of Moscow down to 13.7 Dr. Semashko, Commissioner of Public Health of Soviet Russia, exultantly declares, "Socialism has now conquered the louse."

Yellow fever. A scourge of the tropical New World, introduced perhaps in slave-ships from the West Coast of Africa, yellow fever has found a foothold in the United States about ninety times. In 1793 it slew a tenth of the people in Philadelphia, while in 1853 it carried away 8,000 in New Orleans. The lassoing of this monster dates from 1899, when the disease was discovered to be conveyed only by the bite of the female *stegomyia* mosquito. The story of the expulsion of yellow fever first from Cuba and the Canal Zone, then from the Caribbean, finally even from the Western Hemisphere, is the best-known romance in the history of medicine. It is now being pursued to its last fortress, West Africa.

The bubonic plague. This "black death" figures in the ancient Sanskrit and Egyptian writings and in the Bible. Forty-one epidemics of the plague are recorded as having occurred before the Christian era. During the first fifteen centuries of this era there are records of 109 epidemics of it. In the middle of the fourteenth century it wiped out at least a quarter of the people of Europe. Within a period of fourteen months it killed half the people of England and never left the island until 1679. Since the seventeenth

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century Western Europe has been virtually free from it and in the nineteenth century it ravaged in Europe only Turkey and South Russia.

The plague haunts the crowded East and in 1923 there were nearly 400,000 deaths from plague, nine tenths of them in India. Although there is a standardized serum, our growing defiance of the disease springs from the discovery that it is communicated by the bite of a flea which infests rodents. No rodents, no plague. So with rat-poison, concrete construction and squirrel guns it is now possible to hold the pest at arm's length.

In the words of Dr. Vincent, President of the Rockefeller Foundation: "The presence of smallpox is now a disgrace to any civilized community or country; cholera and plague have disappeared from the leading nations; typhoid fever has been enormously reduced; malaria and hookworm disease are giving ground; yellow fever is being narrowly restricted; typhus is practically unknown among cleanly people; the fear of diphtheria has been largely allayed. Such victories as these, together with advances in general sanitation, higher living standards, and more attention to individual health habits, have resulted in steadily falling death-rates in all the more progressive countries."

In 1890 the average death-rate in the cities of the Registration Area of the United States was 22.1 per thousand; the rural rate, 15.3. Now the city rate is actually below the rural rate. Seventy-five years ago the death-rate of New York City was 50 per thousand, now it is 12.2. For Massachusetts the expectation of life has risen as follows: 1855—39.77 years; 1890—43.48 years; 1895—45.35 years; 1901—47.75 years; 1910—51.19 years; and 1920—55.25 years. On both sides of the Atlantic children born now may expect to live two decades longer than their grandfathers. In 1901 a baby born in our Registration Area might hope to last fifty years. Our expectation of life is now about sixty years. No doubt five years more could be added were the American people willing to lay out $2.50 per capita on well-directed public-health efforts instead of a paltry fifty cents. For a generation Australia has on the average added each year a third of a year to the term of life. In New Zealand the life span has reached sixty-two years. The Scandinavians are a little ahead of us, while the English are right on our heels with a life expectation of about fifty-five years. Before the war France, Germany, Italy and Japan had life spans of from forty-five to forty-eight years. Before the close of this century some peoples may achieve the normal life, the Biblical "three score and ten."

Until lately the life of the race, as heedless as the car of Juggernaut, has moved forward over the corpses of babies. In the latter part of the eighteenth century half the infants born in London died under two years. Our grandparents, if they were city-dwellers, lost one child in four before it was a year old. Before the World War a quarter of the babies born in Hungary and Russia failed to live a year. Two decades ago Moscow was losing forty-eight ba-

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bies out of a hundred. In Chile in 1913 I found even the reported loss to be one third (now a fourth), but in some of the larger cities 47 per cent faded away. As for the Orient, the futility of its blind spawning is horrifying. Manila, 1903–11, showed an infant mortality rate of 552 per thousand. In Bombay in 1921, 55 per cent of the infants failed to live out a year and there are factory cities in British India which lose three fifths.

Opposed to this, where the lessons of modern hygiene and medicine have been taken to heart, infants flourish as if led by guardian angels. Among us in the last quarter of a century roughly speaking, whooping-cough has been cut to a half, scarlet fever to a quarter, measles to a fifth and diphtheria to a fifth. There are now thirteen peoples that get more than nine tenths of their babies through the first year. In England and in London the infant loss is one in fourteen, which is about the figure for the United States. In thirty years Australia has cut its infant mortality nearly one half. It is New Zealand, however, that holds the world's record for good mothering, since she loses in the first year but one baby in twenty-five! Back through all human experience, spanning, say, half a million years, the equal of this has never been known. Product of brains, heart and teamwork, it is as much entitled to rank among the "wonders of the world" as the Pyramids of Egypt, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, or the Panama Canal.

In view of all these miraculous rescues and deliverances how can we justify ourselves in producing children at the old rate? Shall we keep on bringing infants into the world just as if they still had to run the gauntlet of the fell swordsmen of Azrael? To breed as of old, now that the mortality among the enlightened peoples has been halved in a lifetime, would result in a rapidity of growth such as has occurred hitherto only for brief periods in the first settling of the choicest regions by select immigrants. We hear much of "race suicide" but generally the death-rate has fallen faster than the birth-rate, so that most of the enlightened are increasing faster than ever.

Harken to a parable.

A passenger steamer is navigating a great river, touching at every landing. At some wharves more leave than get on, at other wharves more embark than get off; but, on the whole, the number of passengers does not exceed the number that can comfortably be provided with berths and meals. But how if most of the passengers prolong their journey, tarry longer on the boat? How if at each landing only about half as many leave as get on? Why, soon either people must be thrust off the boat, or else fewer may be allowed to embark. Other alternative there is none. How childish are those who think to evade the spear points of this logic by showing how many more might be carried if people were allowed to sleep on the floor of the engine-room or on the roof of the pilot-house, by pointing out that saloon, music and smoking-rooms might be filled with bunks!

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What Is Love

There Is No Substitute, Just-As-Good-As, for the Real Thing

Thomas L. Masson

Those insiders who have more intimate opportunities than I to examine our American life at first hand, assure me that the present deplorable matrimonial condition in which we find ourselves, is due to the revolt of the male. This view may be wrong. I am not here indorsing it. But it is held extensively and is very interesting and significant. Many doctors and clergymen hold it privately, although their public utterances are doubtless tempered by a tactful discretion.

One doctor I have known for years, who until recently has had a large family practice, told me that within a radius of a few residential squares from where we sat, he could name five young couples in which the husbands, who in two or three cases were fathers, had deliberately deserted their wives—"walked out on them," as he bluntly expressed it. He added that these five cases were only in one group of his patients. He knew of many others.

My friends tell me the revolt of the male is the result of the breaking loose of so many women from domestic drudgery, of their coyness toward housekeeping in general. They seek new thrills. As one married woman of forty—a college graduate whose married life was a wreck—put it: "I seek for something beyond what my husband can give me; my married life has not compensated my craving for better things." What these were she did not define. Her husband "walked out" on her suddenly, without previous friction however. As for him, he was heard to say, quite simply and casually, that she didn't keep her end up. That settled it. How offhand these young men seem; but beneath it all, who knows what they are really thinking about?

Added to these and to the other causes they mention to show the deep psychological unrest of the American male animal, *domesticus*, my friends the first hand observers quote Latin: "*Furor fit læsa sæpius patientia.*" Or, as Dryden had it: "Beware the fury of a patient man."

Another sage said: "The young fellows who walk out on their wives to-day feel a deep sense of injustice. They have been wronged."

Family love was an old Roman bulwark, wrought out in discipline. It carried Rome far. The common love feast, *agape*, from which the Christian church came, means sacrifice, the merging of the personal desires in the good for others. "Our language," remarks Dean Inge, "has no separate words to distinguish

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Christian Love from sexual Love; 'charity' has not established itself in its wider meaning."

True, but how can we be expected to practise Love, if we have forgotten what it means?

And yet the word Love seems easy enough to grasp in meaning. Its qualities appear distinct and simple. It has three incontestable parts. First, it must have an object. Second, it never considers, or is always willing to sacrifice, itself. Third, it is constructive. It does not destroy, it builds. It is always creative. The nuptial flight of insects is too often death to the enraptured mother. Robins, feeding their young, take no thought for themselves. Instinct alternately constructs and sacrifices. From time immemorial countless women have sacrificed themselves for their young. Economic pressure, even in such a prosperous country as America, is conspicuous. Yet in spite of its simplicity, the widespread ignorance of what Love is, bears its fruit in our divorce courts. In its simplest aspects, it is much easier to define it than to practise it, just as talk is easier than action. In its blending of the psychical and sensual, in the case of genius—Shelley, Liszt, Poe and so many others—it is quite beyond analysis. Here the illuminated human being is at war with society, with man-made conventions. Yet, sweeping aside the illusory phenomena of life, we know, we feel, that real Love is merely self-forgetfulness; and this requires self-discipline. Robert Louis Stevenson, who certainly experienced in his own life the cross currents of passion and mysticism, has written: "Falling in love and winning love are often difficult tasks, but to keep in love is also a business of some importance, to which both man and wife must bring both kindness and goodwill." Love without due restraint and surrender is counterfeit.

There is always this cryptic line of demarcation between sacred and profane love. Do not take my word for it. It is not essential to read up on sex as such. Read "The Song of Solomon" and the mystical interpretation of it, as given by Dean Inge in his "Christian Mysticism." In Greek mythology learn the difference between Eros and Aphrodite. Read Plato, Christ: read in Beveridge's "Life of John Marshall" how one of our own great men cared for his invalid wife, and how long Thomas Huxley waited for his true Love. You may be certain that Real Romance, the thing which every one secretly craves, is not made in cafeterias, road-houses or sedan cars. It is a home brew. The most romantic couple I know have just celebrated their fiftieth anniversary. They are not poring over the confessional magazines. As for the properties of right Love, the thirteenth chapter of the first Corinthians is perhaps the best description. In modern times Henry Drummond's "Greatest Thing in the World" is a classic expression. There are countless others. Indeed the literature of Love has not been transgressed.

Both in its simplicity and its complexity, it confuses us. The real difficulty lies in our lack of understanding of it in its spiritual and sensual aspects. It is true that in ideal married life these aspects blend. They should blend. They are like

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two steeds, one celestial, the other earthly. Those who hold the reins must know how to drive. Love always means sacrifice, but on the lower level, materially and practically, it may come to mean anything else. We must see this difference; we must define it as well as we can, and come to live it. It may take time to solve the problem in such a manner that when young Americans marry, the conditions and thoughts surrounding them will be a guarantee that they have married rightly: that they have been properly disciplined and prepared for this right marriage; so that, instead of being a laughing-stock for the world, as we are now, we shall be an example. It will be so much easier when the word Love in all of its parts and bearings is accurately understood.

It is not necessary, although it may be desirable, for us to believe in all of the attributes of spiritual Love as it is declared by the apostles, and the long line of mystics who have practised it, and by Jesus himself when in one instance he declares that no man hath greater Love than when he lays down his life for his friends: or that God is Love and the first commandment is to love God and the second to love one's neighbor.

Before these great sayings changed the face of the pagan world and stirred human beings to a higher level, it was still true that the properties of Love I have named were understood. Murray writes of Aphrodite, Goddess of Love, that "as a result of her power to unite by means of Love all beings, whether in heaven or earth or black Tartarus, she came to be viewed as a goddess presiding over married life and marriage ceremonies." Among the Greeks, the word Love was feminine, among the Romans masculine. No matter whether we view Love in its ideality or in its material aspects, the element of sacrifice is never absent. When dominated by the sensual alone, it becomes destructive and therefore false. Sex hunger can be directed, it cannot be either throttled or condemned, nor need it be. When it gets out of hand, it is too often the revolt it practises on fanatical repression. Thus as passion, a runaway steed is highly destructive. When it is understood, sublimated or placed under spiritual control, our divorce courts will grind more intermittently. There is all the difference in the world between the Love that considers its object, that bides its time, that results in healthy children and that blind ignorant passion which like a consuming fire eviscerates all it touches, leaving behind it a train of blackened homes.

We elders, the old stagers, who have been through the mill and in spite of everything still love one another, know very well that in all married lives, even in real Love,—say in the second or third year—there comes a breaking point. Later, looking backward, we wonder how we survived. After this lapse of years, we still shudder at our narrow escape. But we did get through, and in this —aside from what patience we managed to summon at the time—we seemed somehow to be supported by a universal consciousness; or as Emerson calls it, the World-Soul. Then again, it is so much easier, at the most critical moment, to tolerate a seeming injustice from the one we

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love, when we recall how in the past we ourselves have been tolerated. In the introduction to his "Book of Marriage," a symposium of world experts, Count Keyserling faces this practical problem of marriage fairly and squarely:

"Apart from its advantages, marriage demands daily and hourly self-sacrifice, renunciation and the shouldering of responsibility and blame."

As we elders know, Love is an endurance test. Practically, when accepted at its full value, it is well worth all the pains. It is a never-ending series of climaxes, each one more acute than the last. You have to dig your own trench, bind up your own wounds and move forward on your own miserable carcass. If your wife spoils you, as good wives always do, this is a highly deceptive process and still holds you, mentally, morally and spiritually, on your own. You not only fight the thing you have come to hate in yourself, in your life partner and in those who may be growing up, but you have to fight the things to which you yourself have become attached. What war compares with this? If an ordinary war requires preliminary camp training, consider what a possible lifetime of married life may mean; and, alas, how inadequate are the defenses provided among us by our social system for this continuous mixture of high adventure and black tragedy!

Then again, it takes us a long time and a good deal of punishment in the domestic trenches to realize that the things we nag our partners for, are too often only the measure of our own defects. That is, we fasten upon them evils which are the result of our own lack. The commentators have been at some pains to explain away those hard sayings contained in the tenth chapter of Matthew, where it is reiterated from Micah that a man's foes shall be they of his own household, and from the fourteenth chapter of Luke: "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

Dr. Adeney says of the latter: "It is impossible to believe that Jesus desired to destroy family affection. . . . His teaching was not law, and it should not be interpreted with the lawyer's verbal pedantry." This, in my opinion, is an evasion, a way of avoiding the true issue.

Professor D. A. Hayes does much better when he declares: "It would seem fairer to suppose that He meant what He said and said what He meant; but that the hatred He enjoined applied to the objects mentioned only so far as they became identified with the spirit of evil."

I think that is correct; only it would have been clearer to say, not only that husband and wife are one, but that in a practical sense, a family is a unit. This being admitted, we hate only the things in those we love which we recognize as evil. The real trouble, however, is that we are not always right; we may never be right. For years I was guided by this rule, nagging my distressed wife and my rebellious family for the evil things I saw in them, or thought I saw. Here self-discipline needs to be directed at oneself and not at others, and what control is necessary over them can come only in this way:

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through Love. That is precisely what Christ meant in giving up one's life; it is the evil in it that one must scrap. Right Love is unquestionably a cure for everything, but the knowledge and understanding of it can only come through self-discipline. In right Love you surrender in ever increasing measure and the returns keep crowding in on you, pressed down and running over.

The outward and visible manifestation of discordances which lead so often to broken homes among the newly weds is money. But it is not all money. Unadjusted finances are only the symptoms of a deep malady.

A young man greatly in love with his wife, and with a three year old boy, came to me and told me he was on the verge of separation. This time it was the wife who was walking out. "I told her to take the kid and beat it home to her mother, and she's going." She had scorned his gifts, which, with an aroma of self-pity, he had "blown in" on her. I advised him, as an experiment, to be polite to her for two weeks, to be particular in little things; to treat her as if she were an honored guest. It was, I thought, probable that he had been rough in his manners. In this case the suggestion worked. At last accounts they were happy.

Indeed, he had overlooked the necessity of ceremony. We Americans, being ultra-democratic in our thought at least and therefore deficient in certain respects, have never seemed to understand the power of this same ceremony to hold people together. It was not so many years ago that our presidents sat in their shirt-sleeves. In this respect we can learn much from the Chinese. We toady to royalty and have not yet learned how to use our knives and forks. We standardize our machinery, our small towns, our hotels, our commercial life, but we overlook the urgency of being polite to our wives; we slather them with money as a substitute, when we have it, and use them as targets for our self-martyrdom when we haven't.

I know another young man who put the male side perhaps more clearly. He had been in the war. He was earning a good salary. He and his wife lived in an apartment. He was fairly steady in his habits, a good worker. At the end of two years he walked out. "She wouldn't get up and get my breakfast," he remarked with seeming unconcern.

Still another male, much older, with a beautiful wife, told of his difficulty even more detachedly. They had been married about ten years. There was not a cross word, merely increasing silences. Finally, after he had acquired the habit of staying away, coming in late, his wife would wait up for him, and then, with a piece of metal (scissors possibly) would deliberately and methodically tap on the chandelier in her room—tap, tap, tap. She may have gotten the idea from Poe. Fancy that! The male walked out one day in silence. Both married again.

Naturally, the fault is not all with the wives. A perfectly nice boy, with a lovely mother, both parents were wealthy, married a perfectly nice girl and they had three children. One day he disappeared. He had gone away with another woman—a drab creature. He is still occasionally seen on the ragged edges of a distant horizon. His children were brought

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up by his parents until their mother married again—this time happily.

A friend of mine whose boy is in one of the leading preparatory schools said, "His associates are nearly all of them boys who have been placed there by divorced parents who did not know what else to do with them."

Still, we should not be too hasty in our conclusions. There are, unhappily, among us too many infantile intelligences who feed on the literary outpourings of sensation-mongers. It is quite easy to draw up an indictment against any society and show that it is rotten to the core. Denunciation is one of the greatest indoor sports among fanatics and reformers. At the same time, it does not take either microscope or binoculars for any unprejudiced observer to see that there is something radically wrong with us. This domestic hiatus may be a passing phase. It may be a gap in the national consciousness which foreshadows a millennium. Each one of us knows that in his own life a reckless hell-raising spell has often ushered in a much deeper understanding and a higher level of character, although this is not recommended here as a general course of conduct. The obvious condition facing us, however, is certainly worth looking into calmly and philosophically and sympathetically. Even now, in spite of the new woman freedom going on so raucously in the main tent and the revolt of the male, men do have more compensations than women. A man can thus "walk out" on his wife and sublimate his urges to a more various degree.

In the case of so many immature marriages, we may say, quite cordially and sincerely, that the parents are to blame, that the young people are themselves too lax, that petting parties, scanty clothes, bobbed hair, sport cars and lack of home control, are all responsible. All that is true enough, but only in part. Educators, and by this I mean headmasters and school principals who come into intimate contact with large bodies of young people, will bear me out when I say that there is among these young people a finer spirit to-day than there has been since our Civil War. When young people break, as they so often do, it is because the conditions are too much for them. They get bewildered and the break comes with dramatic swiftness. Many have tried hard to save themselves. The atmosphere of cynical unbelief in which we are at present so enveloped, breeds despair. If a fellow with nothing but the best intentions marries a girl who afterwards "lays down" on her job, or if the reverse happens, then, when the affair gets too thick, there is no supporting vision. No help comes from the common thought, the World-Soul. "Everybody is doing it." There is no intrinsic harm in jazz, sex, speed, freedom in expression and the like, except that they parade as substitutes for joy. This sound and fury drowns out the true joy. The road-house is open every night and the church mostly on Sundays. Is it too sweeping to say that the majority of people use the church as a gas station, in the hope that they will last from one week-end to the other? And if, in between, they get stalled

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on the road, too many expect the minister to carry them the spiritual gas to get them through.

For remedies, we depend too much upon paraphernalia to settle our difficulties. Laws multiply. We are all for facts, statistics, conferences, and the abnormality called data. Our moral consciousness is a matter of charts and diagrams. It will be good for us to learn, however painful the process and it is certain to be that, that domestic difficulties cannot be settled in courts and laboratories. Ceremony in human relationship is so important, groups of facts are so unimportant. Husbands and wives cannot get on together through the attempts of educational experts, sociologists or psychologists to overcome a widespread condition from the outside. The cure lies in our souls.

And the trouble is not altogether due to a spiritual lack as so many of our religious leaders declare, as to a lack of common sense, concentration and courage. It is actually due to this appalling ignorance of what Love is.

The only place where any human being can learn just what this Love is and how to practise it, is at home. There is no just-as-good-as substitute. The training begins in the nursery. Notice how often it is that a man who cannot get on with one wife cannot get on with a succession of them. The subject changes but not the weakness that is the cause of the change.

I am occasionally diverted by the remarks of some kind judge, who, in his effort to reconcile some reluctant matrimonial misfits, lays down rules for their future guidance. It goes without saying that these rules are good ones. But the cure for bankrupt marriage cannot come from the outside but only from the inside. The value of ceremony in married life can scarcely be overestimated, but it must be the result of real Love and not an artificial thing. Nothing is more beautiful than the polite gestures of old people who love one another. The consciousness of the reality of true Love must be universal and this can come to pass only through the home discipline of our young people—a discipline which very early initiates them into right Love. In the case of too many of the immature marriages of the present, each is trying to get what can be got from the other. These tricky partnerships, like paper tents, blow down before the first squall. The reason why the continental marriage of convenience is more successful is because the best of married life cannot be built on lust, invariably destructive, but on that sort of compatibility which, over a lifetime, reduces the social friction between two people to a minimum. We can live under the same roof more permanently with those whose social habits conform to ours; for if we have to fight, we understand one another so much better than in the case of so many misalliances of the present; where neither husband nor wife has the remotest idea, apparently, of what has happened to part them. Each accuses the other of faithlessness. Neither is individually to blame, but the deep sense of injustice felt by both is due to their subconscious revolt at the unfairness of the present

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artificial system. The initial combination of selfishness, ignorance and passion which led them into this trap was due to a lack of understanding and the discipline to which they were entitled.

If you have never been taught the way of Love at home, you cannot then select one individual to practise upon. You must begin early and practise on many. Thus, our young people are not taught how to love. Almost from the cradle, parents leave the training to outsiders. It is only because Love is so natural and spontaneous, that the victims get through at all. Witness how boys become pals. When Love ceases to be Love, it becomes hatred. "Hatred," writes Crabb, "is not contented with merely wishing *ill* to others, but derives its whole happiness from their misery or destruction." And so we often hear our young men say of the wives they walk out on: "I hope she gets what's coming to her."

Too many seek a predigested Love. And this is true not only of Love, but of every other "good and perfect gift," that the brother of our Lord refers to.

There has, doubtless, never been a time in any country, when so much real intelligence and so much moronic stupidity dwelt side by side. Men in cloisters, of whom we seldom hear —if at all—spend years in writing books which nobody reads because this requires effort. We prefer best sellers and tabloids. The mental and spiritual labor involved in doing anything more than to keep up with the installments is too much for us. We do not see that true romance is not an affair of cosmetics but of the heart; it is not a matter of dishes left unwashed until the pantry shelves are empty and one has to do something about it. All these things and more, are not however, the cause of separations, divorces and cynical infant derelicts: they are only the results. We must go back to the sources; and the human consciousness must be corrected.

One thing is certain: you must want to know how to love. The base coin which at present circulates under this name has no golden treasury in the common heart. Count Keyserling's matrimonial authorities agree that the prepared marriage is the most lasting. Married life must be more deeply rooted than friendship. Indeed, few friendships could stand it. Lovers are not only born, but made. Perhaps, after all, the secret of our weakness lies under the hand of her who no longer cares to rock the cradle—and how about father?

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A Continuous Performance

Mature Intelligence Goes to School

Lola Jean Simpson

Down in the less modernized Chelsea quarter of New York stands a long row of houses across whose dignified, old-fashioned façades runs a continuous key-design such as may be seen on Greek robes and in Greek architecture. In the floating dimness of a foggy afternoon one can visualize that long line of house-fronts as the Greek portico of a columned temple in whose shadow students might gather to listen to the exposition of some master and cross with him in discussion. A far leap of the fancy. These are only dwellings of modern, everyday New-Yorkers retaining, it is true, with their gnarled trees and discolored garden statuary, a touch of old-world stateliness. Yet, as one walks by the grilled iron fences one sees near the door-post of one of these faded houses a modest sign bearing the inscription, "The New School for Social Research." Out of the long line of fancied Attic temples a school has been conjured. And its avowed object of "providing persons of mature intelligence with facilities for instruction and research in the vital problems of contemporary life" is worthy of the best of both ancient and modern times.

This object was based upon the recognition by the founders of the New School, seven years ago, that there is a great and growing body of men and women engaged for the most part in the professions, business and industry, who feel the need of continuous and systematic study chiefly as a means of keeping mentally alert. Many of them, it was believed, might contribute materially, either through discussion or research, to the current of valid ideas on matters of contemporary concern. The province which the institution thus marked out for itself by observation, experiment and accomplishment, lies within the field which has since come to be known popularly as adult education. And in keeping with the best definition of that expression the New School aims, not merely to help its students to make up defects in early education and to attain given standards, but to organize their interest and abilities for continuous intellectual effort. Education becomes thereby a process, never completed, but continued through life if mental health and vigor are to be maintained.

Unhampered intellectually or academically, without social, political or religious bias, the New School is an educational laboratory to which the factory or the clerical worker is as welcome as the lawyer, the physician,

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the teacher, the engineer and the social worker, if he but bring the one necessary contribution—intellectual interest. This institution fixes no entrance requirements, confers no degrees or credits toward degrees, and sets no examinations. As a result, the students come by the process of self-selection which draws minds of a high level of attainment. In proof of this statement out of nearly ten thousand students in the first seven years of the school twenty-five hundred held bachelor's degrees, seven hundred held master's degrees, two hundred doctor's degrees, two hundred and seventy professional degrees and seven hundred and thirty training-school degrees or certificates. The fact that these students are distributed over a range of employments including executives, doctors, lawyers, writers, editors, social workers, nurses, teachers, librarians, research workers, accountants, statisticians, engineers, draftsmen and ministers makes it necessary for the instructor to effect various adaptations in his method. He cannot make the familiar academic assumption that every student has covered a specific preliminary course; nor can he assume the merely fugitive interest on which the popular lecturer must draw. The most successful technic is worked out on the plan of inter-communication between the subject matter of the lecturer and the experience of the students.

That this different approach to education is intriguing to lecturers and professors of high scholarly standards is shown by the fact that the New School attracts to its faculty celebrated authorities from this country and abroad, such as John Dewey, Graham Wallis, James Harvey Robinson, John Masefield, John B. Watson, Harold Laski, Sandor Ferenczi, Morris Cohen, Edwin G. Conklin, Julian Huxley, Bernard Gleuck, Frankwood Williams, Franz Boas, Alfred Adler and Stark Young. The magnet which draws them more powerfully than any other force is no doubt the atmosphere created by the students they face in the lecture-room—persons who come in increasing numbers every year to the New School because they find there, as they did not or do not in the same measure find at college, the sense of an on-going changing world, a fearlessness of inquiry, an appraisal of ideas and a fine spirit of comradeship in the great adult adventure of becoming intelligent about life.

The present plan of the New School—"a coöperative venture in non-authoritarian, informal learning, the chief purpose of which is to discover the meaning of experience"—did not spring full panoplied into being. On the contrary it is the outcome of seven years of changes, experiments and growth. In the period immediately following the war the idea in the top of everybody's mind was economic reconstruction in the interest of the masses. The conflict had impressed thinkers with the immense waste of effort that goes on. The fact that one could take 4,000,000 men out of industry, supply them with munitions and equipment and yet carry on our economic system almost as before, was a scathing commentary on the enormous leakages in our scheme of living. James Harvey Robinson, Charles A. Beard and Thorstein Veblin—the academic

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nucleus among the moving spirits of the New School in its beginnings—had each a definite conception of social reform. Their idea was to make a contribution through research directed toward reconstruction. By getting people together, studying their minds and trying them out in one way and another, at least the experiment would have made a beginning. Beard, Graham Wallis and Robinson—whose book "Mind in the Making" was composed of his lectures given at the New School—were the lecturers the first year, besides which three fellows were engaged exclusively in research.

But the pattern, although set so carefully, did not fulfil the beautiful beginnings of its design. In a year or two the general interest in economic reconstruction died out. Funds fell away, crippling the research function of the New School. The teaching program on the other hand could continue. Only it became obvious to Dr. Alvin Johnson, the present director, and others interested in the experiment, that the students did not want exclusively to take courses in political science and economics. What they particularly desired was psychology. For more than a decade through the thought of America a stream of psychological thinking had been flowing, much of it, to be sure, poor and amateurish. Yet just as wild animals come hundreds of miles for a taste of salt, so the individual turns instinctively to the study of psychology. The animal does not know, when he seeks the salt stone, that iodine is good for his thyroid gland. Similarly, without always being aware of the reason, modern people have a leaning toward the study of psychology. They only know that possibly it can tell them what is the matter with their thinking, why life has ceased to be the high adventure it once was, why such a gap yawns between them and the younger generation, why Richard, a doctor's son, would rather be an elevator boy than follow his father's profession.

Sensing the growing trend of thought, seeing people eager to come to the New School and hearing their demand for a study of psychology in addition to other things, Dr. Johnson and his associates reasoned thus: Here is a body of adult people dissatisfied with their lives. It is not enough to find out what is the matter with their spiritual and mental diet. —All the herds between two mountain systems are suffering from a lack of iodine.—It remains for us to supply them with a new diet. Thus almost overnight the New School became an adult educational institution committed to discover the needs of a rather silent body of people, a body in which the college graduate is the most dominant element though not perhaps the most numerous one. In shaping the curriculum, for the convenience of workers, classes come in the late afternoon and evening; 5:20 to 6:50 and 8:20 to 9:50—it was decided that every course given, be it in anthropology, philosophy, psychology, history, literature, mathematics or the arts, must have a content worth while for the person at the college graduate stage of culture. People without college degrees were welcome to enter the New School. If they could keep up, well and good. As a matter of fact, there was found

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to be extraordinarily little difference between persons who have enlightenment through university training and those who have gained it by means of experience, association and thinking. A noteworthy example of this was the case of an elderly Russian Jew who, on coming to this country, had employed all his time in making enough money to support his family and send his sons to college. When they became mature he found himself in the unenviable position of being no longer the head of his family. Their sense of intellectual superiority had shouldered him out of his place. In his unhappiness he enrolled as a student at the New School. Here for several years he devoted himself to the study of history, philosophy and the arts. In the end he found himself reinstated as the patriarch of his tribe.

But for the most part the New School has sought to supply, as far as its means permit, facilities for studying the subjects most vital to persons already possessing a liberal education. It does not strive to bring its students to a specific academic standard; but it takes its steps squarely on the basis that intellectual exercise is a permanent need, that for mental health systematic study is just as necessary as is physical exercise for the health of the body. And it has the conviction that unless there is a continuity of mental stimulation in the lives of middle-aged people engaged in practical affairs, no intellectual sympathy can exist between them and the younger generation passing through the colleges and the universities.

Walt Whitman has caught that ideal companionship in his lines:

"I hear it was charged against me
that I sought to destroy institutions,
But really I am neither for nor
against institutions,
(What indeed have I in common
with them? or what with the
destruction of them?)
Only I will establish in the Manhatta and in every city of
these States inland and seaboard,
and in the fields and woods,
and above every keel little or large
that dents the water,
Without edifices or rules or trustees
or any argument,
The institution of the dear love of
comrades."

The sublimated color which comes from exchange of ideas and a quiet stirring mental life are the characteristics which strike you when you first visit the New School. Half unconsciously you are aware of the simplicity of the place. The building consists of offices, rooms in which to seat classes, a library, a book-shop, an auditorium, a lounge, a dining-room, and you soon learn that the administrative staff is as small as is compatible with effective work. But the unpretentiousness of furnishing has no effect of meagerness because of the abounding intellectual activity and the spontaneity with which each interest is invested. Everywhere you feel the zest in the adventure. In the compact book-shop where the tall young woman in charge tells you of the amazement of publishers that more books on serious subjects are best sellers here than in any but two other shops in New York; and then breaks off to say, "But it's because the students of the New School have

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gone thoroughly into the study of psychology, philosophy, sociology and literature. The work they do sharpens their critical faculty. Second-rate things don't go with them." You get it at the piled up desk of the statistician who tells you that the number of students registered for courses in the New School since it was founded in 1919 increased from eight hundred and seventy-seven for the first full year 1919–20 to one thousand four hundred and sixty-five for the year 1925–26. "It is a matter of continual surprise to the outsider," she will tell you, "that they come with such unflagging enthusiasm and in increasing numbers, when no credit is given," that the enrollment in individual classes runs from twenty-five to one hundred and twenty-five, depending upon the popularity of the subject and the ability of the instructor, that an analysis of the thousand students enrolled for the fall term of 1924–25 showed that two thirds were women, more than two thirds were American born and a third had been enrolled in the New School before.

"But what stimulates one's imagination in this work is the stories behind these bare figures," she says. "The case, for instance, of a rather hidebound doctor from a small Jersey town who drifted in here, asked questions, became interested in international politics, gained such a fresh intellectual interest that he has become much more of an individual and a far better doctor. Or of the mother who, on presenting herself for registration, said she had grown to feel like a sleek domesticated cat and wanted to join the New School for mental stimulation. Or the group of physicians and nurses who once a week leave King's State Hospital at four in the afternoon to take Dr. Ferenczi's course in psychology in the evening, not getting home till two o'clock the next morning. There are dozens of such cases."

You find the same enthusiasm for the accomplishment and spirit of the New School in the expert librarian who has charge of the Carleton Parker Memorial Library and the books which are added each year at the suggestion of instructors, forming the foundation of an important research collection. And the spirit itself of unspoiled, critical, intellectual interest is a dominating quality of the Friday afternoon forums whether the speaker be Claude Bragdon on "Four Dimensional Vistas" or Eduard C. Lindeman on "The New Germany." It is one and the same thing. Always the eager faces, always the challenging questions, the lively discussions.

The instructors who nearly always conduct their classes after a full day's program elsewhere (and often for a minimum sum) are charged with this same interest. In the choice of these instructors the New School exercises a freedom which an endowed institution could scarcely use. The fact that its income is from tuition fees, admissions paid for individual lectures and sustaining memberships, supplemented by annual contributions from friends of the institution, while limiting it financially gives the directors liberty to ask whomever they please to conduct a course of lectures for the institution. In consequence men of the most distinguished minds and the soundest culture, whether they be professors of

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unimpeachable academic standing or scholars engaged in private research and creative work whose names may be anathema in orthodox university circles, become members of the faculty.

Moreover, in the arrangement of the curriculum the fact is ever kept in mind that the New School is not trying to guide its students into any particular school of thought. Rather, it would present many sides of a subject, leaving the student to make his independent choice of what trend of ideas he wishes to follow. For instance, in the study of psychology not merely behaviorism is presented. On the contrary, during the past term not only Watson, the leading behaviorist, but Holt who represents further developments of tendencies of William James, Ferenczi, simonpure Freudian, Adler who stands for a schism in the psychoanalytic camp. Ira Wile, coming into psychology by way of medicine and psychiatry, and Frankwood Williams whose connection with psychology is through the medium of mental hygiene—all these have been on the teaching staff of the New School. And no one of these scholars has ever suggested that the others should not be lecturing there. All recognize that the students are adults, competent to select what they want from the wealth of ideas made available for them.

From these students one gets most of all the gaiety, the surprise, the mental stimulation of this adventuring along the road of life with education for a companion for more than a mile.—"When the American people are better educated, there will be less solemn pantomime in the land. Education should help people make an art of living, and the art of living, like all arts, is play."—One feels this focussed interest in learning *per se* in the level-eyed attention they give their lecturers. In the New School no instructor is a demigod armored by degrees, receiving from his class parrot-like what he has dealt out to it from his Olympian height. He knows his every word is under merciless scrutiny, that almost before he has concluded, questions, dissents, challenges are to be shot at him with fire-cracker rapidity. In the end, as he knows, his statements stand only by virtue of their intellectual soundness.

This spirit of give and take, this intellectual equality even though the scholarship of the instructor be higher than that of the students, is emphasized in the teacher training courses in adult-education being conducted at the New School by Everett D. Martin, H. A. Overstreet, Leta Hollingsworth and Eduard C. Lindeman through the coöperation of the Carnegie Corporation in conjunction with the People's Institute. Here in studying for the first time the technic of conducting adult education classes, the theory is being put into practice that the student can consciously be an active part of the group every minute whether he is speaking, that the ideal is the linking of mind to mind, the "kicking an idea along" instead of kicking one another, that class-room discussions are little laboratories where people express themselves to one another frankly, more willing to show their weaknesses than their strengths, and that above all one should learn to play with his ideals and his sublimities.

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Recognizing that the enthusiastic support of the student body is in the ratio to its active participation in the affairs of the New School, the Board of Directors has passed a by-law by which, with the approval of the Director of the School, the students may organize coöperative courses, choosing their own instructors and assuming financial responsibility for the courses so given. Under the Students' Coöperative Association thus formed—its activities do not include the management of stadium football games—a number of courses have been given including Human Engineering by Count Korzybski, Nineteenth Century Thought by Morris Cohen, and Technique of Influencing Human Behavior by Harry A. Overstreet. The Association which aims ultimately to transform the New School into an institution supported entirely by the students through tuition fees and widely distributed contributions, seeks now to secure the effective organization of the students for the promotion of the interests of the institution and its student body. As one member put it: "The New School is not alone for the pursuit of profound research. It is to stimulate an intensified feeling toward life." Through all the activities of the institution runs this idea of the passing over of education into conduct. Another student approximated it thus: "To my mind what the New School is doing men in all ages have tried to do; to make clear what the human adventure is all about, untrammeled by the passing prejudices of the moment. You may get there an inkling of what it is all about, whether the course you are taking is one in the drama, in anthropology, in beauty and use, in psychology or philosophy."

You might think that the New School is already fulfilling its ultimate function. Dr. Johnson sitting in his study on the second floor of the main building looking reflectively into the leaping wood-fire, will tell you differently. "As far as the future is concerned the changes that may take place are in the nature of adaptation to our educational problem. For many students the lectures with class-room discussion and supervised reading are sufficient. But more room will eventually be made for individual initiative. As we need to organize discussion groups inside and outside the School to equip the student to take a more active part in discussion, so we have to make room for the exercise of the teaching instinct as well as the learning instinct. In consequence we are sometime going to ask each student of the New School what subjects he would be prepared to teach for the teaching's sake to small groups. Also we shall ask each one what subjects he might care to study in a small group under a qualified teacher, thus providing a closer texture of instruction and study as a basis for the regular courses given in the New School. Another object we have is to develop our own particular kind of research. Almost all of our students are employed in the professions or business. They are in no position to go out and pick up subjects of research extraneous to their everyday lives. But many of them are in an excellent position to take problems definitely connected with their work, as soon as we are prepared to give

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them direction and the inspiration that would come from a picked body of research workers. But the ideal of the New School will not be realized until in every city is established a rather tightly organized institution like this one where mature people can take regular courses and form discussion groups in connection with such courses or independently of them. Such institutions would act as a challenge to the universities and colleges. And more than that they would bridge the intellectual and social gulf widening dangerously between the older and younger generations."

When that time comes youth, no longer scornful-eyed, will listen to the middle-aged "Grow old along with me, The best is yet to be," while the mature will recreate their younger life in terms of a new and companionably intellectual goal. Together they will learn that, as Dr. Martin puts it so ably in "The Meaning of a Liberal Education": "Education is not a hair shirt to be worn in order to discipline the soul and achieve the modern idea of salvation. Neither is it something to be attained by practising before the mirror. It is nothing ostentatious. Nor is it anything to be made a cult of. It does not work miracles nor can it create out of airy nothingness an intelligence that does not exist. But under its spell the mind becomes capable of amused self-criticism, attains an urbanity of spirit and a tolerant skepticism of the crowd and its partisan controversies, and with civilized resignation learns that it may not attain finality in matters of truth and right, but that a man must order his life according to the wisest discrimination of value of which he is able."

ATLAS

ELIZABETH MORROW

No granite mountains, no tempestuous seas,
No weight of earth pulled giant Atlas down;
His body bent to no poor loads like these,
Blue heaven was his burden and his crown.
Perhaps a rainbow strapped the sky in place
Heavy with stars across that straining back,
Forever turned from morning light to brace
All shining beauty in his stubborn pack.
Jove's thunder barking at his beard to flout
His bondage could not shake him, he stood strong,
Shouldering the sunrise, anguished arms stretched out
Lest one tree miss his light, one bird his song:
A simple god renowned for only this
Proud bearing on his back of others' bliss.

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ACADIANS IN THE FLOOD

Waiting for Safety and Sunrise and Dry Land

LYLE SAXON

IF YOU will look at a map of Louisiana you will see that nearly the entire state is a network of waterways. Trace with your finger the progress of the Mississippi River from Natchez toward Baton Rouge, and between these two points you will see that Red River empties itself into the Mississippi. Here the main river divides part of the current going down the channel past Baton Rouge and New Orleans, and another part going by way of the Atchafalaya River directly to the Gulf of Mexico. The meeting place of these three rivers is known as the "Old River District" and it is just here that the worst flood in the history of the whole valley is taking place in May and June, 1927.

For, with the breaking of many levees, a torrent has descended upon Louisiana, covering the central and southwestern part with a roaring sea and flooding sections that have never known flood before. If you will trace with your finger a line from the mouth of Red River, west of the Mississippi, but covering the land on both sides of the Atchafalaya toward the Gulf, you will gain some idea of the magnitude of the flooded area. Let your finger-tip pass through the towns of the Evangeline country, Morgan City, New Iberia, St. Martinsville. . . . No, even with a map it is hard to make you see. . . . Think, rather, of an inland ocean of muddy water more than twenty miles wide, extending for two hundred miles through the center of the State, covering farm and pasture-lands, covering towns and villages, turning houses over, battering churches down, blotting out everything as it goes. Think, then, of the flood spreading out, moving slower, covering the more distant towns with only two or three feet of water, but with enough to ruin the crops, destroy all growing things and kill all small animals. Think of a flooded area so large that the island of Manhattan could be dropped into it with hardly a splash. . . .

Look at your map once more and if it is a large map you will see, just at the mouth of Red River, a winding stream, Bayou des Glaises. From this bayou, south, is the country of the Acadians. Driven from Nova Scotia in the latter half of the eighteenth century they came to Louisiana; being simple farmer folk, they sought homes along the streams of the State, spreading out farther and farther as their resources increased. They are quiet happy people, tilling the soil and rearing families; they are hospitable laughing people;

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pretty, demure little women; men with black eyes and flashing white teeth; children that prefer laughter to tears.

We who remember Bayou des Glaises from other summers, recall a verdant peaceful country of small farms and large plantations. Cotton and sugar-cane fields simmering in the sun; good black earth with green things growing in it; fruit-trees bending under the weight of peaches, plums, pears and purple figs; a land like a flower garden, covered with lush semitropical growth; pink crape-myrtle trees, red and white oleanders, pale yellow banks of acacia blossoms and fern-like mimosa trees bearing flowers the summer through. And everywhere, half buried in vines, stand small white cottages with faded blue-green window blinds, quiet and cool in all the shimmering heat. Here women are busy at their household tasks while men labor in the fields. And from the cottages comes the laughter of children and the babble of soft French, slurringly spoken.

To-day the whole section is inundated with muddy waters which spread out on every side with never a dry spot anywhere—an endless expanse of desolation. For the water has risen above the houses, above the trees, above the levees. Here and there a small island, a part of a broken levee, shows above the rushing water. On these islands are huddled cows, horses, dogs, mules—lost and abandoned. On every side the water rushes by. The animals are helpless, dying.

The surface of the water is filled with floating objects: furniture, chairs and tables, chicken-coops, beehives, barrels, floating downstream toward the Atchafalaya and on toward the Gulf of Mexico. On some of the larger pieces of wreckage chickens are perched; chickens that have taken refuge on levee tops, levees that are now inundated, levees on which men and even women toiled fearfully two weeks ago. And while men were toiling, the crest of the flood came wiping out the levees as if they were straw, rushing over the levee tops. The "big bend" of Bayou des Glaises was chaos within the space of a few hours. So swiftly did the whole terrain fill with water that men had no time to salvage anything from their homes except such articles as they could carry in their hands. The first rush was for the levee tops or to the tops of houses—and there the people stayed while the water climbed higher and higher. They were marooned until the rescue boats came.

Anchored in Old River, between the Mississippi and Red River, the rescue boats were waiting in charge of Red Cross officials. It was with four men from the Coast Guard, a rescue squad, that I got into the heart of the flooded area. Our squad was one of a hundred operating there. Bronzed and blistered men are these, working at this grim business of life-saving for many weeks, moving farther and farther down the Mississippi, following the crest of the flood. Here are large river steamboats, picturesque vessels of another and happier day than ours; here are submarine chasers, manned by sailors; here are the stanch river tugs and smaller river boats; here are hundreds of motor-driven surf-boats, small enough to

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ride through the holes in the broken levees and cruise about the inundated country where hundreds of men, women and children are marooned, helpless and hungry, on levee tops, in trees and in water-swept houses.

For days I went with the Coast Guard men in these surf-boats into the back country of the Bayou des Glaises section. The hours dragged on, under the burning sun, brighter still for being reflected from the water. The flood is vast and terrible. Picture to yourself this great inland sea, mile upon mile of muddy water with never a bit of dry land anywhere; houses askew, roofs fallen in and the water filled with dead animals. On cottage ridge-poles chickens roost, marooned and left to starve. Abandoned dogs bark pitifully from housetops—hunting-dogs mostly, pointers and setters, left behind in the mad rush to escape.

And everywhere, rising above the water are half-submerged trees, pink crape-myrtles, blossoming magnolias, the creamy blossoms beginning to turn brown already from the surrounding water. Floating here and there are household treasures, prized possessions, which were carried to the levee tops only to be abandoned there in the mad rush for safety as the water rose higher and higher. Beds and bedding, chairs and sofas, objects having a mute and tragic quality of their own.

What is the story of this red and blue patchwork quilt lying in the mud of the levee top? Where is the miserable and terror-stricken woman who has dropped it here in her flight? To what child did this doll belong, a doll dressed as a baby, wearing a knitted jacket of light blue—some child's prized possession, now lying half in, half out of the water? Where is the girl who dropped the mirror which lies face upturned in the sunlight, sending out blinding radiance into our eyes as we come chugging beside the levee in our motor-boat?

As we go farther along Bayou des Glaises—farther from the Mississippi—we find more and more refugees; negroes mostly, living in rough board shacks which they have constructed on the levee top. Here, surrounded by their chickens, their hogs and their meager household belongings, they wait for the larger rescue boats to come for them preferring to remain near their possessions rather than go empty-handed to safety:

"No, suh. . . . Ah's rather wait 'till de big boat come fo' us. . . . Den Ah can tek muh mule wid me. . . . Muh mule and muh dawg . . . dat's all Ah got lef'." Then after a pause: "But, boss, Ah shore is hungry. . . . Ain't yo' got nuthin' tuh eat in dat boat?"

Who can blame the negro or the white man for refusing to leave the little that he has? Born and bred in this quiet peaceful country, he fears the unknown; and what assurance can we give that his possessions will be restored to him?

We press on farther into the flooded district. Now we have left even Bayou des Glaises far behind and are in the inner country. Chickens in trees, sometimes in close proximity to snakes which coil among the branches, seeking safety from the water. There are squirrels, opossums, coons, other small animals high in the branches above us. And

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over all this desolation comes the clear high call of the mocking-bird, winging its way from tree to tree. Cardinals fly low over the water, their crimson feathers glinting in the sunlight. Herons, white and blue, swoop down, undismayed by the flood. And high in the air black buzzards, circling slowly.

Upon a housetop we find an aged negro crying out to be rescued, but when we come closer and call to him, he refuses to leave his beehives—six of them—over which the bees, disturbed, are buzzing angrily. The bronzed and blistered sailor beside me throws up his hands in exasperation; "And how the hell," he asks, "can we take your beehives into our life-boat?" The old negro is stubborn: "Ah'll wait fo' de big boat," he says.

We have crossed the "big bend" now and are back in Bayou des Glaises once more. An eager hail comes to us across the water. A man in a rowboat is calling. We come close. Near by is his house, the roof projecting above the rushing water that washes about the eaves. Upon this roof is a strange gathering: two half-grown boys, four dogs, a cat and kittens and perhaps thirty chickens. Red roosters stand like living weathercocks upon the chimneys.

The man's name is Ambrose Lemoine: "An' I tell you, my frien', this is one hell of a mess to happen to a man. Mon Dieu! I assu' you, I was workin' on the levee when she break under me! Sacré! How my wife scream! I look behin' me and I see my l'il children flopping like fish in the water! Ah, I tell you, my frien', I work like the devil to get my l'il children on the roof! But w'at I wan' know is: where my wife an' chile got to?" All this delivered so rapidly that we can hardly understand.

His wife, we learn, along with the smaller children, has been picked up by a rescue boat and taken out to safety aboard one of the large steamboats anchored in the Mississippi. We tell him that he will find his wife safe in the refugee camp in Baton Rouge, but he is dubious.

"Ha! You don' know my wife! You never can tell w'at that woman going to do! She got sister in New Iberia. She got brother in Houma. She got cousin in Natchez. God knows where she gone!"

When we try to get him to come with us into the life-boat, he refuses. "W'at? Me leave my cow and my mule and my dog and cat? I tell you no!" We point out that it is extremely difficult to get food to him in this remote spot and that he may go hungry many days, but he is determined to stick it out. He has been able to find food for his cows and horses by breaking off leaves from half submerged trees; a little canned food is left for himself, his sons, the cat and dogs.

Fastened to the eaves of the house is a hastily constructed raft of logs, and upon this are the cow and calf, the mule and two horses. The raft rises and falls in the rushing water.

His household goods which he has taken to the roof make an incongruous picture in the blinding sunlight: a photograph album bound in red plush, a patent rocking-chair, quilts and blankets, a water-cooler, trunks, a bicycle and—oddly enough—half

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a dozen potted plants, red geraniums —a gay splash of color. A hen and a brood of young chickens are pecking about on the shingles. In the shadow of the chimney a cat lies regarding us with mild yellow eyes, her paws folded under her.

As we go on our way, he calls after us; "Hey! . . . If you see my wife, tell her we're all right, and we'll stay here 'till she come home again!"

With my inner eye I see that sad home-coming; ruined crops, ruined houses, the savings of a lifetime destroyed. But Ambrose Lemoine is making the best of it. And there are thousands like him.

His psychology is not peculiar among those who dwell behind the levees in Louisiana. And his stubborn refusal to leave his home is characteristic of the Acadian. Everywhere they have been reluctant to leave—and who can blame them? For they leave behind everything that they have loved and labored to attain. Yet this refusal to leave the threatened areas has proved one of the greatest problems of the 1927 flood. The people will not take the warnings seriously and remain at home until the crevasse comes; then they grow hysterical with fright.

In the face of all difficulties the Red Cross is doing a magnificent work, rescuing these people and feeding them. Eventually they will be sent home again, when the waters have receded.

In Baton Rouge and in Natchez there are camps where the refugees are housed, where they are fed and where they are given medical attention when ill. Every precaution is taken to prevent an epidemic. Ten thousand refugees are housed in the city of Baton Rouge. Even more in Natchez. And these are but two of the camps.

Late in the afternoon when our surf-boat has taken as many refugees as it will hold, we go back through the flood to the *Kankakee*, a large steamboat which is anchored at the mouth of Red River. Here our refugees are put aboard, here they are fed, here they remain until the river steamer *King* comes by to pick them up and bring them down the river to Baton Rouge.

It is twilight and the big boat is crowded. Men and women stand silent, looking out over the rushing river. Children, blistered from the sun, cry in their mothers' arms. It is like some horror of war—only this time the enemy is the Mississippi.

And yet there is always a glamour about the river, even in this tragic time. Twilight deepens, blotting out the distant line of trees which marks the place where land has been a few weeks ago. All about us is movement—motor-boats go chugging by; submarine chasers lie alongside, their decks filled with sailors; other river steamboats are seen, the red and green lights on the twin smoke-stacks bright in the gathering dusk. The air becomes cooler since the sun has set, and the breeze is filled with the scent of crushed, wet willow trees.

Out of the darkness comes a large steamboat—the *U. S. S. William R. King of St. Louis*. All the refugees —two hundred and eighty-six of us— are put aboard. We swarm over the decks. The *King* has lashed three large barges before her. The center barge is filled with negroes, under a

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tent, all their worldly goods piled around them. To the left is a barge packed tight with cows that low incessantly. The barge on the right is similarly loaded with a mixed cargo of horses and mules, cows and calves. The animals are crowded with no regard to their torture—this through direst necessity. So tightly packed are they that they rise one above the other. The horses whinny, the cows low. Their torture is like some dream of hell.

The women and children are crowded together inside the cabin and upon the rear decks of the steamboat; the white men are on the forward deck above the negroes, the mules and the cattle. Other barges are towed alongside the *King*, and the whole presents the picture of a floating island—an island loaded with as miserable a freight as can be imagined.

The search-light playing from the upper deck, lights up the barges before us, showing the milling animals, the crouching negroes, the whole miserable scene. Acadians, thin and bronzed, go about the edges of the cattle barges, trying to do what they can for the animals there. One tall thin boy wearing a tattered red sweater stands watching a calf being trampled beneath the hoofs of frightened cows.

The animals kick and bite each other, showing the whites of their eyes. And always the pitiful cries of distress of thirst, of hunger, of fright. I go forward on the barge and speak to the boy in the red sweater, one refugee to another. I speak of the plight of the animals, and he says, "Po' things . . . they've been there since yesterday. . . ." Then he forgets me, watching again the black and white calf which is now flecked with blood from the crushing hoofs of the larger animals.

I go back to the steamer again. Here the decks are filled with sprawling figures, men and boys, making a pretense of sleeping. The breeze is cool, but the deck is hot, for beneath us are the boilers.

A whisper is in circulation. Something is wrong. Fear of the unknown stalks among us. There is a rumor, the captain says, of a crevasse in the river below us. If this is true, he must tie the *King* up for the night for, should this heavily laden boat come within the area of a crevasse, we may be carried through to death.

The search-light plays along the distant banks, picking out the levee tops, standing a scant two feet above the rushing water. Between us and the levees are fringes of willows growing on the batture, or that part of the bank which extends beyond the levee in low-water time, but which is now completely flooded. The pilot has found trees large enough to offer secure anchorage, and the *King*, with its barges before it, is headed for the bank. The boat and barges nose into the willows, crashing down the smaller trees before us. How green the leaves appear in the glare of the search-light! How unreal it all seems—the barges of animals, the crouching negroes, the white men leaning forward, watching anxiously.

The smaller trees crack off like match-stems. Large trees fall before the weight of the cattle barges—then, after a long moment, there is a

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jolt, a cry. . . . Men run along the edge of the barges, throwing out ropes. We are made fast and swing about with the current. We find ourselves against a gigantic tree which stands half out of the water. The green leaves are all about us, reaching to the upper decks. The boat seems to be in a wood—were it not for the rushing water below decks.

The hungry cattle grasp at the leaves which are just out of their reach. A brown and white spotted cow falls and is trampled upon. The little black and white calf is dead now, flecked with blood. Frenzied mules kick each other with fiendish force.

Above, on the deck, we talk: "Yes, sir! Four thousand acres I had under cultivation. There's not one acre above water. It was the richest land in the State. My hay alone would have brought $10,000 this year." The man sits huddled up, figuring on a scrap of paper by the reflection from the search-light. He talks to any one who will listen.

Near-by a man of middle age, an Acadian, mumbles excitedly to himself: "A day laborer. . . . That's what I'll be. . . . Not a thing left. All I had was two hundred hogs. I didn't get one of them out. Yes, sir! All of 'em drowned. I'm too old to begin again. I can't. . . ." And he wanders off into the darkness.

Another man: "I'll never go back. No, not me! I never want to see that country again. All my life I live there—and now!"

Still another: "Sacré, man! Sure you'll go back! We'll all go back! What I say is this: If you haven't got, you can't lose! Ain't that the truth?" He laughs.

A little boy, round-eyed, holding his father's hand, says: "When will it be mawnin', Papa? Is it nearly mawnin' Papa?" And the man says: "Sh sh! Let the poor people sleep!"

". . . And out at Bayou Choupique where I come from, we go on the roof. . . . But what you know? The house capsize like that! I tell you, man, I see trouble this year!"

A woman is walking up and down the deck moaning. Nobody knows what the trouble is and she will not answer when spoken to. She has been walking so for an hour. Finally another woman comes and leads her away.

A boy of perhaps fourteen years comes close to me in the darkness: "Mister, for God's sake tell me what to do when we get to Baton Rouge. . . . Me and my cow. . . . There she is, brindled like. See? . . . She's going to have a calf. She'll get trampled to death sure. . . . Sure."

Down on the barge before us, where the negroes are camped, an aged black man has slumped down among drums of gasoline and bundles tied up with clothes-lines. A young negro girl kneels beside him, putting a cup to his lips. The search-light moves on, blotting out the picture.

We settle down to sleep as best we can, waiting for safety and sunrise and dry land.

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KING SOLOMON OR THE ICEMAN

THEODORA DU BOIS

THE table was lovely. It was just like a picture. It made you feel sort of as if you were listening to music to look at it. That Italian embroidered cloth with the mahogany showing through the worked parts! And the tall pale-yellow fruit glasses with the cute little balls of all different kinds of melons, green and pink and yellow and almost white. The door was open on to the terrace and a nice cool breeze was blowing in and if there wasn't the big yellow moon floating up over the hills of the golf links! "They'd think I was crazy," Delia thought, "if a waitress ran in and told them to come look at the moon. But they'd ought to see it. It matches up so good with the candles and everything."

"S-s-s-s-s—Delia— S-s-s-Delia." What was Bridget hissing like that through the door for? On dinner-party nights she always hissed like an old gander they'd had back in Ireland. There she went again. "S-s-s-Delia. Everything's ready. Light the candles." How funny and red her face looked peeking through the crack like that. If you swung the door shut quick you'd pinch her nose. Serve her right too, she'd been so mean about the salad.

"Sure I'm lightin' the candles, ain't I?" Could she do it with just one match, she wondered, without burning her fingers? Yellow roses and thin-stemmed glasses and candles and points of yellow flame! It was a bit like lighting candles on an altar, although maybe it was a sin to think so. But it was sort of like that, a dinner-party, and she the high priest of it. She'd like a bright-red dress to serve in and a lace thing all over it. It'd look well with her black hair. A funny little thin young priest she'd be making with her curly black hair and pink cheeks and all. But it would be wonderful to be one, so safe feeling, as if the arms of God was around you close. She'd felt so lost like since her mother died and no kin to turn to. But sure if she went up to Niagara next week with Mr. Vincent she wouldn't have that lost feeling any longer. And why should she be worrying about being married regular by a priest at an altar when Mr. Vincent said and the ouija-board said they'd been married in a past in—whatever it was, the name of a flower. In—chrysanthemum?

"S-s-s-Delia. Go tell 'em it's ready." There was Bridget again.

"I haven't finished fillin' the glasses yet." What a racket they were making in the living-room. Everything but the glasses was ready. The nuts and candy on the table. Mr. Anthony had his dessert-spoon to eat his soup with—funny

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he didn't like the round ones. Delia hoped and prayed she wouldn't spill anything passing it. But it was only three weeks ago she'd broken that mirror and they said bad luck would follow you closer than your shadow for seven years, either that or you'd die within the year. Sometimes she'd like to die and go running up the streets of Heaven into her mother's arms. There now she spilled some water on the table-cloth filling that glass. How nice water was poured fresh out of a silver pitcher. There was Bridget hissing again.

It gave you lumps in your throat to stand in the living-room door waiting for Mrs. Anthony to look at you.

"Dinner is served, Madame." Maybe they'd think she came from France, not Ireland, the way she said Madame. Anyway she looked pretty enough to come from France, if she did say it as shouldn't. She knew she was pretty in her fresh black dress with the crisp collar and cuffs and apron.

When they came in laughing and talking it was like sea waves shouting against rocks on a windy day. Mrs. Anthony was grand in that satin dress. She called it daffodil color. Mrs. Brown was too fat. What a funny little man next her like a frog. That Bangs woman was making up to Mr. Anthony. Jim-the-iceman said she never gave her washerwomen desserts. No wonder she couldn't keep help. Now Mrs. Anthony treated you as good as anybody. If it wasn't for Bridget and Martha being so mean and for the lonesomeness of it out in the country, she wouldn't be leaving. Of course there was Jim-the-iceman. His hands were cleaner than Mr. Vincent's but an iceman was sort of common beside a real high-class medium like Mr. Vincent. She couldn't be sure if she loved him or didn't love him. When they both had their hands on the ouija-board and it was running around saying all those wonderful things, she was sure she loved him. The Bangs woman had eaten all her melon balls already and now she was pretending to steal Mr. Anthony's nuts. How they chattered while they were eating. The-little-man-like-a-frog's collar was beginning to wilt and it wasn't so hot. There was a lovely soft breeze coming in and the moon was whiter now and shiny behind the branches of the apple-tree. It would be lovely to see moonlight on Niagara Falls. She'd always wanted to see the Falls, though it was funny, rushing water like that always made her want to jump right off into it.

"You've gotter hold on to my arm tight while we're there," she'd said to Mr. Vincent. "Because if you leave me alone one minute I'll jump straight into it." And how he'd laughed! And when he looked into your eyes like that you felt as if you hadn't any bones inside you. And to think that such a wonderful medium was her husband in a past in—something or other! Whenever Bridget was mean to her she just threw back her head and thought, "Never mind, *I* used to be the Queen of Sheba once and you, Mrs. Bridget Mulcahey, was my slave."

There, Mrs. Anthony was looking at her to take the fruit glasses out. Foolishness that you couldn't carry them out on a tray a lot at a time.

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You were always so dead tired and your feet ached so when you came to the serving of a dinner, what with cleaning and running around making salad and fruit things all day. And then the standing up and carrying things in and out for an hour and a half more and being so scared of something going wrong every minute.

It was roasting hot in the kitchen and all the lights glaring. There must be millions of blue and white checks in the room, on the floor and curtains and Bridget's apron; and on even the oil-cloth on the tables and the dish-towels hanging up.

"Don't spill the soup," Delia said. Bridget had ought to have had the soup all ready poured for her, not keeping her waiting. Now she'd have to hurry.

There she'd nearly dropped a plate getting free of the swinging door from the pantry. She had spilled some over the edge onto her finger. Just thinking of dropping it gave her chills like ghosts' fingers playing the piano up and down her spine. Sometimes she dreamed about someone's joggling her elbow and her spilling a plate full of soup down some woman's back. How they'd jump and squeak if she did and they'd feel like killing her, but they'd coo like doves and pretend it didn't matter a bit. That class of people was always lying to be polite. But you couldn't fool the working classes. The working class of women were the ones with the morals. You never saw one of them smoking, hardly ever, that was.

There were two more plates of soup. That was the worst thing to carry and it was mean of Bridget to be hissing about her being slow. She wasn't slow; she was the fastest waitress in the park. Cream of mushroom soup was good. She hoped there'd be some left over. There hadn't been time for the help to have any supper and she felt sort of faint with being hungry and carrying that good smell of cream of mushroom soup.

She could order whatever she wanted to eat at the hotel in Niagara. She'd always wanted to stay at one of those big hotels with bell-boys and lumps of sugar, each one wrapped up in paper. It couldn't be wrong to go off to Niagara with some one who was your own lawfully married husband in a past inchrysanthemum. No, that wasn't the right word. But it couldn't be wrong because if it was wrong she wouldn't do it. She wouldn't do anything that wasn't right.

And the spirits knew. They knew all about her coming from Ireland and her mother's being dead, the very first day she and Rosie Flynn had gone to the Vincent's high-class medium parlors. Rosie had gone off to a place on Long Island so she couldn't get in to go any more but, of course, Delia could every other Thursday. Surely your own mother's spirit couldn't be lying to you.

Now she'd have to pass the little sticks of toast with the soup. There, Mr. Anthony dropped one and it was just the color of the rug. Mrs. Bangs had her silver slippers off under the table. How funny their feet all looked. Here was the toast behind the leg of the man-who-looked-like-a-frog's chair. Whew, how hot her face was from leaning over like that! Everybody'd liked

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these toast sticks. Now they were talking about sicknesses and Mrs. Anthony was trying to get them to stop—not so they'd notice it, though. She was a clever one. They never saw it but she was getting them to telling funny stories. Delia wondered if Mr. Anthony would tell his one about the Irishman and the parrot that he almost always told. Not always but one half the time anyway.

Now the soup-plates had to go out. Saints! how her feet ached and her shoes were beginning to squeak. They always did when she was tired. There was an imp inside her shoes pinching her toes and yelling out, squeaking like that. A little red imp with a pitchfork maybe. She wished that she could step on him and squash him, but every time she stepped he gave a jump and stuck his pitchfork into a different place in her foot and gave a little yell. She hoped Mrs. Anthony wouldn't hear him.

The kitchen was getting hotter and hotter and a June-bug as big as a bat was banging around on the ceiling. Martha was down now because the children were fast asleep and she was sitting in the corner by the stove, yawning. But she was awfully in the way. And dishes that had to be washed were piling up like mountains on the kitchen table. They'd have to be washing till midnight nearly. It was mean of Bridget not to be doing it through the dinner.

The silver platter with broiled chicken on it was awful heavy and so large it was hard to pass between people. Her arms ached and her face got hot as fire before she was through the whole eight of them. Never mind, when she used to be Queen of Sheba she'd sat on a gold throne all covered with purple velvet and she'd worn a rope of pearls, four times as long and as big as Mrs. Bangs's, wound all around her neck. And slaves had brought her things to eat on gold plates and if they hadn't passed them properly on the left side she'd hit them with the gold stick thing she always carried, and Mr. Vincent—only he was Solomon then—he'd sat at the other end of the table eating out of gold plates too and in a grand dress-suit of red velvet with a gold and diamond watch-chain across his chest. And he even had a gold toothpick with a diamond on the other end. Wasn't it wonderful what a ouija-board knew, and it such a silly looking little table-thing running around the board under your hands like a cat. She'd nearly jumped out of her skin when it spelled out:

"This is your mother's spirit talking to you. Mr. Vincent was your lawful wedded husband in a past in—" something or other. Well, anyway, there was her dead mother telling her, and Mr. Vincent himself said he *distinctly* remembered putting a ring on her finger when he was Solomon, and she'd been awful careless to lose it, and they were already man and wife and it was against the law to have a second ceremony. And her mother's spirit had said a lot more too. She'd said, "Go to Niagara with your husband Solomon. And don't forget to take all your money out of the savings-bank before you go. It's going to burn down." When she heard that she went right down to the bank on

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her next Thursday out and took out all her money. Two hundred dollars is an awful uncomfortable lump in your stocking. Delia was scared to death it was slipping down and would show like a big ugly bump on her leg. But anyway it was safe there and Mr. Vincent said he'd take care of it for her when they got to Niagara Falls.

Now she'd passed the chicken and the candied sweet-potatoes and the peas and jelly and olives and celery and rolls and there was Bridget hissing the other side of the door in the pantry. Now what did she want?

"What ye hissing like that for at me?" she asked Bridget, when she got out into the pantry.

"Fill the glasses again."

"Ye've been spyin' on me through the crack. I'm going to fill them."

She filled the glasses, carefully. Bridget had no right to be spying on her. She knew her work. She was the best waitress in the park and she had as good a character as anybody. She could look the Queen of England in the face and not be blushing. Nobody was kind to her but Mr. Vincent. Jim-the-iceman didn't count.

Now she had to take out the dinner-plates and bring in the salad. Everybody liked alligator-pear salad. It had been fun fixing it, too, all the slices of alligator-pear in a sort of design like.

If she could only make up her mind about Mr. Vincent. What she needed was a sign from the spirits. Mr. Vincent said they were always there ready to help us and all we had to do was to think hard and get our questions across the ether to their auras. Then they answered by a sign. Like if you see three lame men in a subway it's a sign for you to buy brown shoes instead of black ones. Like that, it is. She'd tried it, shutting her eyes and opening a Bible she'd found on one of the book-shelves, but she'd opened it to a part that said, "Ammon was two and twenty years old when he began to reign and reigned two years in Jerusalem." Now you couldn't tell from that what it was a sign you were to do. She'd wanted to look up about Solomon and the Queen of Sheba but she hadn't known where to find about them and when they were married.

Were they married? She mustn't drop the salad-plates even though an idea did hit her like a slap in the face. And Bridget was standing right in her way by the kitchen sink.

"*Was* Solomon married to the Queen of Sheba?" Bridget was slipping the mousse out of its mold and wouldn't answer her. "Was Solomon married to the Queen of Sheba, Martha?"

Martha yawned again and said, "Oh, go 'long with your dinner. Don't ask me." These nurses were always so mean, never lifting a hand to help you!

"There's still three salad-plates on the table," Bridget said, "and the crumbs to be got off. Get a move on yer or the mousse'll melt."

Well, wasn't she hurrying as fast as she could? It only took a minute to get off the salad-plates and no time at all to crumb the table. Mr. Anthony would know if the Queen of Sheba and Solomon had been married. He'd know. Oh, if she could only ask him one question!

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Just whisper it in his ear. Or why couldn't she just say out loud:

"Excuse me, but does any one of you know if Solomon and the Queen of Sheba was married?" It was wicked that she couldn't ask it—wicked. She was so scared thinking about it her heart jumped like a rabbit's. Maybe her mother's spirit'd made a mistake. Her mother was a real lovely mother but she'd never known much about kings and queens when she was alive and why should she know more about them now that she was dead. Sure there was a chance that she and Mr. Vincent were both mistaken. My, how Delia wanted to cry and she was so awful, awful tired! And the people were laughing and making such a racket; the women all with their backs bare like cream and the men with their heads going bald on top. What was there to be laughing at, anyway? She'd burst out crying in another minute. Maybe if she bit her lip hard enough she could keep the tears back.

Bridget was mad because the mousse was beginning to melt. Little drops of raspberry ice were running like blood into the bottom of the silver platter. The silver was nice and cool on Delia's hands. She'd have to think up something for a sign and pray to the spirits to tell her about the Queen of Sheba. She'd have to pray to some one who knew, one of the saints, maybe. They'd know more than her mother even. What would do for a sign?

They were all telling funny stories at the table and the noise made your head spin. Delia wondered if Mr. Anthony would tell that one about the parrot—oh, that was it. She'd go out in the pantry and pray to a saint quickly, St. Elizabeth, the one that used to be a queen; likely she knew about who was married and who wasn't. Everybody'd been served with the mousse and she must go out to get the little cakes with pink and white icing and yellow flowers on the icing.

It was quiet in the pantry and the light there was sort of dim. Like a little church. If you put your hands over your eyes you could almost think you were in one.

"Blessed saints, blessed St. Elizabeth," she whispered, "send me a sign. If the Queen of Sheba was after being married to Solomon whisper in Mr. Anthony's ear to tell his parrot story. If she wasn't married, don't let him tell it. Amen."

Then she had to hurry out for the cakes. And everybody made a great fuss over them, they were so pretty. There was a little icing bird on one.

Mr. Grant was telling a funny story that had been on the radio last Thursday and everybody was pretending they hadn't heard it before. It was about the rabbit and the minister.

The saints should be hearing her prayer by now. Yes, and there was Mr. Anthony leaning back to tell a story. Oh, God, she mustn't faint! She ought to go on out in the kitchen but she couldn't stir a step if the ceiling fell on her. Mr. Anthony was saying:

"Did you ever hear that one about the Irishman?"

"Oh, Peter, you tell that parrot story at *every* dinner."

"No, this is a new one. It has nothing whatever to do with a parrot. Nothing at all. Once there was an Irishman, a burglar—"

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So he hadn't told the parrot story and that meant the Queen of Sheba wasn't married to Solomon and she wasn't to go to Niagara Falls. Dinner was over and Delia sank into a chair by the kitchen table and put her head on her arms and cried and cried.

"Get yer head up from among them dishes. What's the matter with ye?"

"Oh, my feet ache like I was walking on pins and my head aches and I'd like to die and let the cool earth bury me."

"Oh, shut up," Martha was getting up from her corner. "I'll take in the coffee and do the dishes with Bridget. Your boy friend's here."

"Boy friend?"

"Jim-the-iceman. He's waiting on the back porch."

"Get something to eat on a tray and get out of me way." But Bridget didn't sound as cross as usual.

And it was nice and cool out on the back porch steps. Some bird or something up in the trees was whirring like an egg-beater and you could smell roses from the vine up the side of the house. Mr. Vincent would be mad, but she couldn't help that. Funny she felt as if she'd lost fifty pounds weight off her. Jimmy didn't say much but he sat close to her and he felt strong. He was eating the drumstick of the chicken but he'd made her take a little of the white meat. The mousse slipped down your throat like cool sips of silver and the moon was smiling at them above the apple-tree. It was nice of Martha and Bridget to wash the dishes. It was nice leaning against Jim's shoulder like that—

A word slipped into her mind. It was *incarnation.*

It was nice when Jim kissed her, too.

CARCASSONNE

BEATRICE ALLEN DRAPER

And when at last to Carcassonne you go,
Stand in a turret facing toward the sun
And watch it set until stars have begun
Their patchwork magic in the afterglow.
Through the wan twilight you may see the hordes
Of Attila come sweeping down the plain
With thundering hoof beat and with flying mane,
Or catch the ghostly gleam of antique swords.

Think not alone of Visigoths and Huns
Who razed and builded better than they knew;
But let there pass before you in review
Live, luckless hordes of men whom beauty shuns.
Let Carcassonne bring to your memory's store
More than one fleeting fervent day—far more.

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Ripened Years

II—Thomas Jefferson—Time Treated Him Kindly

J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton

Through all the years of his brilliant and successful political career Thomas Jefferson longed for the quiet delights of home. At each interval in his public service he turned his face joyfully toward Monticello, and with each recall his pleasure was marred by regret for the lost domesticity.

In 1776, while on the threshold of the career which was to give him immortality in history, he wrote John Randolph, "My first wish is a restoration of our just rights; my second a return to the happy period, when . . . I may withdraw myself totally from the public stage and pass the rest of my days in domestic ease and tranquillity, banishing every desire of hearing what passes in the world."

From France, more than a decade later he wrote his daughter: "To your sister and yourself I look to render the evening of my life serene and contented. Its morning has been crowded with loss after loss till I have nothing left but you."

In 1793, retiring from the State Department, he wrote a friend, "I am then to be liberated from the hated occupation of politics and to remain in the bosom of my family, my farm and my books."

And finally in 1809 he wrote Dupont de Nemours: "Within a few days I retire to my family, my books and farms; and having gained the harbor myself, I shall look on my friends still buffeting the storm with anxiety indeed, but not with envy. Never did a prisoner, released from his chains, feel such relief as I shall on shaking off the shackles of power. Nature intended me for the tranquil pursuits of science, by rendering them my supreme delight. But the enormities of the times in which I have lived have forced me to take a part in resisting them, and to commit myself on the boisterous ocean of political passions."

In the interval of these letters he filled with honor, success and public applause, every office of high importance in the gift of his state and country, founded a great political party and formulated its principles, and successfully made the tenets of the political faith thus expressed the foundation-stones of American political doctrine. Few men ever had a better right to enjoy public life, and yet it is beyond doubt that through all these years his heart and mind were always filled with avid longing for the life he thus described. His natural tastes, his love of home and family, his passion for the country and for the soil, were chiefly respon-

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sible, but an important factor was his shyness and his almost feminine shrinking from the storms of American politics. He was tired, too, deadly tired, of being the "Rawhead and Bloody-bones" of Federalism and the clergy. He wanted quiet, peace and leisure. He was getting old and he longed for tranquillity which he declared to be "the *summum bonum* of age."

He was happier in his exit from public life than was John Adams. Hated and slandered as he had been, he had not been betrayed in his own house, he had not met defeat and he had not been the victim of disappointment. To which fortunate circumstances may be added the fact of his possession of a disposition naturally sunny and a temperament uniformly optimistic. And so, happily, he turned over the conduct of affairs to a successor of his own choosing, a devoted and lifelong friend and neighbor who came nearer carrying out the policies of his predecessor than did any other hand-picked president in our history—and joyfully turned toward Monticello. He did not exactly shake the dust, or more properly the mud, of Washington off his feet as Adams had done, but he took precious good care that no more ever got on. He crossed for the last time the boundary line of Virginia to be as long as he lived America's greatest citizen. There is tragedy in the fact that John Adams, who deserved it, did not share with him this distinction.

To Monticello Jefferson came like one released from prison. There he found his daughter Martha with her husband, Thomas Mann Randolph, and their numerous family. His delight in them, but for its youthful quality, would have been somewhat pathetic. He loved children and young people and from the time he reached home until his death he found, perhaps, his greatest pleasure in his grandchildren and presently his great-grandchildren. "Among these," he wrote John Adams in 1820, "I live like a patriarch of old."

Home began to make him over. He came weary with the storms of the preceding two years, but soon his step grew light and elastic and he was "as busy as a bee in a molasses barrel," buzzing about, arranging his books and papers, going over the place planning improvements for the future, humming or singing old and favorite songs, radiant as a boy on a vacation.

To be at Monticello was in itself a delight. It was the very apple of its master's eye. Built through thirty years, after his own plans and conforming to his own tastes and habits, it was in every way comfortable and, superbly situated, it satisfied a craving for beauty which in Jefferson was ever strong. Set in a plantation of nearly six thousand acres, it was the most impressive estate in that part of Virginia.

To this plantation and his other, Poplar Forest in Bedford County, Jefferson now turned for occupation and livelihood. He did it with no unwillingness. Long before this he had declared that "those who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God," and he still believed it. He had always been interested in agriculture and he was convinced that by the application of system and scientific knowledge it could be made

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highly profitable. That it had at that time largely ceased to be profitable, he attributed partly to the fact of his long absence from home and partly to Non-intercourse and Embargo which had dealt him with other planters a terrible blow.

But financial difficulties piled up and he seemed doomed to poverty. What the Embargo had begun, the War of 1812 finished, and the last chance of overcoming those difficulties disappeared. He was not entirely unaware of its meaning. Writing to Adams of the war he said:

"To me this state of things brings a sacrifice of all tranquillity and comfort through the residue of life. For although the debility of age disables me from the services and sufferings of the field, yet, by the total annihilation in value of the produce which was to give me subsistence and independence, I shall be like Tantalus up to the shoulders in water, yet dying with thirst. We can make indeed enough to eat, drink and clothe ourselves; but nothing for our salt, iron, groceries and taxes which must be paid in money. For what can we raise for the market? Wheat? we can only give it to our horses, as we have been doing ever since harvest. Tobacco? it is not worth the pipe it is smoked in. Some say whiskey; but all mankind must become drunkards to consume it. But although we feel, we shall not shrink."

When the war was over the situation did not improve but Jefferson's persistent optimism prevented his realizing the full seriousness of the case. He persistently kept accounts but they did not lessen extravagance or open-handed generosity. As a matter of fact he could not live otherwise than extravagantly so long as he virtually kept a free hotel, and to make any change would have been in his eyes, a grave violation of an ideal of hospitality which he held sacred.

In 1815 he obtained some relief from the more burdensome of his obligations. As soon as the news reached him of the burning by the British of the Library of Congress, he offered to sell his own very carefully chosen and valuable collection of books to the government as the nucleus of a new one. After some cheap higgling on the part of Congress, the purchase was made, Jefferson receiving for it $23,950, which was considerably less than half its value. This money went at once to his creditors.

He found out before a great while that he could not give the time needed for the direction of the plantation, if indeed he had the required knowledge, and in 1816 he turned over the management of all his farms to his grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, who was able for several years more to avert disaster. But the panic of 1819 dealt another hard blow and a year or so later Jefferson became liable as security for his close friend—and Thomas J. Randolph's father-in-law—Wilson C. Nicholas, for a debt of $20,000. And this was the final stroke. Randolph personally assumed a considerable part of the debts, but in spite of this, ruin was in sight and he finally had to tell Jefferson the truth of the situation. And so the last year of his life was saddened and embittered by the hopeless undertaking of saving Monticello for his daughter and her

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children. After much thought he devised the scheme of securing authority from the legislature to sell tickets for a lottery with the Monticello plantation, excluding the house, and the Shadwell and Albemarle farms, as grand prizes. The members of the legislature opposed the plan and Jefferson was informed that the bill could not be passed. He was deeply hurt and utterly hopeless, but the news of his plight had become public and New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore raised by subscription $16,500. Sadly, but gratefully, he accepted it and then at last the legislature authorized the lottery. It hung fire, and when Jefferson died in the same year, his debts exceeded all his assets by more than forty thousand dollars. His grandson later paid the entire amount.

Great as were his financial embarrassments, they did not dominate his years of retirement. His carefree nature saved him from that and most of his years were happy and comparatively unmarred by his evil fortune. The reconciliation with John Adams contributed much to his happiness, as did that with Mrs. Adams which came later in the same year. Jefferson had feared she was hopelessly estranged, but soon she added an affectionate postscript to one of her husband's letters and thereafter their feeling was cordial and they occasionally exchanged letters and more frequently sent friendly and even affectionate messages. At her death Jefferson wrote Adams one of the most beautiful letters of condolence in history, one worthy of a place alongside that of Lincoln's to Mrs. Bixby.

"Monticello, November 13th, 1818.

"The public papers, my dear friend, announce the fatal event of which your letter of October the 20th had given me ominous foreboding. Tried myself in the school of affliction, by the loss of every form of connection which can rive the human heart, I know well, and feel what you have lost, what you have suffered, are suffering, and have yet to endure. The same trials have taught me that for ills so immeasurable time and silence are the only medicine. I will not, therefore, by useless condolences, open afresh the sluices of your grief, nor, although mingling sincerely my tears with yours, will I say a word more where words are vain, but that it is of some comfort to us both that the term is not very distant at which we are to deposit in the same cerement our sorrows and suffering bodies, and to ascend in essence to an ecstatic meeting with the friends we have loved and lost, and whom we shall still love and never lose again. God bless you and support you under your heavy affliction."

This letter indicates, perhaps, more clearly than anything Jefferson ever wrote, the character of his religious beliefs. Like Adams, he thought much of religion during these latter years. While scarcely orthodox, he was deeply and sincerely religious. In the end his views were in substantial agreement with those of the Unitarians and he expressed the hope that ultimately every young man in the country would become a Unitarian. He believed in a personal God, and was a close and devoted student of the life

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and teachings of Christ which he accepted fully as he conceived them to be. He was liberal in his views, and detested dogma. He attended church quite regularly, usually the Episcopalian, and in spite of his sharp utterances concerning the clergy as a class, he counted a number of them among his best friends.

In spite of his long years of political activity and the deep interest which he continued to feel in politics, Jefferson was remarkably successful in maintaining a scrupulous detachment from any participation other than that involved in advising and inspiring Madison and Monroe. Both, while in office, constantly sought his judgment as to events and policies. So great was his confidence in these friends that he expressed his willingness "to put his soul and body in their pockets." He was entirely sympathetic with the declaration of war against Great Britain in 1812, believing that while war was a misfortune, it was an inevitable one. "Every hope of time, patience and the love of peace is exhausted," he wrote Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, "and war or abject submission are the only alternatives left us." He regretted the war chiefly, perhaps, for the changes which he foresaw it would make in the United States. He watched with interest the course of the struggle and, eager for the conquest of Canada, was horrified and depressed at American failures there. But the most cruel blow inflicted on him by the war was the attitude of New England and particularly of Massachusetts.

As far as may be gathered from his letters, Jefferson showed little interest in the nationalistic legislation of 1816. He was intensely interested in Monroe's advancement to the Presidency, but he had little to say on the subject. Probably he was more concerned with the return home of his friend and neighbor, Madison, in whose companionship he was deeply content.

The Missouri question, which he compared to "a fire-bell in the night," and which he considered as, possibly, the "knell of the Union," aroused him. Opposed as he was to slavery, he could see no reason for the excitement in the North. The truth is, of course, that Jefferson's opposition to the peculiar institution was based on his theory of liberty and his belief that no man was good enough to own another human being. The free soil doctrine which underlay the opposition to slavery extension had apparently not occurred to him, or, at least, did not influence him. His views on the agitation were not expressed publicly, for by 1820 he was begging to be kept out of all controversy. He had stopped reading speeches made in Congress, and from 1818 on he took only one newspaper—Ritchie's "Examiner"—which he declared "the best that is published or ever has been published in America," and added in another comment that he read it more for its advertisements than its news since they were much more trustworthy! Jefferson had come far from the time when he believed in the press as a substitute for government.

Monroe consulted him before the preparation of his message of 1823 as to the policy which should be adopted in respect to the Holy Alliance, and also toward Canning's

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suggestion of joint action with Great Britain. Jefferson in 1808 had clearly outlined the principles of the Monroe Doctrine and he replied, stating them powerfully but favoring concert of action with England. This letter is the strongest answer to the charge that he was fundamentally hostile to England.

The heated personal campaign of 1824 did not excite Jefferson. Every kind of effort was made to win his support, but he carefully refrained from committing himself. It may well have been that Jefferson used his influence in behalf of Adams for there is every reason to believe that he preferred him at that time. Crawford, apparently, had been his first choice, but his breakdown made him an impossibility. Later attempts were made to show that he favored Jackson, much emphasis being placed on his toast at a dinner to Jackson in Lynchburg, 1815, "Honor and gratitude to those who have filled the measure of their country's honor," but he was honoring military success with no thought of the Presidency. When Monroe later asked his advice about sending Jackson as minister to Russia, Jefferson replied, "Why good God, he would breed you a quarrel before he had been there a month!" His comment to John Adams that the election involved the question, "Whether we are at last to end our days under a civil or military government," is convincing to any student of Jefferson. Also there is good reason to accept as authentic the story that in 1824 he thus expressed himself, "One might as well make a sailor of a cock, or a soldier of a goose, as a President of Andrew Jackson."

Jefferson's life in these years assumed quite a regular routine. He could not have found one more to his taste than that which he described to Kosciuszko in 1810:

"My mornings are devoted to correspondence. From breakfast to dinner I am in my shops, my garden, or on horseback among my farms; from dinner to dark, I give to society and recreation with my neighbors and friends; and from candle-light to early bed-time I read. My health is perfect, and my strength considerably reinforced by the activity of the course I pursue; perhaps it is as great as usually falls to the lot of near sixty-seven years of age. I talk of ploughs and harrows, of seeding and harvesting with my neighbors, and of politics too, if they choose, with as little reserve as the rest of my fellow-citizens, and feel, at length, the blessing of being free to say and do what I please without being responsible for it to any mortal. A part of my occupation, and by no means the least pleasing, is the direction of the studies of such young men as ask it. They place themselves in the neighboring village, and have the use of my library and counsel, and make a part of my society. In advising the course of their reading, I endeavor to keep their attention fixed on the main objects of all science, the freedom and happiness of man. So that, coming to bear a share in the councils and government of their country, they will keep ever in view the sole objects of all legitimate government."

But as time passed several changes were made necessary by circumstances. His strength failed and he gave less time to shops, garden and

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farms. In another particular it was changed to his deep distress. Retirement had been made happy by the opportunity which it seemed to offer for reading, and at first he read constantly. But more and more the pressure of correspondence lessened the time available for anything else. He liked to write letters and to receive them, as he "lost the sense of crippled wrists and fingers" while writing, but the burden became almost unendurable. He wrote Adams in 1817 that from dinner to dark he was "drudging at the writing table." "All this," he continued, "to answer letters into which neither interest nor inclination on my part enters; and often from persons whose names I have never before heard. Yet writing civilly it is hard to refuse them civil answers. This is the burden of my life, a very grievous one, indeed, and one which I must get rid of."

He consented to write a few lines of introduction to one of Delaplaine's books that he might make there a public appeal for relief from this burden, but it does not appear to have been successful, for he wrote Adams in 1822 that he had received 1267 letters the previous year and had answered all, though many of them had required long replies and some, extensive investigation. "Is this life?" he asked. "At best it is but the life of a mill horse who sees no end to his circle but in death. To such a life that of a cabbage is paradise." Since he had earlier described the life of a cabbage as "surely not worth a wish" he had evidently come close to the irreducible minimum in enjoyment of existence. At the time of his death he had twenty-six thousand letters filed and had copies of sixteen thousand replies. Part of these had been made with a letter-press, which by the way he is credited with inventing, and part had been written on a cleverly devised duplicating machine which he called a "polygraph."

Among the letters of this period are some of the most interesting of his writings. They reveal the very best that was in him which is enough to indicate their quality. In addition, they cover a wide range and many of them are as interesting to-day as when they were written. His style was easy, but he wrote with precision and conciseness, and at times with an almost poetic felicity of diction. His constitutional calmness, circumspection, vigor of understanding and creative fancy are all revealed in them as are his acquired philosophical view of men and events and the richness of his intellectual resources. He and Adams in their famous correspondence were excellent foils for each other.

In spite of the time given to writing, the amount of reading he accomplished was enormous. Classical and standard authors attracted him. He read Homer, Virgil, Livy, Tacitus, Horace, Cicero, Dante, Corneille, Cervantes, Shakspere and Milton. In the last year of his life he read Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. In 1814, while on a protracted visit to Poplar Forest, where he went at intervals partly to inspect the plantation but chiefly to escape from visitors, he read Plato's "Republic" and expressed himself as disgusted with "the whimsies, the puerilities and unintelligible jargon of the work."

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He did not, however, confine his attention to classical authors, he was too completely a modernist for that. He read regularly the "Edinburgh Review," to which he subscribed, and his letters mention reading Paganel's work on the French Revolution, Marshall's Washington, which he termed "a party diatribe," Destutt de Tracy's ideology, Botta's American Revolution, Eaton's life of Jackson, Flourens' experiments on the functions of the nervous system in vertebrate animals, Woodward's system of universal science and scores of other titles. He read also Greek and Latin readers and a Cherokee grammar and he was interested in Pestalozzi's theories of education. He had been fond of poetry but found his taste for it gone, as it had pretty much for mathematics. Of history he read widely, denouncing Hume as having "done more toward the suppression of the liberties of man than all the million of men in arms of Bonaparte and the millions of human lives with the sacrifice of which he will stand loaded before the judgment seat of his maker."

Retirement with Jefferson, as it turned out, meant merely withdrawal from active public life, not from the world. He had looked to association chiefly with the local community, which he described as consisting "of plain, honest and rational neighbors, some of them well-informed, and men of reading, all superintending their farms, hospitable and friendly," and he saw much of them, becoming "their friendly adviser, lawyer, and even gardener," but they were only a small part of his visitors. Never before or since did the world so insistently beat a pathway to any man's door. Friends came, such as Madison, Monroe, Wirt, Nelson, Lafayette, Correa da Serra and Cabell; distinguished national figures such as Webster and Clay, but there came also many others. Monticello was "overrun with pilgrims from the illustrious to the impertinent." His granddaughter well described it. "They came of all nations, at all times, and paid longer or shorter visits. I have known a New England judge bring a letter of introduction to my grandfather, and stay three weeks. . . . We had persons from abroad, from all the states of the Union, from every part of the State—men, women, and children. In short, almost every day, for at least eight months of the year, brought its contingent guests. People of wealth, fashion, men in office, professional men, military and civil, lawyers, doctors, Protestant clergymen, Catholic priests, members of Congress, foreign ministers, missionaries, Indian agents, tourists, travelers, artists, strangers, friends. Some came from affection and respect, some from curiosity, some to give or receive advice or instruction, some from idleness, some because others set the example, and very varied, amusing, and agreeable was the society afforded by this influx of guests." Sometimes there were as many as fifty guests at one time, the great majority unexpected and uninvited, and many unknown. In the stables were their horses and in the kitchen their servants, and altogether they not only robbed him of time and rest and destroyed his privacy, but they literally ate him out of house and home.

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Age brought to Jefferson little loss of mental vigor or spirit. In 1822 he was accused anonymously in the press of personal dishonesty in the settlement of accounts with the United States. He replied resentfully and, of course, conclusively; and reporting the matter to Adams, said, "Although I know it is too late for me to buckle on the armor of youth, yet my indignation would not permit me passively to receive the kick of an ass." Not often, however, did such matters touch him or did the changes taking place in the world tempt him from retirement. "To me," he wrote, "they have been like the howlings of the winter storm over the battlements while warm in my bed."

And yet he met old age with a youthful spirit. He had retired not to die but to live more abundantly, and in that frame of mind he went on to the end. He never varied in the attitude which he expressed to Adams when asked if he would be willing to live over his seventy-three years. "To which I say, yea. I think with you that it is a good world on the whole; that it has been founded on a principle of benevolence and more pleasure than pain dealt out to us. . . . My temperament is sanguine. I steer my bark with Hope in the head, leaving Fear astern."

In another respect was his old age youthful. He had none of the inflexibility of mind which age so often imposes. He was eager to learn and ready to change his views when they were proved wrong or when conditions altered. He became an advocate of the development of industry, or "placing the manufacturer by the side of the agriculturist," or "the consumer by the side of the producer," as he phrased it. Always he was seeking the truth as he had sought liberty. Truth alone could make men free. Just before his death he voiced his faith. "There is not a truth existing which I fear, or would wish unknown to the whole world."

The greatest service of his later years—in his mind one of three things for which he believed himself worthy of remembrance—was, of course, the founding of the University of Virginia. Always interested in popular education he began in 1776 to urge it enthusiastically. Later the establishment of a state university seemed to him a necessary part of the plan. He converted Virginia to the idea,—no light task—he planned its organization and its program on different lines from those prevailing in the United States, he designed and had built under his own eye the beautiful buildings that were to house the institution and he gathered together a faculty. He did all this in spite of the bitter opposition of the clergy and of political and personal enemies, and in 1825 he had the joy of seeing students in attendance, bringing "hither their genius to be kindled at our fire," as he phrased it. This last year, in spite of his distress over financial troubles, rounded out well a full and rich life. His university was in operation, he had completed a half century since he penned an immortal document in the history of human freedom and he had lived to see Jeffersonianism become Americanism. Fortunately for his peace of mind, he could not see what a century would do for his doctrines or for his country, and he was ready to utter his *nunc dimittis*.

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From the time he reached middle age Jefferson had dreaded living too long, and when in 1803, at the age of sixty, he thought he had discovered the beginnings of a slow but fatal disease, he was not at all unhappy over it. But he recovered and for the rest of his life seems not to have troubled himself unduly with fears of senility, although he was conscious of the changes age was making in him and constantly alluded to them. In 1814 he wrote Adams, "But our machines have now been running seventy or eighty years, and we must expect that, worn as they are, here a pivot, there a wheel, now a pinion, next a spring, will be giving away; and however we may tinker them up for a while, all will at length surcease motion."

Time, on the whole, treated him kindly. His hair became somewhat grizzled, but his sight was good and every tooth was sound. His digestion was unimpaired. In his later years, he could not walk any great distance, but he rode every day, often for many miles, without fatigue. He had dislocated his wrist in Paris, and it now became stiff and at times painful. In 1823 he fell down the steps of one of the terraces at Monticello and broke the other arm. The bone knit but it was never entirely comfortable again. The fact that he was ambidextrous was a great service to him now. His health had begun to fail a few years before this, and from then on he went downhill, slowly, it is true, but steadily. Soon after the new year in 1826, he grew worse, but did not call in a doctor until the end of June, when he was beyond help. As he phrased it, "the machine" was "at last worn out." He was perfectly aware of his condition and entirely contented and unafraid. He was weak but he was serene and cheerful as usual, and retained his decisive quality to the end. On the day he summoned a physician, he wrote declining, on the plea of illness, to attend the jubilee celebration of the Fourth of July at Washington, and expressing the hope and belief that the choice made fifty years before might arouse men everywhere to "burst the chains, under which monkish ignorance and superstition had persuaded them to bind themselves, and to assume the blessings and security of self-government." Thereafter his mind was full of the day and its memories, and in his dreams he reverted to the Revolution. He hoped to see the Fourth and when he was told that it had come, he murmured "*Nunc dimittis, Domine.*"

Ten years before he had written Adams: "The simultaneous movements in our correspondence have been remarkable on several occasions. It would seem as if the state of the air, or the state of the times, or some other unknown cause, produced a sympathetic effect on our mutual recollections." Once more, seemingly, their spirits were attuned to each other. Jefferson went ahead, choosing, as it were, the hour at which the Declaration had first been read to Congress. But who does not wish to think that somewhere close by he lingered, waiting for his old comrade, that with renewed youth, in fullness of powers, with bold and eager confidence, they might once more together dare a great adventure?

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THOSE QUARRELSOME BONAPARTES

IX—In the Residence of Kings

ROBERT GORDON ANDERSON

JOSEPHINE found life in the Tuileries very pleasant. It was thrilling to walk in the footsteps of kings, to look out of their windows with the full sense of ownership, to be curtsied to where they had been curtsied to, and sleep where they had lain. And there were many balls and receptions, dinners for two hundred covers in the Gallery of Diana, and great closets full of new gowns. But this transition from republican simplicity to royal splendor had to be made very adroitly. Like skilful singers they went with the utmost smoothness from one register into another; and the maids of the Rue Chantereine were increased by a chef and a valet and a few culinary domestics, before the whole flock appeared, of ladies-in-waiting, *dames du palais*, butlers and pages, prefects and carvers, "chiefs-of-the-service," guards, chamberlains, and grooms of the chamber. The sibilant "citizen" slid into the "Sire" without any perceptible hiss or slur.

Indeed Napoleon did not hear the "Sire" at once, even in that inner ear. Amid his blossoming generals he still wore the simple green coat of a colonel of his grenadiers. It was with difficulty that Josephine persuaded him to wear a magnificent thing of crimson silk with gold oak leaves and laurel all down the front. "*Diable!*" he said with a shrug of his shoulders, when told that it had been presented by a leading manufacturer of Lyons. "Put it on. It may encourage the trade in silk!" But the very donning of it by so Spartan a soldier was proof to many that it was not an angel whispering in his ear but rather that dark ambassador whose name he had just taken in vain.

As for Josephine she could be acquitted of royalistic designs. And on dynastic designs Nature herself frowned. Julie, her sister-in-law, had gone to Plombières to take the waters, and came back promptly to present Joseph, now Councillor of State and Minister Plenipotentiary, with a pink little daughter. Since this was after seven years of married life, Josephine determined to try the waters also. She returned more gracefully slender than ever, and once for all decided that she did not want to be queen. For that meant a dynasty, with divorce as an alarming corollary. Sufficient, therefore, was their royal state. They could forego the scepter and diadem.

Meanwhile, however, they had settled down to trotting very amiably in double harness. How amiably

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may be judged from an indictment she brought against Napoleon one afternoon as they looked out from Marie Antoinette's old window on the little green fans of the horse-chestnuts.

"You have only two faults," said she very charmingly.

"And they?"

"The first that you are so fond of argument with your councillors you betray your inmost thoughts." And laconic as he was on the field of battle, the charge was true, as she knew from Bourrienne's babbling.

"You must beware of Fouché, Savary, and Talleyrand," she went on, then:—"The second is that you do not give enough of *yourself* to your friends. You cannot win them forever by giving them baubles and titles."

And though he might have heeded with profit, he laughed, tweaked her cheek, and as promptly forgot, for he had an engagement—on the field of Marengo.

But despite her intuitions, she did not understand her husband, seeing him for the most part only in his relationship to her.

Once it occurred to her to try to see with a man's eyes this master of men. She was playing billiards in the *entresol* which had echoed to the laughter of so many queens, and from which she could see the rising monuments, the new boulevards and the palaces that were to beautify Paris and add new luster to the conqueror's name. Her companion, since there were no others about that night, was the dapper meager Louis Wairy, better known as Constant, her husband's valet.

"*Diable!*" she said as she tried an easy carom and failed. It was no use. She must talk to some one or be hopelessly bored. So "Constant," she said as she dismounted from her perch on the cushioned margin of the table, "you were at Marengo."

The bait served all too well, but she checked his rush for it. "Nay, nay, my valiant valet; not your own exploits. I would know what the General looked like, how he appeared in battle; what was his glance under fire."

"Fearful, madame. But he was so merry when he shaved. He would not let me shave him; but I handed him his razors and clipped the little hairs in his nose. How he swore when the scissors tickled him! But I take good care of him, madame, the very best care; see that he has the right underclothes—always of the finest cassimere and—"

"Hairs in his nose! Underclothes!" exclaimed his mistress. "And I ask you how he appears in battle! Constant, you have the valet's soul."

"Well, madame, he talked to the monks in the hospice of St. Bernard. They marveled at his wisdom. Then with his men, he slid down the glaciers like a boy."

"What! On a sled?"

"*Non, madame.* He sat right down on the ice. How many pairs of good cassimere he spoiled!"

It was hopeless and she turned to the window. Two officers walked across the court with much jingling of spurs.

"Eöe! Rapp! Junot! Come in and save me from this haberdasher!" Then as they entered the chamber, "I asked this fellow how the General appears at Marengo; and he tells me

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that the First Consul spoils his breeches coasting down glaciers!"

"He did, *madame la première consul*," assented the smiling Rapp. "A little device to cheer on his men. There were many such."

"*Allons donc! monsieur le général*, you are no better. What I want to know is how he appears in battle. I have never attended one."

"You should see him, to see war at its most glorious," broke in Junot. He had a brave uniform, sideburns like Louis; his eyes were near together, his mouth rather petulant for so brave a warrior, and he was to die in a madhouse; but he had spirit and dash enough on the field. This was echoed exultantly as he spoke in praise of his chief: "Even with grape falling like hail all around him, his horse shot under him, he is cool. He knows not fear!"

"If *madame la première consul* will permit," eagerly put in Constant; "I have undressed him and—"

"What? Underclothes again!"

"No, madame. It is of wounds I speak. His body is covered with scars."

Junot, sensitive and demonstrative as a woman, dashed the tears from his eyes with the back of a hairy hand. "He conceals them from all of us," he said, "even from me," this almost with a touch of reproach; then he resumed:

"I have said he was cool and laconic, not arguing as he does here with his councillors. But suddenly he speaks, and when he does, there is no general or dragoon but obeys. His voice itself sweeps you on like a mountain torrent. And his glance? I know not how to describe it, madame. But it is as though something cold like steel and yet on fire suddenly flashed from a scabbard. He is a little man. With one push you could bowl him over. Yet you run—and toward the enemy!"

Josephine thought that now she was getting the feel of it all; but she was mystified by the handsome Rapp, who, whistling the while, for he scorned all etiquette, was arranging balls, cues and pieces of chalk on the table.

"It takes more than magnetism to win battles," he said. "There is strategy. Now here you have the whole field of the second Italian campaign. Perhaps, madame, you can catch its grandeur of design."

Puzzled, she drew nearer, as Rapp went on:

"This will make it easier to understand. The Northwest corner of the table is France; North-center, Switzerland; Northeast here, Austria; and below lies Italy. Between are the Alps—these cues—note that they form an impassable barrier. Below these Alps are the Austrian forces, those white balls, scattered over the whole Lombard plain. They have won it back while the General was in Egypt, all except Genoa and two towns on the coast where Masséna and Suchet with their few detachments—those pieces of chalk—are practically bottled up.

"Now the First Consul is in Switzerland. He has not much of an army, only thirty-five thousand hastily patched-up troops, having generously sent on his best corps to Moreau on the Rhine. But then poor troops with Napoleon are better than picked ones with Moreau; and Lannes, Desaix, Victor, under the Consul's direction, are whipping them into shape.

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"Very well. He has four courses open; and here you must catch the first point, the strategy of the position he had chosen. He could do so many things: help Moreau on the Rhine against the North Austrian army; climb over the Alps by the eastern pass and so sweep the Tyrol; or by the western pass join Masséna on the coast. There is another pass, this one in the middle, the great St. Bernard; but that he cannot go over, oh no!"

"But he—" Junot started to protest.

"Do not interrupt," expostulated Rapp. "I'll leave all the glory of warfare to you. This is cold strategy. Now the way by the coast is comparatively easy, and the one his generals in council gathered together, expect him to take.

"'But,' says the General, 'that is my '96 campaign all over again. I must have a new one to surprise them. Besides, if I join Masséna on the west, I shall face the whole Austrian army scattered over the Italian plain in superior numbers, with their base, Austria at their back, and my back to the sea. I shall choose the middle pass!'

"'But, General,' say all the staff including the growling Junot here, 'you cannot. St. Bernard is impassable!'

"'*Tiens!* What dictionary do you use? The word is not in mine. There we shall cross, catch them between the west and their base, defeat their superior corps one by one. Further we shall capture Milan which will give us prestige with the Italians and a tremendous moral advantage.'

"And this he did with his small army. Hollowed out tree-trunks to carry his cannon; each drawn by a hundred men. And when they grew tired and gazed, disheartened, at the icy ascent, the peaks all around like some gigantic cheval-de-frise of the gods, he treads alongside of them, cheering them on, slapping their backs, or he orders the drums to beat to stir the blood. For this purpose, too, he slid down the glaciers like a schoolboy and spoiled Constant's good breeches.

"As I said, there were many such devices. His brain is fertile. When we come to Monte Albredo, which really puts the 'impassable' in his dictionary, and has a fort at the foot commanding the only road, he covers the cannon wheels with straw, also the horses' hoofs and sends them through by night.

"And now watch—he is over—in Italy! He strikes—and very swiftly he can strike—first this division here, that one there, all over the Lombard plain; fools them all. No let-up; fight, march, fight, then march again. He leaves garrisons behind—more of those pieces of chalk on the green—at Milan, Ivrea, Lodi, every town; then crosses the Po, all the time sending out feelers for the main body of old Melas, the Austrian chief.

"Now he splits his forces, sends Lannes to Montebello, Desaix south, while he continues westward, leaving all points in his rear strategically covered and thereby diminishing his forces. Then suddenly, in the vale of Marengo, where the river Tanaro flows into the Po, he comes up with Melas."

"With triple our numbers," interpolated Junot, whose eyes dilated as he relived it all.

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"No, double; but it was enough," retorted the more conservative Rapp, as he rearranged his little symbols.

"And now consider the table no longer the whole field of operations, but just that of the immediate battle. Here you have the town of Marengo, which a little river with very steep banks, cuts in two. Our inferior forces have been driven out, but we reform and try to recapture it. Gaily we go on, not in straight platoons, madame, as at your reviews, but in waves, the bravest at the apex, and debouch through the narrow streets. At the same time young Kellermann organizes a little charge of horse on the banks through the orchard just outside the town. But the whitecoats are strongly intrenched. They pour a murderous fire down on us from houses and church towers. Young and old, we go down, some leaning up against lintels, others sprawled on their backs, all in very strange postures, madame, quite as if they had been sacks tossed from the windows, with contents ripped open.

"Meantime, on our right, the enemy guns sprayed Kellermann's dragoons as they stormed through the orchards. We had lost all our cannon but five and could not support them. Here, too, were queer postures, stranger perhaps, since beasts are more easily stricken with terror. Horses plunging distracted, or in their frenzy rearing straight up; others tumbled against walls, with their riders crumpled under them, or trumpeting through the orchards, saddles under and their masters dragged by the stirrups; and still others, legs in air, flat on their backs, and shattered open. Such, madame, is the glory of warfare, a picture of battle—at which you say you have never been present.

"Four times that morning we retreated from Marengo. Four times, taking such shelter as we could from farm-house or grove, we advanced again. The last time, Napoleon came up at a gallop to exhort us and to order in his Consular Guard. We cheered. At last we were saved, and in they plunged, like an ocean breaker,—coats of green, and the sunlight of gilt casques and chin-straps interlaced in the white foam of their plumes.

"But down the steep banks they, too, go floundering—only four hundred coming back at a mad gallop. After all, the day is not saved. Can it be that our chief has lost his cunning; that he is no longer the conqueror?

"Still he stands immovable, his eyes ranging the valley as we gather on a hill for the last stand; Marmont's five baby guns on the left, our Foot in the center, on the left, a little way off, Kellermann's heavy dragoons. And from the village toward us, come the Austrians, a fine sight with their banners flying and their band instruments gleaming in the sun.

"Ah! There is dust floating around the green shoulder of that neighboring hill. Desaix! Up from the south. The chief gallops to meet him as on up the slopes march the whitecoats, like league-long rakes with their bayonets, and the teeth all toward us. We fire—teeth are gone from the rakes—again—more teeth missing. But there are fresh legions coming on. And now the chief speaks—a few curt words—one short swift gesture and

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Marmont's guns roar, catching them on the flank; then our muskets in front rattle and Kellermann's Horse plunges and we crush their flank.

"The sun, setting on the white towers of the church, is red now. It seems reflected on the hill as the columns, torn by grape and mangled by saber, fall back down the slope, race through the orchards, past the church, and on to the little river. And again Napoleon is master—all Italy rewon!

"A pinch of luck, some claim, Desaix coming up. No bigger than the pinch that falls to all commanders. He mixes his ingredients, counting on luck. If Desaix had not come, Napoleon, somehow would have made his own luck. I have never yet seen it fail."

"But did he not say something fine on the field?" asked Josephine.

"Ah! Brave words to thrill the ladies and the sentimental fire-eaters like Junot!" laughed Rapp. "He did —something about, 'Remember, my boys, it is your commander's habit to sleep on the battlefield!' He has said better things, some which even this cool head has thrilled to. But the words do not matter, nor even the battle which I have tried to make vivid to please a lady's whim. It is the strategy; the whole sweep of the campaign, the grandeur of design; so many objectives in one! Can you not see?"

Josephine could not. She thought these pictures of her husband in battle rather fearsome. She still preferred him at levées and in red coats. Perhaps she better understood this strange man she had married when Rapp spoke of the death of Desaix, whom Napoleon loved.

"For hours," Rapp said, "the General seldom spoke; when he did, he would talk of nothing else, not even victory. 'Desaix,' he would remark mournfully, 'was a unique character; the last of Plutarch's men!'"

Junot, Josephine observed, seemed jealous that such affection could not have been bestowed on him. "Poor Junot!" she said to herself, and to show her sympathy, clung to him as they left the room, though the candid Rapp was far more handsome.

But if Josephine could not grasp the tactics of battle, those of peace were easily understood,—the balls, for instance, when she entered on his arm to receive the tribute of the generals and their wives, many of low degree and a little awkward in their new-won splendor. She did not stay now to dance or flirt, but would make a turn of the room, pausing as Napoleon chatted amiably with this favorite or that, or chided some woman for her too forward dress. "Put on more!" he would say. "I will have none of the vices of the old régime. No woman shall go half-clad and no man boast of his conquests."

Then there were the reviews which she watched from the serene windows, at her side ambassadors and famous soldiers; throngs of ladies, too, from every land in the world. No longer was the courtyard crowded with ragged trousers and stocking-caps; it blossomed with color like the regimented flower-beds on the other side of the palace. Each uniform had been a matter of profound study to quartermasters, generals, and even the wives of the generals, all striving to invent some still more

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startling combination. Laurette Permon, now Madame Junot, was quite puffed up over the adoption of her wonderful idea for a *shapka*.

In solid ranks the platoons marched by, the long lines of legs rising and falling in unison, chins and torsos immovable. So they passed through the court of the Louvre, the arch of the clock-tower and the Carrousel, or were ranged against the quiet background of the old palace: now blue coats with crimson collars, again green with white breeches: then green with red-striped trousers. And now the horse-artillery in pink with fur-lined coats over their shoulders, and plum-dolmaned hussars with trousers of braided blue; and an infinite variety of head-gear: chapeaux with tricolored rosettes, black vizored shakoes with long plumes of white; the gold casques of the dragoons with glittering chin-straps; black *shapkas* with yellow pompons; the *éclaireurs'* furred *colbacks*; lancers' shapkas shaped like inverted hour-glasses, with aigrettes and red pompons rising above.

But it was not all parade. The little commander was everywhere, now on his splendid black, striding up and down the ranks with vibrant exhortation, or signaling out some veteran or cadet for preferment, sometimes being coached by his aides as to the name and record of the candidate, more often recalling them from his own prodigious memory. He loved it all; would keep them for hours in the court, as he examined equipment, handling each sword and lance and musket as affectionately as a hunter his fowling-pieces or a fisherman his rods.

Josephine had another opportunity to observe her husband and gage him with the eyes of men; an opportunity which, as it turned out, she later regretted.

She had persuaded Fouché to escort her to a secret gallery above the hall where the *Corps Legislatif* was discussing the new Code which, more than any of his conquests or monuments, was to immortalize the conqueror's name. That she chose such a guide as this diabolical Minister of Police should have occasioned comment; but Josephine, though she filled her new position with regal grace and, except in her outrageous extravagance, was now far more discreet, never showed the same fastidiousness in her choice of companions that she showed in manners and dress.

So, laughing musically, she ascended the stairs to the secret gallery where they eavesdropped,—the sandy death's-head beside the blue eyes and the tortoise-shell comb set in the rich chestnut coils, all lustrous even in the dusk of the gallery—gazing down, through crevices cunningly concealed in the acanthus leaves of the cornice, on the councillors in crescent rows; on the two associate consuls,—Cambacèrés with his long pointed nose and Miltonic mouth, Lebrun with his smaller features like tiny islands in relief surrounded by an ocean of chin and cheek; then on the little man presiding, who galvanized all. Gone now was the jaundiced complexion, the frailty, even the rapier-like wiriness of the Egyptian campaign. "See, Fouché," she said, "how he has filled out. Twenty louis to five that in the year he shows a paunch."

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And there he sat, facing them,—the councillors, restive in their seats, and the lady with the tortoise-shell comb and the Minister of Police hidden behind the cornice—taking stock of morals, felonies and misdemeanors as enthusiastically as ever he had of items of ordnance. Quite argumentative he was, too, and disputatious, as he read the measure in hand, very rapidly, as swiftly seizing on its salient points, now commenting with reactionary stubbornness, now with the soundest of common sense, again with humor to relieve the tedium. "Ah! Mr. Lawyer, I have you there"—this with the boyish satisfaction he showed in winning a trick at *reversi;* and, a moment later, quite arbitrarily,—"Come, come, I am not such an idiot as to believe that!" This body of learned men he had gathered together was a steed to be ridden. For all his cajoleries, one never lost the sense of his iron hand on the reins, and a most vise-like clamp of the knee.

"They are taking up," said Fouché behind the acanthus, "the laws for adoption, marriage, and divorce!"

"One would scarcely have known it," said the lady, alarmed by the last subject. "But he seems to be vastly enjoying himself. How he argues!"

"Come, come," he was saying again, as a kind of military "tut, tut!" "Who will plead the cause of the unmarried? Will you, Citizen Cambacèrés?"

And Cambacèrés, a notorious and cautious bachelor, bowed and protested that they were coming dangerously near to taxing celibacy; but Napoleon had returned to the document in his hand.

"Adoption is only a false way of completing an unfruitful marriage," he declared more soberly. "It must not, therefore, be open to the unmarried. Adoption must make the adopted a member of the family. Otherwise you lower it to the level of bastardy."

At the word "unfruitful" the listening lady whispered, to cover her dismay,— "Why stay? This is all Greek to me."

"Better stay," answered Fouché. "Soon they will come to more intelligible things—" meaning, "Things, dear lady, that will bear more directly on your own case."

"Also," the rapid voice of Napoleon went on, "you will diminish the number of marriages. For why should people marry if they can have children without the expense and inconvenience of marriage? If adoption is approved, it must be only as a supplement of marriage. And the adopted must in all cases be under age. No especial privileges for you, Citizen Cambacèrés."

Flaws in the section on nullification of marriage next came up; and Cambacèrés now had a case in point.

"Suppose," he protested, "a soldier returns after ten years. He expects to marry his affianced cousin, who is rich, but this cousin's guardian substitutes his own daughter. Where is your 'consent' in such a case?"

"You must not," shot back the First Consul, "consider marriage only as a matter of business. The dower is a mere incident. The true union of husband and wife is the important point." Which noble sentiment was all that Josephine picked out from the confusion of technicalities; and her face accordingly bright-

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ened. Even in the darkness Fouché could see that. But now Napoleon had nailed another clause.

"This, through omission, is all wrong," he declared. "The bride should realize that she is passing from the guardianship of her father to that of her husband. The official at the ceremony should in all cases exact a promise of obedience; yet you have provided no such formula. Even the priests had one; and though the bride and groom, being human, may not have listened, all the bridal-party heard and were impressed. Write it in.

"Now ought we not to add that the wife should not see persons of whom her husband disapproves?" And the tortoise-shell comb turned to the death's-head. "It is a great advantage, is it not," she said, "personally to make the laws."

But already the unsuspecting husband was deep in another, and more pertinent, subject, the causes for divorce.

"You seize on adultery as the one important cause, when adultery is no phenomenon. In the civil code it has a portentous sound; in real life it seems to be a gallantry, the episode of a masked ball. Yet the way you stress it, one would think it the only cause of marital unhappiness. And you wholly overlook incompatibility, allowing mere separation for that.

"Now nothing is more disastrous than an unhappy marriage or a discreditable divorce; but mere separation can be quite as bad, for often both relatives and children suffer. And the worst of all cases is where the wife continues to lead an immoral life while she still bears her husband's name.

"Therefore incompatibility, as a cause, has this advantage: If a woman has been unfaithful during her husband's absence, he may use this plea without publicly dishonoring her character.

"Or again, he may know morally, but lack legal proof, that she has committed adultery. To sum up, I hold that separation, which is here allowed, inflicts a worse penalty than divorce, without any compensating advantages. At least so you have constructed your clauses.

"And we must consider the children. I can understand the feelings of those who apply for a divorce after a number of years; but only where there are no children. Marriages are made by convenience, and are only hallowed by time. Still, even with time, certain ties can never be cemented. But I cannot understand the man who applies for divorce when his wife has given him children. Therefore it should be written in that divorce may be allowed for incompatibility or adultery, only if there are no children and only during the first ten years. And no person may claim a second divorce, for that would be debasing marriage.

"And finally, Mr. Secretary, change the wording of this clause I have marked. The way you have it virtually makes the husband say, 'I shall marry and change my mind when I choose, while the wife is tied for life.' It should be assumed that men and women, when they marry, expect to be married for life."

The westering sun shone through the lofty windows, revealing the dancing dust-motes and scattering patterns of gold on the fair olive of the listener's cheek. But still, down

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the line he went,—through age-limits, impotence, bastardy, and six-months children.

"When do physicians hold that life enters the body?"

"At six months, *monsieur le Premier Consul;* but if born then, the child cannot survive."

"*Dame!* I should hold a child of mine born at six months. Write it in, Mr. Secretary: A husband cannot disavow a child after a period of one hundred and eighty-six days."

Uncle Fesch should have seen him now. Truly he was sitting in palaces, making laws and issuing his mandates, also disposing with a few swift words, of the future of millions of his subjects; and incidentally, Josephine thought, of his destiny and hers. The abbé might have enjoyed it. She did not. "Unfruitful," "divorce," "incompatibility," "infidelity during a husband's absence,"—all the words and phrases her fears had italicized, her heart underwritten in red, now rang in her ears. His judgments had perhaps been detached and impartial; to her each seemed an echo of personal experience, the betrayal of a design. And why did Fouché simper so idiotically! She could stand it no longer. With her handkerchief at her lips, to choke back the sobs, she left the gallery.

No, poor Josephine could not altogether understand her husband; no more indeed than any lady so adorably feminine can understand one so essentially masculine. But if she did not pause to admire, the world did, gasping its huzzas or its equally flattering envy and hatred, as he crowded these shining years of the Consulate with an array of deeds such as no man, within the same span, ever accomplished before. Conqueror and statesman, the man of business as well, there was no department of national life that did not feel the impress of his hand. As the *alcade* of a Basque town, the *maire* of a hamlet paternally looks after the welfare of his children, in short, has a finger in each little local pie, so he with the same industry and curiosity in life, but to an infinitely greater degree, selected ingredients, mixed, rolled, and cut out the dough, fluted the edges, and shoved into the oven all of France's national pies, at the same time keeping an eye on other continental pastry.

In short order, he renovated the educational system, established a school of medicine, normal, polytechnic and agricultural institutions, and one for special training in foreign languages; drew up his scheme for the great University of France, with its branches in different cities; and regulated and coördinated two hundred and fifty colleges and twenty-three thousand elementary schools in the different *arrondissements*.

And he partitioned the *arrondissements* themselves, established their taxes; also the tariffs, customs, and clearance schedules at the ports to foster commerce. And he brought peace after a bloody seven years' civil war, quelling the revolts in Vendée and Brittany; then in the face of a near-infidel society, he turned to the reorganization of religion. In this, too, he showed no small adroitness, driving a pretty good bargain with the Vatican.

He said to the Pope: "The French government does not hold

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that the Catholic religion is that of the State; but the First Consul and his associate consuls proclaim it as their religion. And it is to be freely practised, along with Hebraism and Protestantism. Each citizen is welcome to worship his God as he chooses."

Thus he cleverly gave the appearance of official sanction without fastening clerical steering-ropes to the helm of State. And with his recognition His Holiness had perforce to be content, particularly since he received modest annual stipends for his clergy. In return, all claim was waived to the vast estates confiscated from the Church during the Revolution. Had these holdings not been legalized, half the peasants' new titles to their little farms would not have been secure; and France would have been unsettled for generations. It was not the least shrewd of his bargains; and he had done much for liberty of conscience.

These things accomplished, between his studies of the Code, his making of treaties and reviewing of armies, on off days he began the Oise and Schelde canals, to enrich his new province of Belgium; deepened and widened great harbors to hold his flotillas and the less menacing fleets of commerce; built huge reservoirs, and constructed great roads over the Alpine passes and from the Coast into the heart of Germany.

Paris, his adopted city, was not neglected. Down came the old rookeries that had disturbed the sous-lieutenant's sense of order. Down, too, tumbled the convents which had echoed to the tumult of conspirators. In their place came noble arcades and thoroughfares named after his battles; while monuments rose in the squares, churches were restored, the Madeleine opened, and new galleries connected the Tuileries and the Louvre to house his captured masterpieces.

And if his brain did not devise each of these mighty works down to the last detail, his were the conceptions; his, too, the energizing of the architects, engineers, and experts he had mobilized. A part of his time even went to superintendence. Mornings, the curious might see him ordering away with a short swift gesture the caps of liberty in all the palaces and their replacement with the golden bees; watching the bronze of his cannon go up on the Vendôme Column; or pointing out the proper spot for a new bridge to span the Seine. Strangers would come upon him emerging from a conduit, though he was more sensitive than most to smells; again on the quickstep about Paris, a crowd of generals and gamins at his heels; or studying a roll of plans, his green grenadier's coat covered with pulverized mortar, his eyes bright with dreams. So, no penniless subaltern now, down at heel, and envying those who could ride, but builder and breaker of kings, he strode all over Paris, making beautiful her ways.

He was the gardener, causing all France to bloom, but a very practical gardener, for in passing he gagged the press, made the legislative bodies his tools, and stiffened with girders—wrought of dictatorial steel but cooled in the cold waters of practicality—many a republican institution. For one cannot with success

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mix either policies or systems. Too much of the gas of a perverted liberalism creeping in the foundry may ruin the best of girders. And if one is fitted by Nature to be such an excellent energizer and superintendent, it is only human to work toward a vast centralization of power. It is sufficient, at least for admiration, that he carried out the system so unfalteringly; with a force and efficiency nothing short of superb.

Meantime, England found that the fine eyes in that noble head could do something besides glow over platoons and architectural plans. They could blaze with wrath at a proud British ambassador. The First Consul had made overtures for peace and the consequent recognition of the new régime; and the third silly George, ignoring the upstart, had haughtily consented, *provided* the French would "restore their legitimate princes!"

"Fine!" Napoleon retorted in effect. "Now apply the principle at home; and welcome the Stuarts back!" Then he turned on the startled ambassador. "I see you want war. Very well, you may have it. Only it will be no mere rattling of the scabbard. The saber will be out!"

First man in the first land of Europe, overlord of Italy and Switzerland, Belgium and Holland, with Spain, Portugal, Germany following his cue—truly the sun was riding high in its splendor! And to ratify this splendor, as if there were any need for it, by a vote of three and a half million to seventy-five hundred, they made him consul for life—on his way to the throne.

But as the sun, if it be at its zenith, shortly must turn toward the West, so Letizia, alone of all those about him, glimpsed even then signs of the sun's going down—blood-red.

His mother had much time to think on these things as she sat in Joseph's house in the Rue Rocher, gazing down on the human tides of Paris, and longing for those of her beloved gulf, with the sparkle, in the distance, of old Monte Rotondo. Still, she seldom spoke of her fears, indeed only once to Fesch, when he brought word of some fresh disagreement between Napoleon and his sisters and brothers.

"Napoleon is so heady and strong," she began, only to stop and exclaim impatiently as her hands searched in her lap for the sewing which, these days, was never there: "*Per dio!* why does not Julie discharge some of those pestering servants?"

"I should say it was pretty comfortable, having them," returned the abbé, who had no pleasant memories of the days in Marseilles.

"Perhaps; but they will never let me do anything for any one. Still, for whom could I do? Even Jérôme is grown up; and as for Napoleon, he wants to do everything for everybody; wive them and shrive them, even bury them.

"And that is the trouble; it is that that makes him really lonely. Others seem such shadows beside him, even his brothers and sisters. Lucien and Joseph are clever enough; but they appear at a disadvantage, Napoleon thinks and acts so quickly; and sometimes, I am sure, he considers them fools. Naturally they

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resent it—I do myself—and they grow moody and sullen. Then he in turn suspects their loyalty. It is so with all who surround him. He is more than generous; ever ready to forgive; and he loads all with honors and gifts; but he does not give enough to *himself*. So they prefer more ordinary companionship, with more give and take."

"Surely, Letizia," the abbé remonstrated, "you forget the soldiers."

"The soldiers worship him, Joseph. I refer to his more intimate relationships. Whatever may appear on the surface, the situation in each is strained; with suspicion on both sides. Can you not see? It is the very superiority of his endowment that may bring about his ruin."

She paused to catch at a thread that was forever running through her thoughts.

"If only that woman had not repulsed him! Oh, I know you all think it is only her extravagance and lightness that make me hate her. They are bad enough; but what I really cannot forgive her for is repulsing him. He opened his heart to her; she locked up hers. Had she loved him, he might have been a different man. The result has been to drive him more within himself, harden him in that self-reliance, which in the end will prove his ruin."

"'Ruin'! 'Ruin'!" exclaimed the exasperated abbé, who wanted only to be comfortable. "Come, come, Letizia, you exaggerate grossly. Every one seems loyal to him. Why, things are going magnificently!"

"They will," returned Letizia, with something of her son's dry succinctness, "as long as he is the conqueror. But defeated—" she paused, trying to peer into the future. Still, Fesch thought he caught the three words she murmured in the twilight by the window, to which, even as they talked, Napoleon's name was borne by passing lips,—"Defeat, then betrayal!"

(To be concluded)

PAUSE

EDWARD DAVISON

I was aware suddenly of the tree
Whispering as it leaned down over me,
Something that I had known when I was young
Told over again, but in another tongue;
Something I had forgotten since I took
Lessons in logic from a penny book;
Something about a God sitting alone
Grieving in Heaven for His Only Son.

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CHANGING THE PAST

Shall We Allow Taste to Overrule Right and Wrong?

JOHN ERSKINE

How far have we the right to change the record, to suppress what we don't like in the past? If history plays any such trick, can it pretend to a concern for truth? If we with premeditation desire that such a trick be played, in order that our private philosophy of life may appear more convincing, are we honest men or rascals?

The question is old and at first sight it is double-edged; the literal minded have always been bewildered that men of letters should raise it against the historians—if only the truth is to be told about the fall of Rome, what excuse is there for spreading such make-believe as the story of Odysseus or of Arthur or of Santa Claus? Of course, as long as you can't tell the difference in origin and in purpose between history and poetry, the best you can do is to ask for a correct statement of fact on all occasions; but once the difference is understood, you see that the poetry of the past is one of the facts which history tries to record. When men express themselves, the expression becomes an indication of their age, no matter what its quality. The audience that an artist finds in his lifetime has the right and the duty to criticize him, to ignore his work if it is bad and so check his reputation, or to applaud his excellences and so start him toward fame. The historian has the right only to notice whether the artist was or was not applauded and to give the reasons, so far as he can, for the failure or the success. If he tries to persuade us that the artist had more fame than he deserved, or less, he is not an historian but a critic. If he dislikes the artist's work and therefore tries to blot it out of the record so that the world at large won't know whether it deserved success or whether it had any or even whether it existed—he is neither an historian nor a critic. The question is whether he can be called an honest man.

The right of the past to be reported in good faith, the right of each generation to know as accurately as possible what men in other times were like, is not universally conceded in America. When I ask whether those who hide the facts are honest men, I imply, of course, that they have some doctrine of their own which they fear would be damaged if the whole record of the past were available. In history they want only those facts reported of which they approve and in art they wish to suppress whatever does not represent their aspirations. Many of them are clergymen, many of them are the

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chief ornaments of patriotic societies. But some of us who are as much members of the church as they are and quite as ready to demonstrate our patriotism in a crisis, think the time has come to rescue patriotism, morals and religion from contamination by intellectual cowardice and dishonesty.

We have recently had three large illustrations of the disposition to conceal the past. Just after the war, there was a marked tendency to restate American history so that British sensibilities might be spared in the episode of our Revolution. I don't know how many British were losing sleep over our previous accounts of that war, but a number of Americans wished us to show our international good-will by telling the school children that the battles in that old conflict were nothing but skirmishes, that the British could have beaten us if they hadn't been busy elsewhere and that the whole thing was a mistake anyway—we should all have been better off if we had remained colonies of the mother-country. The objection to such a version is that it conceals the one important fact, that for good or ill the American Revolution was a momentous episode. Who knows whether we are worse or better off than we should be if the Revolution hadn't occurred? Only the highly speculative critic will toy with questions so huge and so unanswerable. The fact is that the Revolution did take place, with results not yet fully realized by anybody. The battles were skirmishes, if you choose, but it is the duty of the historian to point out what consequences depended on them. The patriots were simple men, if you please, inferior in culture to the British officers sent to defeat them, but in the end Cornwallis did surrender and not because he wanted to.

I pass lightly over that other revision of history suggested to us by the war, that the British army which fought us in the Revolution was not British at all but German and that there would never have been any trouble if a German had not sat on the English throne. No Englishman who is worth considering wants the past of his country reported other than it was. Cornwallis and André and the rest fought for a political and social and economic system which they believed in, but which was weakening. It was a clash of ideas, that war, and we make ourselves dishonest if we hide from the young the fact that it was a clash.

More recently we have had the crusade against the teaching of "Darwinism" in the schools of certain states. The theory of the protest was that evolution is not demonstrable, that it is in the hypothetical state and therefore it should not be taught as scientific truth. Of course any other theory of creation is also a hypothesis, a matter of faith, and the opponents of "Darwinism," if they had been to any degree fair-minded, would not have distracted the attention of their farmer clients from the fact that in even the most fundamental sections of the country we are grateful to Burbank for his products and we set some value on registered cattle. But for the moment we ought to note, not the flaws in the fundamentalist argument, but the disposition to conceal historical fact. Whether we agree with Darwin,

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theories of evolution were advanced in the nineteenth century, and have colored world-thought ever since. No history of the medieval world would be called fair if, through admiration of Copernicus or Newton, it concealed the theory of the heavens which Dante held, nor is any system of education more honest that would give a child Tennyson's "In Memoriam" to read, without explaining what the ideas of evolution were which disturbed the poet. To conceal those ideas and to suggest to the child that the poem is a record of orthodox religious faith, is to enact a plain lie.

At the present moment obscurantism flourishes among us in the form of censorship. This book or that cannot be put on sale or cannot be imported into the country because there are passages in it which might do harm to our morals. Of course if you wish to read the prohibited books, you won't find it difficult to get hold of them; this form of prohibition engenders its own kind of bootlegging. Our only ground for complaint is the reasonable doubt whether censorship is wise or beneficial, and particularly we may be disturbed over the censorious attitude toward famous books, those which are among the clearest portraits we have of the past. I cannot myself see a sound defense of any censorship, but if any must be conceded, surely it would be limited to new books. Let the historian, if he must, record the fact hereafter that in the United States in 1927 there were men and women who spent time and effort trying to prevent the appearance of books containing ideas they didn't like; if that is our culture, let the truth about it be known. But it's quite another matter if we meddle with the great books of the past. To expurgate them is to tamper with the record; to suppress them is to falsify the impression mankind will have of what has been accomplished in the world. If the historian must say that in 1927 we showed a strong disposition to play this sort of trick on our descendants, nothing remains but to hope our descendants will somewhere accumulate enough brains to laugh at us.

Of course we are all critics of the past as well as of the present. We select what we like to read. The publisher selects what he wants to publish. The censor frequently argues: "If you go so far, why not approve of censorship on the large scale? Censoring is the same as selecting." But it isn't. The critic reads only what he approves; the censor tries to suppress what he disapproves. The critic leaves undamaged the work against which he has rendered his verdict; if he is wrong, the work remains to justify itself and witness against him. The censor tries to appear infallible by suppressing the evidence.

Whenever we read a book, we practise that form of selection or criticism which is inevitable in a normal person, assuming that we grow more mature with age. In youth certain things fail to interest us and we skip them. Later on, we may skip the passages which charmed us in youth. At either stage we have used the book as a mirror of ourselves at the moment and we have ignored what then was irrelevant. Even though we conscientiously read

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every word, yet we skip the negligible parts—we do not concentrate on them, we let them slip from us. But the book remains intact for another reader who has different needs. There have, indeed, been a few devastating readers who tore out of a book all the pages they didn't like. This was censorship and very selfish of them; the books were ruined for any but those whose taste was identical with theirs. It was short-sighted of them, too, for on a second reading they may have regretted the gaps. The average man, however, can find his own in a great book without wrecking the copy.

Writers themselves have always taken liberties with the past by retelling old stories. Their opportunity comes when the readers have skipped so much and so habitually the same spots in the story, and have so uniformly sought after a new emphasis in the plot, or a new interpretation of the character, that nothing remains but to restate the entire thing. All the great writers and most of the lesser ones have done this. Invariably the process has roused adverse criticism. If the writer retells a sublime story in a familiar key, he is said to be irreverent. If he gives a noble version of a story which previously has been vulgar, he is called immoral. How cheap Ovid's little fables were after Homer! But then, how dreadful it was of Homer to take that rascal Odysseus, of whom nobody had ever said a good word, and make of him an admirable hero! Those who utter these protests misunderstand the way in which poets use old stories, not as history, but as language to talk with. In all the successive accounts of Odysseus or of any other hero, can be read the ideals of the age which rewrote his character. But the poet, when he makes his new version, does not destroy the old. If the old is better than his, it will confound him at last. In any case, it remains to witness to the taste and the ideals of the age which created it.

Just because the poet respects the expression of other men and other ages, no poet can be a censor; for when the censor determines what he likes, he tries to suppress everything else. What he likes—that is, what is a matter of taste and whim and illogic. At present he wishes to prevent us from reading the "Arabian Nights" and the "Decameron." The greatness of these collections is unquestioned; each is a library of stories known the world over for their charm, their truth to human nature, the power with which they are told. *Sinbad* and *Ali Baba*, *Patient Griselda*—we know the names, though we may not yet have read the splendid tales in which they are immortalized. The censor thinks we should never make the acquaintance of these stories, because there are passages in them of such a specific frankness, of such precision where sex is concerned, that to our modern taste they seem improper. The censor used to say that such passages might be read in the light of the whole story, and if the total effect was not harmful to morals, the passages might be pardoned, but now he wants the laws amended to suppress any book and any play in which separate passages may be considered offensive. If he were thorough, he would therefore ask to suppress the Bible. Indeed, under the new ideal of censorship cer-

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tain atheistical bodies are, we understand, urging that the Bible be kept out of the mails, and their logic is unanswerable. If a book is to be suppressed because it contains passages more frank than we are accustomed to, then the story of Lot and his daughters would be enough to disqualify the Old Testament.

Yet there are good reasons why it would be a great pity to leave this story out of the Bible. It has an immense and terrific meaning in itself, but it interests the historian as an illustration of what has recurred many times since. I refer not to the daughters, but to the unknown person who wrote the story. We observe that according to the unsavory tale Lot's daughters became the ancestresses of two tribes hostile to the Israelites; the account, then, is a bit of war psychology, ancient propaganda against the enemy, to get up a good hate. It has nothing to do with religion but much with human nature.

We have a similar argument in mind when we come to the defense of Boccaccio or of Chaucer or of Shakspere. In these authors there are passages of considerable coarseness, but nothing worse than the Bible contains. There are also passages of gorgeous beauty. Their works on the whole have seemed true to life, in the noble sense in which poetry can be true, and the world has agreed to call them classics. Now comes the zealous American who would suppress every page of them. "Classics, do you say? Nothing but smut! Professor, you wouldn't read them to your classes, would you? Well, that settles it, This country can do without them!" But of course I wouldn't read the Bible to my classes, though only men were in the room, without glancing ahead a bit to see what I was getting into. Each age has its own fastidiousness and much in the Bible distresses my taste. But the Bible is not for that reason an indecent book. The test of reading aloud isn't fair. One would hesitate to read aloud any intimate idea, a personal lyric quite as readily as a chapter from Rabelais. The censors should remember that since the invention of printing it has been possible to read intimate things very much in private.

The censors should remember also that before the introduction of plumbing, life had no chance to be reticent, and conversation is never more reticent than life. Visit an old château of Boccaccio's time, or Montaigne's, and see for yourself why all bodily functions are mentioned freely in old pages. I am not one to preach that the reticence which followed plumbing is a false modesty; I don't share the European sneer at the American's worship of his bathroom. The American bathroom, up-to-date, has had spiritual consequences. But if in the old books there is what seems to us a vulgar streak, we should leave it there as historical testimony to a way of life, not ours, but characteristic of those times. To expurgate the book, and make it as delicate as though the author lived in our own society, would be to falsify history and to deprive our age of the satisfaction of seeing how far it has improved.

Much the same thing can be said of the "Arabian Nights." The civiliza-

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tion which produced these masterly tales differed widely from ours in standards of delicacy, but surpassed us in the sense of adventure, in sympathy for changing human fortunes and in knowledge of human nature. A Biblical frankness pervades most of the tales, but since the purpose of the collection is secular entertainment rather than religious instruction, we find it less easy to overlook the directness of thought and the plainness of speech. Yet the frankness is essential to the record; the stories in expurgated form give no picture of the culture which produced them, and certainly no portrait of ourselves; complete, they are a witness to certain large differences between the East and the West, and they throw light on much history; but abbreviated in the interest of our decorum, they are evidence only of our reluctance to permit another point of view than our own.

It has been remarked that writers of experience and scholars are almost unanimously opposed to the suppression or the censoring of famous books. The reason, I take it, is not that writers and scholars are fonder of indecency than other men, but that they have acquired a sense of the importance of these books as documents in the human record. The habit of living with the masterpieces does not corrupt taste, but it does suggest a certain tolerance of what has been admired by cultivated people. A certain tolerance? I should have said, reverence. More than a building or a statue, a great book in which the race has once recognized its ideals, is a shrine. It is too late for us to say what should or should not have been in it. It may be the shrine of a religion we no longer recognize, but we are none the less vandals if we destroy or despoil it. Those who disapprove of the worship, may stay away. Those who have enough imagination to understand even the faiths which are now dead, will prize every monument which the human spirit has set up in its march.

The habitual reader of old books comes to another conclusion also, or shares it, rather, with the practised historian—he is not so sure that the other ages were wrong in their standards of taste and decorum. The distinction will remain between fineness and coarseness, but so will the distinction between sanity and priggishness. Much reading suggests that men often are more contentious over matters of taste than over essential questions of right and wrong. The true decency, which holds in any time and place, would seem to be a respect for courage and honesty, for temperance and humility, for that chastity of mind which sees nothing unclean in those matters evidently created to be an integral and permanent part of life. By this standard the real indecency is meanness, undue suspicion of other men, the persuasion that nobody else has a pure mind, the conscientious search for symptoms of rottenness. Examples of the Pharisee can be found in the "Decameron" and in the "Arabian Nights," quite as easily as in the Bible. The Pharisee was a good man in many ways and he submitted himself to a strict discipline. He still does. But his imagination, now as then, needs exercise. Instead of suppressing or amending famous books, he should read them.

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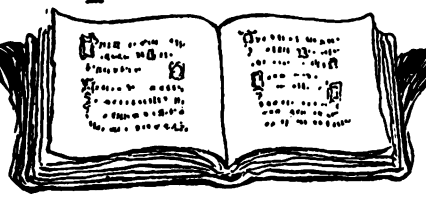
The Reading Room

Joseph Anthony



When Edith Wharton turns the full force of her polished irony upon so easy a target as the fatuous society matron who patronizes mahatmas and loves to be told she is psychic, the effect at first is somewhat like that of using heavy artillery to shoot a rabbit.

Mrs. Manford, the optimistic rich woman whose life is chronicled in "Twilight Sleep" is a familiar character; her inspirational patter, her soulful bustle in aid of genius, motherhood, new thought and whatnot, have been satirized a score of times before. Nevertheless, the honors go to Mrs. Wharton. She has made an almost heroic figure of her silly, unresting, futile Mrs. Manford—a creature of almost elemental energy, not to be annihilated by any missiles of wit.

It is a sad little world that is created for us in "Twilight Sleep"—a world of dreams gone wrong, of love frustrated by cowardice, of suave moneyed people who have substituted for the joy of life an expensive and scientific avoidance of pain. Dexter Manford flees from scandal, and from his wife's endless patter; she in turn dodges worry, except when, under the influence of a new healer, she triumphantly chases it by "soul gymnastics"; their daughter Nona runs from the man she loves. All of them run hard, and in vain, from that delightfully wicked poor relation, the Marchesa Amalasuntha.

Mrs. Wharton's pen seems to linger affectionately upon the figure of Amalasuntha the Unprincipled, and her sponging rake of a son. Perhaps it's because they're the only two people in the book who have a clear notion of what they want in life, and proceed to get it.

By the same token, whenever the wrinkle-dodging, celebrity-hunting, world-reforming Mrs. Manford finds herself in a tight place and the gleam of battle appears in her eye, Mrs. Wharton becomes the devil's advocate. Pauline Manford is more than a satirist's puppet. Before she is through with us we are following her fortunes keenly, in a lively state of suspense as to whether she will manage to suppress her scandals, put her social enemies in their places, capture her cardinal for the big dinner. She is as authentic a creation as Babbitt.

Mrs. Wharton has always excelled in the art of telling a story by implication. Her emphasis is that of under-statement, her drama hinges on the turn of a phrase, a barely audible little click of the wheels of

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cause and effect. She shares with her protagonists an aristocratic dislike of melodrama, and when in "Twilight Sleep" the atmosphere of peaceful discontent is shattered by the sound of pistol shots, the reader is treated exactly as the characters in the story—left to judge for himself who did the shooting. Her stories demand to be followed closely, and read between the lines. They are usually worth the trouble, and this one is no exception to that rule. Published by D. Appleton and Company.

New Yarns from Old Threads

The aristocratic Southern beauty, with her rustling white dress and her far-away eyes; the courtly plantation-owning colonel, her father; the stalwart lad who loves her, hopelessly, from afar; the mint juleps; the cracker-barrel discussions of the slavery question; the battle—how many times before have these ingredients been put together to make a romantic tale of Civil War days?

James Boyd sets himself a difficult task when he tackles this theme in "Marching On." Succeeding eminently, he proves anew that the field belongs not to the first-comer, but to him who can hold it. He has made old legends come to life, new and fresh and altogether charming. "Marching On" bears the same relation to other novels of its type that Owen Wister's the "Virginian" does to the general run of stories of the West.

It is possible to enjoy, in the work of a competent writer, precisely the same situations and moods that one rails at most loudly in the hands of a bungler. The taste for romance is a delicate one, easily cloyed or insulted. He who purveys to it must woo the confidence of his reader early. His documentation must be not only sound but unobtrusive, his people real. If he crowds his stage with General Grant, Robert E. Lee, Abraham Lincoln, and Sherman marching to the sea, as more than one ambitious scribe has done, they are apt to push his poor little made-up characters clear off the boards, without atoning by living up to the impressive names on the program.

Boyd builds his effects carefully. His Southern hero, James Fraser, is a real country boy, big-fisted, awkward, aspiring. His parents too are genuine—Pa Fraser counting silver dollars out of a worn wallet and grumbling at the prohibitive price of slaves which deprives a poor man of the equal opportunity to which he is entitled; Ma diligently keeping her end up, determined to show the world that the Frasers aren't poor white trash. And James's love-affair is a real boy's "crush," for all that it begins before he has seen the object of it.

Only the writer who is able to achieve dramatic effect from the ordinary homely situations of life is likely to get much of it out of a great burst of historical fireworks. Mr. Boyd can. His account of the fiddling contest in the village, while we wait to see whether James is going to carry off the two-dollar prize, is as exciting as a skirmish on the field of battle.

Later, when the Colonel's daughter returns the love of the boy who is so many miles outside her sphere, when the Colonel miraculously capitulates, and even when the old gentleman

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goes through the ultimate flourish of dying to rescue the picture of his departed wife from the depredations of the Yanks, what happens is true enough to a mood and we can accept it uncritically.

Incidentally, Mr. Boyd succeeds in conveying a clear-headed notion of what the Civil War was about, of the little-understood spirit underlying the bare issues. The story is told from the Southern point of view —and so well that the unwary Yankee reader finds himself on occasion forgetting what he read in school-books. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Peddler in Africa

If the reader's appetite be stirred for novelties after these sound, nourishing, traditional dishes, he will find it a-plenty in "Trader Horn." But it won't be a case of pastry after roast beef—rather, a course of underdone leopard steak.

The story of Alfred Aloysius Horn (the man, we are told, is real but not the name) is a saga and a circus, with crocodiles basking in the sun while the industrious tick-birds are picking their teeth; dwarfs and cannibals and gorillas and bull elephants, rifle-shots and spears. Here are Cecil Rhodes, sleeping off the effects of too much prickly-pear brandy on a shelf of rock by the waterside, while a crocodile licks his chops below (I am sure that Mr. Horn's crocodiles lick their chops); the blue-eyed "Nina of the joss-house," ruling as white goddess of the Isorga tribe; nice old African grandmothers, who have outlived their generation, being pitched head-first into the river by their dutiful next of kin.

Trader Horn first came into the ken of Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis, who edits his story, on the stoep of her African home. A broken-down itinerant peddler, he came to sell her pots and pans, and stayed on to talk of trading, fighting, exploring and love-making in the raw Africa of earlier days. Whether his narrative is true is about as important a question as whether the crocodile in "Peter Pan" really swallowed the clock. My own guess is that honest Trader Horn has told the truth, the whole truth, and more than the truth.

Whatever his method, Alfred Aloysius Horn succeeds in conveying the spirit of primitive Africa—"Africa, Ma'am, Africa—as Nature meant her to be, the home of the black man and the quiet elephant." Also, he achieves a gorgeous word-picture of himself—and Mr. Horn is a person worth knowing. He can tell you, being a blood-brother of the cannibals, that they are a moral and admirable people. He can discourse at length on the habits of elephants and gorillas. He can chronicle the medicinal properties of the white juice of the cricket, and how to draw the poison of a snake bite by applying a lighted pipe and puffing hard. He can even make some very sagacious remarks on America, such as this one:

"If a book's to be sold in America, you must keep your eye on the novelties."

Assuredly, Trader Horn missed his vocation. No, not that of a writer, but a showman. With his genius for superlatives, he would have painted the tattooed man. His story of how he and his South American friend, after rescuing the white goddess of

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the Isorga, tossed a coin (a gold coin, of course) to see which of them should marry her, is a triumph of rococo art.

It is well that Trader Horn's story is published as set down by himself, rather than embodied in a romance of some one's else writing. His type of book must be lived, not written. Published by Simon and Schuster.

A Frail Fist Against a Massive Door

Another story of Africa—but what a different Africa!—is presented in Olive Schreiner's posthumous novel "From Man to Man." This is the tame Africa of plantations and towns, of silent farmers, patient wives, monotonous fierce heat. The book is as intensely feminine as "Trader Horn" is masculine, and it offers a frail beauty in place of the lavish grotesqueries of Horn.

There isn't a man in the pages of this book who seems more real than a caricature, or a woman who isn't convincingly alive. The father, stooped over his volume of Swedenborg, is a remote figure, seldom on the scene. John-Ferdinand, with his beautiful whiskers, his delicate susceptibilities and his exaggerated piety, is, one suspects, a more comical figure than the author intended him to be. But "the little mother" and her daughters, the determined Rebekah and the innocent Bertie, are characters who could have been drawn only by a woman. Nowhere has the separateness of a woman's world been more subtly portrayed.

"From Man to Man," with its timid plea for the rights of woman, its Victorian melodrama of the girl who was undone by her innocence, and its quaint didacticism, is a hopelessly old-fashioned book. Its wistful minor key will hardly be heard in the clamor of a world that has gone far beyond its once pioneering propaganda. Yet there is about it a gentle beauty that richly justifies it, a delicate and insistent vitality that reminds one of a very frail fist pounding against a massive door. After all, childhood, love and birth are not old-fashioned themes, and in portraying these Olive Schreiner excelled. Published by Harper & Brothers.

Barnum, Greeley and the Beechers

It is an interesting nineteenth-century parade that Constance Mayfield Rourke passes in review before us in "Trumpets of Jubilee." At the head of the procession is that grim soldier of the Lord, Lyman Beecher. A picturesque man of action, this Mr. Beecher, for all his absorption in theology. When he isn't setting a conversational snare to trap a soul into salvation, there are grumbling parishioners to be handled; invaders, like the revivalist Finney, to be repelled, lest they impudently lead the flock off to their own brand of redemption; heresy-hunters to be met in the church conclave for a stand-up fight.

One can still see the flash in the old puritan's eyes as he remarked, on his way to meet two members of the fold who were rejoicing to find themselves in a state of grace,

"The two Miss Candys have false hopes, which I am now going over to destroy if I can."

The picture of Lyman Beecher on his death-bed, still imperious, im-

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patient, and racy of speech, is a striking one. His children tried to comfort him, tells Miss Rourke, with mention of the heavenly rest that he had preached all through his vigorous life. "Go there if you want to!" the old man retorted, and there spoke the tart voice of New England, triumphing over its own theology. . . . It's a touch that Mary Wilkins Freeman would have lingered over lovingly.

Afterward, to be sure, Beecher announced that he had caught a glimpse of the eternal battlements. His daughter Harriet, thinking she had seen them too, was informed that she was certainly mistaken—which goes a long way to explain why, later in life, when she was asked about the circumstances under which she had written "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she replied, "God wrote it!" How Harriet must have enjoyed being grown up, living under no stricter surveillance than that of her ineffectual husband, and being allowed the supreme luxury of having visions of her very own!

Lives of Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley and the now ineluctable P. T. Barnum round out Miss Rourke's briskly written volume. Published by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

Pie For Breakfast

In "Emerson and Others" Van Wyck Brooks contributes a pleasantly fresh and unstrained sketch of the Sage of Concord. Emerson and his little band of neo-Greeks set down in the heart of Puritan New England emerge as a rather idyllic picture from these pages. In retrospect they seem to have accomplished a good deal of what they set out to do, despite the fact that their little Utopias died young.

What if Alcott's Consociate Family, which was to have set a lesson to the world, squabbled and disintegrated while its members slipped off to indulge in the secret vice of fish-eating? What if Emerson, after trying the austerity of bread and water, had to return, defeated and humbled, to pie for breakfast? He and his group were to triumph in their by-products, and the chief of these was talk—such noble, satisfying talk as has left a lasting legend to supplant a still-born millennium.

Mr. Brooks returns to an earlier vein, that of his "Ordeal of Mark Twain," in the series of shorter papers that complete his volume. In his essay on "The Literary Life in America," he expresses the belief that writers of talent in America, stifled by an atmosphere of hustle and big business, are going to the devil about as fast as they appear. And Mr. Brooks refuses to let them go to the devil in their own way. He clamors for literary leaders, traditions, guilds, for their salvation.

Mr. Brooks devoted a whole rather brilliant volume to a lament over the fact that the puritanism was never exorcised from Mark Twain. His present case is equally well stated. But he should be warned that he will find it increasingly difficult to fight the New England bogy if he insists on becoming a literary puritan himself. Published by E. P. Dutton & Company.

READING RUMORS

On a recent trip to London, I bought a package of cigarettes of the

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kind that Englishmen describe as "just ordinary gaspers," and was surprised to find the coupon it contained. . . . Not the usual sporting picture of a prize-fighter or race-horse or dog, but a miniature essay by J. B. S. Haldane. That is a development that Mr. Haldane himself could not have foreseen when we heard of the prophetic paper "Daedalus" that he had read before the Heretics at Cambridge four years ago, and asked for it for THE CENTURY.

Is there a special providence that protects publishers? Mr. Rymer, a partner of the old English house of Sampson Low, thinks so. On the day when the copyright for "Lorna Doone" ran out and Messrs. Sampson Low were feeling down on their luck, a young man walked in with a gold-mine. He was Jeffery Farnol, carrying under his arm the manuscript of "The Broad Highway."

One of the most interesting publishing contracts I have seen is that for T. E. Lawrence's "Revolt in the Desert." It is interlined, criss-crossed with alterations, copiously initialed, and fairly bristling with barbed-wire fortifications against that peaceable London publisher, Jonathan Cape. The corrections are in the handwriting of Colonel Lawrence's hard-boiled business adviser, Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Why is English light verse as a rule so much more graceful and delicately turned than ours? I put the question up to A. A. Milne, and he answered it in one word, "Punch!" So severe is this training-school of the English versifier that, so the story goes, it rejected the only contribution sent to it by W. S. Gilbert, on the score of faulty prosody. . . . An illustration that covers the point, but perhaps a bit too well.

Contrary to general belief, the standard for publication of a book is lower in London than it is in New York—which is perhaps natural, considering that there are more titles published on the other side. The system of lending-libraries for new books in England, has its advantages, but one unfortunate effect of it is to provide a subsidy for mediocrity.

There is no doubt that English fiction is passing through a period of slump. The old-timers are doing little to add to their laurels, nor are serious contestants for their places appearing. I asked several well-known English writers the reason for this, and the answer was always the same: "The promising men were killed off in the war. Give the newcomers a chance to develop." Their point seems to be borne out by the fact that most of the new arrivals of consequence are women.

A modest young man named Charles Lindbergh received offers, among other things, for a book about his ride to Paris. "But I'm afraid it would be too technical to be popular!" he protested to his advisers at the American Embassy. . . . Incidentally, I saw in a Paris newspaper just after Lindbergh's landing, the finest example of the art of head-line writing I have ever encountered. It consisted of just two words, spread in large type across the page: "NUNGESSER AVENGED."

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When the Reader Writes

To these pages, indeterminate and varying in number, we hope our friends will help themselves. The department under this heading is theirs, though the editor must hold on to his right of selection and rejection, for that is what makes an editor an editor; it is his blessed privilege, his compensating reward, his ego's first aid.

We shall be glad to hear from our subscribers, from the casual news-stand patron, from that always interesting and thoughtful citizen who finds repose and refreshment in the public library's reading-room.

The columns are open to all who feel the urge to approve or disapprove, to indorse or take issue with a contributor's stand or statement or to add a fact or a fancy of his own.

The Century is not, in the technical sense, a magazine of controversy. It does not plan to present in one issue articles on both sides of the fence; pay your money and take your choice. But it does present subjects on which intelligent opinion may well differ, and on these we hope our readers will express themselves, remembering that as "the bravest are the tenderest" so the briefest are the best.

The Editor.

My dear Editor,

Your readers interested in Hugh Kennedy's "As the Angels Which Are in Heaven"—the June Century—may wish to pursue the subject further. An opportunity to do so, from various angles, is afforded by Popenoe's "Modern Marriage," John Trevena's "Matrimony," Keyserling's well advertised "Book of Marriage" and Carpenter's two chapters on the subject in his "Love's Comedy of Age." But before accepting Mr. Kennedy's seeming dictum that all change is *per se* progress and to be welcomed, and, particularly all suggested modern substitutes for marriage, let your readers thinking on the subject have the benefit of what another English writer has said on the same subject, a writer who also believes in progress, in freedom and in desirable change. I refer to Maude Royden, especially to her chapter on "Love the Creator" in her magnificent little volume "Beauty in Religion." Her article on "Marriage" in the "Atlantic" during 1923 was too progressive for some of the British journals but it has not the possible implications of Mr. Kennedy's. And, by the way, what a splendid anchor to windward for youth who would make a religion of all beauty, especially pagan beauty, is this little book of Miss Royden's on "Beauty in Religion."

Sincerely,

John Boynton Kaiser,
Librarian, Oakland, California

En Route—Wyoming.

My dear Editor,

Really, The Century to-day seems almost the last stand for good writing among the magazines of this country; and of course by good writing I mean all that that implies—free yet condensed, controlled thought, and abreast the times. Frankly, I hadn't realized this before, though I am ever conscious of the difficulty of writing

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well. That story "Orpheus" is splendid, vivid, to be mentioned along with a picture of another sort, "Down on the Levee."

Congratulations but no answer, please. Use the time and paper to write some of your famous author-contributors and advise them that good writing is the product of rewriting.

Yours sincerely,
W. S. H.

Allerton House, New York.

My dear Editor,

The flight to Paris, now in all the world's mind, seems a tremendous foot-note—or head-line!—to the memorable article "A Chair in Alcohol" in THE CENTURY for January, 1926. You remember that Professor Sharp said, "If this is a mechanical age, it must perforce be a dry age," and "If anybody is to blame it is the Wrights and their ilk." And Charles Lindbergh, now the hero of all youth everywhere, is as "dry" as his plane. Prohibition has us, not we it.

I am glad the article was written.

Sincerely yours,
ELIZABETH R. HUNT.

Evanston, Illinois.

My dear Editor,

Our mutual friend, Frederick Simpich, and I were lunching together to-day when our conversation turned on the relative merits of various magazines. I mentioned the marvelous improvement, in my judgment, in THE CENTURY, and how much I had enjoyed "Those Quarrelsome Bonapartes." He told me of the friendship between you; and so I am taking the liberty of dropping you a line to tell you of the wonders I think you have wrought in THE CENTURY, as I assume you are sufficiently human to be gratified to know that your work and efforts are appreciated.

Very truly yours,
(MAJOR) A. S. LANIER.

Washington, D. C.

My dear Editor,

I have just finished reading the April issue of CENTURY and must confess that I am well pleased with it. The article that impressed me most was "Are Women Inferior?" by Louis E. Bisch. I enjoyed his clear-cut views on this subject of great interest. "Mademoiselle" by Elizabeth Finley-Thomas, was to me the best story in this issue of THE CENTURY. Its pathetic and tragic theme certainly stirs the reader mightily. As I said before, your magazine has impressed me greatly.

Sincerely yours,
SAM ZIEVE.

Cleveland, Ohio.

My dear Editor,

How tardy I am to make mention at this time how Will Durant's article, "The Modern Woman," moved me! It is the price I pay for not being able to buy and read regularly every good magazine. But I did get around to it yesterday. I am profoundly moved by Dr. Durant's observations. I think his philosophical ways cause him to set out some nice distinctions that will not only make the thinking continue to think but will make a few of the unthinking think. I am grateful for the bit of plea he makes for a return to "home." I have five children of my own to lure me back whenever I get too far away. I know the pull.

Yours truly,
MARVIN M. WALTERS.

Green Bay, Wisconsin.

My dear Editor,

Bothering editors with bouquets or brickbats is something I never do. At least I do not recall having done it before. In fact, I am not a regular reader of THE CENTURY, but a day or so ago when I saw it on the news-stand featuring the name of William E. Dodd on the cover, I could not resist buying it at once and hastening home to a quiet corner. I consider his article on the "Rise of Abraham Lincoln" even better than those of several months past on the political rise of Andrew Jackson, and that is saying quite a bit. For one, I hope that other articles will follow the present series and I cannot feel that I am alone in such hopes.

And while I'm writing, let me add that Brigadier-General Reilly's article on national defense is excellent. He has the right idea.

Very truly yours,
JAS. D. HILL.

River Falls, Wisconsin.

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FLIGHT

Some Thoughts on the Solitary Voyage of a Certain Young Aviator

JOHN ERSKINE

PERHAPS there is no such thing as sustained greatness, not because man is liable to fall, but because from time to time it is in our nature to fly. From our highest average level some happy spirit takes off and through an unforgetable arc, illustrates new possibilities of imagination and courage. The rest of the world is left to debate whether this success is the result of genius or of destiny or of accident. Only a few of us hold the view that flight is the true image of human greatness and that greatness can be prepared for like any other success. To state the view more explicitly is to lose ourselves in philosophical depth and to become tangled in words. What is success, what is preparation, what is destiny, our neighbor will ask? Yet the view of life which to at least a few, is most alluring, suggests that a development of all man's faculties, of his brain, of his body, of his imagination and of his courage, makes him susceptible to opportunity—makes the opportunity almost, if not quite, inevitable and guarantees in advance some one brief and perfect action, his moment of flight.

There is no reason why a life should not have its climax clearly marked. The patriots who stood together in the troubled hours of the American Revolution no doubt were admirable men at other times, but that was their moment of greatness. It is tempting to our admiration of them to represent Lincoln and Lee as always great, even before the Civil War put them to trial, yet those were their years of flight and whatever went into the preparation was subordinate. The parable holds of the simplest of us. We must prepare to lead a career of even days, yet if our lives are a success, there will be high moments when we leave the earth and surpass ourselves. Flight is not a modern defiance of nature's laws; for man, at least, it is in this mystic sense a law of nature.

Such ideas are prompted, of course, by the solitary voyage of the young aviator from New York to Paris. His exploit was in every way so perfect and his bearing in the hour of success was so attractive, that the

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rich meaning of his flight may be somewhat lost, either in congratulations that man has conquered the air with a machine, or in pride that it was one of our own people who did it. Lindbergh's flight ought to mean both less and more than this. If so wide an expanse of air has been conquered, he must share the glory with all the other aviators of the world and all the other machines,—both those that reached their landing and those which somewhere fell midway. As a mere mark in the progress of aviation, the layman at least suspects that this flight will not long seem important. Why shouldn't machines be built and fliers trained to go much farther and perhaps with more safety? And there is less value than our instincts would suggest in hastening to point out that Lindbergh is an American. The same instinct prompts that country to claim him from which his ancestors came to America. Why not? If racial origin is the secret of man's greatness, then the German people may take credit to themselves for the French victory in the war, since many of the French leaders bore names which indicate a remote German ancestry. These sentiments, however, inevitably detract rather than add to the glory of human flight. It is wiser to think of Lindbergh's as a human achievement, common to the race, though made individual in him. It is wise to remember that this kind of flight is not altogether different from any other success of man. Looking at it so, we can cherish the episode as a heartening revelation of life in a great and perfect moment.

After all, many people must follow this interpretation or there would have been no such spontaneous applause throughout the world for the young man's feat. People in general are not profoundly interested in aviation and will lose no sleep because airplanes have not yet crossed one ocean or another. In spite of the photographs of the hero reproduced in many newspapers, his personality to the race at large must be somewhat vague. What he did, however, had some universal significance which we all could feel—a significance which seemed to us all an occasion for enthusiastic applause. We recognized this kind of perfection of which flight is the symbol. We saw in the swift and certain airship, solitary but controlled between water and sky, our own modern version of chivalry. For another age the high moments of life could be represented in pictures of warfare, of battle between man and man. The apostle's metaphor of the armor of God seemed to come to life in great battle-fields, in tournaments and in the quests of the knight errant. To live perfectly in this image was to serve a long initiation of the body and the soul, that the body might become strong and adroit and the soul courageous, generous, disinterested and austere. St. George in mythology, Bayard or Philip Sidney in history, or the aviators who fought their duels in the late war, illustrated that approach to perfection. Yet our age has long been asking itself whether the great virtues of the soldierly and knightly man could not be practised without the slaughter of his fellow. Thirty years ago it seemed too idealistic of the philosopher to suggest that man might some

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day be as deeply thrilled by a conquest of nature in which all collaborate in friendly rivalry, as by victory in war in which one party must be humiliated or slain. How far we have progressed in spiritual wisdom, Lindbergh's flight shows us. His work was chivalrous in the new sense. It is a victory of man, in harmony with himself, against those limitations by which nature seeks in vain to fetter him.

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The new factors in the exploit were not altogether foreseen. When the two brilliant French aviators were lost and the newspapers told us that Lindbergh was about to make his attempt, there was a general regret among sensitive people, especially among those friendly to France, lest his crossing, if he succeeded, might make still more bitter the grief over the two men who had disappeared. How little we realized the possibilities of the episode was indicated by the protest which our ambassador in France sent to our Government. Even the experienced diplomat thought of this rivalry somewhat in terms of the old warfare, however chivalrous. He feared that the French, if Lindbergh succeeded, would feel his victory was at the cost of their sacrifice. Perhaps the French people were as much surprised as any of us by the welcome they gave when the American boy came down safe to earth. It was a welcome not organized nor prepared for, as were our own greetings when he came home. It was spontaneous, voluntary and universal. It was a remarkable disclosure of generosity in the French nature and of readiness to acclaim great achievement. Few countries would have given even Lindbergh such a welcome. But the greater significance lies in the fact that whether the French or the Americans realized it, we were hailing a new metaphor of success, a success that we all could rejoice in without heart burnings, a success in which nobody lost and in which everybody had a share. It was no idle gesture of courtesy, but the simple truth, to say that Nungesser and his comrade were also coming home to France when the American boy found the landing field.

We were also indicating our sense of the full meaning of flight when we told each other that Lindbergh's behavior abroad was even more remarkable than his crossing the Atlantic. Nothing could be truer. To sustain universal praise and adoration, to reply to innumerable greetings and compliments, to be watched by thousands of eyes, day after day, and yet to say or do nothing but what was modest, kind and intelligent, is a victory which few men have ever carried off. Yet we should remember that it is flight. In human greatness of this sort there is a take-off and a coming-back to earth. Unless Lindbergh is a god, he has made mistakes in life, said occasional fretful and disagreeable things and at some moment or other acted less than the hero. Unless he is twice a god, he will some day disappoint some one of his admirers. This has been the fate of all other heroes since time began, but only because we thought of greatness as something stable and rooted, not as an achievement in defiance of nature, a flight which however prolonged must still be brief between earth and heaven.

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That Lindbergh sustained his greatness so well and through so long an hour, is of a part with his control of his machine through so wide a distance. It is also of the same brief kind with any other success before which the human spirit rises in gratitude.

This is not to say that greatness itself is short-lived. Any true success has the kind of immortality which we ascribe to works of art, but we don't judge art by the area of the canvas, nor by the cubic measure of the statue. "In short measures life may perfect be," said Ben Jonson. Well, we usually forget that truth. We forget it in such a realm as sport, where we expect a champion to continue to win games for us or to knock out home runs or, forsooth, to knock out his adversary. We ask him to set up the habit of victory and we mistake that habit for greatness. There must be perfect moments in many a game in which no home run is hit and in many a match from which both boxers come out undamaged. Perhaps the most beautiful exhibition of sport occurs in some contest which was lost. In the world of sport we have forgotten, it seems, that greatness is akin to flight. We make the same mistake in public life. There we often try to domesticate flight and turn it into quite another form of energy, which then disappoints us. The man who has done some one perfect thing we elect to office, which, God knows, is far from conferring immortality on him. When we discover that he is human after all, we cast him out and forget even the moment in which he was truly great. For this reason we might remind ourselves that the climax of a life must be brief, though the value of that climax, well understood, may be eternal.

Great men themselves have perceived this so clearly that they have not cared to indicate any part of their lives, as in their opinion, particularly important. A sense of humor has usually been their armor against disappointment when the crowds who strewed the palm branches have turned hostile. Lindbergh had this mark of a great man on him in the unconscious humors of his flight —the letters of introduction, for example, which he carried with him. It seems obvious now that they were unnecessary, but what would we say of him if before the flight he had thought them superfluous? We like his landing without baggage and without appropriate clothes for the formal world which immediately received him. We know instinctively that greatness should come unprepared for its reception. Perhaps we are glad we can lend greatness, when it arrives, an old suit and a shirt and so have our portion in the moment.

To say that flight of this literal kind is an image of all human achievement, is not to indulge in hyperbole. The terms of what we call progress are curiously like those conditions upon which aviation is possible. Greatness has to wait for the proper weather, the right air currents, the favorable season. This word progress which we spread confidently over our history, suggests a steady march forward or an unbroken climb uphill. Still the record in the arts and the sciences indicates something very different. The invention of the radio stands out rather boldly from any conquest

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of space immediately before or after, yet it is not more remarkable as a feat than the invention or the development of language. However speech began, we can guess that its development came in inspired moments when some individual took off from the general level and rose for a while to inspired heights. Just why the parables in the Bible are such gorgeous stories is after all a particularly human rather than a literary question. Literary criticism can give no answer. Just why Robert Burns composed finer songs than other Scotchmen or why Shakspere or Dante or Goethe attained such altitudes, must be referred to the whole question of flight. Some force of spirit seems to store itself up in the race through long periods of high level and when enough of the winged energy has been gathered, the flight takes place. The impatient reader of the newspaper who thinks of these transatlantic attempts as sporting events one degree above a horse race, loses patience when the aviator postpones his start for another day or even for weeks. Why doesn't he get going, says the amateur of knock-outs and home runs? But for all flights there must be the waiting, the accumulation of power, the attendance on the favorable moment.

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We wonder sometimes what sort of world this is in which we can be great only in flight. What are we to think of this nature which is so unwilling to be conquered, yet which does give way step by step before our determined efforts? Theology has learned to be discreet in the matter. Whatever was formally called divine influence, we now say is in our will to know and to fly. We hesitate to ascribe divinity to those parts of us which are most alike in nature and in ourselves, and we refuse altogether to commit ourselves to a once familiar thought that the infinite will was illustrated equally in nature and in ourselves. Emerson, modern as he was in many ways, could say that the over-soul had expressed itself alike and identically in nature and in man, as though the same text were written in two languages. For that reason he thought one text, that is ourselves, could recognize itself in the parallel column, that is in nature, except for certain knotty passages where the idioms were untranslatable. But this does not represent our feelings in the matter. Let the philosophers and theologians state it as they will, we are conscious of a struggle—I was tempted to say a battle of wits—between nature and ourselves. We must keep beating back the enemy, mastering new laws, getting new control, or we may lose the contest altogether. To live at all we must fly. It would be inconceivable, for example, that modern man should one day say, "Our knowledge of medicine is now adequate for the prevention and cure of disease. Our percentage of success is as high as this science can hope to attain. Nothing remains but to pass on the knowledge undiminished and hold our ground." The absurdity of such a program is self-evident. So long as there is any disease at all, we must be looking for the cure, and if some day we can cure or prevent all diseases, we must then be looking for better ways to cure or prevent them. On no other terms can we keep our

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self-respect nor the integrity of our minds. Yet there are plenty of men and women who ask what is the use of this flying from continent to continent. In what respect is it more important than walking a tight rope in the circus? Well, perhaps the performance on the tight rope has values not indicated by this question. The real searcher after truth ought to ask why men and women as well as children are thrilled by the rope-walker's skill. Isn't it because he is doing an impossible thing, because he has expanded man's powers beyond the realm that nature intended? If we began on all fours and learned finally to walk on our hind legs, could not the prudent have said then that the new posture was useless? Certainly locomotion can still be arrived at on all fours, if the prudent prefer. Certainly nature shows little sign of having intended us to be aviators or painters or pianists or doctors or engineers. If in her scheme of things these professions had been desirable, we might now be fitted out with special senses as are many of the animals and the birds. But it seems to have been our will rather than nature's that set us walking and after that rash innovation the airship is nothing to balk at.

Perhaps that is why a success such as Lindbergh's cheers us all; it persuades us to think better of the human race. The newspapers say that relations between France and the United States are much improved by his exploit. Since the war, the bickerings and the jealousies between nations have been due, perhaps, to a universal loss of self-respect. We have had to admit that throughout the terrible ordeal, nature was too much for us. The science of the world, the effort spent on international understanding, the plain facts on economics accessible to anybody who could read, ought to have kept us all out of that conflict, or at the worst, when once we had entered it, we should have brought it more quickly to a close. More than most wars, it was a humiliating experience, and it left us with a general fear which focused naturally enough upon neighbors and even upon friends. If we are to get out of that dark mood, it will be by more conquests of those problems which nature delights to invent for our annoyance. The war debts are one of them, world commerce is another, tariffs and the other barriers men have erected on all frontiers, make up another. They will be solved in time by the same long persistence and sudden brief flight as will conquer cancer. For all those hopes Lindbergh served as a metaphor. We felt that in him we too had conquered something and regained lost ground. Our gratitude to him is manifold, because his achievement was not simply in the realm of mechanics against the part of nature science attacks, but also in every day conduct in that realm in which we all find it hard to behave well. What he will do next with his life is his business. Those few hours have entered into the inheritance of us all. At least of all of us who think it is man's business in this world to be as great as he can, who believe also that he should know the conditions of being great and who distinguish between the high level of his preparation and the brief moment of his flight.

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Debts and Our Allies

Shall We Compel Payment in Full, if so, How?

Charles L. Guy

Before we entered the war as a belligerent, vast sums had been borrowed by the allied nations from our bankers and great quantities of supplies purchased on credit from our merchants, creating commercial debts which are governed by well recognized commercial principles, and which probably will be paid in full. The Government of the United States was not a party to or, as a government, interested in such transactions. Our bankers and merchants undoubtedly reaped large profits, as they had a perfect right. Would not the merchants of each of the allied countries have grasped the like opportunity had the war been our war instead of their war? We also were fully justified in seeking to avoid war. Governments represent nationalities, not sentimentalities. They are but trustees for their people; their highest duty to protect health, life, property and general welfare. We declared war only when it became evident that it was part of the German plan to force us into the conflict, in order that when victorious, she might reimburse herself from a rich commercial nation. We entered the war only when we realized that we must enter or be branded as willing to submit to any indignity, to purchase peace at any price.

The war debts claimed to be due us from the allied nations arise from moneys advanced after we became a belligerent, or from credits given for supplies while we were engaged with our allies in the joint enterprise of making war on Germany. These loans and credits were authorized by an Act of Congress which specifically provided that they must be for war purposes only, and that each item of such expenditure or credit was to be approved by the Treasury of the United States. By the terms of this statute, the United States Government undertook to finance all the allied nations' purchases, and bills for these purchases, as well as for additional services such as the transportation of goods, were paid by the United States Treasury.

We entered the war almost totally unprepared. We had no air force worthy of the name, no navy capable of transporting troops across the Atlantic in safety, and an army inadequately equipped and utterly untrained for the kind of warfare it would have to wage if it ever faced the enemy. Our safety demanded vigorous action. Without the cooperation of the allied governments we faced the certainty of defeat, of utter humiliation, of overwhelming

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loss by way of indemnity or destruction of property; even our very existence as a separate nation was imperilled. In this emergency we made the only contribution of importance we were capable of making toward the cost of our joint enterprise. It is true, to preserve the forms of law, our government treated the transaction as a loan and accepted from our allies their promises to pay, promises which in the event of allied defeat would be utterly worthless, and in the event of victory would be of little real value because of financial exhaustion. We were, to put it succinctly, defending ourselves as a nation in the only adequate manner that could be found. To call this a debt similar to a commercial debt, is an utter absurdity. It was a contribution to a joint enterprise and the principle underlying all joint enterprise is that the common loss should be borne in common.

Our honorable Secretary of the Treasury prides himself and his country on our magnanimity in entering into an agreement with Great Britain by which we have not forgiven one dollar of the principal but have consented to forego part of the interest on a debt which, according to justice and equity, should carry no obligation whatever. For our money contribution would have been powerless as a defensive weapon but for the existence of the French army and the British navy. As well might it be urged that as France and Great Britain contributed their armies and navies, they should be reimbursed for the cost of those armies and navies which were used in the joint enterprise of defense.

At the end of the war the allied nations were debtors to the United States, Great Britain and France in the largest sums, while the other allied nations owed to Great Britain an amount far in excess of her indebtedness to us. During the war Great Britain advanced large sums to the other allies on our behalf, acting virtually as our agent in the disbursement of funds and the granting of credits, and she also loaned large sums to them on her own account.

In 1922 the World War Foreign Debt Commission was created by Act of Congress and was followed by an official request from this Government to all its debtors that they take the necessary steps for the funding of their obligations. In answer to a notification sent to the British Government, Mr. Balfour replied that a communication on this point had been addressed to the debtors of Great Britain, reluctantly, for Great Britain had been in favor of a general cancellation both of war debts and reparation claims and that the Government was still prepared to go as far as it could in that direction. Also that it would seek to take from its debtors only such amounts as would in their aggregate equal the sums to be paid by Great Britain to the United States. As a result of negotiations a debt-funding agreement was entered into on June 19, 1923, the terms of which were approved by Congress and by the British Government.

The result of this agreement, if executed, will be that Great Britain will ultimately pay in interest many billion dollars in excess of the moneys we actually advanced for

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war purposes only. Since then Britain has made similar funding agreements with France and other nations.

In her agreement with Italy she wiped off all claims for interest, and materially reduced the principal of the debt. In both the French and Italian agreements, she reannounced her policy of collecting from the other allied nations no more than the amount necessary to pay her indebtedness to the United States and agreed to credit each allied nation with any excess of payment over the amount paid by her to the United States. Under these agreements, it will be seen that Great Britain occupies merely the position of our collecting agent, just as she acted as our disbursing agent in making the loans to other allied nations and in placing credits for them.

Even assuming—and I hope it is not a fact—that the people of this country and the administration in charge of its affairs are unwilling to consider the moral features of the situation in determining what shall be done about it, still it is necessary to look at the problem in the light of future possibilities.

Suppose to-morrow the City of New York were destroyed by fire and earthquake, with a consequent loss of billions of dollars, resulting in the insolvency of all insurance companies. Would it not be an utter absurdity to insist that every man must ultimately pay every dollar he owes, and if he fails to do so, the burden should descend on the shoulders of his children, his grandchildren and great-grandchildren? The only sane plan would be to abandon all such talk and reorganize the community on a basis that would make future commerce and future municipal development possible. Every bankruptcy and insolvency law, state and national, recognizes this principle. Every enlightened business man recognizes it. When one who has been a valuable factor in the commercial world fails, his former business associates do not trample him under, extort the last farthing from him and make his further achievement impossible. They settle with him on a very small basis, taking their chances of making greater profit out of his future success than could be extorted from his present calamity. It is so with the nations of Europe. Even were their debts of a wholly commercial character, it would be a wise economic policy to settle them for a relatively small amount and to restore the debtors to a position where they might be useful members of the community of nations. Such a course would ultimately bring to us larger benefits than would the collection, through a long series of years, of the entire amount with interest, even were such collection possible. As a matter of fact these so-called debts are not collectible in a large sense. The effort is not unlike an attempt to convert stage-money into cash. They are of little value in comparison with the rehabilitation of Europe industrially and commercially. Secretary Mellon in addressing the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives said: "The entire foreign debt is not worth as much to the American people in dollars and cents as prosperous Europe as a customer." What then are we going to do about it? On this point

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we have been deluged with utterances by members of the House and the Senate, appealing to principles of international honor and commercial integrity. Such utterances have been made by representatives of some states which have in the past repudiated their obligations by reason of insolvency; by men who have themselves taken advantage of the beneficent provisions of our insolvency laws; and by bankers who have failed to learn consideration for others through their own experience in panics, where they would have been unable to meet their obligations but for the helping hand held out by others threatened with like disaster. And during all this controversy there has been an utter disregard of the fact that this prosperous nation refused for more than a century to make an appropriation for the payment of an acknowledged debt to citizens of France, the only ground offered for such refusal being that the claims had been bought up by speculators.

Every government at one time or another has failed to perform its solemn treaty obligations either of necessity or as a matter of deliberate policy, and has acquired territory in violation of every principle of justice. Even our own little transactions with the native Indians in this country and with Central America, will not stand impartial investigation.

The fact is, and we might as well face it now intelligently, no one of the nations is going to pay in full the principle of its so-called foreign war debts, to say nothing of the interest. Germany will not pay. Her statesmen have very clearly demonstrated that she cannot and will not pay in full the reparation claims as originally fixed by the allies. Even at Versailles her delegates, while accepting the terms of the armistice because no alternative was before them, said frankly that it would be impossible for Germany to comply therewith. She at least was commendably frank. After nine years no substantial part of any of the war debts has been paid. They will never be paid for the reason that each of the allied governments is to-day facing an indebtedness approximately five times as great as the greatest of its past indebtedness. Governments can only pay debts by moneys collected from their people through taxation, direct or indirect. As pointed out by a recent author, for any nation to pay war debts, it must have a budgetary balance in its treasury over and above the cost of running its government. To produce this budgetary balance under conditions prevailing in Europe, would mean such a staggering burden on the industry of its people that no government undertaking to do so could possibly endure, not even that of Great Britain. It is difficult to find, even among our millionaires, many men who would gladly pay the debts of their own fathers. No one is so gullible as to expect he could find any considerable number of men who would undertake for themselves and their posterity, through three or more generations, to pay off the debts of their grandfathers and great-grandfathers. It is a practical absurdity. The French government, after being permitted to wait for five years, has finally expressed its willingness, pending further adjustment, to pay ten million dollars this year, to

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be credited on account of her debts when adjusted. Italy, which has received terms of settlement far more favorable than those granted to Great Britain or offered to France, is making annual payments of a very moderate amount, based, theoretically, largely on her ability to pay.

The law of self-preservation is the supreme law of nations as well as the supreme law of nature. When nature pronounces an emphatic *no*, the customary rules of private conduct and international intercourse are suspended. We have to-day a half dozen of the leading nations of the world facing an impossible situation, with the accumulated wealth of centuries destroyed or wasted by war, with earning capacity greatly reduced, staggering under oppressive taxes and assailed by propagandists who denounce capital and individual property rights and encourage everywhere the spirit of unrest and discontent. In such circumstances the effort of any of these governments to compel its people to undergo further oppressive taxation, depriving them of the fruits of their labor, placing them in a state of peonage to this country for several generations in order to pay us, their ally, the costs of a world-wide calamity for which they were in no wise individually responsible, is something that human nature will not endure. Governments may enter into solemn agreements to pay definite amounts; but governments are merely agents of the people they represent. They are merely the medium through which the people make payments, if payments are made. The people of the various nations must produce by their toil, the budgetary surplus with which their governments may make such payments. But governments may be overthrown and succeeding governments may not have the same point of view or may not be able to perform such agreements because of the unwillingness of their people to submit to the necessary tax. And an attempt to enforce such payments if continued through many years, may well result in the overthrow of every stable government in Europe. What then will become of all our wealth, and of our uncollectable debts? Even if we have accumulated all the gold in the world, it will avail nothing, for the demonetization of gold is at least a possibility. There is no sanctity about the yellow metal; it is merely a commodity which by common consent of certain nations has been adopted as a medium of exchange because it is more satisfactory in many respects than other commodities for such purposes.

Of course some payments are now being made. England and Italy have accepted our terms, at least temporarily. England is paying us some $200,000,000 a year under the refunding agreement, not because she deems it a just debt, but as a temporary yielding to the press of circumstances. She is making annual payments and is borrowing from our bankers huge sums of money, far in excess of the payments. Italy is pursuing the same course. Probably every nation in Europe if able to borrow millions from us annually, would be willing to pay us part of such borrowings on account of even an imaginary debt. But eventually, when borrowing becomes difficult, we shall have to consider

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the practical means by which such annual payments may be enforced.

There are people for whom I have great respect, who are unwilling that we should make any compromise of the war debts for the reason that they object to the nations of Europe using "our money for military expenditures in preparation for another war," they being absolutely opposed to war under any circumstances. Their purpose is noble even if their reasoning is unsound. Doubtless war is a great insanity. It is horrible to think that the highest scientific achievements, the highest results of inventive genius are being used for the massacre of mankind; for that is what war means in the outer semblance. But war, like the kingdom of heaven, is within us, it does not come from without. It is not a visitation of nature, it is a wrong development, a maladjustment of human nature and the cure must be internal rather than external. As long as the spirit of war dwells in the human heart, as long as hatred and greed and lust and rivalry—the inherited spirit of the jungle—exist, so long will they find expression in some form of war. And as long as men and nations fear war or violence or aggression and believe that they have just cause for fear, so long will they continue to prepare measures of defense—adequate or perhaps inadequate—against such real or imagined menace. No agreement in the world would prevent them from so doing. Any government that believes its people threatened would abandon all promises to other nations and use its every energy and resource in preparation for war, and would be wholly justified. When the question "to be, or not to be" confronts a nation, the only possible answer is to devote every effort to the continuation of its existence. But has it occurred to our friends what a sad spectacle we as a nation present in advancing this debt-collecting proposal? We, the wealthiest, most prosperous nation in the world, having passed through a great war virtually unscathed as compared with the sufferings of other nations, having reserved to ourselves every political right, having refused to enter the League of Nations or to become a party to the creation of the World Court, having declined to attend conferences looking to the prevention of future wars, maintaining our right to make war or not as our interests require, arrogantly asserting the right to dictate to our former war allies the line of conduct they must adopt in order to get the benefit of our clemency in canceling or greatly reducing debts which they in all honesty believe they do not owe us. Is it conceivable that any self-respecting nation would willingly enter into such a state of servitude and bondage to another power? Consider for an instant the possible position of France under such an arrangement, should she be convinced, as many of her statesmen now are, that Germany, with the secret aid of Russia, is preparing for another war. This may be an illusion. I am convinced that the developed intelligence of the German people would make it impossible. But assuming that the Government of France believed that its national existence was so menaced, under

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such an arrangement as is here proposed, France could do nothing in self-defense without our permission. Her only recourse would be to ask our leave to prepare for war. Surely our pride of piety and our spiritual arrogance could go no further! Even if such an agreement were within the bounds of possibility, the only practical effect would be to produce a situation—such as our well-meaning pacifists attempted to bring about during the war—which would render all nations except an aggressive nation incapable of making war.

There is another body of our citizens which opposes debt reductions or cancellations on the ground that the people of Europe do not like us. Of course they do not like us. Who does like a braggart? Who likes one who is forever boasting of his own achievements and forever endeavoring to make others acknowledge that they owe their very existence to his benevolence? Unhappily the people of no distinct nation genuinely like the people of other nations. Even we are not free from this attitude of mind. The average American of Anglo-Saxon stock regards the Frenchman as the most irrelevant thing in nature, having no real relation to the serious problems of life. The only reason he tolerates immigration from other countries is because it increases the number of possible workers that he may employ. The basis of all such dislikes is fear and distrust. The way to abolish such fear and distrust is by coöperative effort, by mutual understanding. Let us learn to live together, to work together, to hope together, to help one another, to look forward together toward sane conditions of peace and prosperity—and these fears and antagonisms will disappear.

But assuming that the American people, through their representative government, refuse to give consideration to all arguments for debt cancellation or for reduction based upon principles of justice, intelligence and common-sense, what are we going to do about it? When the time comes that we cease to receive the annual payments provided for in these agreements—which time most assuredly will come—what remedy are we going to apply? The answer is there can be no remedy if such a situation arises. There is no way that payment by a sovereign state can be enforced save through war or economic boycott. We abhor war. That we should endeavor to enforce collection by declaration of war is beyond the bounds of possibility. The other remedy—the economic boycott—would be ruinous for a nation that produces many times over what it can consume, and the value of whose surplus product, which largely determines the value of its entire product, depends on the foreign market. Any administration that proposed such a course would be quickly voted out of office. Our future prosperity depends on a prospering Europe. What shall we do to restore her to prosperity and avoid the disaster, greater than that of the war, that would result from the disintegration of existing stable governments, and the rule of anarchy that would inevitably follow?

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Old Wharves

Edgar Lee Masters

Forested coverts or flowering heights
That overlook great waters take their charm
From gods whose lounging laughter through the nights
Still leave the grasses warm.
The shadowy flutter of mid-April lights
Mark their departure; and the music sent
From undiscovered places is the sound
Of the way they went.
And every magic of water or of ground
With its own gods is immanent.

And all places where men have been
Have taken the quality of the mood
And spirit that they were gathered in.
By hearths of clubs where men have stood;
In offices where talk was loud,
Or confident, and where bad or good
Was counseled, happy or evil browed;
There you may sense the memorial scales
Flecked from the wings of thought,
And which are drifting, and betray the trails
Of moods or treasures sought. . . .

But where was labor and the boisterous call
Of daily toil for bread,
There brood the memories magical,
There the fraternal gods have sped
The spirits of communal dreams.
Old wharves of fishing towns;
Old piers of once productive streams,
Leaning amid the greens and browns
Of slow decay retain the essences

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Of laboring arms and weather-beaten cheeks.
No charm is greater than the undulate docks
Of Northport, Michigan, where the inlet seeks
The roaring lake; none than the sea-aged rocks
Of Portland where the sailing ships
Once loaded, nor where now the sea-gull flocks
By Westport and its river slips.
New Orleans and St. Louis where the slave
Sang at his task and laughed, still keep
The spirits of life lived close to life:
Their wharves are sleepers smiling in their sleep,
Remembering not the waking strife.

Whatever race or tongue
Were those who sailed or fished or wheeled,
The hardy old, the tireless young,
They spent their days here and unsealed
Their lives here to the full, and toiling poured
The savor of realest being to the yield
Of memory on every foot-worn board.
They have become as spirits who haunt
The wonder nooks of nature, nor are they less,
Who amid peril and the goad of want
Here toiled abiding Fate,
And left intangible presences to express
Their songs and calls of happiness,
Their patience which made and fed the State.

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THE BOGY OF SEX

Life Is a Conclusive Denial That Sex Is a Central Interest

DAVID SEABURY

THE days of romance have passed. Love no longer hides in a tower room, wooed by music from afar. Love drives down Main Street in chummy roadsters and sits cross-legged on tea-room verandas. Neither is it blind nor shy nor tongue-tied. But in this realistic age the quest is limited. Young love shuns sentiment, it turns its eyes from beauty, singing few songs. The generation has but a single motto, "Male and female created He them."

The new emotionalism is not one of place or social level. It pursues us wherever we turn. Nor is the change confined to the less cultured classes or to the adolescent generation. Even as elderly women have bobbed their hair and given their knees the freedom of the city, so have they at the same time joined the ranks of the unblushing. Many a grandfather these days reads wistfully of glandular therapy. He has sympathy with Faust. The subject of sex has certainly stepped out of the boudoir, thrown off the hushed intimacy of the afternoon knitting, forgotten the privacy of marriage and taken its place at bridge table and club lounge. From three to three score and ten any aspect of it serves for casual reference or minute dissection.

Picture a parlor-grown Victorian with her mind, like her neck, wrists and ankles swathed in the tight conventions of modesty, overhearing two flappers discussing Freud. Their free use of ideas once hardly whispered, would be as horrifying to that ancient lady as their swinging pink legs or the cigarette ashes falling over their alleged dresses. Ladies of bygone days would have blushed deep maroon even to think the thoughts the present generation banter about as nonchalantly as it mentions shoe-strings or the latest dance. And each year conversation takes off another garment, as it were. We are in an age when the word "sacred" has gone back to the altar and there is nothing hid that shall not be revealed.

The more surprising part of it is the prevailing new attitude. At various times in history sex has been moralized about in contrasting lights. In one day it was something to shun, except as an unfortunate necessity for the continuance of the race. At another it became the most beautiful of secrets only to be whispered about. Not so long ago mothers tremblingly told their young the facts of life in an allegory of butterflies and pollen. Nowadays by the age of seven most children are sophisticated. When

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sex became a subject for medical and legal discussion, it was carefully disguised under the name eugenics. The Malthusian question of birth-control was referred to chiefly in terms of over-population and the strain of large families upon the poor. Everything was stilted and in comparison with the present, as proper as a platitude.

To-day sex is spoken of casually either as a right or a joy; a release from crushing inhibition or a necessity for health. Yes, even more than this, many believe it to be the single motive of the human being, the dynamic of life. Its eugenic aspect is out of date in drawing-room conversation. Its use for posterity has been submerged beneath its value for the present generation.

When a once forbidden subject takes such possession of people's minds, it behooves us to discover whether we are thinking rightly about it. Is sex so all important? Is it the central motive of our lives? Can it be possible that thousands of apparently modest thoughts and feelings are really sexual and we know it not? Can we be induced to read books, see plays or buy new clothes only by an appeal to sex impulses? If so the truth would have come out some day and the sooner we get the thing over with the more quickly can we turn to making life worth while in other ways.

In the first place let us see, if we can, where this sex bogy came from. Did Freud and his disciples let him out of the bottle? This can hardly be true, for while psychoanalysis with its placing of sex as a central human motive, is contemporary with this age of passionalism, it cannot be said to have caused it. The analyst is one who merely records what he finds in the human being. He draws his conclusions by adding up his statistics. It is his misfortune, not his fault, that his subject having intimately to do with human beings, has become a lay science. In its first wave of popularity it has been appropriated by the just and the unjust alike and used as if it were a patent medicine ready to take after self-diagnosis. Much, however, that is labeled Freudian and used as synonymous with sex, has little relation to Freud's discoveries. It is probable that he hardly recognizes his own theories as they come back to him, not as the children of his research but as cousins several times removed.

If, however, we should admit that men and women are often secretly as hyper-sexual as some believe them to be, it would not prove that many were born so or that extreme sexuality is normal. It would neither disprove personal variation nor social stimulation. An examination of the feet of Chinese women any time during the nineteenth century would have revealed them as dwarfed, while South Sea Island head-binders have higher skulls than our own. If we did not know that each had been confined from infancy, we might easily draw a mistaken conclusion regarding them. It is just as possible that psychoanalysis has merely revealed the abnormal sexualities in human nature caused by pressure of so-called civilization and accentuated distortions of the mind which were being created in every

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country. Such reflexive frenzy might have manifested itself here in America quite apart from any psychoanalytical influence. We cannot blame Freudianism for the debauchery of sex that flames in the penny pictorial or the cheap moving picture. It came before and not after these interpretations. It may have resulted from the break-up of the home and lax parental authority as some believe, it may have sprung from unintelligent censorship, the decline in church attendance, modernism, the automobile, the new dances and everything else that differs from the customs of our forefathers. Or it may be age-old and simply released by the luxury of an industrial age. Whatever the cause, modern psychology merely records our passional extremes. It does not create them.

There is here an important key to the situation, one that not only explains the sex bogy itself but the interpretation put upon it by many psychologists. For whether age-old or recent, in hypersexuality we are dealing with an exaggeration of human tendencies as far removed from the actuality of life as are the bill-boards which lure us to melodrama. Sex as a dominating thought is impossible. If it really absorbed our personal attention throughout the twenty-four hours, our days could not be lived, trains could not be run, plays rehearsed or sensational novels put through the press. The work of the world would not go on. Life itself is a conclusive denial that sex as a central interest is anything more than a painted bogy. Admitting that there is a central drive to human life, if it were the sex impulse it is strange what a dark secret it has been kept all these centuries. One would expect it to reveal itself as the basic theme of the great speculations and philosophies and as a leading motive in engineering, manufacturing, art and culture. Certainly it would stand out as the salient feature in the events of human history.

We are told of both rape and romance in the World War, but is war therefore a sexual event? Or let us look back through the Civil War, the Napoleonic campaigns, the French Revolution and our own fight for liberty. Yes, and even to Cæsar crossing the Rubicon or Leonidas at Thermopylæ. These events certainly expressed human motives but somehow a central sexual impulse is difficult to trace in them. We can hardly imagine Washington exemplifying Freudian aims at Valley Forge, despite his recent biographies. By a stretch of the imagination one might conceive Wellington with a glowing breast fighting at Waterloo to save the virgins of England. But the idea is hardly more probable than that Columbus discovered America so that day-nurseries might be established on New York's East Side. Anything can seem possible once we forsake facts for mystic phantasy.

If the extreme psychoanalysts had taught that interest in home, family and tribe—as protection for our personalities—were dominant impulse, history might bear them out. The desire for comfort and security lies behind many of the great activities of mankind. But anything to do with home as the deepest of human purposes is out of date.

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In these sophisticated times it smacks of sentimentality. The conventional home is now painted by radical writers as the thing to be avoided by the free primordial mind. They forget that security by means of a home does not mean a house cut in the pattern of a suburban bungalow with its Boston fern in front and Ford garage in the rear. The Australian bushman's cave with its skins soft to the flesh and its fire-wood for the chilly night is as much loved by him as a place of safety and self-expression, as the cottage described in the familiar strains of "Home Sweet Home."

Say what we will, food, clothing and shelter as the first security of our sense of selfhood are the things men have fought and died for, not merely in the French Revolution but in all times. Did a nation ever revolt for more liberty in sex, or for sex more abundantly? It has of course played its part, for none would relegate sex to an unimportant place in the motives of men. But only in its negative forms—in the crusades for sex purity and sex inhibition, the anchoret mortifying the flesh—has it directly made history.

There are two closely allied reasons why sex has been thought to be the greatest interest in human life. We owe one of them to the creeds of our ancestors and to all of the ignorant taboos which lay behind them. Not knowing what to do, moralists made sex the great secret. They taught an ethics which bottled it up in the social breast. Inevitably this damming inhibitory process resulted in the present flood of sexuality just as certainly as an ice jam leads to a spring freshet. The laws of physics and those of the human mind are in many ways analogous. We are dealing in the twentieth century with a reaction from that type of asceticism which reached its highest point in Victorian days. We must remember the older theology did not teach us sex understanding. It sought to destroy sex interest and stamp it out of life. It taught warfare with the flesh, not reliant self-direction. Was it not inevitable, as the pendulum swung, that extremists should exalt this imprisoned interest as the major force in life? When the modern analyst saw that the old idea of chastity was simply sex inhibition, and discovered beneath apparent virtue masses of consuming sex phantasy, it was difficult not to draw the conclusion that here was human nature at last revealed.

If after the moral stricture of the last century the sex bogy was inevitable, then the surest way to dethrone sex is to restore it to a simple naturalness. We are seeking to-day a middle ground between the abnormal celibacy and unnatural asceticism of past teachings, and the blatant sensualism of the present attitude. We are striving for a biologically sound standard where truth and not superstition shall prevail. And this means a radically different point of view. In the older moral teaching, spirituality is held to be a negative virtue achievable only by an abnegation of instinctive and sensory impulses. In the tenets of modern psychology, spirituality is seen as the result of right ethical thought and action on its own plane, not as an abnegation of those emotional qualities which God put in the nature of man.

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We are seeking also to answer the real question of the importance of sex in human life. And in order to come to any sound conclusion, we must measure all our present data against the fact that they are taken at a time of flood.

It is probable that one of the greatest causes for the present popular disturbance of modern sex theories, is the single and extreme interpretation given to the word itself by most people. American thought grew out of a Puritan background which preached a constant conflict with the flesh and the devil. In fact Puritan thought was even more sexual than the most extreme Freudian teaching, in the sense that sex was seen as the omnipresent temptation. Freud on the other hand sees it as the unconscious dynamic and uses it as a synonym for love. Thus what he is really doing is raising sex to the higher plane of devotion, while our forefathers lowered it to carnal licentiousness.

As long as analytic psychology is misunderstood and as long as it is believed that the leaders teach that an impulse analogous with lust is the great human motivator, we must perforce utterly misjudge the whole psychoanalytic psychology. Unfortunately this is just what has happened. Both the horror-stricken older generation and the liberty-seeking younger generation have made the same mistake. The former finding in it opportunity for censorious tirades, the latter gaining justification for sex radicalism. The Purity Leaguer and the Greenwich Village flapper are in the same boat—each fails to know that sex as a central motive is to the scientifically trained analyst a phase of human love, not an excuse for bestiality.

Another popular misconception lies in a misunderstanding of sex itself. It has been assumed that the sex relation springs from a single emotion, that it is a unified urge rather than an expression through which other impulses, non-sexual, may play a part. Psychological analysis often reveals that in people's lives sex desire springs from causes that are not part of any form of passion. In other words general motives and reactions from everyday life have their place in its most intimate relation. Thus in analyzing the usual sex impulse we find it may become a means of solace for that injured pride and vanity known as the inferiority complex and that it is often intensified by loneliness seeking for intimacy. In it also is the adventure spirit and the impulses for excitement and for play. Even more than this, a common rebellion at unadjusted environment has its part, and unconscious parentalism is never lacking. Yet all these human motives belong to other aspects of life, to the ego-urge even more than to sex.

Perhaps the most conspicuous of these allied factors is the inferiority feeling. An injured pride is more completely solaced by the compliment of sex choice than by any other human expression. The writer once knew a roué in constant pursuit of feminine society, but the moment he found some one verbally responsive to him, he was entirely satisfied. Acceptance of an intimate relation gave him the needed feeling of aggrandizement. The sense of in-

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feriority had been lulled for a time into lethargy and his ego had a real outlet. Expression itself was not at all necessary. In both men and women this element of vanity and pride intensifies sex desire. In some lives the moment sex is legalized by marriage and made a commonplace, it looses its power to bring balm to the individual whose feelings have a neurotic taint of inferiority.

Although it is sometimes assumed that loneliness is sexual, actually it belongs to the herd instinct. We were born to be with our fellows and normal men are as gregarious as a school of herring. Loneliness is an ache which comes to the human spirit when the herd instinct is not satisfied. It is sexual only when the desire intimately to solace loneliness enters as a motivating attribute. There is perhaps nothing that more completely brings balm to the urging herd instinct than the complete companionship which sex implies.

A third aspect which affects what has too long been thought a single consuming emotion, is the urge for adventure. Without this primary incentive there might have been little for history to rehearse. Primitive men and women might still be sitting in the doorway of their caves, going out only for necessary food. Adventure is one of the greatest channels through which the human spirit realizes itself. To be the first to fly far above the earth and water gives a lift to the mind. To map out some tangled jungle, hazard some new form of drama, discover a distant planet or invent a vision-phone; these are but a few of the currents of the dynamic urge that is in man. Only the timorous and pigeon-hearted would contradict the statement that the experience of sex may also be a great adventure. Indeed the romances of history would be deprived of half their charm if the element of adventure were taken out of the sex impulse.

Even more than the impetus for adventure and the impulses for excitement and play, is a deep rebellion in the heart of man against limitation, dullness and pressure. We love this life only because we have no better one of which we are sure, but there are thousands of aspects of it which are almost abhorrent to the human spirit. Thus sex may serve as an anesthetic, a solace for all the dissatisfactions which life brings, serving only as a negative charm. A narcotic for the troubles of life is not a drive which motivates human action. It is possibly one of the great means of retreat from the world but inversely it cannot be at the same time the most compelling of human activities.

That the unconscious urge for parentalism is even stronger than any of the other motives that enter into sex, there will be few to deny. But true parentalism is non-sexual. The impulse is here for the child and the building up of the family, for the making of a home and the generations that will carry on one's heritage and identity. There is an enormous sense of self-importance in thinking of all the little Smiths and Joneses who will carry on the traits and qualities which Mr. Smith or Mrs. Jones failed satisfactorily to achieve. Indeed this drive of parentalism has motivated much in human history. It is one of the elements of sex, but only one, and in its essential

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nature the intention or purpose merely uses sex as a means but does not belong to it as an end.

After all these factors in sex expression have been allocated one might ask, "If so many of its impulses are non-sexual, what then is left of sex itself?" This leads us to the deepest quality in sex expression: the aspect of love. There is a consuming tendency in the human spirit to seek for and give some form of devotion to another, and this is only done in its completeness where the relation is masculine and feminine. But love, like sex, does not express itself merely on one level and in one degree. It functions as a dynamic urge upon every plane of human response from the physical up to the psychical. The materialistic man is capable only of love of a carnal type. His nervous system is inadequate for refinement or response above the sensory level. A higher type of man may find joy through delight in coöperation, responding to the sense of mutual volition, and delight in that he wills in the way his companion wills. A still more subjective form of love is found in the emotional response, the kindred sympathy and interchange of feeling. Beyond this comes intellectual love, that merging of two minds whose thoughts and purposes are one. Deeper yet is the union of impulse that belongs to the plane of goodness where both individuals are swept by those feelings of kindness that would nurture and protect one another. Again there is an even more profound manifestation where all of the emotional and intellectual has passed beyond the plane of mere goodness into that sense of creative idealism where two individualities are one in their pursuit of beauty, are together in their awe at the vastness of truth and the majesty of creation. It was on this plane that the love of the Brownings found expression. Indeed wherever great creative minds have loved, it has been in this way. This does not mean however that they have not needed and been capable of other aspects of love.

Lastly comes what we might call that sense of psychic merging which brings the completeness of love, that quality of spiritual union which has made great seers and poets dream, since time was, of two individuals as but half of one complete whole, the masculine and feminine as two parts of the single human individuality. This highest aspect holds in its breast the consuming flame for complete spiritual union, that greatest delight of losing identity in becoming one with another.

The true sex impulse may express itself in any one or in all of these planes of human emotion. Where it exists in its fullness, however, it requires a complete merging upon every level of life from the most physical to the most psychic. From this point of view, sex is a glorification of the human spirit and far from the purely animal impulse which the mean minds of a censorious philosophy have made it. It is the anathema of lust and the opposite pole from that low plane on which the little-souled Puritans placed it in their incapacity to conceive the lift and reach and flame of the human spirit.

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Understood in this way, sex becomes a personal and almost non-social impulse, a means by which mankind pulls away from general life and finds his own intimate individuality and experience. Sex enhances and enriches life when it takes its proper place and does not interfere with human activities. When it becomes an over-dominant interest it is evidence of emotional maladjustment, leading to a blockage of usefulness and creating nervous and physical disorders. When an individual transfers to sex those forces of his being which properly belong to life accomplishment, he has become neurotic and has allowed an intimate expression to distort his will to achieve. As he becomes emotionally ingrowing, his development ceases. And this is no less true of a people than of an individual. Scientifically the modern bogy is easy to define: the mass mind of the present decade has sex neurasthenia.

The hope for the future with regard to this frenzy is first to understand that in itself sex is not a force but a means of expression. It is one of the ways by which we release ourselves. More truly we might say that sex has no drive. Man makes a drive for it, just as he does for food, for comfort, for pleasure. In all of these he finds satisfaction, and in this he is not unlike any mammal. Students of animal psychology have found that a rat will face death for sex, just as he will for food, for protection and security for himself and his young. His impulse follows his lure for life. This is true also in man. The power then is not in sex, but may express itself through sex. Blockage of other expression may create an exaggerated tendency to follow the sexual channel. Appetite becomes centered upon sexual satisfaction and directs hunger to this means of consummation. But the power itself lies in the hunger, the drive for expansion, the impulse for a conquest of the earth, the urge for self-expression. In other words, when the powers of personality are not allowed to manifest themselves satisfactorily through social ways, man seeks the obvious solace of sex.

As individuals, opportunity for full self-expression may have been ours from childhood. But few will maintain that society has as yet learned to adjust human nature to life. The average man suffers a more or less conscious congestion of his personality. Such blockage, in a hyper-civilized world is on the increase. Ignorance in the past of man's real attributes wove our social fabric without the least regard to its fitness for men's natures. Hence we are but beginning to learn how environment may be adapted to character and self forces given normal expression. Until this is done hyper-sexuality must be a conspicuous phenomenon.

Our thesis then is that the drive of human nature is for self-expansion and from this has come all the drama and mystery of man's civilization. Because of it man turns his thought to world accomplishment. But if many of his channels become blocked he personalizes the flame of his interest into passionalism. Thus sex is central in the individual consciousness only when it has been forced into a conspicuous position by the congestion of other impulses.

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We might say that when thought and feeling are liberated normally and exerted outwardly in satisfactory achievement, self-expansion is found as the central drive of human nature. When, however, mental and emotional expression is thwarted so that no compensation is felt from effort, thought turns selfward and in this state of personalism sex becomes a centralized interest. In normal minds it can never take the place of accomplishment. It is to achievement, what sleep is to waking.

Such a philosophy makes clear the inventive drive of an Edison, the musical genius of a Wagner, or the impulse of a Magellan to circumnavigate the globe. Every normal ambition from the conquest of the jungle and the spanning of ancient rivers, to the discovery of radio and the invention of an aëroplane or the baking of a new kind of biscuit, is part of this process of self-expansion. Beyond all longings the urge to release our own personalities is omnipotent and omnipresent. If sex were the central impulse of men's souls their feats of achievement would be unintelligible.

We shall not cure the sex frenzy of our age until we understand this law of self-expansion. We have seen sex inhibition fail. It only bottled man's carnality in his heart or else made him abnormal and neurotic. We have seen theories of chastity break ineffectually against the basic nature of man and have sensed the confusion of an ill-adjusted civilization. And in conflict with the modern reaction we hear pointless tirades of those who are seeking to stem the tide. We shall not meet the issue until we learn that life must be shaped to man's nature—not man's nature to an artificial pattern of life. It will not disappear until we learn to give constructive release to the energies of man's spirit. A sex bogy and normal self-expansion cannot exist in the same world.

COLVIN'S SON

A. K. LAING

It was a point of pride with Colvin *père*,
To tell his customers that Colvin *fils*
Would join in selling soap and paint and grease
After his graduation, and would share
The office; but his wife had had a flair,—
Suppressed of course,—for following The Fleece
With dream-born Jasons; and it found release
Now, in the person of the son and heir.

So Colvin filed a solemn caveat
Against the scribbling and the wish to roam.
He wrestled daily on a mental mat,
And slew his peace of mind, and wrecked his home
With futile operations to combat
The cool insistence of the chromosome.

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GUNS FOR IRELAND

GEORGE WITTEN

WE WERE contraband, so didn't reply to the deep blasts of the liner's fog-horn. Instead I ordered the helmsman to throw the *Frieda* three points off her course, hoping the vessel ahead would clear us without even seeing us. After all she might be a destroyer, and not a liner. Her repeated threats of danger to all who lay in her path told me she was bearing down upon us.

I wasn't caring a damn about myself, though the British had put a price on my head, but Collins was in dire need of the guns we had on board. Precious machine-guns, rifles, pistols and ammunition that would help to free Ireland.

Thick clammy fog drifted in dense clouds over the Channel waters and added to the blackness of the night. Standing on the bridge of the *Frieda*, I had been straining my eyes to catch a glimpse of Eddystone Light; knew that we were thereabouts, but had nothing to tell us where the land lay. We had slipped out from behind Bolt Head, where we had been hiding, and I had ordered the man at the wheel to keep her nose pointed southwest, hoping to clear the Lizards, then make for the open sea. Our destination was the West Coast of Ireland—anywhere on the West Coast that we could effect a landing.

The liner ahead kept booming its threatening warning. Water trickled off my sou'wester and bleared my eyes, the fog was thick almost to the point of rain. The steward brought me a cup of hot tea with a shot of rum in it. I had been on the bridge for several hours and was chilled to the bone. Raising the cup to drink, I stopped, shoved the cup back into the hand of the steward and grabbed the megaphone.

"All hands on deck!" I yelled, and the crew scrambled out, as the black hulk of the liner pitched out of the fog not a hundred feet away.

The crash seemed certain. In the darkness it looked as though she would hit us amidships. Grabbing the wheel I threw the *Frieda* over to port and saw the liner turning also. The double movement threw us parallel and heading in opposite directions. Our sides scraped and I could hear the *Frieda's* plates being torn away as the liner ripped along. We keeled over until our starboard bulwarks sank below the water and part of the deck was awash. Thank all my lucky stars there was hardly any sea at all.

"Who are you?" yelled a voice from the liner's bridge.

"*Frieda*, merchantman out of Hull, bound for Cardiff!" I replied.

"Lay to!" he called, "and I'll take you into Plymouth!"

"Plymouth hell!" I said, and ordered full steam ahead.

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Twisting and careening like a Saturday night drunk, the *Frieda* plunged into the darkness ahead. Soon we were lost in the fog, but we could hear the liner's signals as she tried to pick us up. Rescue meant loss of the cargo, imprisonment for the crew and death for me.

For nearly an hour we plowed through the dark not knowing where we were going. Open water was what we wanted. But the constant tooting of fog-horns told we were still in crowded channels.

Two months before I had escaped from Londonderry Prison with a bullet through my thigh. Harassing Black and Tans, raiding arms'-stores and picking off a few policemen, were classed as murder by the British authorities. They tried me on twenty odd charges, found me guilty on all and sentenced me to death for each one.

Not wishing to die twenty or more times I had taken a saw, sent me in a loaf of bread by a lady friend, and cut my way out of the hospital ward of the prison. Mind you they were fattening me up so that I would be in good condition to die.

After my escape, Michael Collins calmly asked me to go back into the very place I had escaped from and bring out Frank Carty, who was also wounded and also under death sentence. Collins said this ought to be simple for me, having learned the ropes in my own escape.

It had always been the boast of the officials of Londonderry Prison that no prisoner had ever escaped from there. But I had made my escape without help. Hence this jolly little job which, of course, was all for the glory of Ireland.

My first move in releasing Carty was to learn the exact cell in which he was being held. This I did by sending girls, friends of the Republic, in to see him. I sent several at different times. I was afraid to trust to the ability of any one of them to determine just where he was located; also I wanted to establish communication with him so that he could cooperate with me when the time came.

In this job I nearly lost my life and the first attempt was a complete failure. Londonderry is a prison within a prison. It is built on sloping ground and its rear wall, which is on the downhill side, is over sixty feet high. Backing up against the outside of this wall is a row of houses in which people lived who were reputed to be hostile to the Republic cause. Some were and some weren't.

In one of these houses I made my headquarters, and from its roof, when everything was ready, I tackled the high wall. My plan was to scale the two walls that surrounded the part of the prison in which Carty was held; then climb to his window, cut away the bars, and help him descend the rope.

Owing to the fact that Londonderry held a number of political prisoners, and because I had broken their boasted record, extra guards armed with machine-guns and searchlights were at every corner of the jail and in the sentry-boxes on top of the walls. They were taking no chances of losing another prisoner.

With my face blackened and wearing black gloves, so as not to throw off any reflection of light, and wearing heavily padded clothes to avoid being cut by broken glass cemented on top of the walls, I took a long

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three quarter inch rope with a grappling-hook on the end, half a dozen steel saws, a brace of guns and a flashlight, and scaled the outer wall. This had to be done in clockwork time, for every few minutes a searchlight was played along the wall. Watching for the light to flash by I waited with the grappling-hook ready, crouching in the shadows—slowly the sweeping rays swung by. Then I threw up the hook, pulled till the rope hung taut and climbed up.

I got over the first wall without great difficulty, though my hands were bleeding from glass cuts and I had cut an ankle. Crouching against the inside of the wall, I waited to get my breath and to be sure that I had not aroused suspicion. Next I dodged around some outbuildings and up the slopes until I reached the inner wall. This was not such a tough proposition. It was only about twenty feet high and they seldom played the search-lights on it. I made the top of the wall all O. K. but, by ill luck, when I slid down the other side, I landed on top of a pile of garbage cans. There was a clatter and banging you could have heard a mile away. Immediately the whole prison force was racing all over the place. Search-lights and hand torches flashed in every direction.

There was no place to hide and to run would have meant certain capture. I did what I always do in a tight place, something bold and unexpected. Quickly doubling the rope up I shoved it into a garbage can. Then I whipped out my pocket torch and commenced flashing it around. It was so dark the black clothes attracted no attention, and no one suspected a man who stood out in the middle of a prison yard flashing a torch around him, of being up to mischief. I scurried in and out among the guards, turning my light here and there. There were some trucks lined up against a workshop. In the bottom of one, there was a tarpaulin. Watching my opportunity, I turned out my flash and slid under the canvas.

Lying there I could hear the guards talking. They had made a thorough search in the prison yard and a count of the prisoners inside. Their conclusion was that the cans had been badly stacked and had fallen down of their own accord, perhaps helped by the wind.

For a couple of hours I stayed under the canvas. When the prison had settled down I crept out and went back for the rope; then I went to the part of the prison in which I had learned Carty was held.

Looking up to the third tier of windows I saw a face pressed against the bars. Then I counted the windows. Yes, that was Carty's cell, the eighth from the end. Unwinding the ball of twine, I threw the weighted end to him. He caught it and commenced pulling it up without giving me a chance to tie the end of the rope to it. This I attributed to nervousness and over-anxiety to escape.

Finally I got him to pull the rope up, but he didn't seem to know what to do with it. I had made careful plans and sent him full instructions and it annoyed me to find that he wasn't coöperating. After many gymnastics and signaling with my arms, I made him understand that I wanted the rope tied to one of the bars so that I could climb up to him. All this was taking time and daylight would soon be breaking.

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His silence when I reached the window was the only part of my instructions that he carried out properly. I handed him a saw and we both set to work to cut away a couple of bars. Then I helped him out the window and down the rope. We had got over the inner wall without mishap, and I was congratulating myself that success was in sight. At the foot of the outer wall I whispered to him about the necessity of speed on account of the search-lights.

"All right," he said, in a voice that I knew was not Carty's.

"Who in the hell are you?" I asked.

"Joe Wright," he answered.

The curse of Cromwell! I felt like busting his head open. But then I realized that the mistake had been mine and not his. I could not blame him for taking an opportunity to escape from prison without asking questions. I afterward learned that he was a poor half-wit serving a short sentence for some petty offence, and would have been released in a couple of months' time. All I knew now was that he was an Irishman in jail, that it was breaking daylight and that there wasn't time to go back and find Carty.

"All right!" I said, as the light flashed by. "Get ready!" Then threw up the grappling-hook and scaled the wall.

Bracing my feet on broken glass, I took hold of the rope to pull him up, but the rope remained slack. Perhaps it was the height of the wall made him lose his nerve, for he stood there looking up.

"Grab hold!" I yelled, and saw the light sweeping toward us.

Then I felt his weight on the rope, and pulling frantically, got him to the top just as the search-light hit us.

"Jump!" I yelled, and measuring my distance, leaped on to the roof below and sprained my ankle.

"I—I can't!" he cried, and stood there in the full rays of the light.

There was a splutter of machine-gun fire as I hit the roof. I looked up and saw Wright topple over toward the inside of the wall. The next day the papers were full of his attempted escape and death. Poor fool, here was a case of a man losing his life through losing his nerve.

After this miserable failure I kept under cover for a couple of weeks. First to let things settle down and second to give my ankle a chance to heal. Fortunately the authorities had not connected Wright's death with an attempt to free Carty.

Through underground channels I found a jailer who could be bribed. For fifty pounds he agreed to take a saw and a ball of twine in to Carty and to give me the exact location of Carty's cell. But he stipulated that the escape must take place on his night off duty, so that there would be no suspicion against him. Needless to say he got his fifty pounds, and I got Carty out of jail with very little trouble on the second attempt.

It was these successes against the guards of Londonderry Prison, and the fact that I hold a shipmaster's papers that caused Michael Collins and the leaders of the Republic to select me to make the attempt to run the British blockade.

Michael Collins summoned me to Dublin. Dressed like a priest I got through the British lines and reported. Collins asked me if I could bring a ship-load of guns from Ger-

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many into Ireland. I said I could. Then armed with forged passports and letters to German sympathizers, I set out for Berlin.

I had no trouble in getting a ship-load of guns which I sent to Hamburg and placed in the hold of a sailing-sloop. Everything went fine until some over-officious customs' officers at Hamburg got inquisitive. They searched the vessel, found the guns and placed me and my crew under arrest. I took all responsibility and they let the crew go. I was tried, thought best to confess, and asked the mercy of the Court. This I got to full measure. The judge gave me a nominal fine, shook hands with me, wished me luck and told me to be more careful in my next venture. But my guns were confiscated so I had to go back to Berlin for another shipment.

Meanwhile the boys in Ireland were suffering for want of guns. I decided to get a steam-vessel and bought the *Frieda*. Now my crew was made up of Germans, Russian Reds and exiled Irishmen. I knew that I had enough of the last to keep the rest in order, and we were prepared to deal quickly and efficiently with any sign of rebellion. Every Irishman on board was a stanch patriot and ready to die if need be. In the hold of the vessel we had a quantity of dynamite, and this was connected with a storage battery and could be fired at any moment. Three Irishmen had taken the job and sworn to blow up the vessel if we were seriously threatened with capture.

Suddenly the fog, which had been the cause of our collision, lifted; and we found ourselves standing out in the rays of Eddystone Light. Off our starboard bow rolled a destroyer and immediately its search-light was on us. She was hauled to but we were cutting ahead at full speed. They signaled us to stop and, just before we dove into another fog-bank, they sent a shot in front of us.

All night I had been praying for the fog to clear. Now I prayed for it to hold and grow thicker. Around us the lyddite burst. They were searching in the fog-bank and probably hoping to scare us into surrender. The destroyer was giving long and short blasts of her siren and these were being answered by other destroyers and coast-guard cutters. We already had a hole in our side just above the water-line which didn't make any difference as long as we were in fairly smooth water, but the slightest rough sea would mean our shipping water into the hold.

The Eddystone had given me a bearing and I made for the open sea. If the ship went down we would take to the boats and make for the French coast. Soon I realized that the destroyers were gaining on us. There were several in the chase now and they were sending a regular barrage of fire into the friendly mist that surrounded us. Something had to be done and done quickly, if we hoped to save the cargo. Generally in a tight place the most daring thing to do is the best thing to do. To attempt to dodge them by steaming in a circle was too obvious; so I took a desperate chance and ordered the engines to slow, stop and then astern, hoping that in the darkness and fog the enemy would race past us.

The ruse worked, and the line of

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destroyers, belching flame and flashing search-lights, plunged past us and were lost in the fog. Veering her nose around we headed the *Frieda* toward the Lizards. Up to this time we had been traveling without lights of any kind. Now the fog was lifting rapidly so I decided we would raise less suspicion if we put on the regulation steaming lights.

Congratulating myself on our escape I went below to get a bite to eat and warm up. Hardly had I thrown off my oilskins when a man rushed in and announced two destroyers bearing down on us.

I hurried up on deck and saw that it was useless to run.

O'Sullivan, the second mate, was walking toward the switch that would blow us up.

"Let her go!" I yelled. "And heaven help Ireland!"

O'Sullivan looked at me and grinned. "Let's wait," he said, "till the British bastards lay alongside, then we'll blow 'em to hell with us!"

I looked at the lad at the wheel, a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, still in his teens. He had been chased out of Ireland a few weeks before because of his activities against the Black and Tans. Now he was smiling triumphantly.

"There's more o' them aboard the destroyer than there is of us. We'll score in the count-up. But I wish we had the guns through to Michael Collins." His last remark was wistful, yet untinged by fear. This lad gave me courage and I felt that, even if the little band of patriots aboard the *Frieda* perished, the freedom of Ireland was sure to come.

The nearest destroyer was signaling us to lay-to; so I ordered the engines stopped. For a few minutes we rolled listlessly in our own swell. They were terrible, nerve-racking minutes, and an eternity of thoughts rushed through my burning brain. Just before the destroyer lay alongside of us I heard swearing in one of the companionways; then there was a sound of scuffling and a stifled cry, followed by an ominous silence.

"Who are you?" demanded the commander of the destroyer, as she lay along our starboard side. Thank goodness she hadn't come up on our port and found the hole there.

"*Frieda*, merchantman out of Hull, bound for Cardiff," I replied, glancing toward O'Sullivan, who stood with his hand on the switch.

"When did you leave Hull?" the commander's voice was skeptical.

"Last Thursday morning. Will you come aboard, sir, and examine my papers?"

For a moment he hesitated. Then I played a bold stroke and ordered fenders lowered over the side and lines thrown to the destroyer fore and aft and a ladder lowered invitingly to its rail.

When we were lashed together, the commander stepped to the rail, put a hand and a foot on the ladder, then hesitated.

"What are you carrying?" he asked.

"General cargo," I answered.

He stepped back on to his own deck.

"Cast away," he ordered. "All right, *Frieda*, proceed to Cardiff." And the lines were flung back to us.

"Very good, sir," I raised my hand

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to a salute; then signaled the engine-room full speed ahead.

O'Sullivan was leaning against the rail wiping cold sweat from his forehead. The boy at the wheel was gazing into the binnacle with a fixed and strange stare. Somehow my legs seemed to wobble as I went below to the companionway where I had heard the scuffle.

Two men stood over a sailor lying on the deck with his head split open. One held a blood-smeared marlinespike in his hand.

"What happened here?" I asked, trying to steady my voice.

"The dirty whelp was yelling to surrender, sir!" The man with the marlinespike looked me straight in the eye.

"Is he dead?"

"Guess he is, sir!"

"Very good. After we pass the Lizards tie a weight to his feet and lower him over the side."

This fellow also had lost his nerve and thereby lost his life.

Ordering a snack to eat, with hot tea and rum for all hands, I called the crew together and thanked them for their loyalty and the fearless manner in which they had faced death. Then I went to my cabin and lay down for the first time in thirty hours.

It seemed as though I had hardly closed my eyes when I heard O'Malley, the chief officer, calling me.

"Anything wrong?" I asked, rubbing my eyes and looking about. Bright sunlight was coming through the porthole.

"Nothing, except the barometer is dropping and it looks like we're going to have bad weather. There's a choppy sea on and that hole in the side has been shipping water."

"Well, why bother me about it? Can't you plug that hole?"

"The hole's already plugged but it won't stand a rough sea. We'd better make for land as early as possible."

"Where are we?"

"We passed the Longships at about six bells (seven o'clock), and have been holding a westerly course ever since."

"Six bells! My word, what time is it now?"

"A little after ten."

"And I've been asleep nearly eight hours. Say, why didn't you wake me before?"

"Because we thought you needed rest."

We decided to take a chance of landing the guns on the South Coast of Ireland. It was certain that we were going to have a squall and at this time of year it was likely to hold for several days. If we attempted to make the West Coast we ran a big risk of foundering. Besides we were almost out of coal and completely out of food.

At about six o'clock the blow commenced. The *Frieda* was heavy laden, which made her ride the seas fairly steady. But this fact made the danger of her foundering all the greater. By nine o'clock her decks were awash most of the time. So far the framework, canvas and tar that plugged the hole in her side were still holding, but every time a big sea struck us it looked as though the patch would be torn away.

By midnight we were taking water into the hold and set the pumps working. There was no sleep for

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any one that night. And I don't think any one wanted to sleep. The *Frieda* was a brave little vessel; but many on board, myself included, doubted if daylight would find her floating. Reinforcing the crude patch we had made with the only material available, kept several busy. Our coal was so low we were barely able to keep up sufficient steam pressure to keep the *Frieda* moving. We were forced to abandon the steam-pumps, and the hand-pumps had to be manned. It was eight bells before the storm began to let down; then a steady rain set in, but the seas continued to roll over us for another hour.

It was yet two hours before day would break when we hove to off Mine Head. On the cliff stood the home of Fitzgerald, the man who had translated Omar Khayyam. I knew that this house was occupied by friends of the Republic. Signals had been arranged and all patriotic Irishmen had been warned to be on the lookout for us and aid us in landing.

My signal was to douse all lights, then show only a white one. I gave the signal; but the reply, a red light followed by a white, never came.

Slowly we steamed up and down the coast, repeating the signal every few minutes. This was the most heartbreaking experience I had in the many trials I suffered in attempting to give freedom to Ireland. For twenty-eight days we had battled against the storm and the enemy and had suffered hardship and fatigue such as are seldom known to men. All through we had been confident of friends waiting to aid us, and now, when we had accomplished what most people had said was impossible, we found ourselves forgotten, neglected. Never before in history had any one successfully run arms through the British blockade, and when I left Ireland to buy guns in Germany I left with the taunts of skeptics ringing in my ears.

Were we being maliciously left to our fate by those who had been loudest in their denunciation of the plan? This thought and a score of others, equally unworthy, ran through my bewildered brain. Desperately we signaled. Becoming reckless and angry at receiving no reply, I sent up signal after signal. I burned oil flares. I sent up rockets. It's a wonder the whole British Navy didn't find us.

We held a council as to the best plan to follow. Every one was in a rage over the neglect that we felt we were receiving. We decided to set a time-fuse to the dynamite in the hold, take to the life-boats, and blow the *Frieda* up. A nice thing to have to resort to after fighting four weeks to bring her safely to Ireland. Perhaps we would have carried out this plan had it not been for the fair-haired lad who had been with me on the bridge when the British destroyers overhauled us.

"Michael Collins and the boys are needing these guns," he said, wistfully looking at the Irish shore.

"Then, damn their eyes, why in hell don't they help us land 'em?" O'Sullivan was in an ugly mood.

"Perhaps it ain't their fault. They've maybe got troubles of their own. I'm game to try and land the guns without help." The boy spoke earnestly, but there was respect in his tone.

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"The lad's right, Captain," O'Malley turned to me. "We don't want to forget that there's a revolution on. I'm for landing and devil take the consequences!"

One boat had been lowered over the side. I ordered this hauled in again. Soon we were picking our way carefully into Waterford Harbor.

It was Sunday morning, November 11, and most of the British troops were thinking about celebrating armistice day. That was a huge joke. While they were parading and playing bands and making speeches about peace, the *Frieda* was lying snugly hidden behind an island up the river, loaded with machine-guns, rifles, pistols and a million rounds of ammunition. Darkness and rain and mist had helped us to get through the harbor unnoticed.

Daylight was just breaking when they rowed O'Sullivan and me to the mainland. While I went in search of men and trucks to take off the guns, O'Sullivan went to find food and water for the crew.

The morning air was chilly. I had had no breakfast and should have felt very miserable. But the thought of the *Frieda* lying there with her precious cargo kept my spirits up. In my priestly garb, which I found so useful during the revolution, I climbed muddy banks and walked five miles across fields to Waterford.

In the city I went to a parish house and interviewed the priest whom I thought would know the volunteer commandant of the city. Either he didn't know or wouldn't tell. After some talk he referred me to the mayor who was the Sinn Fein member of the Dail.

The mayor treated me royally and soon we had things moving. While I was eating a hearty breakfast, one of the best I have ever tasted, he got in touch with the commandant. Parades and celebrations never held much interest for me but I sure did rejoice over the celebrations of armistice day of that year. They gave us the chance we needed. Unnoticed we moved about all day making our arrangements. Several times I received messages from the *Frieda* that all was well. The mayor, in his enthusiasm, had wanted to send the crew a case of whisky; but I objected, saying that it would be unwise to commence celebrating until after the guns and ammunition were safely landed.

Though everything was working out so wonderfully and all that we could ask for was being done, it was a trying day. Any moment the *Frieda* might have been discovered.

Here I want to explain that the reason we did not find some one on the lookout for us was that we had been so long in making the journey they had given us up as lost, and had counted the venture a failure.

Finally darkness came and we could begin operations with a fair amount of impunity. Luckily the night was pitch-black and the rain was coming down in torrents. It was such a night as no one would venture out into unless compelled by urgent business, then would waste no time wandering about after that business had been completed.

Soaking wet, the rain beating in our faces, the mayor and I went to the vessel, and found some of my

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crew waiting on the bank with a boat for us. We went on board and got up steam, hove up the anchor and, without lights, moved the *Frieda* to a small jetty off Cheek Point, which was well named for such an enterprise.

Here we moored alongside and, with the help of several hundred Republic soldiers, unloaded the guns and put them into trucks. This work had to be done in the dark and by hand. We hadn't coal enough to keep up sufficient steam to run the derricks by engine-power, and if we had had the coal, the noise of the engines would have been too dangerous to risk.

Forming lines we passed the guns up and out singly. Finally, after hours of laborious work, our precious cargo was loaded into trucks. When I saw the last truck drive away a terrible reaction set in. Now that the thing was accomplished, and any immediate danger negligible, I felt a terrible let-down, and for a couple of hours my spirits were at a low ebb, though I kept trying to buoy them up by telling myself we had accomplished what was considered impossible.

At a hotel in Waterford a hasty banquet, but a mighty good one, had been arranged for the reception of me and my crew.

That reception, behind closed doors, was one of the best I have ever had, though we were compelled to be more or less quiet and cautious so as not to arouse the notice of the military authorities. But, had we been investigated, we had our plans all prepared to show that we were simply celebrating armistice day. What irony?

In a few days the boast was about that a shipment of guns had been run through the blockade and the authorities were searching for the ship. It was therefore necessary to get rid of the *Frieda* and to get the Germans and Russians out of the country.

There was panic in the Republic ranks at Waterford. Two British destroyers were entering the harbor, and it was thought they were coming up the river to where the *Frieda* lay. Discovery would have meant a lot of embarrassing questions to be answered. Various crazy schemes for disposing of the vessel were proposed. One was to blow her up, which would have brought on an investigation, for she would hardly have gone below her decks in the shallow water in which she lay. Another suggestion was to cut off her masts and take her under Barrow Bridge and up into the narrow part of the river.

I swept these foolish suggestions aside and ordered steam got up at once; then boldly sailed her down the river and past the destroyers who paid no attention to us. They had come in with prisoners on board and were not hunting for gun-runners. Later, after taking all German marks off her and renaming her, I sold the *Frieda* to a man in Cork at a hundred per cent profit.

After this I made two more successful trips with guns from Germany into Ireland, but failed on the fourth attempt and landed in prison, from which I again escaped. By this time a truce had been made and the Irish Free State came into being. After that England, Ireland and Germany were too hot for me, and I found refuge in the only free country in the world.

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IF I HAD ALL THAT MONEY

The Millionaire Pays Dearly for the Fun of Getting Rich

SILAS BENT

A PHILANTHROPIC New Yorker died not long ago with the problem of how to give away his millions, still unsolved. His failure was not due to lack of advice, for he had that quaint mental quirk which makes its victim appeal to the many for information which can be possessed only by the few. He invited the public into his confidence, and learned that a spinster wanted $4000 wherewith to marry, that certain patent medicine proprietors were yearning for a backer and that an undertaker needed a new hearse. A mob of solicitors blocked the traffic near his office. Of more than a hundred thousand letters, nearly all begged for personal assistance. A little girl, however, voiced counsel which took account of others than herself.

"If I had all that money," she wrote, "I would go quietly into the tenements and live there until I knew the worthy and needy, and I would help them. Especially the sick and old folks."

Most of us entertain some such touching and romantic notion about charity. We day-dream what we would do if we were very wealthy and get a thrill, perhaps, from the thought of going quietly, going secretly, to scatter largess. Pending the windfall which will make this possible, we drop a dime into the outstretched hat of the blind pencil-vender who may own a limousine or a country house. We do not investigate, as the little girl wisely suggested to the millionaire.

But not many millionaires are willing to go to such lengths as she proposed. An errand of mercy into the tenements is all very well, but to live there! This millionaire, however, prided himself on having given away several millions by direct action, so to speak. He boasted that all the work had been done in his own office, too, without special organization. He had distributed cash to certain employees, he had helped educate young men and women he thought deserving and there was a standing offer of $200 to any boy who, after signing a pledge of religion, patriotism and filial piety, would live up to it for three years. He vowed that his should be no institutional charity. Yet as he grew older, he was much troubled by misgivings, for he had made but a dent in his fortune and it is only through a trust or a foundation that the dead may scatter beneficences. When death overtook him, half his fortune had to go into an agency, none too cautiously devised.

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To this man institutionalized charity had somehow a denatured smell and it was repugnant. His impulse was to do the thing personally, for individuals. In many cases this is the philanthropic point of departure and the sooner it is departed from, the better. It is true that the foundation is a corporation and therefore soulless; its touch is clammy; it does the dirty work of charity, as an observer told me; the work that individuals will not do because it is prosaic or because it is not a going success to begin with. And it investigates endlessly.

Most of us lack the time, even if we were competent, to make suitable inquiries about the objects of our sympathy; and even when an inquiry is made for us, as in the case of some newspaper charity, there is a chance of doing more harm than good. It is the business of the city, county and state to take care of most of the individuals whose plight calls for direct relief. The beneficiary often comes to regard the donation as his right and bases indolence on that premise. The neediest cases are sometimes the consequences of misdirected zeal. Many years ago the Charity Commissioners of England reported that such gifts were likely "to create the misery they were intended to relieve, whilst they did not remove the misery they created." In a specific instance it was observed that they "created a population born to charity, nursed in charity, fed in charity its life long, doctored in charity and, after a wretched life, buried in charity."

In this country the notion that poverty was invariably of individual origin, went out with the frontier. In early days the misfortune of one man was the affliction of all, and the whole community rushed to his rescue. The property of pioneer friends was common, as were their lives, and the burning of a cabin was a signal for all the neighbors to lend a hand. Nowadays we don't know who our neighbors are, as a rule, and if we turn out for a fire, it is as a spectator. We have no personal information about the lame, the halt and the blind unless they put themselves in front of us, at the street corner or in a doorway.

In our cities, suffering is likely to come through no fault or defect of the sufferer, and may go unnoticed by the neighbors. A man's fate may be the consequence of factors over which he has no control and over which his neighbors, even when they learn of it, have no control. City dwellers cannot always say what drinking water they shall have, or whether their food shall be wholesome, or whether the houses they occupy shall be healthful. They cannot always choose work free of hazards or provide pleasant play places and desirable companions for their children. Poverty, sickness and inefficiency may arise from living conditions, from inescapable surroundings. To provide funds even for the neediest in such cases, is like giving dope for a headache: it affords temporary relief but goes nowhere toward a remedy.

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Once upon a time a farmer boy saw an immigrant woman begging food for herself and her little girl. Never did he forget the pity that stirred him at the sight. Later, the

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child was adopted by a neighboring family, and the boy, when he came to manhood, married her. He acquired vast stretches of land, mines, theaters, newspapers and chemical factories, and when he and his wife discussed what should be done with his immense fortune to help assuage the unhappiness of the world, they agreed that he should endow an orphanage, that no other little girl should have to trudge about that county, as she had, seeking for bread. Their dream is now being realized. On the eighth anniversary of the wife's death, millions were set aside in her memory, for a group of comfortable cottages on a beautiful tract of land—each of the houses is to have its guardian—where the children of the county, preferably the children of World War veterans, may find a home until they are sixteen years old.

This is rated the largest single gift for orphans that ever has been made. Yet unprovided orphans are becoming more and more difficult to find in these United States. A great many such asylums have closed their doors of late years. There is a slump in the orphanage business. Smaller families, the decrease in the death-rate from industrial accidents, and the war being waged against communicable diseases, account for this. How can orphaned children (to say nothing of the orphans of World War veterans) be recruited in a single county to fill these pretty new cottages? There are now in the country seven thousand child-caring societies and homes, public, religious and fraternal, on which several hundred millions of dollars are spent yearly. The State of New York has spent two hundred millions in this way, and spends five millions a year maintaining the institutions. In 1917, more than thirty-five thousand children were housed in them; in 1921, despite the increase in population, the number was smaller by five thousand, and in 1925, by still another thousand.

If this millionaire had studied these and other statistics, his munificence might have been deflected even though sentiment suffered. Or suppose he had glanced at the situation in Philadelphia, which has two orphanages by private endowment. One of them was founded by an executive of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who had observed in his young manhood that operating trains was an extra hazardous occupation. Sentiment moved him to build an asylum for children whose fathers had thus lost their lives, whether as members of train crews or as passengers, and that it might not go begging, he opened its doors to the whole country. He supposed that a great many fathers would continue to be killed in railroad accidents, but as a fact, more persons die at home nowadays than in travel, and his orphanage advertises in vain. Two years after it was founded, another was established in Philadelphia, and both of these have an aggregate endowment of eight million dollars, an annual income of $400,000. Together they are able to assemble only 114 children. In effect, there are provided for each of these youngsters, shelter and $3500 a year for other expenses.

Not only is the orphanage as a field of philanthropy overcrowded, it is under serious fire. There is grave doubt whether we should

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suffer little children to come unto them. Experts agree that the environment, even under the modern plan of small detached houses, hampers normal development, destroys initiative and warps the child's nature. Nor is it a certainty that the money is economically spent; it is asserted that, when the mother is living, less money is required if she cares for the child; this is better in most cases for the youngster; whereas, when both parents are dead, the best plan is to arrange for adoption with a good family, which was just what happened to the wife of the farmer-boy millionaire. Apparently he, too, found it less difficult to get money than to give it away wisely. In his charity he became what he never was in business—a reckless spendthrift. He was moved by sentiment to squander a good part of his money, and no one can say with assurance that any of it will be used to the best advantage.

There is a large library on the futilities of past philanthropies. England has erected many stop signals along the way. A woman of Bournemouth, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, endowed a church to promote "sound evangelical doctrine." According to the dear soul, it was not sound if there were any chanting of Psalms, if any organ recital was held in the church, or if the minister failed to wear a black gown in the pulpit. With the first and second of these provisions there has been studious compliance; but not long after the Bournemouth benefactor died, the black ministerial robe became passé in England; indeed, such vestments came to be contrary to the practice of the church, and no incumbent of the favored pulpit was able to meet unqualifiedly the conditions of the will. The courts of England and of this country have a strong prejudice against altering wills drawn for philanthropic purposes, and so the principal and interest of that particular bequest piled up for a generation—with no legal way to spend them—until the court finally struck out the black gown clause.

The courts of England have had to deal with much litigation growing out of bequests made by opinionated or short-sighted philanthropists. Thus money intended for the well-being of posterity has gone into legal channels. The same thing is true in this country. In the original charter of Brown University, for example, provision was made that, although it is a Baptist institution, its governing board should include Congregationalists, Episcopalians and five Quakers. This was evidence of genuine religious tolerance, for in that day four Quakers who were caught in Massachusetts, were hanged. The law, to be sure, was not so bigoted; it provided only that a Quaker caught the first time should be penalized by the removal of one ear; the second time, by the removal of the other ear and the third time, by boring a hole through his tongue with a red hot poker. Among the churchly amenities of the time, the charter of Brown stood like a beacon of liberalism. But later, members of the Society of Friends became scarce in the New England Commonwealth and finally a distinguished committee, headed by Charles Evans Hughes, was appointed to find whether

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the provision could be amended. For two years the committee labored over the problem. It favored revision, on the ground that the five places could not be filled without including persons who knew nothing of Brown and Brown traditions; yet it could not be done legally without getting the consent of donors to the university, now dead some two centuries.

Then there was the Reverend Eleazar Wheelock, who included in his good works a charity school for Indians, which he established in the middle of the eighteenth century. Among the contributions was one from the Earl of Dartmouth in England, and in his honor the school was named Dartmouth College. George III granted a charter under the seal of the Province of New Hampshire, and when the Reverend Eleazar died, his son John, a Yale graduate, succeeded him as president. Now, while away at school, John had imbibed certain Presbyterian doctrine, and the trustees of Dartmouth, although it was undenominational, were Congregationalists. The trustees deposed John, and the fight first got into politics, then into the courts. The litigation involved a new charter, which would have altered the trustee personnel and made the college a university. In the original trial court and in the New Hampshire Supreme Court, the charter was upheld; but the United States Supreme Court, with two judges dissenting after prolonged deliberation, decided that a perpetual contractual relation established between the school and the early donors, would be violated by a new charter. Unwittingly these original contributors to the fund had tied a string to the future of the institution.

Andrew Carnegie had it always in mind to "find the efficient man and enable him to do his work"; and the Carnegie Foundation provides certain funds for expenditure within the discretion of the National Research Council. But one of its happiest ventures came about in another way. It provided $15,500 to make possible the completion of certain studies in diabetes, and the outcome was the isolation of a secretion of the pancreas now known as insulin. Such lucky shots are rare.

America's most famous thrifter did a long-range calculation when he set aside money for the benefit of future generations. He provided two thousand pounds, to be split between Boston and Philadelphia, as a trust for the benefit of young married artisans who were apprenticed. Not more than sixty pounds was to be lent to any one of them, at interest, and with suitable security. But the system of indenturing artisans soon passed, and even if it had not, the time soon came when sixty pounds would not go far in business. Benjamin Franklin estimated that at the end of a century of lending thus to deserving workmen, each city would have on hand more than one hundred and thirty thousand pounds, and he provided what was to be done with this vast accumulation. Boston was to put part of it into public works, "such as fortifications, bridges, acqueducts, public buildings, baths, pavements," and so on; and Philadelphia, at the end of the century,—as wells were

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likely by then to begin running dry—was "to bring the waters of Wissahickon Creek into town so as to supply the inhabitants."

Philadelphia quit using well-water long before Ben Franklin thought the wells would run dry, and took no advantage of his suggestion about Wissahickon Creek. Moreover, the calculations as to the growth of the fund went awry. In Boston it proved in 1924, to be less than a third of what Franklin had expected, and in Philadelphia at the end of a century, it was less than a sixth of his rosy calculation. If the sagacious philosopher thought he was setting a shining example of thrift for the unborn, he erred. He might better have put his money into real estate. A contemporary philanthropist who did that, however, erred in underestimating, instead of overstating, a century's increment. The trustees of this fund have on their hands something very like a white elephant.

The philanthropist here was Robert Richard Randall, son of a reputed pirate, who left a comfortable fortune amassed, so it was supposed, beneath the black flag. In making his will the son sought the advice of Alexander Hamilton. After some minor bequests, the remainder of the $25,000 estate, of which only $7000 were in cash and securities, was set aside to found a refuge for sailors in their old age. The nest-egg is worth now something like fifty millions. The bulk of the estate was a farm a mile outside of what was then New York; a good farm, containing an excellent orchard and market garden, which is now the area between Fourth and Fifth Avenues, Tenth Street and Waverly Place in Manhattan. The income from this property runs far past a million dollars a year.

Sailors of the kind old Randall meant to help, are now obsolescent. The lives of seamen have altered almost as much as the means of marine locomotion. Sailors Snug Harbor on Staten Island (for legal permission was obtained to move the retreat from the high-priced realty intended for it) is now as much in need of beneficiaries as a Philadelphia orphanage. Fresh water "sailors" from the Great Lakes—shades of Captains Kidd and Randall!—are now admitted, and even so the beneficiaries number but one hundred. They live amid all the comforts of a rich man's club, and still it is impossible to spend all the income on them.

In St. Louis there is an instance, even better known, of the effect changing conditions have on the terms of a trust. A former mayor who had seen many pioneers stranded on the way to conquer the West, left a third of his fortune to aid "worthy and distressed travelers" and immigrants. When he died midway of the last century, St. Louis was the railhead, but the roads soon pushed farther west, and in time stranded pioneers became rare. Claimants for benefits under the Mullanphy Fund gradually disappeared. The bequest now amounts to more than a million dollars, but the greater part of the income goes for administration and court costs, for the trustees must go into court to dispose of any real estate and they have tried in vain by legal processes to unloose the fetters forged by Mr. Mullanphy seventy-five years ago. Between 1860 and

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the end of the century, less than one fourth of the outgo was for "worthy and distressed travelers"; in 1923 the same ratio was maintained; $14,000 went for a Travelers' Aid Bureau.

The goblins of litigation will get any philanthropist who doesn't watch out. A Rhode Island woman left a fund for the use of a deaf mutes' church in New York. Even before her death this was consolidated with another church, and took its name, but continued the good work for deaf mutes. The specific church in the will having ceased to exist under that name, however, and there being no conclusive proof that the woman wished to help the afflicted rather than the church, the legacy could not be fulfilled. A man in Georgia who left money for a poorhouse, was hardly in better luck. Before his bequest became operative the community had built a poorhouse for itself, and his money couldn't be used to extend or improve it. The will had to be executed as written, although a poorhouse is needed hardly anywhere in the United States. A national survey has shown that there are now one hundred and twenty-seven almshouses, with nearly twenty thousand acres of land, which have not one pensioner.

Not all this land lies fallow. When it is the property of the community, it may be put to other uses. But when it has been left under a trust for specific purposes, it calls to mind Thomas Jefferson's observation: "There are those who suppose that preceding generations held the earth more freely than we do; had a right to impose laws on us unalterable by ourselves; and that we, in like manner, can make laws and impose burdens on future generations, which they will have no right to alter; in fine, that the earth belongs to the dead and not to the living."

From these examples it ought to be apparent that to give away money is no easy matter. There is the danger of pauperizing or enervating or otherwise injuring the very persons intended to be helped; there is the danger that the provisions may become obsolete or unworkable, and also the danger of prolonged litigation. And yet these cases represent, some of them, the best brains of their day. Modern American philanthropic foundations, profiting by such examples, are characterized by the latitude they give the management or the directors, and by the tendency toward community betterment instead of individual relief. The foundations aggregate a billion dollars, but they have not halted the stream of current giving.

Margaret Olivia Sage transferred to the Russell Sage Foundation, ten million dollars, the income of which was to be "applied to the improvement of social and living conditions in the United States." She left to the directors to determine how this improvement might best be effected. The Foundation now confines itself largely to the assistance and direction of others in philanthropic endeavors. The Carnegie Corporation, the Rockefeller and many other large foundations, are mobile within their fields. To-day, for instance, few libraries are being built with the Carnegie millions; the allocation has shifted to library service. It is no secret that the Rockefellers sat at the feet of Mr. Carnegie to take

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lessons from the ironmaster in the art of giving. At best it is an art; whether it can become a science is in doubt.

Many American philanthropies are restricted to activities within the United States—as is the Russell Sage Foundation. In such cases charity not only begins at home but ends there. To outsiders it must seem that vast fortunes are being spent on that part of the world where the people least need help, and that the good New Testament doctrine of the Golden Rule might well prevail more widely. The Rockefeller work in the study and prevention of disease is world wide, the Near East Relief is functioning as an international organization, and we give largely to foreign missions; but it is still true that the country best supplied with material possessions, is the country best supplied with agencies to help the poor and unfortunate.

Benefactions of international scope afford one way out for the poor little rich man, and adventures in adult-education open another field. But these are subject, obviously, to those limitations of human vision and human wisdom which are apparent from the bequests I have cited. Their main advantage is that they provide fields not yet overworked; in another quarter of a century they may be crowded. How is the philanthropist to put bumpers fore and aft of his benefactions, when he endows them with immortality and turns them loose upon the world? Frederick Harris Goff, a Cleveland lawyer and trust company official, familiar with this predicament, developed a plan some thirteen years ago to meet it. He was the mainspring in the organization of the Cleveland Foundation, first of the community trusts. Under this scheme one or more trust companies in a city or town agreed to accept bequests for civic, educational or charitable purposes, and to invest the funds prudently; and a group of citizens representing the public as well as financial institutions, supervises the distribution of the income according to the terms of the bequests or, if no terms be imposed, according to its judgment of the community's needs. The scheme sprang into wide popularity and apparently was the inspiration of fourteen millionaires who formed a $100,000,000 combine not long since in San Francisco, for the public welfare. We now have community chests everywhere, not all of them as cordially supported as they might be.

The New York Community Trust has taken a step ahead of the other like organizations. It engineered a working arrangement between groups of financial institutions and insurance companies, working with a committee representing the public. Under this plan a man may insure his life for the benefit of posterity. The main purpose was explained by Ralph Hayes, director of the Community Trust, as being the desire to utilize the service of the life insurance companies in creating funds, the services of the banks and trust companies in safeguarding them, and the services of the Community Trust in distributing the income effectively; "in an effort," says Mr. Hayes, "to make philanthropy more nearly fool-proof."

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Giving away money involves a departure from beaten paths, and any movement out of the usual has its perils. Even the biggest modern foundations, based on expert advice and wide experience, cannot be hailed as assured successes. Frederick P. Keppel, President of the Carnegie Corporation, has described in reports and in public addresses the dangers which beset such agencies. They are, he says, "still in the experimental stage."

One of the dangers is that too much of our national wealth may be tied up in corporations free from public control; and another, as Mr. Keppel puts it, is "that the income derived from funds of this size may be so directed as to create a nation-wide limitation upon the freedom of human thought and human action." The Russell Sage and Rockefeller Foundations, the General Education Board, the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial, the Milbank and Commonwealth funds, are not necessarily perpetual. The trustees may distribute the principal as well as the interest. And the foundations, Mr. Keppel finds, are coming into "a progressively clearer understanding as to the distinction between the advancement of knowledge and the direction of opinion." The discovery and distribution of facts on which people can form their own opinions he regards as "a field sufficiently wide and sufficiently vital to the welfare of humanity."

Religious and benevolent organizations, educational institutions, foundations, community chests and public trusts represent a total wealth in the United States of about fifteen billion dollars. The Federal Trade Commission, in a recent report, estimated this sum in 1922 at fourteen and a half billions, divided roughly as follows: educational institutions, 7.6 billions; religious organizations, 3.3 billions; benevolent institutions, 2.4 billions; foundations, community trusts and public trusts (such as Franklin's bequests) 1.2 billions.

Nearly one dollar in every twenty of the country's total wealth in 1922 was thus dedicated to the public welfare in some way; and it is estimated that we are giving currently at the rate of a billion a year. It is our biggest industry, but by no means our most efficient. Carnegie's belief that it is a disgrace to die rich, gains ground, and is supplemented by a deepening reluctance to burden children with unwieldy unearned fortunes, thus subjecting them to fortune-hunters and robbing them of initiative. The heir-at-law suffers some of the hazards of the beneficiary by charity. Neither has anywhere in particular to go. Harassments multiply for the man with mounting millions. Whether a past-master of merchandising, a financial wizard or a captain of industry, he finds that the perseverance, thrift, aggressiveness, luck, or whatever it was that enabled him to build his fortune, abandons him when he comes to dispose of it. He is left between the devil of entail and the deep blue sea of a foundation. Whichever way he takes out of the dilemma must bring grave dubieties as he enters on his lonely journey. Thus at the end he pays for the fun of getting rich.

Perhaps he wishes he didn't have all that money.

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Oily Words

They are Both True and False in a Single Breath

Frederick Adams Woods

When Colonel Roosevelt said, at the time of the Lusitania disaster, that President Wilson should show the attitude of America by "deeds" and not by "weasel words," he touched upon a department of rhetoric to which little or no attention has been given either by students of the subject or by the general public.

What are "weasel words"? Roosevelt himself, like all successful orators, knew well enough what they were, and it will pay the rest of us to know more about them.

We live to-day, as men never lived before, in an age of words, of propaganda, of advertising and of radio oratory. Our opinions and actions are largely determined by the *words* we read or by the *words* uttered by public men. It would seem, therefore, that scarcely anything could be of greater importance than that we should know the exact meanings of the words which our leaders use. Yet the subtle implications, good or bad, conveyed by many of our commonest words through the power of associated ideas, have escaped attention. These words imply a little more than they actually state; they are both true and false in a single breath.

For example, at the beginning of the Boer War, London correspondents described the Boers as "sneaking" and "skulking" behind trees and rocks. As soon, however, as the British troops had learned this new and surprising method of warfare, they were described as "cleverly taking advantage of cover." The same facts but what a different picture!

At no time is the employment of these tricky words more prevalent than during periods of national warfare when it is almost compulsory to use them as a matter of patriotism. It will not do to speak well of the army of our enemy. We cannot say that it was "brave," "courageous" or "determined." Other words must be used in describing these almost universal human attributes. The enemy must show "stubbornness," "dogged persistence," "fanaticism," "obstinacy" or "foolhardy recklessness."

We do not say that our own troops "retreated," or at least we do not need to say so. The usual way of expressing this unpleasant fact is to say with equal truth that our troops, "withdrew to new and stronger positions."

It would seem that words of this class are better described by calling them "oily words" than "weasel words." The latter phrase suggests sneaky little words and is not suit-

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able for all of them. Some of these words such as "freedom," "liberty," "union," "independence," and so forth are used to stimulate heroic action but all are oily. They are difficult to handle. They slip through the fingers like the long thin fish of three letters of a cross-word puzzle.

You cannot drive a nail into a drop of oil, neither can you "nail" an oily word, but if you know them you can "spot" them. Their characteristics are fairly definite and their number is limited. There are not so very many of them in the English language—perhaps two or three hundred all told. I have been collecting and classifying them as an occasional recreation for some time and my collection must now be fairly complete because it appears to be difficult to add to it.

In political as well as in national warfare, we find a great many of these words employed. We say our candidate is a "statesman" and has "vision" and "ideas." How do we express these facts about the opposing candidate? We say he is a "politician," a "visionary," and that he has "theories."

One of the most effective words for concealing thought and one that has been much employed of late, both in England and America, is the word "entanglements." We are "warned" against "foreign entanglements." To be enmeshed or entangled in an endless net is not a pleasant dream. What a nightmare to be caught in the fallen limbs and branches of a bottomless bog!

Most of these words and phrases while not at all unanswerable at length, *are* unanswerable in *kind*, that is, there is no quick and neat reply. For this reason the replier or would-be replier bereft of a suitable repartee is at a great disadvantage and feels humiliated, which is precisely what the clever user of the oil desires, since he is not employing his art with the idea of arriving at the truth. The reply can usually be made only by means of a lengthy discussion and analysis, and being somewhat laborious, appeals more to the reason than to the emotions. Particularly in political oratory and in political journalism is the asserter of the oily-isms at a tremendous advantage.

Good lawyers are necessarily trained in the use of oily words. Years of practice make their use a matter of second nature. The so-called brilliant fencing of two trial lawyers is often little more than a contest in the use of oily phrases and words. A short time ago, as an example, in a report of a celebrated divorce case, the lawyer for the female half of the trouble said, regarding the male half, that he hoped and expected the gentleman would do the "manly" thing. What a meaningless statement yet how difficult to meet, and how irritating to any man in such a position is the use of this word "manly"! "Out in the great open spaces where men are men"—literally true, and also literally true in the insane asylum where "men are men" still though somewhat unusual and diseased—unfortunate variations from the typical or average. In the same way the expression "red blood" is often used. "If you have one drop of red blood in your veins" you will do so and so. This is meant to indicate heroic energy and courage. A man is

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highly complimented if you say he goes to a prize-fight and pays forty dollars for a ticket because he has "red blood" in his veins. Yet cows have red blood. He would hardly feel complimented if told that he had as much red blood as a cow!

The other way of saying why the man attends the prize-fight is "because he is one of the herd" a very "ordinary" human being. No one wishes to be called "ordinary," "undistinguished," "mediocre," "vulgar" or "common"—exact words but not pleasant. Therefore other words are used which have precisely the same meaning but at present have a very different sound. He is a "very human person." He is a "regular feller." He is a "real man." How long these words will retain their fine connotations it is difficult to say, since such words as plebeian, vulgar and mean were used centuries ago without implication, merely to express facts. Once the word "villain" meant villager and had no derogatory indication. Now if we wish to flatter the "masses" we call them either "taxpayers" or "citizens." After the lynching of a negro in the South, the white man's newspaper always says, "the *citizens* then returned to their *homes*." Home loving qualities are very fine. That is the reason why the great advertising bill-boards announcing the sale of $5950 to $7995 houses built at wholesale under boom methods never use the word "house." "Homes for Sale." "Secure a Home." "A lot is a home and a home is a lot." We doubt if a man would feel at home bringing up a family on a vacant lot! Indeed we had been brought up to think a home was more than a house.

In speaking favorably of the Democratic platform or the Republican platform, of the Liberal party or of the Conservative, in England, or of any party in any country, no harm can come from introducing the phrase "broad principles." Thus we have "broad principles of the Republican party," "broad principles of the Democratic party" and so on. "Broad" is constantly used as though it were necessarily desirable to be broad, as for instance, "broad church," "broad-minded," "broad education." It may be better to be narrow and deep than broad and superficial, but the word belongs to the class that is accepted as certainly good. A narrow physician, who is a specialist, may be far better than a broad physician, one who knows a little of everything. It would be strictly true but manifestly unfair to call our highly paid, eminent medical specialist a "narrow man." By this use of the word "broad" an attempt is sometimes made to justify even sex immorality by calling it a "broad-minded" attitude.

Put in the word "modern" and that will also help. "Modern" inventions are often good, but farmers, if they do not like them, are apt to call such objects "new fangled." Call anything a "novelty" or "the latest" and you make it sound all right, but by all means employ the word "modern" if you wish to justify the newest fad or foolishness. Thus, since "modern" medicine, "modern" surgery and "modern" plumbing are of course desirable, "modern" music and "modern" art are, by implication, also of the brand of the things that have come to stay. We see the statement in print that Mrs. So-and-

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So is a "thoroughly modern woman." It seems to override any argument as to whether "modernism" is good or bad.

Space will permit the giving of only a few examples of these words that we all need to use and know about. Let us take a few samples at random beginning with the letters A and B. All oily words can be divided readily into two classes—good oil and bad oil. They either serve to make something look better than it really is or else to make it look worse.

"Anger." This usually has an uncomplimentary sound (bad oil). "So-and-So showed his anger." If we wish to make it even worse we may use "peeved"; "The kaiser is peeved because of the reported marriage of his son's widow to a commoner." "Annoyed," "pained," "disgusted" are the opposites. Both President Wilson and King George during the late war were often "pained." The kaiser however is never "pained" —not in English. He is "peeved," "angry," "wrathy," "sore."

Some oily words are subtle, others crude. "Busybody" is an oily word of the cruder sort. It is literally true; the person referred to is a "body" and doubtless is "busy." Why should this word create such an undignified picture of hen-with-its-head-off activity? The answer is not obvious. One never hears Thomas A. Edison, Sir Ernest Rutherford or Helen Keller called "busybodies," busy as they are.

We come upon the phrase "bygone days" which has a very nice sound (good oil) suggesting travelers in capes and tricornered hats and coaches drawn up at an English Inn with plenty of Christmas cheer. In reality the coaches were uncomfortable, cold and tiresome for long journeys, and lucky the tourist who did not get stuck in the mud. But as we easily remember pleasures and just as readily forget pains, so we use the phrase "bygone days" and "good old days" to register this psychological truth. In other words, things that we do not like should be called "out of date" or "antiquated" (bad oil) which is entirely different from being "antique," for we all know that antiques sell at fabulous prices.

We often hear of the "backward races." This expression is used chiefly by people who are known to their opponents as "sentimentalists." They consider themselves "free from race prejudices." They certainly are not cast in the mold of the "conquering imperialist."

Hard-headed scientists have a habit of calling non-scientific reformers "well-meaning sentimentalists." Here is a phrase very frequently used, impossible to disprove and about as unfair as a Dreyfus' trial. People are constantly calling other people "well-meaning" as though that were disgrace enough, but what the disgrace is in "meaning well" is not so clear at first sight. The implication of course is "he means well but—" and the "but" is always expected. Perhaps it comes from the mistaken idea that good people are not very clever.

An advertisement assures us "there is nothing else like it in the world"—we should become the "possessor" or "owner" of one of these touring-cars, or sets of books on sex-hygiene for "there is nothing else like it in the

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world"—believable enough since no two leaves on the same tree are just alike. And do not overlook the added lure conveyed by the words "possessor" or "owner." "Proud possessor" is not stated but "proud possessor" is implied by our artful and highly paid writer of the "ad that pays to write."

"Opportunity" is also a good word—and good oil. "Opportunity to become the possessor of this set of books," "opportunity to secure" a copy of some absolutely unlimited edition, "business opportunities," "opportunities to invest surplus capital"—for this word seems in fancy to open up vistas fair and fine and we all know that "opportunity knocks but once."

"Opportunity" is somewhat like "distinguished" and the consideration of both gives us an "opportunity" to discuss what may be called, border-line words, transitional between true oily words and absolutely unequivocal statements. It would be true enough in one sense to speak of any Tom, Dick or Harry as "distinguished" since every one is "distinguished" in form and feature from every one else. Yet custom has made this word so much employed in a complimentary manner that no one would think of describing an imbecile paralytic as a "distinguished man." The word has almost, though not quite, lost the oily properties retained in the phrase "distinguished-looking," a way of complimenting the middle-aged and plain on their personal appearance. "What a distinguished-looking man!" "The bride's mother is a distinguished-looking woman." And sometimes the reporters are forced to refer even to the bride as "distinguished-looking!"

"Unusual" has much the same value, implying something favorable though stating nothing good, and can be used in advertisements, "an unusual book." "An unusual child" can be said out loud within the hearing of its mother. Its opposite is "queer" which can be used with safety only behind the mother's back.

"Exceptional" is even more remarkable in its usefulness than "unusual." The reader might not suppose that defective and delinquent youths could be officially called "exceptional" but they can. Books have now been written on the "exceptional child" and some private schools use this word in advertising. The probable result will be that in a few years its associations will no longer be favorable and the word will be abandoned for a new one.

"Selected" and "memorable" are two more good words of a vague and meaningless sort that can be used to add value and are especially useful to the conscientiously inclined. Thus "the occasion will be a memorable one" is a good phrase for the honest but courteous chairman. We read of "carefully selected eggs." No matter how pungent the product, we cannot prosecute. They did not say whether they had carefully selected the best or carefully selected the worst.

We shall now take up a type of word and phrase so subtle and polite that the generic name diplomatic, may be given it, though naturally the whole class merges into commercial use: "We have gone into the

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matter very carefully," "Let us call a conference and have the freest interchange of views," "To be perfectly frank," and "To face the issue squarely, let us state in clearest terms there will be no backing down," "The sharp note from our opponent, a nation with which we stand on most friendly terms, makes it necessary to place the blame justly, and in words with no uncertain meaning."

"Gone into the matter very carefully," is much used at present as the opening lines in letters we receive but never in those that are about to bring us good news—to grant us what we want or to appoint us to posts of honor. "Gone into the matter very carefully" is usually followed by "but we do not see our way clear." Usually there has been a "conference," which word creates an impression of ceremony and importance. Indeed our man of business whom we call to see at any hour of the morning—a junior partner or bank vice-president—is no longer "busy just now." The office stenographer is trained to say, "He is in conference just now." The late Woodrow Wilson, whatever we think of his interesting personality, certainly had a very appreciable effect on our language, at least in the United States. This "conference" appears to have been made popular by him. Many of the other subtle phrases here used such as "free interchange of views" and "face the issue squarely" seem to have grown out of his diplomatic correspondence or other writings.

To "desert" or "abandon" a child or friend or unfortunate individual is obviously wrong—even inhuman. For this reason the words "desert," "desertion," "abandon" and "abandonment" are among the most frequently used of all slippery words. The husband may think he is "getting rid" of an impossible wife who may be equally anxious to "get rid" of an impossible husband. Both may wish their independence but the courts call it and the press prints it "desertion" which gives it an ugly sound. Strictly speaking, there may be no desertion at all since the word itself implies guilt or fault. Thus, "Taft *deserted* Roosevelt," "Roosevelt *deserted* Taft" or "Roosevelt *deserted* the Republican party" are all oily statements.

In connection with the word "desert" an eminent and highly-paid divorce lawyer recently combined the idea of the plaintive call of the female for its mate: "He deserted her when she called him." "She was in Canada and he refused to come when she called him." The answer would be, "Was he at her 'beck and call'?" No one wishes to be at the "beck and call" of another person. A fireman may be "always on duty," "one of the bravest." A policeman may be "ever ready to respond to a call," "one of the finest." A volunteer gentleman may be "ready to spring to arms" at any time he is needed. A physician may be "always ready to hurry to an emergency case." All these are at the "beck and call" of some one person but it would not be considered polite to say so.

One of the best and most time-honored of trick phrases used for centuries by all historians whose *raison d'être* never was the search for truth, and by some others at times, but always for a purpose, is the

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expression "thrown into prison." Mary Queen of Scots was "thrown" into prison. Elizabeth as a girl was "thrown" into prison. Even criminals in their autobiographies have the nerve to say that they were "thrown" into prison. They all seem to be hurled against the wall and into the farthermost corners of their cells by rude jail-keepers. It is such treatment as the uncomplaining hero unjustly accused of crime receives in the movies.

Two of the funniest of overworked words are "democratic" and "exclusive." All prominent individuals nowadays from the Prince of Wales to Mussolini, perhaps even the pope, must be described in the newspapers as "very democratic," yet no one speaks of a "democratic hotel." Hotels must always be called "exclusive" by newspaper writers. Indeed I have even seen the expression "exclusive road-house" and wondered just what persons these places exclude! Perhaps it means that they exclude those who are too intoxicated to walk in. Perhaps it means those who do not have the price.

Although individually we should not be "exclusive" nor have "race prejudices," collectively we should be as exclusive as possible and try to live in an "exclusive neighborhood." Also our nation must be exclusive and must not be the "dumping-ground" for "foreign riff-raff" or foreign merchandise. These words "dumping" and "dumping-ground" are excellent examples of metaphorical value. It may be very much to the advantage of these United States (at least to the majority of its citizens) to allow certain articles from France, Germany and other European countries to have a completely unrestricted entrance. It may or may not be—that is a subject for debate—but there certainly can be no doubt that it is going rather strong always to speak of such importation as "dumping." Yet "dumping" it is, every single time. A prize will be offered any one who can find importation ever referred to as anything but "dumping." Even if it be Swiss watches and Venetian glass, it is "dumped" just the same. Of course "dumping" suggests refuse and also suggests a large quantity. Usually the coal-dealer delivers at least a whole car-load of coal at a time and we know that while doing so he makes much unpleasant noise; but really if he only delivers a little coal he is "dumping" just the same. However, this expression bids fair to live on like its ancient playmate "thrown into prison."

The hand is the weapon of the orator. With it he waves aside fear, beckons his fellows, points out human failings, pins down his periods or indicates the way to the realms above. With clenched fists he threatens his enemies or with raised arms implores divine assistance. Therefore the hand, the articulations and its gestures can through allusions, yield metaphysical aid in written speech. No one wishes to "knuckle" to any one else. "The secretary of state knuckled to the president" does not sound well, but it may be that the secretary of state was properly performing his duties under the guiding hand of Lincoln. It is bad manners to point but quite correct to indicate. We must not put

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our fingers into the international pie, though we may "take a hand" in world affairs, or "lend a hand" in the League of Nations. The "maw" is a thing we must not get into and we must not hand out money into the "maw" of a political party. "Maw" is something like "pockets." The money goes into the "pockets of politicians" and comes out of the "pockets of the people."

The "fist" has somewhat the same moral value as the "maw." A good man may have something in his hands (or on his hands) but if we say he has it in his fist (equally true) it does not give us the same picture. The wicked uncle always has in his fist the stolen will. Hands may be used effectively in the phrase, "I wash my hands of the whole affair," suggesting dirt, but not stating it.

Thus the movements of the hands: to put, to place, to push, to force, can be craftily used in the craftsmanship of style and as the hand is quicker than the eye (as every prestidigitator knows), so this effect on the reader is produced in something the same manner and before he knows it the picture has been formed and the trick has passed by undiscovered. It is easy to say that a bill was "forced" through Congress and very difficult to prove that it was not "forced" through Congress. Certainly there was force of some kind. Movements cannot take place without propulsion. "The bill was passed by an overwhelming majority of the chosen representatives of the people—"equally true and equally difficult to disprove.

In closing this brief article which only "scratches the surface" (oily phrase that suggests much treasure deeper down), I shall quote one example already a classic.

Gladstone, long known as the "Grand Old Man," a phrase which sounded well and was literally true, but did not necessarily mean much since it is no great distinction to be old and since he was grand perhaps chiefly in size and in memory faculty and stubbornness of one-sided purpose, was like all political orators—a master of the oily word. Gladstone's lack of pure intellectual grasp was clearly shown in his incapacity to understand and accept the inevitable advance of science, particularly the doctrine of organic evolution. Yet he was grand in many ways and devoted to what he considered his duty. His moral purpose was always emphasized, but by a slight shifting of words it was possible for his arch opponent Disraeli to smear out the picture. Some one on the Liberal side had risen in Parliament to ask if there was a question in any one's mind concerning the conscience of Mr. Gladstone. Disraeli replied, "There can be no question about the weight of Mr. Gladstone's conscience, but too often his conscience is not his guide but his accomplice."

Only a small percentage of all the oily words contained in the English language has been given here. A complete collection would make a small book which might be called, "The Handy Book for Lawyers, Orators, Historians, Diplomats—and Others Who Wish to Pervert the Truth."

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THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE

Can We Keep Pace With the Needs of a Recklessly Multiplying Humanity

EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

IN 1696 Gregory King, an English pioneer in vital statistics, calculated that England could not support more than twenty-two million people, which number should be reached about the thirty-fifth century "in case the world should last so long." He thought it would take England eighteen centuries to attain this population whereas it needed but a little more than a century and a half. He computed that by 1900 the English should number seven and one third millions; actually there were thirty-two and one half millions by then.

Was King a poor calculator? Not at all; unexpected things had happened.

One was the economic revolution of the last 150 years which brought about the quickening of wealth production because of the triumph of the machine, the application of scientific knowledge to agriculture and industry, the development of water-power, steam and electricity in manufacturing and transportation, the expansion of world trade, vast overseas migration leading to the rapid settlement and subdual of great fertile areas in the temperate zone, the diffusion of knowledge, the improvement of government, and the bringing of the tropics with their natural resources under the control of advanced peoples. These have not only helped to do away with famines and the life-destroying wretchedness which often prevailed among the masses, but have opened such vistas of hope that postponement of marriage, religious celibacy, abortion and infanticide are no longer popular means of keeping numbers down.

Until the nineteenth century the vast inherent wealth of the earth had scarcely been touched. Within the last century and a quarter, however, nature has been forced to do more than yield a mere annuity; she has been made to surrender principal as well. The present age is witnessing a whirlwind attack all over the world, upon the slowly-accumulated resources of forest, field and mine, and, in consequence, an unprecedented increase of human beings. Imagine our plight to-day if such an attack as we are now making upon nature's resources had been launched in the first century instead of the nineteenth and had been continued during the intervening centuries! Rossiter, who has called attention to this process, speaks of "the assault by fast increasing millions upon the stored-up resources of the earth at a rate insuring exhaustion at no very distant date if the drain continues unchecked."

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The other great cause of growth in population is our dazzling success in conquering disease since the triumph of the germ theory about fifty years ago. As explained in my last month's article, "Dulling the Scythes of Azrael," the peoples that have gone furthest in public health promotion have cut their mortality to a half. There is so much controversial exaggeration of the extent of birth-control that few but vital statisticians and life insurance actuaries realize that *in our time the death-rate has been falling faster than the birth-rate*, so that most civilized peoples have been increasing as never before. Take the fourteen European countries with trustworthy vital statistics and compare their records for the period 1881–85 with those of the last half decade before the war, 1906–10. In nine of them *the mortality fell further than the fertility*, so that in 1910 the margin of increase was broader than it had been a quarter of a century earlier, when prudence in the matter of the size of families had given little indication of its presence among the masses.

Thanks to these two revolutions—one economic, the other sanitary—the population of England and Wales doubled in the first half of the nineteenth century and doubled again by 1911. J. O. P. Bland observes that: "Had our forefathers, since the days of William the Conqueror, been in a position to achieve a birth-rate and a death-rate similar to those of England and Wales in the nineteenth century, the present population of this tight little island—without allowing for any contribution from Scotland—would be somewhere in the neighborhood of 150 millions."

As for the British they have waxed prodigiously. The population of Great Britain in 1712 has been estimated at nine millions. During the eighteenth century, says Rossiter, "Great Britain contributed from this small population the stock which formed the larger part of the white population of the United States in 1790, and which increased by 1900 to approximately thirty-five million souls. In 1801 the population of the United Kingdom was 16,200,000; by 1900 it had increased to forty-one millions besides contributing to the population of the United States and to that of a score of younger colonies. . . . In magnitude there appears to be no parallel in history for this population achievement of the British from 1700 to 1900."

The British on *this* side of the water—and at the birth of our republic they appear to have been about 91 per cent of all whites here—have not been family slackers. The 4,400,000 whites in the United States in 1800 had multiplied by 1900 to 37,290,000—an eightfold increase in a century. During the last sixteen years we have registered in this country about forty-one million births and twenty-two million deaths. We can rapidly grow without immigration, for we fill each year nearly twice as many cradles as coffins!

Owing partly to their settling such vast lands as North America and Australia, and partly to their early and shrewd use of economic and sanitary discoveries, the English-speaking whites of the world have increased nearly eightfold since 1800. At that time they were less than

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one eighth of all persons of European descent, now they form more than a fourth.

At the peak of the classic Greco-Roman civilization, famines and epidemics, warfare and political massacres, reinforced by a ubiquitous slavery which denied mating and parenthood to countless slaves, discouraged the growth of numbers. At the death of the Emperor Augustus, the whole Roman Empire probably contained not more than fifty-four million human beings—a tenth fewer than the Japanese to-day. Italy, when she was mistress of the world, had but a sixth of the population she has under Mussolini who asks, "How can Italy with her meager forty millions, count in the face of Germany and Russia?" and urges the addition of twenty millions within the next half-century!

Europe is supposed to have had thirty millions of people at the beginning of the Christian era. In 1700, when it was yet in the hand-power stage, it had about eighty millions. In 1757 Voltaire could still say, "It requires very favorable circumstances for a population to grow five per cent in a century." Then came machinery followed by steam, expansion overseas and empire. By 1800 Europe had 180 million inhabitants, and in the last fifty years its rate of increase has been unexampled; it grew a quarter in the twenty years before the World War. When the Battle of Waterloo was fought, the European blood in the world was represented by 210 million persons. A hundred years later, by 645 million—better than three to one! Keep this rate of increase up another hundred years and the people of European blood on our planet would approximate two billions!

For at least a century and a half the population of Japan hung around twenty-six to twenty-seven millions. No more could be fed and infanticide was general among the peasants. Then, with Japan's deliberate appropriation of certain coveted elements of Western culture half a century ago, an economic progress began which made it possible for the population to grow without lowering its standard of living. At the same time abortion and infanticide were severely condemned. So Japan touched last year the sixty million mark and knows not which way to turn to find living room for an additional 800,000 a year.

In tropic lands imperialism has resulted in a herring-like increase. During the last sixty years the people in the tropic colonies and dependencies of the Great Powers added 105 millions—a twelfth of the human family at the beginning of that period. The British went to Egypt in 1882, and now there are seven million more *fellāhīn* than if the cork helmets had never made their appearance along the Nile. In fifty years of French rule the inhabitants of Algeria have doubled. In forty years, thanks to the railways, irrigation works, tea-gardens, cotton and steel mills and other alien factors injected into Indian economy by the "sun-baked" British, the population of India has grown fifty millions—a fifth. Americans took over the Philippines and in a quarter-century there are five million more humans than if the Filipinos had been left to themselves.

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The world's insatiable demand for rubber and tin has caused the inhabitants of the federated Malay states to double their number in twenty years. In half a century of British administration the people of the Straits Settlements have done the same and Jamaica has matched the performance. In sixty years British Guiana has doubled, while Trinidad has quadrupled. But it is the Javanese who hold the record for the mass production of human beings. The five millions there in 1800 have expanded under Dutch control to thirty-seven millions, although Java is only about as large as the State of New York.

Do our imperialists realize that by summoning into existence myriads of blacks and browns as an incident to their making a commercial profit, they are increasing the future pressure upon the white race? British control of the Upper Nile does give Manchester spindles cheap cotton. But in spreading the Nile waters over the desert they are adding millions of Mohammedan "fuzzi-wuzzies" to the world balance against their own breed. In 1898 we took over Porto Rico when births and deaths there were in equilibrium. Being the world's crack sanitarians we presently cut mortality two fifths, while births rose until they doubled the number of deaths. Population leaped ahead until the island now is, next to Java, the most densely populated agricultural region in the world—nearly 400 to the square mile! Life is getting harder there because they will not limit their families, while disease is no longer allowed to decrease their numbers. There are not jobs enough to go around, so that local sentiment against the profits reaped by non-resident American capitalists, is rapidly rising.

About half of mankind are census-enumerated, so we are probably not far astray in accepting the estimate of 1850 millions as the number of the inhabitants of our globe. Sir George Knibbs, statistician of the Australian Commonwealth, estimates that if during the past, mankind had been increasing at the rate it has increased during the last hundred years, then an Adam and Eve set upon an unpopulated globe about the time of the Battle of Marathon could have been the progenitors of the present population of the world. But if, adown the past, the typical increase had been at the rate of the last five years before the World War —one and one sixth per cent a year —then an Adam and Eve as recent as the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius, could have populated the world as it is to-day.

In the pre-war period mankind increased at a rate which would double it in sixty years. In other words, as many members may be added to the human family from 1910 to 1970 as in all the 1500 to 2000 generations during which our race has been spreading over this planet! Each day about 100,000 die and 150,000 are born. Each sun sets on 50,000 more. Certainly never before in the life of our race were births fifty per cent above deaths. For this we have to thank the recent developments which have beaten off famine and pestilence.

Doubling in sixty years means that the population will have increased

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tenfold in two centuries and one hundredfold in four centuries. At this rate even if humanity's food problem were solved once and for all by the fall of the nitrogen of the atmosphere in the form of a constant rain of manna, there would be only a square yard of arable land to a person a thousand years hence. At a date no more distant from us than is the capture of Jerusalem by the crusaders, humanity would be justified in hanging out on our planet the sign *Standing Room Only!*

About fifty years ago a note of pessimism began to mar the jubilee chorus of the mid-nineteenth century; complaints that science had not fulfilled the hopes she inspired; that invention, for all her waving of an enchanter's wand, had not made life much easier for the masses; that the faith in social progress, so prevalent in the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century, had not been justified by the course of events. Among many intellectuals the conviction spread that civilization did not banish poverty and misery; that progress was an illusion; that the blessings expected from our wondrous machines and our fairy-like command of natural forces had not arrived. John Stuart Mill confessed: "It is questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made have lightened the day's toil of any human being;" while Henry George wrote a book which became world famous, in order to explain "the increase of want with increase of wealth."

As far as it has any solid basis, this sense of disillusionment springs from the fact that the larger part of the enormous gains from labor-saving machinery, the subdual of new lands and the harnessing of the forces of nature *have gone not to raise the plane of human life but to sustain more lives.* The peoples into whose lap the gods cast these gifts have chosen to triple or even quadruple themselves within a century. How unfair, then, to rail at invention or material progress as a cheat. It is as if in winter you should build a fire in your chilly cabin—neglecting, however, to close the door—and then complain because you are not warmed! Undertaking to lift to a higher level of comfort and ease a mankind with no more foresight than to double its numbers in a lifetime, is like undertaking to warm all outdoors. The fruits of any conceivable amount of applied science and technical advance can be absorbed without much betterment of human life if man is so foolish as to use his marvelous good fortune chiefly in feeding endless millions from an inexhaustible font.

How many our globe will hold depends on your assumptions. Assume man keeps his present national egoisms and you will not dare look for more than 5000 millions. Cut out expenditures for war and preparedness and foster universal exchange of products and perhaps 7000 millions would be the limit. Raise intelligence and culture everywhere to the highest plane and let science continue to advance; thus a population of 9000 millions might subsist.

Then you may let down the standard of living. Mankind may, indeed, double and redouble if delicate dishes be given up for coarse and nourishing fare; if meat dis-

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appears from the week-day diet; if groves, orchards and vineyards become truck patches; if dooryards, playgrounds, commons and parks are set to growing beans and cabbages; if pet animals go as well as game; if the typical working-day is from dawn to dark; if quilted cotton, rather than woolen, is worn for warmth; if tree slaughter proceeds until mud-hut replaces frame-house. No doubt, when all luxuries, adornments and decencies have been thrown into the hopper for grinding out mere numbers, famine will loom when there has been a single crop failure and, during the growing season, the millions of petty cultivators will be tortured by a tragic anxiety as to the weather. With small holdings and more hand labor, school attendance could not be expected of the farm children after they were old enough to help. So, among people living as thickly upon the land as they do now in the Orient, ignorance and superstition and peasant life would finally prevail.

If the splendid latter-day adventure of exploring, settling and subduing the earth which began with the discovery of the New World, were to end in the same old grind and squeeze, the same old pinching and paring, the same dwarfing and deforming of the human spirit with petty cares and sordid anxieties, one would be ready to join Huxley in welcoming the advent of some "kindly comet" that would "sweep the whole thing away."

In comparison with the long perspective in which we look back to Cro-Magnon man, the nearness of the time of the complete filling of the globe is startling. We seem to be tobogganing down the slope of diminishing returns toward world saturation. Still, we are by no means scraping the bottom of the flour-bin. There is no great hunger lying in wait for us a little way on. On the bread question we can follow the middle of the road, neither alarmist nor dreamer. The food supply can be greatly enlarged, no question of that; the doubt is whether it can be made to keep pace with the needs of a recklessly multiplying humanity.

According to the best authorities the world's population is doubling in sixty years, perhaps less. If we take it to be 1850 millions now, then at the gait it is going, making no allowance for the further vanquishing of disease, there would be 3700 millions by the year 1987; 7400 millions by the year 2047; 14,800 millions by the year 2107. But no one dreams that so many can live off this globe unless the chemists find how to turn stones into bread. Even at a date no farther from us than is the French Revolution, the mouths here would eat all that could, by known methods, be extracted from land and sea. But will the basins of the Orinoco, the Amazon, the Congo be farmed so soon? Why, it will take half this "century of grace" to rid these regions of infected insects, to say nothing of clearing the primeval forest and confining the rivers in flood! Even at to-day's rapid pace it will require centuries to put all the land of the globe properly to work.

Were it a question of doubling food production in, say, the next two centuries and again in the following two, the job would not look so hope-

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less. But to keep up with a humanity that doubles in sixty years. . . !

Humanity grows as a tree grows—each year the growth-ring is larger. On the other hand, as more and more of the globe's neglected resources are brought into play, the extension of food production should decline, just as the more you stretch a rubber band, the harder it is to stretch it still further. Imagine mankind as thronging to a vast dinner-table which can be extended fast enough to accommodate the twenty million extra guests that now appear every year. But can the table be extended fast enough to seat the yearly forty million new guests who will seek places sixty years hence? How about 120 years hence when each year eighty million more guests will want seats? Or 180 years hence when 160 million more will present themselves each year?

Astronomers expect our globe to be a fit home for man for millions of years; so we may ask what will be the plight of our descendants at a date no more distant from us than is Christopher Columbus, Charlemagne, Julius Cæsar? Verily, who takes mankind to board needs an india-rubber globe!

Nature, to be sure, offers her solution—simple, ruthless, effective. When food can no longer keep up with population, privation and toil will raise the death-rate, as they have raised it a thousand times in the past, until life and death are once more in balance. If posterity recoils from this gloomy prospect, then the voluntary restriction of increase must become general. If it has to come anyhow in two or three generations, what is the point in putting it off until the standard of living of the masses has been reduced to the bare necessities? Why wait until there is little left to salvage? If eventually, why not now?

ESCAPE

RALPH EMERSON HACKETT

When the meek inherit the earth,
  And the merciful gape at God,
New worlds will stir to celestial birth,
  Like peas in a bursting pod;
New suns will swell to their proper girth,
  And stare, and blink, and nod.

When the quick and the dead are one,
  And the skeptics all agree,
New lives will bud in the later sun,
  With new mortality;
New problems rise with the day begun—
  But not for you and me!

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IN THE INTERESTS OF LIGHT AND LEARNIN'

A Tale from Tumbleweed Valley

WILLIAM M. JOHN

UNCLE Asy Mulberry tilted his chair against the adobe wall of his garage and general repair-shop, critically arched his eyebrows above his gold-rimmed spectacles and cleared his throat.

"Yes, Uncle Asy," I said in response to the cough and disparaging scrutiny—and Uncle Asy began.

It seems to me, foolin' around and tryin' to write the way you are, that a volume entitled "The World's Universal Knowledge" would help you a heap.

Now, I've lived here in Tumbleweed Valley goin' on fifty-odd years, ever since its inception you might say, and I ain't never seen a work of literature introduced in these parts that done more to stir up feelin' or change the course of human events, than that book done, the Bible not excepted.

I've got a volume stowed away upstairs over the garage yet, I reckon. Xerxes Bullock give it to me in the interests of light and learnin', and to quote Zurk's exact words:

"It provides a full course in electricity, engineerin', medicine both homeopathic and allopathic, architecture and law. It contains a full account of the heathen deities and other fabulous persons; a panorama of history, bein' a graphic account of every nation on the globe profusely illustrated; a simple contemporaneous exposition of universal history from the Flood to the present year; a brief and concise introduction to all sciences, includin' the wonders of the steam-engine. It gives all the known laws of etiquette; how a lady should act when accosted by a stranger on a railroad train or in a crowded street; how she should dress when presented to a king or queen; how to overcome faults in children and animals; the proper methods of approach in winning the hand of a lady a man loves, or how a lady by subtle and maidenly means may fascinate the gentleman to whom she is attracted; how high to lift the dress when alightin' from a carriage, and where a gentleman should place his hand in assistin' a lady in and out of a carriage; quotations from Latin, Greek and Hebrew—in short it does all its name conveys—it gives you the complete key to all knowledge. With this book in your library no one can be a failure."

I heard Zurk give that spiel so often I got to know it backward. It was his openin' wedge every place he went, and was his last remark before slippin' into the fitful sleep Doc Freeman said would be his last.

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Zurk drove in here thirty-six years ago this comin' May. Them was the days when I run this place as a respectable feed and livery barn, with blacksmith shop attached.

The rig Zurk was drivin' needed paint, the horse needed oats, and the pearl-gray suit he was wearin' needed the spots took off it and a button sewed on here and there. He stopped out in front here and hopped out of that buggy as agile as a cat jumpin' off a limb. He was a little man; about forty I judged, and had the snappiest black eyes I ever saw in a human head.

"Where can I find the proprietor?" he says, comin' up to the bench where I was settin'.

"Seek no further," I says, "you stand before him."

"I've come into your community for the sole purpose of spreadin' light and learnin' by means of the foremost work of literature, a volume known as 'The World's Universal Knowledge,'" he says. "And I want to make arrangements for the keep of my horse while I'm workin' Tumbleweed Valley and its environs."

"Set down," I says, "and we'll delve into the proposition." Which he done.

We'd come to satisfactory terms, and was discussin' crop and weather conditions in general, when George Stevens rode up and tied his sorrel filly to the hitch-rail. George was a tall rangy lean man. He cultivated a droopin' black mustache, and some time in an encounter with brute force his nose had been broke. Whoever done the straightenin' of that feature wasn't an expert engineer, for when George was headed north, his nostrils was takin' in the east wind.

He walked up to where we was settin' and said, "Asy, your man put front shoes on my team of bay mares, yesterday."

I said, "Yes, George, but you ain't made a trip over here just to pay me for that, have you?"

"No, I ain't," he says, "and I ain't aimin' to pay you at all for the job, 'cause he must have drove the nails into the quick. Them mares was so tender-footed this mornin' I had to have one of the boys pull the shoes off of 'em."

"That's too bad, George," I says, "I'll have to speak to Red about that. It seems to be gettin' next to impossible to hire a good blacksmith nowdays. Set down won't you, George, and pass the time of day?"

"I ain't the loafin' kind," he says, givin' me and Zurk a hard look. "I come over here to get the nails to put them shoes on right. I ain't aimin' to be pickyunish about it; but it's goin' to take one of my men's time, and I don't see no reason why you shouldn't furnish the nails." He'd rode one mile over, and was goin' to ride one mile back, to save three cents worth of horseshoe-nails. But then, like the old-time horse liniment, George was made up of parts—one part unadulterated pride and nine parts concentrated essence of greed.

"All right, George," I says, "go in and tell Red to give you twelve nails."

"I think I'd better have fifteen," he says as he started for the shop, "the boys might bend some drivin' 'em in."

"Has he got anythin'?" Zurk asked, hardly waitin' for George to get in the shop.

"Got anythin'!" I says. "Why, he's got so many acres of irrigated

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land it gives the assessor a headache addin' 'em up. He's got cattle on a thousand hills, more or less, and a sheep or two in the back yard. He's got. . . ."

But Zurk don't wait to hear more. He darted into the barn quicker than a horse-fly on a July day, and was out again just as quick carryin' a red book that weighed nearly half as much as he did, judgin' by the looks of it.

George come out of the shop countin' the nails, and Zurk whispered, "Make me known to him."

"George," I says, "I want to get you acquainted with Mr. . . . Mr. . . ."

"Bullock, Xerxes Bullock," Zurk fills in, jumpin' up quick and makin' a grab for George's hand. "I'm pleased to meet you Mr. . . . Mr. . . ."

"Stevens," I adds.

"Stevens," Zurk says, fondlin' George's unwillin' hand. "I'm introducin' into your community this greatest of all literary productions, done in one volume, handsomely bound in red leather and entitled, 'The World's Universal Knowledge.' It provides. . . ." And so quick it would make your head swim, he rattled off the various topics contained within its covers as I have just outlined 'em to you.

George took two sniffs of the south wind and said, "Wonder a man like you wouldn't be tryin' to make an honest livin'."

Zurk let that remark go by like a disagreeable odor; as if he'd never noticed it at all.

"But the chapter on logical reasonin' alone is worth the price of the whole book, Mr. Stevens. With it you can reason out anythin' down to the sex of the whale that swallowed Jonah," he comes back as cheerful as a parson settin' down to a chicken dinner.

"The whale that swallowed Jonah?" George asks. That interested him. He was a pillar in the Baptist church here in Hopeville, and I reckon he thought if he could get that piece of information free he'd have somethin' to brag about Sunday, at church.

"Sure," Zurk says, "set down and I'll explain."

George set down on the edge of the bench as if he was afraid somebody would see him and think he was enjoyin' our company. Zurk opened the book to a place marked logical reasonin'.

"Now, Mr. Stevens," he says, "we know the whale swallowed Jonah, don't we? The Bible says so, and what's in the Bible is so, we know that, don't we?" George nodded. "Well, we know Jonah was in the belly of the whale three days and three nights, don't we? The Bible says that, don't it?" George nodded again. "Then by followin' our course in logical reasonin' that proves the whale was a male whale, don't it?"

"Don't see that it does," George says.

"Why, Mr. Stevens, it surely does. Do you suppose if that whale had been a female whale she'd of kept her mouth shut three days and three nights?" I could see by the way Zurk's lips drew away from his more or less uneven teeth that he'd used that argument a good many times, and expected it to go well; but he had a surprise in store for him right then.

"Huh, huh," George grunted as he got up and started toward his filly. "I can't see you've proved

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anythin'. I don't believe a whale ever talks. The Bible don't say nothin' about 'em talkin'."

Zurk set with his beady black eyes riveted on George ridin' down the road. When he turned the corner at the school-house, Zurk said to me:

"Where does that man live?"

"One mile due east from where you're settin'," I says. "His house is the first one on the right or left either, for his land extends up to and laps over, the boundaries of this here metropolis. It's a one and a half story adobe, with a shingle roof on top of it, and a lawn in front of it; the whole bein' inclosed by a hog-wire fence and an iron gate. It bein' the only house with the aforementioned conveniences, you can't miss it. George takes a sight of pride in havin' a better lookin' place to live in than any man in the county."

"Has he a family?" Zurk asks.

"He has," I says. "Four children; the oldest a girl nineteen, followed in rapid succession by three boys. He also has a quiet, self-effacin' wife who, when he brought her here to Tumbleweed Valley, was as comely a maiden as you'd care to see, but who is beginnin' to show some traces of wear after twenty years of cookin' for a drove of hired hands; peddlin' butter and eggs; nursin' a parcel of frail-constitutioned lambs that's been shoved behind the kitchen stove, so's to be out of the weather; not to mention keepin' the yard and flower-beds in shape so that George's feelin' of pride won't suffer any set-backs."

"Well," Zurk says, "he needs 'The World's Universal Knowledge' worse than any man I ever saw. I'll have to place one with him."

"You do that, Mr. Bullock," I says, "and I'll buy you the best box of nickel cigars that is carried in Billy Debusk's general merchandise emporium."

When I was a little tad my mother used to piece quilts. Some of the scraps she got from this neighbor, some from that and some from another and some she took out of her own rag-bag. In a good deal the same way I come by my extended knowledge of the affairs of Xerxes Bullock durin' his sojourn in Tumbleweed Valley.

Zurk's first professional visit was made on the afternoon he arrived. He called at the Stevens' home, and he took his commission-man with him; that's what he called Dick Kent. He'd asked me to get him some one to drive him around who knew the country and the people, and said the party would receive in the way of remuneration, three dollars for every volume of "The World's Universal Knowledge" sold.

Dick happened into the barn about that time lookin' for employment, and I made a deal with him for Zurk. The boy was—well, I don't know how to describe him—he was so consarned good lookin' he was almost pretty; if you get what I mean, big pretty. His grandpap had been a scout when Tumbleweed Valley wasn't nothin' but a sage-brush flat, and in one of his weaker and lonesomer moments had married one of them Spanish señoritas that was so plentiful in them times.

When Zurk seen Dick, he turned to me and said:

"Mr. Mulberry, it's somethin' to raise a fine lookin' boy like that. He'd make a man feel he belonged,

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and a man misses a lot that don't have that feelin' sometime in his life."

Zurk left his commission-man holdin' his horse out in front of the Stevens' home, not feelin' he needed an introduction there, and went in.

Lucy come to the door. Zurk said he noticed she waved to Dick. When he asked her if he might have a few words with her mother she was most awful polite and took him out on the back porch where her ma was rollin' out some cookies, gettin' 'em ready for the oven.

Mrs. Stevens was pleased to see Zurk. She'd been a school-teacher before she gave up her independence and went into the harness, so to speak. She'd never quite got over likin' books, either; used to set up nights readin' the free reports sent out from Washington on beans and alfalfa, and the most effectual means of riddin' the feathered crop from pesterin' insects.

Zurk and her visited, and partook of cookies and cold buttermilk, for the best part of two hours. He said he started to tell her about the chapter on logical reasonin' and Jonah, but she stopped him, sayin':

"Oh, yes, isn't that funny? Did George tell you that too? He told it this noon at the table, and said it was a good one for Lucy and me to listen to."

Zurk didn't want to cloud the little sunshine she had in her life, so he didn't bother to explain.

When he went to leave, Mrs. Stevens said she'd take it up with George about buyin' the book. She said she could buy it out of her egg and turkey money, but that George would be awful mad if she did it without his approval, and she'd have to keep the book hid, and it wouldn't do her no good; 'cause it would be such a load on her conscience.

As she opened the door to let him out she sort of jumped back and said, "Oh my, I hope George don't see that!"

"What?" Zurk says.

"Dick and Lucy. He'd be awful mad," she says.

Zurk looked out, and there was Lucy all pink and white like the apple-trees in the orchard behind the house, her hair glistenin' gold in the sunshine. Considerin' George was her father, nature had been uncommon kind to Lucy. She was leanin' half-way into the rig, and the commission-man was leanin' half-way out.

"What's wrong with that?" Zurk asks.

"Why—why, Dick wants to marry Lucy, and I'm afraid Lucy wants to marry him," she says.

"Well, why not let 'em?" Zurk says.

"Oh, George wouldn't stand for it at all. Dick's part Mexican, a quarter, and they haven't anything. He just works at whatever he can find to do. George expects Lucy to marry Amber Anderson. He has a good farm joinin' our place on the west."

"But, Mrs. Stevens," Zurk says, "maybe Lucy don't love Anderson, and maybe Anderson don't love Lucy. It wouldn't be right. It would be like me, goin' through life alone; worse than goin' through life alone, 'cause they'd both be lookin' for somethin' they'd never find."

"Yes—I know—I know, and I

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wouldn't be so set against it, but when George makes up his mind . . ." and she heaved a longin' sigh.

Durin' the next two weeks Zurk and Dick visited most of the outlyin' and inlyin' districts of Tumbleweed Valley. But notwithstandin' that fact, Zurk's rig could be found any afternoon, except Sunday, parked in a little clump of willows beside the Tumbleweed irrigation ditch where the road turns just east of the Stevens' house. From that point there's a well-sheltered path leadin' up to the Stevens side door.

Zurk spent the heated hours of the afternoons settin' on the screened-in porch, sippin' cool drinks and discussin' various topics contained in "The World's Universal Knowledge," with Lucy's ma. And them two enjoyed each other's company a heap, I have an idea. His commission-man contented himself with keepin' Lucy company; and in no more elegant surroundin's than Zurk's old wore-out buggy.

But the way them two biblipoles (as I remember it, that's what Zurk and Dick called themselves) did work mornin's, was astonishin'. Nowdays, you'd say, "They're hittin' on all eight," but in them days, the expression was, "They're doin' a Nancy Hanks." They placed forty-two of them volumes in one day less than two weeks; and they didn't canvass but three Mexican families.

The upliftin' effects of their labors was almost instantaneous. Molly Higgins wouldn't come in to do her shoppin' no more without gloves on. And because she didn't have no gloves, and because the only kind of gloves for sale in Hopeville was men's guaranteed not to rip, she cut the feet out of her old stockin's and sewed fingers in the legs.

Billy Debusk sold out the six tooth-brushes he'd carried in stock for ten years, in somethin' less than a day. And didn't old Mrs. Parsons, who hadn't but three teeth in her head, two back and one front and who had been a widder six times, two by death and four by desertion, stand and cry like a baby 'cause Billy had disposed of his stock before she got there. I take it, though I never read it myself, that there is some stress laid on keepin' clean teeth and a sweet breath in the chapter on subtle and maidenly means of fascinatin' the man to who you're attracted.

I could set right here in this chair for a week and relate the various and sundry revolutionary ideas that that volume of Zurk's fired the women's brains with, but I must be gettin' back to the Stevens' family and the book peddlers. Ma says I'm a bit likely to ramble in my speech, of late.

True to her promise to Zurk, Mrs. Stevens did take up the matter of "The World's Universal Knowledge" with George. That is, to the extent of saying' to him at the supper table the evenin' of Zurk's first call,

"George, there was a gentleman by the name of Bullock here . . ."

"Huh," George grunted, "huh, do you call that dead-beat a gentleman?"

"Well, George, I thought, maybe —if . . ." she hesitated.

"Now, don't be weak-minded," he says, rollin' his eyes in her direc-

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tion. "If you'd pay more attention to them chicken bulletins and less to foolishness, our hens would be showin' better results. If you've got any money hid away, you'd better put it in the tin box."

Now, in them days man hadn't acquired the childish faith in banks that he seems to have developed in late years. Besides, Hopeville wasn't much more than a wide place in the road, and our closest bankin' institution was in Dawson, the county-seat; ten miles by rail and twelve by wagon road.

George was considerable of a trader. He swapped cows and horses right regular with unsuspectin' folks like myself, and there was generally a little boot comin' or goin' in each trade. It was his custom to keep about a thousand dollars in currency in a tin box under a loose board on the back porch. He had an idea that that would be the last place a thief would look for treasure. All the family knew George kept his money there, though, 'cause he was a man that put his trust in God alone. Every time he'd sweeten the kitty a little he'd say to the family:

"There's seven hundred and twenty-eight dollars and fifteen cents," if that happened to be the amount, "in the box." That's all he'd ever say, but there wasn't a one of 'em that didn't understand.

I reckon Zurk saw that his chances of gettin' them cigars I'd bet him was less than nil, but it didn't seem to cool his desire to call at the Stevens' home a mite.

On a Friday afternoon, two weeks to a day after Zurk's advent into Tumbleweed Valley, Stevens happened along on the opposite side of the ditch from where Zurk's rig was standin'.

George was huntin' water thieves, and bein' right then in a sleuthy mood, as you might say, he was usin' sleuth methods and not makin' any more noise than was necessary.

He wasn't pickyunish about water, George wasn't; he said so himself. But if the head wasn't just a trifle more than featherin' the nail in his weir, he didn't remain entirely idle till he found out which one of the consumers along the ditch was robbin' him.

When he come up the ditch that Friday afternoon, he seen Lucy and Dick settin' in Zurk's rig, as had become their custom, but on account of the willows bein' so thick on the bank, they didn't see him. He hesitated in his pursuit of justice long enough to hear Lucy say to Dick:

"You're sure you understand where it'll be; on the back porch—the boards squeak, so be careful."

And Dick says to Lucy: "I will. You're sure your father will be at the meetin' of the school-directors?"

And Lucy says to Dick: "I'm certain, 'cause they're goin' to let the contract for the new addition and Pa wouldn't miss bein' in on that for nothin'. Come at eight-thirty; it'll be safe by that time. Kiss me again, Dick, kiss me again—to-morrow we'll be far away from here—and married."

At half after seven that night George left the house and started for the school-directors' meetin'; at half after eight he was squattin' in the thickest of the willows along

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the path leadin' up to the Stevens' side door, and had a double-barreled shot-gun clutched tight in his grasp; at twenty minutes till nine a man come feelin' his way down the path; one half second later George had emptied both barrels of that gun into the man's legs.

There was a scream from up towards the house; maybe two or three of 'em; nobody ever seemed to get the straight of that. In a minute Mrs. Stevens come runnin' down the path carryin' a lantern.

"What's happened? What's happened?" she yelled.

George was standin' in the path over his man. "I've shot the thievin' half-breed!" he spit out.

Mrs. Stevens didn't say anythin'; just held the lantern so George could see the man's face.

"My God! It's the damned book-agent!" he gasped, jumpin' away from Zurk like he'd been a rattlesnake.

When I got there an hour later, havin' been sent for by Zurk, old Doc Freeman was pickin' lead slugs and pieces of shin-bone out of Zurk's legs, and pilin' 'em in a neat little pile on the dinin'-room table beside the victim. In all my seventy-eight years I ain't never seen a pair of limbs so damaged as his was. They looked like they'd been through a woodpecker epidemic.

George was wearin' an expression of deep disgust, as if he thought it was a plumb nuisance havin' his house all messed up that way. When Zurk saw me he smiled—a pale gritty sort of a grin.

"Mr. Mulberry," he says, "I've been shot."

"After viewin' your legs," I says, "I shouldn't wonder but what you have."

Lucy and George's three boys was lined up against the wall, lookin' about the color of refined wood-ashes. Mrs. Stevens was standin' beside Doc Freeman holdin' a pan of hot water.

"As soon as the Doc here gets through workin' on me, I want to be removed to Mrs. Kent's house," Zurk goes on.

"I may have somethin' to say as to where he's removed to," George butts in, at the same time makin' a break for the back of the house. He was headed for his tin box. I reckon it had never occurred to him that Lucy was tellin' Dick where he'd find her "telescope" that night, and that the idea of stealin' his money had never entered her head. George wasn't what you'd call exactly open-minded. But when he come back into the dinin'-room he didn't seem near so cocky.

"You'll probably be wantin' to see a lawyer too, won't you?" I says to Zurk; more to throw a scare into Stevens than anything else.

"No," says Zurk, tryin' to keep the pain out of his voice. "No, I think not, Mr. Mulberry." And his eyes was on Mrs. Stevens when he said it.

"Well," I says, "as a matter of principle, I would like to know if a self-respectin' business man can be shot down with impunity. If that's the law, then a lot of us had better give up our present callin's and go into a much more profitable line."

"What's the matter with findin' out from that book he's peddlin'. I thought he said it provided a full

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course in law," George says in his customary disagreeable tone. "I don't think you'll find a man can prowl around in the night on another man's place and not expect to get shot."

"What you say may be true, George," I says. "But was he prowlin'? And as to 'The World's Universal Knowledge,' I have no doubt but what Zurk could get all the desired information out of it, but I don't reckon he'll be in a physical condition to pursue a course of study for the next few weeks."

I'd no more than finished, when Zurk groaned a couple of times and fainted dead away. Old Doc Freeman shook his head and said, "He's in a bad way."

The more I thought about Zurk needin' a lawyer, the more certain I got that he did, so the next mornin' I drove into Dawson and brought out Jimmy O'Brien. In them days we used to say he was as smart as a Philadelphia lawyer; but in recent years most of that sort of business has shifted to the Middle West, so the expression don't mean anythin' to you.

Jimmy was not only a smart little Irishman, but he was on to all the tricks of the trade. Didn't he nearly ruin that Turner woman's eyesight by droppin' peppermint flavorin' in her eyes to produce tears when she was bein' tried for the murder of her fourth husband; but she went free.

Zurk was dead set against talkin' to O'Brien when we got there. But when I said that George might be willin' to pay right handsome to keep the matter out of court, he seemed to have a sudden change of heart.

"Bring him in," he says, "I ain't never been much of a hand to think of money, but there are times when it comes in right handy. I have an idea I could put a cash payment to good use, just at this time."

O'Brien had a short but earnest talk with Zurk and the same with Doc Freeman. He was all upset 'cause Doc had throwed away the evidence in the shape of pieces of shin-bone and lead slugs, but he said perhaps they might overcome that some way.

I stayed with Zurk, and O'Brien drove my rig up to see Stevens. We'd moved Zurk down to Mrs. Kent's the night before; George havin' decided he couldn't prefer criminal charges against him so long as his box of money was still intact. O'Brien come back after while, and Zurk asked him if he'd had any success.

"Stevens says all the legs in Tumbleweed Valley, not includin' his own, ain't worth twenty-five thousand dollars. But we'll show that crooked-beaked buzzard before we're through with him that legs may not be the hell-firedest pretty ornaments a man grows but they're an expensive article to damage." Jimmy was given to high-seasoned language.

When I let O'Brien out at the station (he was takin' the afternoon train back to Dawson), he says: "I'll go to work on this. I'll have to see the sheriff and a few others, but it's goin' to be as easy and painless on our part as fallin' downstairs when you're drunk. If that little book-peddler should take a change

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for the worse you send word to me right away."

Zurk got along pretty fair for the next week. Dick and Mrs. Kent give him as good care as a mother would an only child. Dick set up nights with him and his mother days. She was a half-breed Mexican, all right, but if there was any yeller in her, it was all in the color of her skin. There wasn't nothin' Zurk ever mentioned, awake or asleep, that one or the other of 'em didn't get for him.

On Friday, a week from the night Zurk was shot, Dick come runnin' into the barn all out of breath.

"Asy," he says, "Mr. Bullock has took lots worse. Doc Freeman says you'd better come right down."

I told Dick to take Samson and Delilah, they was the fastest team I had in the barn, and drive to Dawson and fetch back O'Brien.

When I got to Kent's, Zurk was sufferin' somethin' terrible. Doc Freeman whispered to me that he didn't believe he'd get through the night.

I set down beside the bed, and Zurk asked Doc if he'd mind givin' us a few minutes alone. When he'd gone out in the other room, Zurk says to me,

"Mr. Mulberry, Doc says it looks like I've sold the last volume of 'The World's Universal Knowledge' I'll ever sell."

"Don't talk like that, Zurk," I says, not bein' able to think of any more intelligent remark to make.

"It's all right if I have," he went on, "there won't be anybody to miss me. I've never had anything like that in my life. Somehow there's never been any place where I belonged, and I never knew how much it meant to a man, till I saw Dick and Lucy—and—and Lucy's ma. But—but what I started to tell you is, that I want you to notify the publishin' company back in Newark, New Jersey, that my activities in their behalf have ceased.

"And about Stevens," Zurk's eyes got a little brighter when he mentioned George, and he smiled one of his plucky uneven smiles. "I don't want George to hang for shootin' me. In a way he made a mistake. He's gone through life makin' mistakes, and they've robbed him of a lot—a lot more than he'll ever realize—but I do want him to pay and pay liberal, and I want the proceeds to go to . . ." Right there Zurk's eyes got all glassy and he started in ramblin'. "It provides a full course in electricity, engineerin' —heathen deities—graphic account —how to win . . ." So I called Doc Freeman back in the room.

Dick made a record-breakin' drive into Dawson; doin' the round trip in two hours and ten minutes flat. He said he could of cut that time by fifteen minutes if it hadn't been for O'Brien wantin' to fetch the sheriff along and them not bein' able to locate right away what saloon he was in.

Zurk come to for a few minutes after they got there, and says he wanted to make some changes in his request from Stevens, so me and Doc left 'em alone.

When O'Brien come out of the room he says, "That's a queer little devil. He's got more fight in him than a trapped wildcat." Then him and the sheriff left to go up and see George.

I reckon the scene with Stevens

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wasn't as calm as the average summer day. When O'Brien come back he says he'd seen madder men than George was at first, maybe, but he'd never seen a man worse scared before they got through.

Zurk had gone into a fitful sleep and Doc says not to disturb him, so O'Brien give me an envelop with some papers in it and says, "Give him these if he ever wakes up, and tell him Stevens come around pretty damned neat."

Well, Zurk did wake up and he woke up feelin' a little better. I whispered to him that George had come through. He smiled and says, "Mr. Mulberry, the field for higher education ain't been scratched yet."

The next afternoon I went down and found Zurk still on the improve, so I give him the envelop I had for him. He opened it and took out a piece of paper which he read over once or twice to himself. Then he raised up in bed and looked out the window, down to the cottonwoods along the creek, and in his eyes was the look of a child that's huntin' for his mother, if you get what I mean.

He broke the silence with, "Mr. O'Brien says in this note that he has taken the deed to town with him and will return it to me as soon as it is recorded."

"What deed's that?" I asks.

"The deed to what is known as the Holdsworth place. You know, that three hundred and twenty that Stevens owns along the river—choice piece of ground and has good improvements. I took a deed to it in lieu of all damages, as Mr. O'Brien states in his letter," and he smiled in the queer way he had.

"But, Zurk," I says, "the Holdsworth place is the best half-section George owns. It's the best piece of ground in this valley—easy worth a hundred dollars an acre, if it's worth a cent. Are you aimin' to settle down here and farm?"

"Not yet, not yet," he says, very serious, "but you can't tell when the literary field may become overcrowded, and a man don't get shot onto a farm as good as that every day. And now, if you will be kind enough to call my commission-man, I would like to talk over a few business arrangements with him."

I left and went back to the barn chucklin' to myself, and sayin' that Xerxes Bullock was one of the shrewdest business men that had ever struck Tumbleweed Valley. But it wasn't Zurk's business ability alone that deserved the neighborhood's undyin' admiration, as I was to learn later.

The next day me and Ma received an invitation. It was copied word for word from "The World's Universal Knowledge," exceptin' the names was changed. Sally Parsons told Ma it was. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens requested the pleasure of our company at the weddin' of their daughter, Lucy Abbey, to Richard Carlton Kent, at high noon on the followin' Tuesday, two weeks. It was wrote on Billy Debusk's most expensive letter-paper.

The weddin' turned out to be a howlin' success, there was no denyin' that. And the clothes the women folks had on would of made the lilies of the field look plumb naked.

Zurk was there wearin' a new suit and one crutch. As soon as

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the preacher finished sayin', "I pronounce you man and wife," Zurk hobbled out and grabbed the bride by the hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he says in an impressive voice, "friends and neighbors, it is my privilege on this happy occasion, to present to the lovin' couple a weddin' present which I hope and trust will mean much to them through the long years of their married life.

"Due to the retirin' and modest nature of Mr. Stevens, he has made previous arrangements with me to undertake this happy task.

"I take great pleasure in presentin' to Mr. and Mrs. Kent, in behalf of the bride's father and mother, a deed to three hundred and twenty acres of land lyin' along the river, said farm known as the Holdsworth place."

Well, I'm tellin' you, everything was so quiet for a minute that I heard a hook pop on Lizzie Crane's basque. And George Stevens couldn't of looked more surprised if he'd of seen Jonah and the whale settin' right down there in the room havin' a sociable cup of coffee.

Then Lucy flung her arms around Zurk's neck, and I was scared the man would be worse injured than he ever was, the way she kissed him.

Zurk had expressed his intentions of leavin' for larger and greener fields as soon as the weddin' was over; so when the festivities was drawin' to a close I begun lookin' around for him. He was nowhere in sight and I ambled outside.

Back in the orchard, underneath one of the prettiest apple-trees on the place, I seen Mrs. Stevens. She was holdin' a big red book under her arm, and there was tears rollin' down her cheeks. Beside her was Zurk, bendin' over and kissin' her hand. When he started away from her toward the house Mrs. Stevens touched his shoulder, and her lips moved. Zurk stopped and looked back—it was only a minute, but I can't tell you in words what I seen in that minute; it was somethin' bigger and finer than a lot of men see in a lifetime.

When me and him drove back to the barn I sneaked over to Billy Debusk's, and when I come back I didn't say nothin' (you understand, there's times when words is out of place), but I just tucked the cigars under the seat in his rig where he'd find 'em.

As soon as Zurk got hooked up he went around behind his buggy and dug out the last remainin' volume of "The World's Universal Knowledge."

"Mr. Mulberry," he says, handin' me the book, "I want you to accept this in the interests of light and learnin'. My sojourn in Tumbleweed Valley has meant a lot to me. It's the only place I ever felt I might have belonged."

As I watched him drive off into the sunset toward Dawson I waved to him, but he didn't see me. He was lookin' toward the Stevens' place, and he was still lookin' toward it when he dropped outa sight over a rise.

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AND THE WATERS RECEDED

But What About Bigger and Better Floods Next Year

LYLE SAXON

THIS IS the first day of July. Officially at least, the 1927 flood in the Mississippi Valley is over. Newspapers assure us of this fact. Everybody says so; it must be true.

Nevertheless, figures made available by the Red Cross on June 21, show that 590,530 persons have been cared for during the emergency; on that date there were still 63,378 persons in refugee camps, while 242,484 persons were being fed. In addition, relief forces were feeding 157,628 animals. In Louisiana 203,966 persons have received help, while 150,200 were still being cared for on that date. In Mississippi the total number cared for was 168,936, while 101,400 persons were still receiving help. Also, on that date, there were still two million acres of farm and pasture land under water.

Heavy rains in Arkansas, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana have prolonged flood conditions in Louisiana and Mississippi by diminishing the rate of the river's fall. Cotton acreage in northern Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, Missouri and Tennessee has been reduced 529,000 acres by the floodwaters, as compared with the acreage in this section in 1926, according to the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. Nevertheless, the flood is over, and the people of the Lower Valley are beginning again.

Secretary Mellon has announced that, at the close of the fiscal year, there will be a surplus in the treasury, from this year's taxation, of $600,000,000. This is an amazing amount of money, even for the richest country in the world—an overflowing treasury, but as yet there has been nothing said about using any of this surplus for rehabilitation of the flooded areas of the Mississippi Valley. And by the general term rehabilitation, the people of the Lower Valley mean protection from future floods.

America gave $20,000,000 to Russian and $100,000,000 to European sufferers, in wartime, but not one cent from the National Treasury has been suggested, at this writing, to safeguard the future of the vast and fertile valley which lies in the heart of the United States.

The people of this country, however, have not been so slow to show their sympathy. They have contributed $16,100,000 already to the Red Cross. Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, gave this as the official figure while in New Orleans on June 28. With this sum, a

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wonderful work has been done. This money has saved lives, fed refugees and maintained camps for many thousands of homeless persons; it has given medical attention to the sick, and is now helping the farmers toward a new start. But the sixteen million, one hundred thousand dollars will go no further than that. What assurance have the people of the Mississippi Valley that there will not be bigger and better floods next year? What will Congress do about it?

Maps by United States engineers show the actual drainage area of the Mississippi River. Waters from the Red, the Arkansas, the Missouri, the upper Mississippi and the Ohio Rivers must flow, finally, into the main channel of the lower Mississippi, thence to the Gulf of Mexico. This drainage area is like a gigantic funnel, narrowing as it approaches the Gulf. It includes a part of twenty-two states. Such states as Arkansas, Kansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska, South Dakota, Iowa, Missouri, Tennessee and Kentucky, lying wholly within the area.

More than half of these states receive all of the benefits of Mississippi River drainage and but few of the hardships which this drainage brings about in flood times. The high waters in the Mississippi, to which all the states mentioned contribute, must be taken care of by the states lying along the rivers—the Mississippi and its largest tributaries. In the past, each state looked to its own levees as best it could, using its taxes and such sums as it could beg from Congress. From Cairo to the Gulf, where levees are used to protect the rich bottom lands, the same policy has been followed: "If our state levees hold,—well, those folks down-stream must watch out for themselves."

More and more water drains into the Mississippi every year, owing to the growth of cities along the river, the cutting away of forests, the closing of natural outlets, the reclamation of natural reservoirs into farmland protected behind levees, and also to increased drainage facilities.

Added to all these reasons for high water in 1927, came simultaneous rainfalls over nearly all of the drainage area. The tributaries rose at the same time, and these swollen streams and rivers poured their torrents into the main stream. If all the levees along the Mississippi, from Cairo to the Gulf, had remained intact—which they did not—the water would have poured over the tops of most of them.

The states that suffer mostly from overflows, are those which are unfortunate enough to lie at the lower end of the narrowing funnel: Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana. The case of Louisiana is typical. This state has spent every cent that it could raise by taxation and bond issue upon levees that proved inadequate. It has not only spent all the money it has for levees, but it has gone into debt to boot, and to-day is confronted by a vast area still under water, ruined crops and, in some sections, a population that is penniless. By the time this article appears in print, many of the people will be hungry. For, despite the work of the Red Cross—and it is notable work—the restitution is not a one hundredth part of the loss.

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The 1927 flood—"the greatest peace-time disaster that the United States has ever known,"—to quote Herbert Hoover—was a good news-story; interesting, dramatic, terrible. For a time every newspaper in the United States was full of it. Hundreds of journalists wrote about it. Some of the articles were excellent, some were not so convincing, but it will be observed that the men who knew least about the history of the Mississippi, were those who, with a gesture, solved the problem of the river's future. The men who have lived their lives beside the Mississippi are not so sure; sure that a solution can be worked out,—but not so sure that it *will* be worked out.

It appears, at this time, that the solution will include higher and stronger levees, built to government specification; outlets or spillways—call them what you like—in several places below the mouth of the Yazoo River, and some method of source-stream control or reservoirs above that point. Part of these things—probably all of them—must be done before there will be any safety from overflows. And yet, there are arguments against each of these solutions. Since 1879 there have been men who advocated controlled outlets or spillways, and there was another and stronger group in Congress which opposed such spillways and has stood for "levees only" or confinement of the river between dikes. Some members of the latter group have changed their minds this year.

But opponents of spillways tell us that these outlets are useful only to the Lower Valley and would be ineffective at points higher up in the stream; they say that such outlets mean the building of sand-bars by the river's current, as it sweeps through the new opening; they point out that each spillway calls for hundreds of miles of additional levee-building, as these artificial streams or outlets must be protected on both sides, all the way from the river to the body of water into which they empty. Despite the arguments against such spillways, a levee at Poydras, some twenty miles below New Orleans, was dynamited to make a similar outlet, when the flood waters were threatening New Orleans. Such desperate measures had never been taken before,—officially, at least.

But already the propagandists are announcing, in fourteen-point type, that "New Orleans has always been safe from the Mississippi; New Orleans will always be safe." If this be true, then some one blundered rather badly in dynamiting a levee which sent thousands of acres of rich farm-land under water, made nearly four thousand people homeless, destroyed hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property, and an enormous number of the fur-bearing animals which have made this section the richest fur-producing region in the United States.

Such obvious propaganda defeats itself. The question is not, "Was New Orleans safe this year?" but rather, "Will New Orleans be safe in the future?" The answer to the first question is immaterial now, but the answer to the second is of paramount importance. I do not doubt that New Orleans will be safe in the future, for it has learned its lesson, has paid dearly for it, is still paying and will continue to pay for some time to come. At this moment New

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Orleans is caring for three thousand or more refugees from the flooded district where the artificial crevasse was made, and the city has promised restitution to those whose properties were destroyed.

Engineers seem to agree that there must be levees always, no matter what other steps are taken to prevent future floods—and they back up their statement with facts and figures taken from the conquest of the valley of the Nile, and from the past history of the Mississippi. If levees are abandoned, they point out, millions of acres of the most fertile soil in the world will be taken by the river's overflow. These fertile acres, now protected, are needed by the people of the United States.

The question of reservoirs is one even more difficult to solve, for where in the Mississippi Valley, can such storage spaces for water be built? Storage spaces which must be as large as the state of New Jersey, and may not be large enough even then! This seems to be a question of bottling the flood, rather than draining it. Yet, the run-off must be slowed up in some way, for, from the Rockies to the Appalachians, erosion is taking place, and every year much of the richest top-soil is carried off down the Mississippi. It was this rich top-soil that built up the Mississippi Delta; a considerable amount of it now goes out to sea in the river's muddy stream. This loss continues day after day, year after year. Unnoticed, unchecked, a great part of the country's richest farming land is being destroyed; in time, it will be unfit for cultivation. If you consider this, you can readily see that flood control is not the problem of the dwellers in the Lower Valley only, but a matter of real concern for the entire nation.

It is hardly possible that erosion can be checked, and improbable that floods can be done away with for all time. But the Mississippi can be slowed down and curbed. This must be done if the permanency of our agriculture is to be assured.

Theodore H. Price, writing in "Commerce and Finance" for June 15, points out that prosperity will follow the flood, as it has, he says, nearly all of the wars and other disasters of modern times. The Civil War made business hum in the United States, he writes; increased business followed the San Francisco earthquake and fire; the World War made America the richest of nations. All this may be true, may be sound reasoning, but what Mr. Price fails to point out is that one man's disaster is another man's gold. The 1927 floods may produce good business in the country at large, but those who suffered most will gain nothing from it. Many farmers who have been ruined will never recover.

The Mississippi River belongs to the United States. It is too large and too powerful for the individual states to control. Many of the states lying beside it have spent all the money available, and given all their strength to a losing fight. They are incapable of fighting it further. The river drains a vast area unaffected by flood but which should be held equally responsible for its ravages.

The United States undertook the building of the Panama Canal, the protection of Cuba and the Philip-

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pines. Surely it can take over the problem of the Mississippi; we have the brains and money. Curbing the river is a man's-sized job, but it can be done. The solution, perhaps, will be slow, but relief can be given, and it must be given quickly, for not so very long after Congress meets, spring will be here, and torrents will be sweeping down the Mississippi toward the Gulf.

We are a strange people—we Americans—we so soon forget. Before the water had begun to recede and while some of the worst floods of the year were taking place, newspaper readers had become tired of the disasters along the Mississippi. It was already an old story. Newspaper men in the flooded area were fed up on horror, fed up on bravery, bored with the terrible sameness of destruction. Even the rescuers were sated. They had seen too much suffering, had endured too much. The heat, the blistering sun and blinding water, the mosquitoes, the frightened, miserable refugees, the drowned animals. . . . There was no end to the suffering. The men who had seen the most, could not talk about it.

Lindbergh flew to Paris while the waters were at their highest, and the glad news of his great triumph ended the Mississippi flood as far as American newspapers were concerned. And yet the flood waters from the McCrea break and from the Melville crevasse on the Atchafalaya River—one of the outlets from the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico—were sweeping down through the "sugar bowl" of Louisiana, and a body of water as wide as the Mississippi itself was flowing across country into the land of the Acadians, two hundred miles west of the Mississippi, a land that had never known flood before within the memory of living man. Had either of these disastrous breaks occurred a month earlier, every paper in the country would have been full of the horrors. But the flood was officially "over."

The day that Lindbergh landed in Paris, this was happening on Bayou Teche in southwest Louisiana.

Afternoon. A sleepy little town, swooning in the simmering heat. A negro funeral procession moving slowly down the street; a hearse bearing a coffin; many negro men and women walking slowly after it. The women wear white, the men black, for this is a member of a "burying-society" who lies dead today. Black shadows on the yellow dust of the road. A mangy cur follows the hearse, its tongue lolling out, keeping close in the shadow.

Hot. Hot. Palmetto fans sway back and forth as the feet of the marchers stir the dust of the long, dry street; a fine grey film settles upon black, sweat-streaked faces. Slowly the procession passes out of the town to the negro cemetery at the edge of Bayou Teche. Here moss-draped oaks stand beside the water, long streamers of grey moss dipping into the stream. The stream is level full—higher than any one remembers it in other years. The cemetery is cool and seems dim after the simmering heat of the road.

The hearse stops at the open grave. The fresh earth is piled beside it. Men and women stand in a semicircle, holding red lilies in black hands. The coffin is placed upon

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the ground, and a song rises, hangs, poised in the air, for a moment, then dissipates thinly into the sunlight beyond the trees: "Death ain't nuthin' but a robber . . . in dis lan'! No, Death ain't nuthin' but a robber, in dis lan'! 'E come in yo' house, but 'e don' stay long . . . W'en yo' look aroun' somebody is gone . . . Death ain't nuthin' but a robber, in dis lan'!"

They begin a second verse, voices stronger, surer, now: "Death ain't nuthin' but a robber. . . ."

An old woman lifts her eyes as she sings, and sees across the stream, already full, a white wall of water moving silently toward them, covering everything as it comes.

The singers continue: "'E come in yo' house but 'e don' stay long . . . W'en yo' look aroun'. . . ."

But the old woman's voice rises suddenly to a shriek: "Oh muh Gawd! Look at dat water!"

The hymn breaks off short. The mourners stand motionless for a long second, looking at that wall of advancing water. How white it appears against the dark green of lush foliage! Then panic. The preacher cries: "Quick! Throw de coffin in de grave!"

Many hands grasp the wooden box. It drops into the hole. Men grab spades and begin to shovel in the earth. Women fall upon their knees and scoop in the earth with their hands. When the grave is half filled, the water has crossed the bayou and is upon them, the stream rushing now, widening every moment, and the cemetery ankle-deep before the mourners leave, running in terror.

Water is all around them. The negroes scream, many rushing to the hearse. Women and children are packed inside, where the coffin rested only a few moments ago. Horses are lashed. The widow, already hysterical from sorrow, is lifted to the driver's seat. As the hearse reaches the cemetery gate, she looks back to see the open grave full of water, and the red lilies and white roses floating in the rushing stream. She screams but nobody listens. They run, splashing through the deepening flood. The homing instinct is strong, but their cabins are already knee-deep in muddy water. Frightened dogs whine from the galleries, men on horseback gallop, splashing through the streets.

"Run! Run!"

"Gawd help!"

"Hab mussy, Jesus!"

"Jesus save!"

No time to stop now. To the railroad embankment they run, crying out, falling in the water. A train is waiting, already packed full of townspeople, white and black. The mourners clamber aboard, empty-handed, as the train pulls out. Those left behind stand on the railroad track for this is the last train out, and they must wait on housetops or in trees until the rescue boats can come—when the water is deep enough.

A hundred such scenes were enacted in Louisiana, after the flood was officially over.

This is July 1. I write in central Louisiana, where the refugees have returned to their homes and are making a new start. Let me try to tell you what I see from the window of this house in which I

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write. A bare expanse of muddy field; fences down and drainage ditches obliterated. The one house that lies within my range of vision has drifted from its foundations and is askew upon the ground. Its chimney has fallen. All of its outbuildings have been washed away and there, in the center of the field, the green-painted cistern which formerly held rain-water for drinking purposes, lies half buried in mud.

Nevertheless, there are people living in that house. In the field four men working—four men who are "walking in" their seeds with bare feet, because the ground is still too muddy to bear the weight of the plow and mule. There is one mule left for that family. Three were drowned or lost in the overflow. Once there were some forty hogs here. There is none here now. Once there was a flock of chickens. They are all drowned. Once there were beehives, and a cow. Not now.

In that house yonder, a woman is preparing dinner for the men who work in the field; she cooks on a rusty wood-burning stove which has been set on the sloping veranda, its pipe extending only a few feet into the air. In that house is a supply of food given by the Red Cross when the family left the refugee camp; enough food to last ten days. Leaving Baton Rouge yesterday, where they had been sheltered and cared for for a month, they were given the following things to take with them: two bushels of soy-beans, three bushels of corn, ten bushels of cotton-seed and one dollar's worth of garden-seed. Each man was given a shovel and a hoe, and his work stock was returned to him by boat from pastures on the highlands near Baton Rouge. In addition to this, the members of the family had rations to last ten days. They were cautioned to boil all drinking-water.

The Red Cross has done its part, and a glorious part it is, too. The people are truly grateful, and with reason; had it not been for the organized life-saving crews, working for the Red Cross, the loss of life would have been enormous.

Here in central Louisiana, among these people who have lost everything, it is difficult to look at the matter of future flood-control calmly and dispassionately. For these people are beginning over again with almost nothing to begin with—not even an assurance that their lands will not be inundated next year. No matter how their crops may prosper—and it is late in the summer to plant a crop under all this blistering heat—there are hard times ahead. Many of them will be hungry this fall. School-houses have been washed away, and the funds of the state are insufficient to replace them in time for the autumn session. Many churches are damaged beyond repair, and the land itself is covered with silt and sand from the receding waters.

But no matter for all that. We of the Lower Valley have known overflows before and each time we have begun again; but each time it is harder to begin. What we want is security from overflows. We can "get by" this time, perhaps, if there is any promise of safety for the future.

What we want is assurance that the government of these United States will take over the task of curbing the Mississippi. We ask that, and we feel we have the right to ask it.

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An Adventure in Friendship

The Story of the Institute of Pacific Relations

Ray Lyman Wilbur

Is there a place for the unofficial volunteer in bringing about an understanding between nations, or must he wear a uniform? Is there a chance through friendly negotiation between plain citizens to narrow the field in which conflicts between nations are apt to occur? Can the methods of science be applied to the study of international relations and the prevention of international friction? The Institute of Pacific Relations is an attempt to answer these questions.

Two years ago a group of about one hundred and fifty self-supported volunteers, representing China, Japan including Korea, the United States including the Philippines, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, the Territory of Hawaii, and some members at large, met for two weeks on the beautiful campus of Punahou College in Honolulu. They lived together in the college dormitories. The members of the Institute represented a wide divergence in origin, in training and in approach to the important problems of the Pacific. Those who already knew the answers to these questions soon found themselves in an atmosphere of scientific inquiry where prejudice and preconception were forced aside by the frank studies of the research worker or by the penetrating questions of the open-eyed and open-minded world scholar. There grew up a feeling of mutual respect and confidence through personal acquaintance. No issue was found too delicate for discussion. The experiment was a success, although that success was not recorded in the usual way by majority decisions and resolutions. It was a congress of modest workers who refused to be baffled by the many difficulties or to be disturbed by those who wished to substitute passion for thought.

There was some difficulty in organizing the Institute because of the desire of the Filipinos and the Koreans for an independent position but, by a series of conferences, this was finally adjusted. The Japanese members were still keenly sensitive because of America's immigration law, the Chinese were imbued with the ardent patriotic spirit of the "new China" and "white" Australia was much to the fore. Some searching questions were asked, such as, where did the right come from by which one group of world citizens, in political possession of unoccupied land, denies other citizens, with crowded lands and over-population, the right of emigration? Discussion at one of the open forum meetings

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between three members of the American delegation on the subject of Oriental immigration attracted dramatic interest. One of America's foremost publicists brought out the viewpoints which we might associate with the American "intelligentsia," showing that rigid caste systems had been a part of the history of the United States since its beginning and that the caste attitudes toward the Indian and the negro had readily been applied to the Oriental. A prominent labor leader urged the claims of California white labor against Japanese immigration, and a secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of a large Pacific coast town brought out the reactions of those men interested primarily in trade and commerce. It astonished the Oriental representatives to see the wide difference in opinion within the American group and to get a glimpse of the way the citizens of a democracy gradually evolve national decisions.

English was the language of the Institute. It was found that the Oriental members could not stand too many long sessions because of the strain of trying to understand a foreign language. An amusing incident came up in connection with the discussion of immigration laws of Australia. After a detailed report by a member of the Australian delegation, one of the Chinese rose and said he would like to have a syllabus prepared covering the remarks of the last speaker, as they sounded important, but he regretted to say that when he was studying at Yale, he had been taught English but not Australian.

Despite the fact of the delicate topics discussed at the forums and round tables, the spirit of the Institute improved each day. Mutual acquaintance brought about mutual understanding. By changing the seats at the tables in the dining-hall of the dormitory every few days, there came an opportunity for national lines to be completely broken and for each person to become acquainted with all the other members of the Institute. The addresses given to the Honolulu public covered both racial and national feelings and reactions on many subjects. Representatives of several of the countries presented characteristic native plays or dances. It was a self-revealing experience for the Americans to find out that they had but little to offer that could compare with the costumes and beauty of a Japanese tragedy or a Filipino or Korean dance. Trying to think of some characteristic national customs, foods or entertainment, brought about a mélange of suggestions of baseball, jazz, milk-shakes, watermelon, hot cakes, pie, ice-cream cones and Fourth of July—all evidence of the social dyspepsia from which the United States is suffering.

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The reports of the mass-education movement in China made the greatest impression on the members of the Institute. It showed the possibilities open to that great people through the removal of illiteracy and the spread of new ideas and new information by the simplified thousand-character language. The ferment going on in China for the removal of foreign encroachments, the demands from the Chinese for justice and equal treatment and their

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struggles for self-mastery in government, elicited the most passionate debates of the meeting.

Details of the application of immigration regulations, reports on Dutch colonizers abandoned for several generations on a mid-Pacific island and intermarrying with the natives, the effects of trade-winds on inter-island transfers of peoples and the qualities of the Maori, were intermingled with the cry of the Filipino for independence and the demonstration of industrial efficiency by the Chinese in the development of a great publishing organization.

Out of the conferences, round tables, committee meetings, public lectures and open forums, there gradually matured new and broader attitudes, more charity and more patience for the neighboring land and its citizens, and a greater desire for facts on which to base interpretations and judgments.

Human history has been a series of ups and downs. Men have built great nations and great cities but have been unable to control ambition, greed or those forces which seem to arise within a people undergoing expansion in wealth and numbers. Over and over again we have seen the tragic clashes of the so-called powers. To many, history has simply become the record of one war after another. The history of the United States has been intimately associated with that of the Atlantic. The Atlantic has been an ocean of blood. The spread of the American people over a vast continent has now brought them face to face with another great ocean. Around it are gathered half of the peoples of the globe.

With the development of the Panama Canal and new steamship lines, with the requirements of modern trade, we find everything in this new world arena staged for trouble. Must we go ahead and accept the situation or can we take the optimist's viewpoint that a solution is possible in spite of the differences of race, creed and national outlook? We have found that in the domain of business, industry and science, facts discovered by experience and by accurate studies, can be used to dispel the mistakes of ignorance and to lay the basis for constructive enterprises and institutions. Certainly the difficulties in the international field are very great. Even as a nation we are none too secure in our handling of internal, political, economic, cultural and racial questions, so that necessarily we must approach the international field humbly, even if hopefully.

Since the Institute meeting in 1925, groups have been organized in the principal Pacific countries composed of men and women representing, broadly, the academic world, the business world including labor, and publicists. In each of these countries research committees made up of professors and other recognized investigators, have been appointed to present facts bearing on Pacific problems. A research secretary, Professor J. B. Condliffe, of Canterbury College, Christchurch, New Zealand, has been chosen to coördinate the efforts in the fields of research. In other words, a serious attempt is being made to build up international fact-knowledge on such subjects as immigration, the relation-

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ship of population to food supply, the effect of missionary enterprises, the study of race relations, standards of living, political and cultural institutions, religion, and other phases of national and international life.

The greatest difficulty in the Pacific is due to the inadequate contacts between the various nations. The more evident avenues of publicity are for the most part occupied by the exuberant and the unusual. Cable rates are high, yet not too high to send to the most distant country the high lights of an unusual murder trial or to over-emphasize the significance of an unfortunate or accidental racial or international incident. The difficulties are great enough when they concern only differences in language, race, custom, attitude toward constituted law and culture, but when we add misinformation or incomplete information, jingoism and mischievous journalism, it is easy to appreciate the ease with which misunderstandings arise. Quack ideas, if they are spectacular, reach from shore to shore.

As we look ahead we can see it is inevitable that there will be an increased number of relationships among the peoples of the Pacific. Our present contacts through the immigrant, the trader, the missionary, the official, the tourist and the educator, have shown themselves to be insufficient and have built up a tenuous web of uneven and fragile strands too weak to guarantee stability. The atmosphere of the great ocean is charged with the elements which lead to storm. Men and nations are looking askance at each other and are not in that receptive mood which is needed to develop friendship and mutual understanding.

The Institute of Pacific Relations attempts to provide a background free from the ordinary inhibitions which keep us from seeing eye to eye with the other man. It is an equal forum for equals, open, regardless of race, creed or country, where men and women of good spirit seek to discover those things on which they can agree, rather than to make a cult of disagreement. One of the Oriental members at the first meeting said that until the advent of the Institute, his countrymen had never been approached by the foreigner except on the basis of buy, sell, borrow, teach or preach. The Institute hopes to develop the habit of speaking for ideas and presenting facts, rather than to encourage mere blind partizanship. Crusading seems to be a characteristic of many Americans as well as other nationals and with the growth of racial and national consciousness, it is certain that there will be many crusaders fired by patriotic instincts.

We all like frank discussion, particularly when we are doing the talking. The method of the Institute is to develop the capacity to listen. Its members are not official delegates. They cannot speak for any government or people. They can only present facts or near facts and ideas. Knowing no solutions, they have no patent formulæ with which to solve each international difficulty. No conclusions and no majority decisions are incorporated in the machinery of the Institute. As volunteers who see an idealized picture of what ought to be, they try to understand and solve things as they

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are. The Institute was born in that spirit. Its record shows that Americans have no monopoly of the pioneer spirit. Other countries have many people who know that it is easier to allow things to drift, but who realize that some one has to take the initiative. Intangible as the results may be, they can at least bring about changes in thought and sentiment on vexed questions, and develop an attitude of good-will among the various Pacific countries in their mutual relationships. It is inevitable that people of the same country, as well as those of different countries, should look at problems about them in various and different ways in accordance with those points of view that spring from heredity and develop out of education. Men recognizing common issues, look at them together but from different angles. They are not unlike the young married couple whose first-born had come. The father had purchased a beautiful—to him—baby carriage, and brought it home. The new baby was properly installed therein and the young couple stood, filled with interest and enthusiasm, bending over the little one. The mother said, "Can you believe it, that this belongs to us? Isn't it too wonderful?" He answered, "It sure is. I can't see how that fellow can sell a carriage like that for $7.25." It all depends upon what is being looked at, the baby or the baby carriage.

Those who organized the Institute of Pacific Relations are men of the type who look at the kernel and are interested in ideas, growth and development and not in the more evident shell. This has made it possible to cross the lines of language, race and nationality. Perhaps one can best gain an idea of the possibilities of such an "adventure in friendship" from this comment made by Viscount Eiichi Shibusawa in Tokio on April 5, 1926:

"My life covers the whole span of Japan's era of modern, foreign relationships. I can very clearly remember as a young boy, the coming of Commodore Perry's 'Black Ships' to Yedo Bay. With many other people I resented and opposed the idea of foreigners coming into Japan and of foreign intercourse. My family and my clan opposed the idea. Later I came to study the question of international relationships and also made one of a mission that was sent to America and Europe to study Western life and institutions. I gradually changed my point of view, and now for more than fifty years have been a strong supporter of the policy of full international intercourse and of friendships with the West. I have been an especial admirer of America and the spirit and leadership of American ideals and institutions.

"A succession of unfortunate events during the last few years has disappointed me in my estimate of America and has saddened, but I do not feel cast down or without hope that better understanding and juster relations can be established in the future between the two nations. The Institute of Pacific Relations impresses me as a timely and effective method of bringing about gradually a better understanding and a better relationship between the peoples of America and Japan.

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"It is not a quick solution: in fact it will take a good many years to mature this process of the Institute, but it may be all the more fundamental because it is a slow and thorough process. We must be very patient in matters that effect the understanding of large masses of the people."

Honolulu has again been chosen as the place for the second, the 1927 meeting of the Institute, although it is thought that the subsequent meetings will rotate in the various countries of the Pacific. It has many advantages for such a gathering. Located on the trade routes of the Pacific, it has a population in which the descendants of more than twenty nationalities are living together in remarkable harmony and cordiality. The very isolation of the Hawaiian Islands has had a certain advantage in the early meetings of such a forum dealing with controversial subjects. The sensational press is a constant menace because of its willingness to exaggerate every appearance of dissension and controversy. After the 1927 meeting in Honolulu, where there is a sympathetic and understanding press, it is believed that the Institute will be able to ride such storms as are almost inevitable with the biased and the jingo publicity from which no public organization is immune.

At the coming meeting there will be a nucleus of the members of the previous Institute, but many new faces. Members have been invited from all of the larger Pacific countries and a number of the smaller ones. The British Commonwealth of Nations will be represented by members from London as well as by those coming directly from Canada, Australia and New Zealand. A five-inch shelf of publications, representing reports and research studies covering subjects varying from the Australian aborigines to the admission of aliens into the United States, will be available for each member.

Since the aim of the Institute is to make its work practical and to be of direct service in the removal of difficulties and in promoting constructive measures of mutual assistance, a large amount of work has to be done by each member. As a result of training certain selected citizens in the background of international affairs, it is hoped that each member on his return from Honolulu will become a center from which will radiate information and interest, and that the national councils which have been built up will enlarge in membership, increase in branches and serve as instruments for the spread of facts and of understanding on disputed Pacific questions.

We do not expect to bring about any startling changes, but we hope that there can gradually be built up friendships based on mutual respect, among men and women of different countries possessed of sound information and good spirit. The love of justice and of fair dealing knows no barrier of race or creed. Frank discussion by informed individuals offers, in the minds of those interested in the Institute, one of the best opportunities for cementing many of those crevices always present in the structure of international relations and which may, if not attended to, readily become open breaches menacing the welfare of the world.

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THE STORY OF FRANCES PERKINS

Her Fight Against Selfishness, Prejudice and Vested Interests

A. W. HINSHAW

THE afternoon blue of a chill March sky shot into flame. The dignity of Washington Square shuddered before shrieking sirens and gibbering gongs as engines and hose-carts rushed to a neighboring street, Washington Place, where New Yorkers of the Square vaguely realized sweat-shops had crept.

Spending the tea hour in one of the quiet and distinguished old drawing-rooms overlooking the Square was the young woman who, largely through events growing out of the incidence, was to become chairman of the New York State Industrial Board. Frances Perkins was telling her friends of her winter's work at the 1910–11 session of the legislature on behalf of the fifty-four hour bill for working women.

When the alarm sounded she hurried into the street to find the fire already a conflagration, for it was what firemen call a "flash fire," —that is, the disaster had happened in less than three minutes. Starting in a shirt-waist factory occupying the eighth, ninth and tenth floors of a loft building, the fire was beyond the effective reach of water from street-level mains.

Since the shirt-waist makers were working overtime, the other floors of the building had been vacated earlier, a circumstance to which those who escaped, no doubt, owed their lives. One hundred and forty-six of them suffocated, burned or already wrapped in flame, jumped to a death which seemed easier than burning.

Chances of escape had been cut to a hair's breadth by the time the workers were aware of their danger. The fire-escape, quickly cluttered with falling iron shutters, grew too hot for use in the early minutes of the fire—besides it led to a walled-in court which soon became a furnace.

The elevator operator fled at the first alarm and his car, run by a volunteer, carried out refugees until the bodies of women who had jumped into the shaft and to the top of the car made running it impossible. A proprietor and some employees escaped from the tenth floor by way of the roof. Many of those on the eighth succeeded in getting out. It was on the ninth floor that firemen found the bodies of fifty-eight girls piled in a little anteroom against the door of exit—which was locked.

On the sidewalks there were other piles of lifeless bodies—those who had jumped. One fell with such force as to break through the heavy sidewalk glass and carry the fire from the victim's burning clothes into the

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basement. A girl hung from a window sill and dropped only when the flames reached out to clasp her hands.

The story of Rosey Safran, one of the workers who escaped, was published in the New York Independent. Rosey said that virtually none of the girls jumped until her clothing was actually burning. Their mouths and eyes full of smoke, many were saying their prayers. Some had covered their eyes with rags that they might not see their comrades leap to death, for no fire nets can be made to withstand the impact of bodies falling from such a height.

But if the lives of 146 girls were sacrificed at seventy-five dollars each, as was later asserted in a conservative periodical, they were lost in a great cause, for the moral awakening of the community was commensurate with the wrong.

The New York Committee on Public Safety was formed at a citizens' indignation meeting at the Metropolitan Opera House, and got a bill creating the Factory Investigating Commission through the legislature before the close of the session.

And a friendly fate had placed as an eye-witness of the great tragedy a social idealist who already had learned to make practical politics serve her cause.

Frances Perkins is that fine product of the twentieth century, a gentlewoman with the common touch. Sophistication has not robbed her of zest, nor extended academic training of the common-sense essential to the solution of practical problems.

Underlying her quiet poise is a rich reserve of decision and action. Her high seriousness in the cause of industrial maladjustments is tempered by an alert sense of humor, deeply sparkling in extraordinarily sympathetic eyes; and the judicial formality of her decorum is lost in the acuteness of her observations.

In her the New England conscience has shed its puritanical habiliments and put on a business suit of ethics; its fanaticisms are refined to a modern practical perseverance in bringing to the *n*th degree the productive potentialities of labor; its conservatism appears in her regard for the profits she realizes industry must make, if there be any industry to regulate; its propriety appears in her person.

During the vogue of long narrow skirts, hers were short enough to permit clambering through every part of a building and all its fire exits. To-day when every woman under sixty wears skirts just below the knee, hers are of a decorous length suited to the judicial dignity of her office. A becoming tricorn hat seems to be a part of her—winter and summer—never in nor out of style, always chic and carrying a Bostonian air of well-groomed modesty.

When Miss Perkins was confronted with the approaching fullness of the fair, fat forties, instead of resorting to inadequate food or any other hysterical subversion of nature, she no doubt noted on her desk pad, "Sedentary habits require balance; golf impossible—" at any rate she joined a gymnasium class.

She has a rich maternal enjoyment of her young daughter, meeting fully every obligation of motherhood. With the Woman's Party she has little in common beyond the use of her maiden name, for although

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she enjoys as much as do the most capable of her sex, in their present so-called equality, she sees the position of her less fortunate sisters ameliorated chiefly through differential legislation.

She has neither shocked nor uplifted the world into acceptance of her code, she has simply been ready and waiting for every advantage that might be taken and never has allowed an advantage once gained to slip back.

The first woman industrial board chairman grew up in Boston where three causes a day are as common as the meals of other localities. However, the golden rule of her girlhood emanated largely from the pulpit and was practised chiefly in the parlor. It was as a young teacher near Chicago that she came into contact with the pragmatic idealism of Hull House. There she came to know a new love of mankind which was shorn equally of sentimentality and bank balance beatitudes.

Stirred by Jane Addams' fine discrimination between justice and sympathy and, most of all, by her practical direction of the philanthropic motive, Frances Perkins set about to supplement the armor of righteousness with complete data and the full history of the failures and successes of other social workers.

Instead of wading into the difficulties of industry with a reckless muckrake, she spent three years in libraries and lecture-rooms studying economics. Toward the completion of her doctorate, however, she grew more and more impatient of books; more and more eager to get at grips with the actual industrial problem.

And waiting for her young impatience was a job—a history-making job both for Miss Perkins and for thousands of her sex. It was lobbying for the fifty-four hour bill for women on behalf of the Consumers' League of New York.

A woman lobbyist was a novelty; idealists were just coming to recognize that the mills of the legislative gods grind exceeding slow if they lack the oil of practical politics.

Frances Perkins made the most of the opportunity. Her attendance on two sessions of the legislature was more faithful than that of any member. She made friends among legislators whenever that was possible and when it wasn't, made friendly enemies of her opponents.

Alfred E. Smith, then an assemblyman, came to know and respect the young woman's ability, and a friendship significant for the State of New York began. For "Al" Smith's "hunches" Miss Perkins was able to supply data; while her academic training was admirably supplemented by the political skill of the coming leader.

Though the emissary of a blue-stocking group, she was able to convince "Big Tim" Sullivan that he and she could work together for their mutual advantage. The "King of the Bowery" liked her because she knew a liar—but didn't show it—and he admired the rapidity with which she got a working knowledge of Albany politics.

For under the tuition of friendly newspaper men she was an apt student of the personalities of politics and of such maneuvers as getting bills out of committee when the committee didn't want them out.

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The legislators themselves, began to tip her off on tricks of parliamentary procedure.

Eventually, "the" MacManus, senator from Hell's Kitchen, introduced the fifty-four hour bill, and "Big Tim" Sullivan sponsored it.

The legislative session of March 1910–11 dragged well into the summer. It was in March that the Washington Place factory fire determined the further development of Miss Perkins' career. Not only did she do her utmost in helping secure passage by June of the bill creating the Factory Investigating Commission, but her recommendations to Abram I. Elkus, counsel of the New York Committee on Safety were accepted by him as excellent material in the building of a working program.

Meanwhile the fifty-four hour bill was worrying through another legislative session. In those days telegrams from constituents were rare. Albany law-makers who found their desks covered with them were by no means unaffected. There were organized hearings before committees. Special trains carrying earnest delegations arrived in the capital city.

Nevertheless legislation remained ice-bound. Even Miss Perkins' courage was waning toward the close of the session. The MacManus bill for a fifty-four hour week for women remained in committee. At last by wile, wit and eternal vigilance it was coaxed out and favorably voted on by the Senate. But the end was not yet. Far from it.

The MacManus bill had failed to pass the assembly and the assemblymen whose consciences or whose reelection troubled them substituted for it the Jackson bill, originally providing for a fifty-four hour week for all women workers but amended to exempt the canning industry. The Consumers' League naturally opposed such a bill—League members wanted to eat social justice as well as wear it on their backs. The League's lobbyist had fought the canning amendment to the Jackson bill to the moment of defeat.

But in the last hours of the session when it became apparent that the MacManus bill would not pass both houses, there began pounding in Frances Perkins' ears some pertinent statistics: 350,000 women affected, and only 5000 in canneries! 350,000 —5000!

She decided instantly and without chance of conference with her supporters, to push the Jackson bill, amendment or no amendment. Since the bill already had passed the assembly, the Senate would have only to forget the MacManus bill and pass its foster-brother, the Jackson, in order to secure the benefits of a fifty-four hour law for the vast majority of working women *then* and *there*.

With double difficulty in the available minutes left, Miss Perkins transferred the loyalty of "the" MacManus and "Big Tim" Sullivan to the bill they all had fought together. Senator Sullivan and his cousin, Senator C. D. Sullivan, had been about to take the boat home when Miss Perkins intercepted them and won their coöperation in her last stratagem. Having given their consent they asked the clerk to record their ayes out of turn so that they still might get the boat for New York.

But to Miss Perkins' consterna-

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tion, when the cat was out of sight the mice began to play. Two promised ayes which paid dutiful allegiance to the crown when the Bowery ruler was bodily present, now changed to noes. In this last crisis Miss Perkins prevailed on her friends in the senate to have the bill reconsidered while she ran to a telephone booth and "got" the pier in time to fetch the tricked Sullivans back.

Their taxi stalled; they had to run part of the way; they arrived without a moment's leeway before door closing. But their return was triumphant. The recalcitrant noes sweetly and obediently answered "Aye," at the new roll-call and the Jackson bill awaited only the governor's signature to become law.

Yet at the height of this stirring victory, Miss Perkins was sure the Consumers' League would disapprove her compromise with practical politics. She was therefore a little dazed at the hearty and overwhelming congratulations on her quick-witted and dramatic conclusion of a long trench campaign waged against the huge bulk of industrial capital, doggedly convinced that the law was inimical to profits.

Since that time capital apparently has changed its mind; increased human efficiency now goes into its calculations. And no single agency did more to effect this change than the findings of the Factory Investigating Commission.

This commission, it will be recalled, was created and its appropriation secured in response to the pressure of the New York Committee on Safety, which now availed itself of the successful fifty-four hour lobbyist to further the program she already had helped plan.

The Committee on Safety immediately loaned its new secretary to the Factory Investigating Commission to organize its work and to appear as expert witness at its hearings.

Special training, education, practical legislative experience and workable social ideals in the person of Frances Perkins were now to be pitted against habit, prejudice and vested interests.

Yet so innocuous was the outward aspect of this young woman that vested interest—chiefly the capital invested or to be invested in loft buildings—scarcely took cognizance of her in the first hearings of the commission.

The able and talented lawyer for the real estate interests alarmed lest sentimental legislation make comparatively new buildings obsolete and the cost of further construction prohibitive, could scarcely believe his senses when he saw his chief antagonist. He felt like a battle-ship sent out to bring in a fishing-smack. "That little girl an expert!" he exclaimed.

But that was when the hearing opened in the aldermanic chamber of New York's City Hall. Later he discovered that the foe was worthy of his mettle. For Miss Perkins was prepared to inform the hearing and coincidentally the public at large, when a fire-escape is not a fire-escape. She showed that the Asch building, which had trapped the employees of the shirt-waist factory, was rather exceptionally considerate of human life as loft factories went. Hundreds of other buildings with a

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greater hazard of gas, irons, wooden equipment and helter-skelter refuse, had fewer exits and all this invitation to disaster far above the seventh floor, the last at which Chief Croker said he was able to give a fire an honest fight.

Chemical and mechanical engineers in the employment of insurance underwriters were called to testify. They showed that even when existing laws were fully met in building requirements, many peaceable looking structures trustfully entered by hundreds of workers every morning—in relays, simultaneous entrance being impossible—were really little less than crematories, provided a flame, accidental or otherwise, was applied at any point.

"And the wonderful thing about engineers," says Miss Perkins, "is that they don't know how to lie. Their whole training and experience has to do with meeting natural laws, not evading them. A lie won't bridge a river nor make a building stand. Engineers get in the habit of thinking and telling the truth, and people recognize it in them."

When pertinent truth is brought to bear on such a crisis as that precipitated by the shirt-waist fire, something is going to happen. Something now happened—the fire prevention laws of the State of New York, and with them the other advanced labor laws of 1913–14–15 whose necessity was discovered and made public largely by the Factory Investigating Commission. New York with more than twice as many wage-earners and millions of dollars more invested in industrial plants than Wisconsin, was only two legislative sessions later than the western state in creating an industrial board with full legislative and judicial powers. For the Factory Investigation Commission in ferreting out fire hazards unearthed many other conditions inimical to the safety and health of industrial workers.

Formerly the factory inspector had traveled by train. His arrival in a one-or-two-train-a-day town permitted the station agent or any town loiterer to inform a factory management of his approach in advance.

The new commission,—not salaried—composed of two state senators, three assemblymen and four other citizens, made a point of traveling chiefly by automobile in order to make its visits unannounced. This was necessary if it was to discover the actual number of occupants housed in a given factory, since even the most upright employers did not hesitate to conceal such facts from interfering busybodies who knew less about the business of the owner than the owner knew, and nothing at all about making money.

The commission, therefore, discovered not only the inadequacy of fire-proofed stairways—basing the number of such stairways on the number of persons in a building was early recognized as the key to safety —but their surprise visits brought to light an astounding number of deliberate violations of the child labor law.

If there was no time to unlock the doors on exits, locked to prevent employees from sneaking out with stolen goods, there also was no time to hustle out by back doors large numbers of child-workers just before the commission arrived.

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It was as a by-product of the fire prevention investigation, also, that Miss Perkins was able to introduce the members of the commission to the practical effect of laws permitting the night-work of women.

Legislators were clamoring, at the behest of constituents, for the exemption of small cities where there was little danger of overcrowding, from the requirements of the new factory laws. It took the sacrifice of more human victims, even while investigation was in progress, to demonstrate graphically that open stairways ordinarily adequate for the occupants, were flues for fire, and that outside fire-escapes were virtually useless. For in the Binghampton shoe factory fire which occurred at this time, twelve persons who were kept back from stairways by roaring gullets of flame were roasted to death on outside fire-escapes.

It was in looking into the fire prevention situation in the smaller communities that Miss Perkins, ever alert to the social implications of industry, came upon the haggard women of Auburn.

When she asked the Factory Investigating Commission to visit this little village at five o'clock in the morning there naturally were demurrers. But Miss Perkins insisted it was the only way in which to see and be convinced of what actually takes place when women are permitted by law to work at night.

The commission was at the mill gate when the night shift of women passed out and their husbands passed in for the day shift—for this was the first practical result of night-work for women. The wives did not look simply fatigued—they looked as if they never had rested; no grime of sweat and toil could account for the veil of ugliness over them. So might prisoners have looked, and so might Doré have drawn the figures of "The Inferno" passing into another and deeper hell.

But this much any sentimentalist or superficial observer might have deduced; Miss Perkins led the commission to the workers' houses where they might see how the women employed their days. And the investigators had an actual view of these factory mothers going home to wake up their children, to get their breakfasts and to start them off to school. When the older ones had left and the housework was begun, the mothers tended the babies, cleaned the house and prepared the noonday meal. After the dinner dishes were washed, the children returned to school and a start made in preparing supper—if the babies needed no special attention—these part-mothers, part-machines, went to sleep.

Under favorable conditions their sleep might last as long as two or three hours. For it was not necessary to get up until time to put supper on the table and, having had a "bite," leave for the mill to greet their home-coming men at the gate.

Homes were worse than ill-managed orphan-asylums and mothers were living under worse than slavery conditions.

To-day Auburn is a model factory village. Men are paid a family wage and, for the most part, their wives stay at home minding the children and their domestic duties. When women have to work, they work in the day shifts.

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Not the least of these beneficences is that employers, once a demonstration was forced, have discovered that humanity is the best policy. A family wage to men brings a higher grade worker; automatic machinery devices do not cost as much in the long run as the grade of work done by pittance-paid women.

Even in the real estate field the idealism of fifteen years ago has become the practical wisdom of today. The New York Real Estate Board has recognized that the shirtwaist fire did them a great good turn. Better buildings bring better returns. Trades with fewer workers were attracted from low rent sections to the buildings outlawed for populous manufacturing.

The dogged opposition of the penny-squeezing type of factory owner has turned to acknowledgment of greater insurance rebates. The "hard-boiled" business man who demanded to be shown how business could be run with a burden of petticoat provisions for the health, welfare and safety of the worker, amiably admits that his profits have in the main tended to increase.

These changes in public and private attitudes have not come about without perseverance. On the passage of an "advanced" law there was certain to follow a string of pettifogging amendments, for which the secretary of the New York Committee on Safety had to be on the watch constantly.

Later the Industrial Board took over the eternal vigilance which was to insure to New York working men and women their safe, clean, and for the most part, humane conditions of labor.

When Alfred E. Smith in 1919 became Governor of New York one of his early official acts was to appoint Frances Perkins a member of the Industrial Board. Governor Smith had been a member of the Factory Investigating Commission. Together he and Miss Perkins had worked for the passage of much of the legislation recommended by that body. To no one, he realized, could he better entrust the equitable and humane administration of these enactments.

Now the powers vested in the New York Industrial Board are great. The reports of the Factory Investigating Commission were of such detailed and technical character that legislation based on them would not only be bulky and time-taking but would call for comprehensive information on building construction, machinery and factory operation.

Consequently the legislature in creating an industrial board gave it power to make, amend and repeal codes affecting the health and safety of workers. With this went the right of granting special variations in instances where an employer is able to prove that the health and safety of his employees are otherwise equally well assured.

Besides these legislative functions the hearing of all controverted workmen's compensation cases was turned over to the Industrial Board with the additional duty of acting in the capacity of state's attorney in finding all the facts.

Appointment to this board set Miss Perkins' ever active New England conscience to work at a newer stiffer job. "Nothing," she says,

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"so cramps the reformer's style as the power to make other people spend their money."

This transference from the ranks of the recommenders to the ranks of power brought its transformation in thinking. Miss Perkins had recommended freely, but she thought twice before carrying out the recommendation.

The burdens and difficulties of the employer now had to be considered; the health and safety of business and the general public interest were on an equal plane with those of the worker.

The new test was: "What will this give the employee in health, comfort, decency and security?" and "What will it cost?"

Ultimately, however, Miss Perkins found that what is good for man is good for master. The law for master has been immeasurably humanized by the board's power to grant variations. The exercise of the board's discretion is regular and constant. Special permissions are granted and modifications of orders are made.

Far-reaching, however, as is the work of the board in preparing, investigating, hearing and finally adopting codes—on the surface it appears largely a matter of blueprints, bricks and mortar.

It is in the hearing of claims of workmen for compensation that the board must render justice in terms of arms and legs, eyesight and hearing, referred to by the code as "permanent total disability, permanent partial disability, temporary total and temporary partial disabilities."

Nothing in the whole sphere of labor legislation is so human as the administration of what the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court once called "the rough but speedy justice" of the Industrial Board. Here passes in review the total result of all that is being done to affect the life of the worker. Here he is seen as the victim of too great a chance taken, or sometimes as the miraculous survivor of what would have been a life-taking accident but for safeguards. Here, his short and simple annals are touched with drama and his relation to the industrial machine made vivid and often significant. And here even-handed justice is meted out to the worker as never before.

The twenty-seven referees of the Labor Department last year heard and awarded over 150,000 claims for workmen's compensation. The great majority of these claims are not controverted. Only 7500 of them came before the Industrial Board for review. Disputes arise as to the facts of the injury, the point of law and as to the medical reasoning.

Hearings are conducted as those of a court, and attorneys address themselves to members of the board as to a court. Decisions may be appealed only to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of the State, and the low number reversed indicates their wisdom and justice. In actual amounts the board has jurisdiction over cases involving $6000, $8000, $10,000 and in cases of loss of life as much as $20,000. Decision must be quick and must be right.

The brief time it is possible to give a single case, making decision of

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necessity speedy, increases the value of Miss Perkins' technical knowledge of New York State manufacturing and factory construction—for it is generally conceded by employer and employed that Miss Perkins "knows her stuff."

When workmen are represented by attorneys—a practice the state does everything to discourage—they are likely to present the case as they would before a jury, dwelling on matters relevant to the misfortunes of the workman, rather than to how he came by them. There is no temptation, Miss Perkins says, for the board member who is bringing to light essential evidence to use jury methods on himself—he knows the labor code and knows it under decisions.

One of Miss Perkins' early achievements on the Industrial Board in humanizing the operation of the law, was the creation of an after-care service conducted by trained social workers who investigate the cases where compensation does not solve the problem, so as to provide for their relief through the various charitable agencies. It is particularly useful in controverted cases pending decision.

During the life of the New York Industrial Board there has been a marked change in the attitude of owners and manufacturers toward the restrictions imposed by it. In some instances a complete change has come about. Where formerly the employer opposed state interference, he now coöperates in every way with safety and welfare legislation. The laundry trade is a conspicuous example. It has found the provisions of the code regarding temperature and humidity of workrooms, the guarding of machinery, and seating facilities for workers to be useful and advantageous. The baking trade has discovered that greater cleanliness and increased saleability of its product come from required ventilation and sanitation.

Masses of employers are now moving in the direction humanly desirable. The day of the reformer from the outside is done, Miss Perkins believes. The worker himself will not effect much more. It is the owners of industry who are the next to take up reform.

What Frances Perkins' own contribution toward this awakening of the employer to his human responsibility will have been, only a future generation can say.

Certain it is that she has not failed the girl workers she saw silhouetted against the red and black of the Washington Place fire, their hands lifted in prayer before they jumped to death.

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ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

ELINORE COWAN STONE

BINKS scrambled up, straightened to the fullest extent of his forty-eight inches, heels together as close as the brace on his bad leg would permit, and saluted with military precision as a gray motor-cycle dashed up and halted. A tall, blue-eyed young man, in the uniform of a lieutenant of the state police, dismounted and gravely returned the salute. It was the daily exchange of courtesies for which Binks had waited half an hour, sitting patiently on the stone bench just inside the tall, wrought-iron gates of his father's drive.

"'Morning, Sergeant," said the young man. "What's the report?"

Binks so far violated military decorum as to stand on one foot and wriggle his elbows in delight, as he invariably did when Lieutenant Ruston addressed him as "Sergeant."

"'Spicious-looking person went down that road to the creek 'bout ten minutes ago. He was carrying something over his shoulder, and it *looked* like a gun," he reported smartly.

"Good work, Sergeant. I'll investigate your information."

"'Course, now," qualified Binks a little tardily, "it *might* have been just old Mr. Scott, and—and the gun *might* have been just a shovel."

"Never mind," his superior officer reassured him, "if you saw old Ben Scott carrying anything as useful as a shovel, the circumstances are sure suspicious. Warm day." The lieutenant mopped his brow and glanced a bit wistfully toward the coolness of the rolling lawn under the elms and horse-chestnuts.

Hospitably Binks sprang to lift the latch of the gate but the bad leg played him false, as it often did if he hurried it injudiciously, and sent him sprawling into the hedge of rhododendrons that bordered the gravel drive.

"Tough luck, Sergeant," commiserated the young officer, fishing him from the shrubbery with a single turn of a brawny wrist and setting him gently upon his feet—not too gently, however—for Binks was wont to turn pale and excessively dignified at the remotest hint of pity.

"Old leg isn't quite itself yet, since that free-for-all down at Pete's Place—eh, Sergeant?" added Lieutenant Ruston casually.

It was a fascinating bit of fiction, invented and fostered by the lieutenant and tremulously appreciated by Binks, that the warped little left leg, which for three years—since Binks was five—had refused to grow straight and strong, was a souvenir of a bloody encounter at a roadhouse out on the highway, during which Sergeant Binkshop Vaille Bennett had captured, single-handed,

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three of the most desperate outlaws of that part of the state. There were times when Binks hardly questioned at all the veracity of this account of his infirmity. These were the times when he had been reading the adventures of Robin Hood or the exploits of Richard the Lion-Hearted, in his father's big shadowy library.

"All in the day's work, old scout," pursued Lieutenant Ruston, depositing a pair of gauntlets on the stone bench beside him, and again mopping his flushed face. "Likely to happen to any of us. I may be on crutches, myself, to-morrow."

Binks looked up from a rapt counting of the cartridges in the lieutenant's broad belt, with an exclamation:

"Huh! You can't tell me any one's ever going to get ahead of you, Rusty." In moments of relaxation Binks often ventured to address his superior officer as "Rusty." "I guess you're always ready for 'em."

A less devout admirer than Binks might have shared his confidence. There was an unmistakable suggestion of alert readiness about the long-legged, broad-shouldered young officer with the fresh color and clear blue eyes—a suggestion that he might be rather good at taking care of himself and several others at the same time. He and Binks had first met when Rusty had lifted the boy—every freckle stark against the white terror of his face but hanging on like a trooper—from the back of a runaway pony.

It was not only that Rusty had saved his life—saving lives was Rusty's business. Rusty was so straight and strong and splendid in his dark gray uniform with its important-looking cartridge-belt and glossy black boots; yet there was about him, at the same time, something of the look of a friendly little boy whose mother had just scrubbed him thoroughly and sent him out to play. Rusty had a way of swinging his broad shoulders and lifting his long legs when he walked, as if the world were his own particular oyster; and a way of looking out of his blue eyes as if it were an extremely interesting and amusing oyster. But what was more important, he had a genius—ordinarily quite lacking in his elders—for discriminating between what was amusing and what was deadly serious. Consequently it was quite possible to discuss the most delicate topics with him in a candid man-to-man fashion.

To no one but Rusty would Binks have thought of confiding his firm intention of joining the state police as soon as—well, as soon as his leg grew straight. With this end in view, Binks religiously gulped down the countless prescribed glasses of milk, which he loathed, but which Rusty urgently recommended as the staple diet of all really robust and efficient state troopers—especially in the case of bad legs.

Rusty ought to know; there was nothing Rusty could not do. Binks, himself, had seen him stop the thief who was running away with Mr. Prescott's automobile, by the simple maneuver of jumping on the running board and lifting the wriggling culprit out by the back of his coat collar. And only last month Binks's father had quite glowed over an account of how, when fire broke out

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in the Globe Theater downtown, Rusty had stopped an incipient stampede toward the narrow stairway leading from the balcony and made every one file out quietly. Binks's father said he had probably saved a hundred lives. He was to have a medal from the governor.

"I don't s'pose," Binks hesitated in his occupation of polishing an irreverent splash of mud from the lieutenant's black boots with the cuff of his shirt-sleeve, "I don't s'pose proberly your medal came this morning?" He looked up hopefully. "I can't just hardly wait."

"Now don't you lose any sleep over that medal, Sergeant," advised Lieutenant Ruston comfortably. "I don't."

"Oh, I don't exactly lose sleep," protested Binks, a little hurt, "but I—I think about it lots; and when I remember about what you did, Rusty, it—it makes me feel all kind of jerky inside, like—like when I hear them play 'Oh, say can you see' before the flag goes up over at the Post."

"All in the day's work, Sergeant," Rusty assured him, but under the boy's reverent eyes, the healthy color of the young officer's cheeks deepened. "If you go on drinking all the milk you can swallow, the way I've been telling you, you'll likely have enough medals to paper the wall by the time you're my age."

Binks stood on one foot and wriggled his elbows ecstatically.

"Oh, do you s'pose I will, Rusty? Do you honestly s'pose I could ever do anything to win a medal?"

"Surest thing you know. Nothing to it."

Rusty stretched his long legs and rose regretfully. Binks watched a little forlornly as he turned toward the gate. At the gate, however, Lieutenant Ruston halted and clapped a hand to the pocket of his tunic.

"By Heck, I 'most forgot!" he exclaimed. "Brought you something."

Under Binks's starry eyes he produced a small volume, from beneath the flap of his pocket.

"The official dope for sub-deb troopers," he told Binks gravely. "Read it at your leisure, Sergeant, and let me have your opinion."

Binks watched with frowning concentration as the lieutenant strode to his waiting motor-cycle, hitched his belt into place and mounted with an easy swing of his long legs. The boy drooped a little as the last cloud of blue smoke disappeared down the road. A more calloused officer of the state police than young Lieutenant Ruston might have been flattered and touched by the tribute, had he been present, as Sergeant Bennett stiffened, hitched his own diminutive waistline, and strode with a painstaking swing of his shoulders toward the stone bench. It might be hours before Rusty rode by again. But there was the book.

Eagerly Binks disposed himself, face downward on the grass, cheeks in his cupped hands, for its respectful consideration. Undoubtedly it was a wonderful book. The man who wrote it must have known almost as much as Rusty, himself. The section on "Prevention of Water Accidents" Binks put regretfully aside. He wasn't allowed to go swimming—yet. Hopefully he sat up and regarded his bad leg. Wasn't it just

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a little straighter, perhaps, than it had been yesterday? But he must hurry. Any moment, now, Mrs. McFarland, the housekeeper, or some one else would be calling him to drink his milk, take a nap or do some of those other tiresome things they were always thinking of, or Lillian or Roberta would be coming over and begging him to play with them. He fluttered the leaves anxiously until he reached the fascinating section on "First Aid"—"Compound Fractures"—"Snake Bites" — "Re — Re-sus-ci-ta-tion" — there was so much! He skimmed a page here and there. Suddenly Binks's eyes widened and his freckles twinkled with excitement. "Panics and Their Prevention!" Ah, here, indeed, was the school in which heroes like Rusty were trained.

"Preparedness," Binks read, "will often save hundreds of lives. In the first place, make it an invariable rule to note all exits as you enter a building. In case of alarm, distribute the crowd to avoid herding at any one exit. Keep them entertained. If possible, the performance must go on. This will reassure any who may be nervous or restless. Many hundreds of lives have been sacrificed by panic-stricken mobs. Keep cool, and you will be able to keep others cool, and—"

Binks sat up abruptly and thrust his book behind him as three shadows fell across the drive just within his line of vision. Lillian was advancing upon him, determination in every line of her small figure, from the dancing curls that framed her face to her small, dancing feet.

Lillian lived next door. Behind, trailed Roberta Edmonds from across the street, and—that must be the boy who was visiting her. At sight, Binks felt that he did not particularly like the visitor. He did not like the self-conscious way he was capering, mouth extended, arms stiff, in an attempt to make Roberta laugh. It was stupid, Binks thought, to try so hard to be funny.

"Binks Bennett," called Lillian, "Mrs. McFarland says you're to come and play with us right away. She says you'll go blind if you sit with your nose in a book all the time. She says—"

"You don't go blind in your nose," Binks wearily set her right and settled himself back comfortably on his elbows.

For a moment Lillian looked baffled—she distrusted Binks in an argumentative mood—but only for a moment. She put her head on one side, her blue eyes became all gentle pleading and her voice was like the cooing of a dove.

"But, Binks," she coaxed, "I'm simply bored to tears." One knew instinctively that the mother of Lillian was frequently "bored to tears." "It isn't any fun unless you play, Binks. Bobs won't do anything but try to stand on her head and Edgar can never think of anything nice to play. Oh, *please* come." Further, one might surmise that the mother of Lillian was a lady who not infrequently had her own way.

Binks pursed his lips and frowned; but he knew, even as he cast a regretful side glance at his book, that he was going.

"Well—all right," agreed Binks, and got to his feet.

Roberta, a wiry, brown little person, had been observing Lillian's

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tactics with shrewd interest. Now she uttered a shrill war-whoop and solemnly turned three perfect cart-wheels, displaying a length of thin scratched, bare leg between bloomers and socks.

"Well, what're we goin' to do?" demanded the visitor. "For Pete's sake let's do *something*." He kept his eyes sleepily half shut and his mouth always a little open, so that you couldn't help seeing the bands about his front teeth.

"Binks will tell us," purred Lillian, and the little dimple in her cheek played delightfully. "Binks can think of things and things and things!"

Again Binks frowned and pursed his lips as if in reluctance. He knew, however, he would think of something very especial now. There was something about Lillian in this mood that made one feel positively Napoleonic.

"I want to play 'Catch,'" announced the visiting boy. He spoke loudly but not with confidence.

"I don't," said Roberta with chill decision. "It's too hot. I don't know whether I want to play Binks's game either, but maybe I will. I will if I want to."

She stared at Binks challengingly out of her bright oblique eyes.

"We're going to play hospital," announced Binks with authority. "You can all come to my office."

"Oh, Binks," trilled Lillian, clasping her hands, "that will be simply mahvelous!"

They went across the dappled green lawn, across the sunshiny space where it rolled up toward the house, along the hedges of lilac trees that separated the land belonging to Binks's father from the old Pelham place next door and through the fragrant grape arbor with its pendent clusters of purple and gold. Partly because it was hot and partly because Binks never walked very fast, they ambled leisurely—except Roberta. Roberta could hardly have been said to walk. She varied her progress by frequent cart-wheels, by scrambling up to run lightly along the top of the stone wall that peered over the lilac hedge and by clambering among the lattices of the grape arbor like a nervous brown monkey.

"Say, for Pete's sake, you're slow," complained the visitor, who had been stumping sulkily ahead, hands in his pockets, kicking at stray clods and pebbles. He turned; then, suddenly regarding Binks with a new interest, he came back toward him. "For Pete's sake! What makes you walk so funny? Gee! That's a funny thing you've got on your leg. Is that—"

"Shut up, Edgar Wade!" hissed Roberta, coming up flushed from an abruptly terminated cart-wheel.

"Shut up yourself," retorted Edgar quite amiably—almost absent-mindedly. He was revolving about Binks, his mouth more widely open than usual. "Say," he yelped with sudden enthusiasm, his sleepy eyes almost bright, "you've got an awful funny leg, haven't you?"

In the stunned silence that followed, Binks grew deadly pale under his freckles, the muscles of his jaws set, his eyes narrowed.

"Here," he said very distinctly to Roberta and Lillian, "is my office. You can come up if you want to."

The visitor stared, but after a moment's hesitation, he followed the

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others. They went through the lower part of the old barn at the back of the yard, past the haymows—still half full of hay—on the right and the stalls on the left, up a ladder-like stairway at the other end of the barn, and through a narrow door. Binks's office was a long, half-finished chamber just over the carriage-room, which was partitioned off behind the stalls. It had been the sleeping quarters of the grooms when the Bennetts kept horses.

Binks ushered his guests in a little breathlessly.

"What a puhfec'ly chawming room!" gasped Lillian.

Binks pretended not to hear, but a gratified flush glowed under his freckles. He thought it a rather nice room. He had spent hours in anxiously arranging and rearranging the legless couch, the weather-beaten book-shelves, and the desk-top propped on a box, which formed its chief adornments.

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At once hospital discipline was established. Binks, by common consent, was to be doctor. Lillian was tendered the post of head-nurse. At first she was enchanted, but when the nature of her duties was explained by a businesslike surgeon, her mouth drew down with distaste.

"I don't think I want to be nurse," she objected fastidiously. "Nurses have to do things to people. I'd rather be patient."

"Huh!" sniffed Roberta. "Patients get things *done* to them. I'll be nurse."

Very soon Roberta was bustling efficiently about in a stiff cap and apron of newspaper, spreading the bed and setting in orderly rows the laboratory equipment which Binks produced from the weather-beaten book-shelves—two empty bottles, a penknife, a spoon and glass, and a slice of bread—overlooked since yesterday—which, well soaked, made an impressive array of grayish pills. It was Roberta, moreover, who discovered the elderberries on the bushes outside the window, and crushed and blended them with water into a formidable-looking mixture which she termed "'sinfectant," and which she sternly forced upon patients, regardless of the malady, as a gargle. Roberta knew all about hospitals. She had had her tonsils out.

Frantically the staff bustled hither and thither in answer to the frenzied calls of patients. Lillian fainted on the couch in elegant abandon, and, when revived, wailed plaintively.

"It's my nervous strain. Oh, Doctor, you just can't 'magine what I suffer with my nerves!"

Edgar rolled on the floor, clutching his middle with both arms and giving utterance to ultra-realistic grunts of agony. The staff worked fast and furiously; miraculous cures were effected. A constant stream of patients poured in and out, like the repeating chorus of a stage-pageant. The walls echoed with the moans and wails of the suffering.

The harassed Dr. Bennett soon realized that the ordered calm which should be characteristic of a really well-regulated hospital, was conspicuously lacking under his régime. He spoke, and no veteran of the operating-room could have been more curt.

"Look here," he demanded, "I'm the doctor, aren't I? Well, how do

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you know what you're sick with until the doctor tells you? Nurse, you make 'em lie down—flat on their backs, and I'll see what's the matter with 'em."

"Yes, of course," agreed Lillian with sweet docility, "that'll be lots nicer. And, Binks—I mean, Doctor, I'm going to be Mrs. Morehouse that has 'stericks in a lovely pink cap, and I can have something nice and interesting like her, can't I? Or heart failing or—"

But already Dr. Bennett was bending frowningly over the other patient. Grimly he counted his pulse, inspected his tongue, took his temperature with a fragment of badly chewed pencil. Mrs. Morehouse, languishing from one effective pose to another, awaited her turn somewhat fretfully. It came; and after a careful consideration of both cases, the doctor gave his diagnosis.

"You," he addressed the recumbent Edgar, "have been drowned. Shut your eyes," he directed sharply. "You can't open your eyes till after I 'minister first aid and find out if you're dead."

"But it's my turn, Doctor. What's the matter with me?"

Lillian's pretty lips had taken a petulant droop.

"You," he informed her, "have been bitten by a mad dog. I'll tend to you after while; but this other case is awful serious. Nurse, you'd better give Mrs. Morehouse a drink of water, and if she froths at the mouth, I guess you'd better tie her down. She might bite some one."

Now a more experienced practitioner would, of course, have known that pretty nervous ladies like Mrs. Morehouse are not to be thus cavalierly thrust aside for any other cases—no matter how serious. The rabies suspect sat up abruptly.

"I won't be tied down," she cried, "and I don't want to be taken care of by just an old nurse. I need the doctor."

"Can't I give her ether, Doctor?" Nurse Edmonds almost turned a cart-wheel before the glamour of her inspiration. "It's perfectly grand when they come out of ether. You can't 'magine how they yell and sing. Can't I, Doctor?"

Dr. Bennett, meantime, had been frowning abstractedly down upon his other patient. He was trying to remember something. It had been hot during the morning on the lawn. He had occasionally felt inclined to drowse as he read. Now he was not quite sure whether, before administering artificial respiration, you placed the patient on his stomach or on his back. It might make a difference.

It did.

Binks knelt astride his patient "as per directions" and leaning forward, put all the weight of his body into his straight arms, chanting, "Out goes the water." The effect was miraculous. With a gasping squawk the drowned man came to life, indignantly rolled his physician to the floor and clutching his stomach and crowing horribly for breath, rose to his feet. Binks scrambled up to face two outraged patients.

"P-P-Pete's sake!" hiccoughed one. "What you tryin' to do—kill a feller?"

"I won't be given ether by an old nurse," shrieked the other. "And if I can't have a doctor that'll give

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me pwopah 'tention, I want another doctor. I want Edgar to be doctor."

Dr. Bennett stood stunned before the ruin of what, only a moment ago, had been a promising practice. Then he turned his back.

"All right," he said with dignity. "I didn't ask to be doctor, anyhow."

"Now you've got to be patient," Edgar hastened to put in.

"All right," agreed Binks. It was fair enough. Besides, he wasn't sure it wouldn't be more amusing to be patient. There were so many picturesque ailments to be tried. There were tonsils and smallpox and 'pendicitis and—those two imposing words that he had come across only yesterday—hy-dro-statics and ther-mo-dy-na-mics—surely those must be particularly interesting diseases. Binks wished passionately that he had acquainted himself with their symptoms—and neuritis and loco-motor-taxies and—

"I think," announced Binks dreamily, "that I shall have twins."

"Oh, Binks, that will be lovely," cried Lillian. "No one has had twins yet. I'll go get my twin dolls and their car."

But Edgar had stepped forward, chin thrust out.

"No, you don't. How can you tell what's the matter with you? I'm the doctor now, ain't I? Well, *I'm* goin' to tell *you* what *you're* sick of now."

Mrs. Morehouse and Nurse Edmonds stared—the latter with suspicion and dawning apprehension.

"What's the sense of havin' measles or 'pendicitis or twins or anything like that when you've got a perfectly good bad leg. You've got a crooked leg—that's what you've got."

"Oh, Edgar!" whispered Lillian, her eyes rounded in reproach. "We don't—no one talks about *that.*"

As for Binks, he was slowly backing away from them, his face very white, his lower lip caught under his teeth, his eyes stricken and wild.

At sight of him, Nurse Edmonds took a hasty step toward Dr. Wade, her black brows drawn together in a straight line, her square little jaw thrust forward.

"And you can pull your coveralls up right now, because I'm goin' to bandage it for you," directed the new intern firmly.

"Oh, Edgar, you mustn't do that," reproved Lillian primly again; but now a dawning curiosity struggled with the reproach in her eyes. "At least, not unless Binks lets you." She threw a hopeful glance at Binks.

"I won't," Binks breathed through set teeth. "I—I won't."

"You will, too," asserted Edgar loudly.

Then it was that Nurse Edmonds threw hospital discipline to the winds and faced her superior with blazing eyes.

"You Edgar Wade," she flashed, "I can lick you on less ground than you can spit." Mentally Roberta registered a vow of gratitude to a friendly grocer's boy for the high-sounding phrase. She repeated it with unction: "*On less ground than you can spit.* And I'll do it, too, if you don't shut up."

Of course she need not have expected gratitude; and you may be sure she did not receive any. It was Binks, himself, who confronted her, still tremulous and with freckles startlingly golden against the pallor of his face, but with his head high

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and every ounce of his outraged masculinity haughtily resentful.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Roberta Edmonds," he addressed his startled champion severely, "to talk about 'licking' people, and 'spitting'? Girls don't lick people." Edgar's precipitate retirement toward the door might have suggested that he was not so sanguine on this point. "And I want you to know I'll do my own licking. Anyhow," Binks finished with some disdain, "nobody's going to have to lick him. He won't say any more."

Outwardly master of the situation, but inwardly sick with humiliation, Binks turned his back and strolled, hands in pockets, toward the open window. His eyes stung and his face was flaming. Suddenly he realized that the room had become desperately hot. The heat was swirling about him in sickening waves. It seemed to him that he could see them —but that might be the tears he was angrily blinking from his eyes. He leaned out of the window. Then he started and leaned farther forward.

Rusty's motor-cycle was tilted against the wall just below. At that moment Rusty, himself, came hastily around the corner of the barn. His face was white and strange, but he grinned and waved when he saw Binks. Then he mysteriously put his fingers to his lips and shook his head. Evidently he wished to talk privately. That was easy for a spirited three-cornered wrangle was in progress in the room behind Binks.

"Sergeant," called Rusty softly, "can you hear?"

Binks nodded.

"Something pretty serious is going to happen if we can't stop it. You're under orders — see?" Lieutenant Ruston was speaking rapidly and clipping his words with a military snap that made Binks's spine wriggle with importance. Binks nodded again, almost falling out of the window in his eagerness.

"Don't let any of those others out of the room and don't go out yourself until I tell you to. Shut the door if it's open. Lock it if you can. I'll be back in a minute."

Rusty was gone, dashing with all the swiftness and ease of lengthy limbs toward the tool-house across the yard.

Somewhat dazed, but quivering with happy excitement, Sergeant Bennett straightened from the window. As he turned from the freshness of the outside air, the heat of the room smote him with suffocating waves. There was an acrid odor to the heat that made his eyes smart. The door *was* open a little. Binks hastened to it. Then he paused aghast, for a moment, before banging it shut—only for an instant; but in that time, even Binks's inexperienced eye caught the gravity of the situation. The hay and part of the wall on the opposite side of the lower floor were in a ruddy blaze. Already little snake-like flames were running, with hissing crackling sounds, among the boards and scattered hay of the floor and coiling toward the wooden supports of the ladder-like stairway that led to Binks's office.

Binks leaned against the closed door and tried to think. There was no key. What had that book said?

In the first place, note all exits. He had. His recollection of that fourteen-foot drop from the window

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to the ground was dizzyingly final, and his heart thumped with despair as he remembered the swirl of flame in the straw at the foot of the stairs. Besides, his superior officer had said that the door must be kept shut.

"Well, anyhow," Edgar's voice cut in loudly, "I don't want to play any more doctor. I want to play some sensible game. I'm goin'."

"It's awful hot here," complained Lillian, "and it smells queer. I guess I'll go, too, Edgar."

Sergeant Bennett faced them desperately as they approached the door, Roberta reluctantly trailing behind. He noticed with a sick heart that a little puff of white smoke had just exploded inside a crack at his feet.

Keep cool, the book had said, *and you will help keep others cool.* The irony of that was unanswerable. Binks mopped his dripping face on his sleeve and gasped.

"Come on, Binks, let's go down to the grape arbor. It's cooler there, and I—I feel kind of sick. Honest I do." Lillian did look sick. Violet rings had formed about her eyes and her face was pale and dripping.

Distribute the crowd.—Keep them entertained.—The performance must go on.—That was it!

"If—if you'll go and sit down," Binks heard his own voice saying, very thin and far away, "I'll tell you a story."

"Story!" scoffed Edgar. "Stories are for girls and sissies. I don't like stories."

"Every one likes Binks's stories," said Roberta quickly.

"Well, *I* won't."

Binks could hear little cracklings and snappings outside the door. Surely the others must hear.—*Many hundreds of lives have been needlessly sacrificed by panic-stricken mobs.*

Roberta, who had thrown back her head, began to sniff extravagantly. Her brown skin gleamed with moisture.

"I smell smoke," she declared. "S'pose—s'pose the barn was on fire. It's hot enough." She giggled nervously.

Binks affected a Jovian amusement. He doubled up, slapped his knees and shouted riotously. The others stared in amazement.

"Course you smell smoke, silly," he told Roberta, his paroxysm of strained mirth ending in something very like an anxious sob. "Why wouldn't you? The gardner's burning brush out behind the barn."

"Well, anyhow, I want to go." Lillian was whimpering. "Let's push him away, Edgar."

Lillian, Edgar and Roberta began a concerted advance. Binks stared in despair.—*The performance must go on*— Well, there was only one thing left to do.

"I'll tell you!" Again Binks slapped his knee, as if with sudden happy inspiration. "I'll tell you what I'll do. Come over by the window. It's awful cool over there, and I'll—*I'll show you my leg.*"

"Do you mean that?" demanded Edgar suspiciously.

"Oh, will you, Binks?" Lillian forgot her faintness.

"Sure I will. Who cares?" Binks swaggered a tentative step toward the window. As if drawn by a magnet, the others followed. Only Roberta hung back. She was eyeing him strangely.

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"Binks," she cried out suddenly, "Binks, don't! Don't, Binks! *I* don't want to see."

"Scared cat," scoffed Binks. Again Roberta stared. There was something unnatural about Binks. Already he was pulling up the ample leg of his coveralls. "Come on," he urged her feverishly.

Roberta came; but she continued to regard him with a kind of mystified horror, as if she thought he had suddenly gone mad.

"For Pete's sake! I b-b-bet it's a peach," stuttered Edgar. "How'd you get it?" His fingers hovered impatiently over those of Binks's as they struggled with the straps of the brace.

"Well now, it was this way," began Binks—*The performance must*—

The top of a ladder appeared outside the window, and almost simultaneously the head and shoulders of a white-faced young man in uniform loomed in sight. With a tortured sigh, Binks collapsed in a limp little heap.

"Good work, Sergeant," said Lieutenant Ruston when Binks finally opened his eyes and sat up in the shade of the grape arbor.

Binks's smile was wan, and his voice was a little uncertain, but he tried to make it gruff, as Rusty's would have been.

"All in the day's work, 'Tenant."

"But how did you manage it, old scout?"

Suddenly Binks moved so that his face was buried in the sleeve of Lieutenant Ruston's tunic.

"The book said," he choked, "to—to keep them entertained; so I—I showed 'em my leg."

For a moment the young officer sat motionless. Then he took something gleaming from the pocket of his tunic, and fastened it quickly to Binks's coveralls. "You wear it for me, Sergeant," he said.

TWO RHYMES

JACQUELINE EMBRY

Presto

Touch-me-not, tart,
Casual, cool,
Hard as to heart,
Nobody's fool.

Melting and mild,
A devil, a dove,
Wicked and wild,
Like lightning—love.

A-ha!

Sniffer at the sunset,
Mocker of the moon,
Frivolous and fancy-free,
Boaster too soon!

Dawdler, dreamer, drooler,
Moving in a blur—
A little man in spectacles
Has done this thing to her.

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HAROUN IL PULLMAN

An Inferiority Complex Meets a Suit of Pink-Dotted Pajamas

BURGES JOHNSON

PURCHASING a sleeping-car reservation is for me a portentous act. The ticket is a countersign that lets me past the barriers of my normal world; I am buying my way into a house in Bagdad! As I enter the peripatetic home that is to be mine for a day and a night, I view the portents anxiously. The name blazoned upon my new front door is Glen Eden. What may that mean? What may it not mean? The very fact that my home is given a name as well as a number is a concession to romance. And it should in truth be a fantastic one, for no sooner am I settled in my house than it goes swaying away on its travels, like a magic carpet, guided by an iron monster that now and then shrieks menacingly out of the darkness.

There is a Slave of the Lamp, or rather of the Button. I press it and he appears; and generally I am afraid of him. He surveys me with an ill-disguised contempt, and I strive at once to placate him, though I don't know just why I should. He has a strange power of disappearing. At one moment he is here and a moment later he is not; the establishment utterly lacks hiding-places, and yet no amount of search reveals him when he does not wish to be seen. He can produce beds out of the ceiling and whisk-brooms from nowhere at all. Two rows of shoes become shiny at his will, yet no eye has ever seen his hand shining them.

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On my latest visit the name of my house was more than usually ominous. Clarabelle—the name of a negro maid who went away from my late residence with the sheets and pillow-cases. Yet the thought of a poetic recompense did not occur to me. The Genie of the Button who ushered me in was strangely thin, strangely tall and strangely solemn. I quailed beneath his eyes.

There were other omens. Ordinarily on a sleeper one finds that the faucets which are labeled "hot" and "cold" both run cold. In this car they both ran hot. I was shown to my quarters past a battery of more than usually hostile eyes. They belonged to beings I had never seen before, and probably should never see again. Yet for twenty-four hours we were to live together in a primitive intimacy. Glen Eden was a clever name; but Clarabelle! I felt forebodings. The light in my upper did not work, and I was at the feminine end of the car.

I went to bed tired out and promised myself a good sleep. This plan was opposed by a sincere sleeper in

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the berth opposite, and by the engineer who stopped the train and started it again at frequent intervals throughout the night to test the brakes, which were apparently good ones. There were too many blankets on one part of me and not enough on another. But toward morning I drifted off completely and slept until eight. That was late enough. I sat up and stuck my bare feet out between the curtains of my upper, and followed with my head. The green-draped section I was in projected crudely, like a mountain peninsula, out into a conventional lowland thickly peopled with passengers, all dressed and looking my way. Only then did it occur to me that we had gained an hour in the night.

In most cars a long curtain hangs from the upper berth, and if no one is in the lower, one may clamber down by the inside route. But here each berth had its own curtain and I was compelled to swing chattering from my curtain-pole and then drop, while that million-eyed group of passengers watched me. I hurried the length of the car, costumed in a compromise between haste and respectability, and lingered in the dressing-room long enough, I hoped, to be forgotten.

When at last I started back to my seat I tried to assume more than usual dignity. The peninsula was gone; across the aisle were four vivacious young women. In the seat facing mine sat an elderly couple, farming people by their appearance; and on my seat, in the geographical center of it lay a garment—yes—it undoubtedly was—the lower half of a suit of white pajamas adorned with large pink polka-dots.

Why is there something more than normally intimate and also ludicrous about pajama trousers made of patterned goods? I did not buy those pajamas and I had never liked them; but they were all I had with me. I walked past them nonchalantly and sat down across the aisle one section forward. Every one seemed to be watching those polka-dots. I got up and went to breakfast.

Half an hour later I returned. They were still there and the neighborhood was still densely populated. This time I sat down in the section just behind mine. Surely people would go away, or they might all chance to look out the windows at one time. Suddenly I started. It could not be possible! The gentle old man of the rural appearance had reached over, picked up my compromising garment and was opening his own carpet-bag. A sense of my rights is stronger in me than pride. I stepped forward and seized his wrist, "Drop 'em!" I said firmly. Here was drama for jaded travelers. Across the aisle the young women stared. Others craned their necks. The shameless old gentleman cringed. It was a tense moment.

Haughtily I took the garment from his trembling hand, lifted my own gladstone to the seat and opened it wide. Inside, half folded and unmistakable, lay my own pink-dotted pajama pants. I do not know what I said to him. But I do know that I fled to the smoking compartment and stayed there for the rest of the trip, meditating on Pullman travel, in company with a bibulous drummer and two kinds of hot water.

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THOSE QUARRELSOME BONAPARTES

X—The Sun Rides High—the Shadows Lengthen

ROBERT GORDON ANDERSON

MORE than ever did Letizia rue the day when the *sous-lieutenant* threw in his fortunes with France. The Revolution might have been settled, but there were endless revolutions in her family. Good fortune had been their ill fortune, for success had spoiled them, plunging the daughters at an impressionable age, into the corrupt society of Marseilles when they should have been at home in the more wholesome, if somewhat provincial, life of Corsica. And it had changed her sons. They might have been useful contented citizens, had not their brother's dizzy climb turned their heads. They seemed even now to be pulling at their brother's coat-tails, as if it were their own merit and not his genius that had brought them where they were.

Letizia did not stay with Joseph in the Rue Rocher much longer, for Joseph, on the rising tide, took over the old Marboeuf palace; and the weary woman, who had no mind for palaces, went with her brother into more modest quarters on the Rue du Mont Blanc, furnishing some of the rooms out of her own purse.

The news that reached her in this sequestered retreat was most disquieting. Joseph and Lucien, backed by their coteries of sycophants, were quarreling over the succession to the consulship for life. And Lucien, as Minister of Interior, was paying no attention at all to business; letting his subordinates attach his rubber-stamp signature to important documents. No wonder Napoleon was furious.

Even their sisters were involved in disputes, jealously demanding titles and preferment for themselves and husbands, precedence over Josephine at dinners and banquets, also front places in that line forming about a hypothetical throne, whispers of which were now heard everywhere.

It all disgusted Letizia who asked so little for herself; yet she was constrained to take sides with her own flesh and blood when she saw Josephine intriguing for a match between Louis and Hortense. It may have been Napoleon's idea; but Letizia thought that the creole had maneuvered things so cleverly that Napoleon at last fancied it his own. For he had been vastly disappointed in this younger brother for whom he had sacrificed so much, and who had turned out such a poor excuse for an officer and was degenerating into a morbid neurasthenic, obsessed with the fear of death and even of marriage. Certainly he was not royal material; but Napoleon believed that

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the issue of such a union, should there be any, would offset the constant threat of Josephine's barrenness; for a nephew would secure a dynasty.

Pauline, too, was a continuing source of worry. She cared for little besides pleasure; and her conduct, though perhaps not immoral, was light to the extent of holding very lively Bohemian parties and posing for favored artists in the altogether. For a cure, Napoleon sent her to the West Indies, dissolved, like Josephine, in tears; but there her husband died, and on her return she had immediately become enamoured of Prince Camillo Borghese, Roman of both nose and lineage, and considered quite a catch. And since the pretty Paulette, like a child demanding a toy, must have the man she had set her heart on, Letizia sanctioned very hasty nuptials in an obscure chapel. Possibly, as at Montebello, there was need for haste. But Napoleon had not been taken into consultation; and the rub was that only seven months had elapsed since her first husband's death, while Napoleon in his Code had decreed, with meticulous precision, fifty-eight weeks of mourning. Thus the laws he made so debonairly threatened to trip him. And when he made inquiries, because of the now open scandal of a *liaison* between his sister and Borghese, in fact honestly mated, he became quite properly enraged. The laws *in toto* might not be made for him—though, of course, he intended on the whole to obey them—but certainly they must not be violated by any member of his family. More than ever, therefore, did he look with favor on the alliance between Louis and Hortense; more than ever did he take the part of Josephine and her children against his relatives, including his own mother.

Matters reached a climax when Duroc brought a freshly-printed circular to the First Consul. Duroc was the innocent messenger, for the ferret eye of Fouché had discovered this incriminating evidence and he had inveigled that honest officer into presenting it to Napoleon, then in his cabinet in the Pavillon de Flore. Rapidly his chief glanced over it, crumpled it in his hand, then carefully unrolled and uncreased it.

"Send for Fouché," he said; "also summon the Minister of Interior."

Then when the two appeared, eyeing each other, with ominous calm he asked,

"Where did you discover this, Fouché?"

"It is being circulated, *Monsieur le Premier Consul*, all over Paris."

Lucien advanced angrily; his brother waved him back.

"One moment. And why do you accuse the Citizen Minister of Interior of the authorship?"

"Because of these paragraphs here, advocating two brothers' claims to a *throne!*"

"You lie," said Lucien hotly.

"An easy defence," retorted the Minister of Police, "when you *caused* it to be written."

Then followed accusation and hot retort between the death's-head, with the simper that was so like a sneer on his bloodless lips, and the fiery young man. Through it all, the First Consul sat, saying not a word, letting them have it out. He wanted to see, now that Lucien was in a mess, how much of a man he

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would show himself or how much more the fool.

Josephine, tripping up the stairs, heard the angry voices, and paused. The words, "king," "throne," "dynasty" caught her ear.

"Are they still fighting over that?" she sighed, then without ceremony broke in.

Angrily the First Consul rose. Never from any one would he brook interruption at Councils of State. But, fear in her heart, she flew to him, clung to his neck and begged, pleaded and sobbed out to him:

"Oh, give up this idea of royalty. I beg of you. It will mean our ruin!"

The convulsive working of his facial muscles that now betrayed his wrath came and vanished as rapidly as the little wrinkles that a passing zephyr sometimes breathes upon a pool.

"Cease!" he said. "You, too, are a fool. You do not know what you are saying; and in the presence of others!"

"Oh," she cried, "do not let them persuade you to this step."

And tears made ravages in the rouge; the sobs became sniffles. It was almost grotesque.

"There is no step," he retorted angrily. "We are discussing a foolish little pamphlet. There, there, dry them. *Que diable!* You still here, Fouché? Get out!"

Casting a glance at the tearful lady from under the lowered shutters of his eyes, the Minister of Police bowed himself out.

"Now. Lucien, do you see what a precious fool you have just made of yourself? Why, even to concoct a title like this, '*Parallèle entre César, Cromwell et Bonaparte*,' was a *bêtise*. Who revealed to you that there would be a throne? I have not designed it. Your idiocy has just lost you your portfolio, Citizen Secretary."

Lucien achieved a magnificent bow, choking back his anger. He might have lost his position but he would save his face and his soul's superiority.

"You take it back," he managed, "with no more pleasure than I resign it."

Thrusting Josephine aside, Napoleon strode toward him. If looks could have killed, brother Lucien would have made no more fine speeches, published no more verses and pamphlets.

Ever swift in her intuitions, Josephine now saw a chance not only to stop these dynastic designs but to disarm an enemy by defending him. So she flew between the two men, once more clung to her husband's neck, running her fingers through his hair and calling him endearing names in broken accents. Nor was it all acting. She would have liked nothing better than to be at peace with this turbulent family.

But now there was another interruption. Possibly the palace was full of eavesdroppers, for word of the fray had gone—no one knew how—to the Rue du Mont Blanc and Letizia. She had heard of other quarrels and of one particularly, when Napoleon, who had received Joseph and Lucien in his bath, had suddenly risen in the tub, only to fall back and douse the two petitioners. He had much enjoyment out of that; but this, she knew, was no silly child's play. So immediately she had put on her bonnet and made for the palace; and

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without knocking, entered the cabinet to face Josephine, no quarter now in her imperious eyes.

"It is you who have done it," Letizia cried to her. "You have intrigued against Lucien with your despicable friend, Fouché!" And there was an ominous accent on the "*friend.*"

"That is unjust," whimpered Josephine softly, and Napoleon tried to interfere.

"Mother, Mother, have you too lost your senses?" he cried almost beside himself between the two.

"Nay, hear me out!" the old lady went on intrepidly. "I will have my say. Who was it took gambling concessions from Fouché? Your wife! Who took a thousand gold louis for giving information from the palace?"

Napoleon's hand shook.

"Is this true?" he asked Josephine, almost in a whisper.

For answer she only sobbed: "It is not as she makes it appear. It was only a loan." And he turned from her with a gesture of disgust.

"*Bah!* There is no use in cross-examining you. You would only lie about it. Mother, you do not lie; but you have let your rage get the better of you. You—"

"'*Rage!*' I have cause for rage. It is she who plotted with Fouché these lies about my boy."

"Lucien, Lucien! Always Lucien!" he exclaimed both with exasperation and sadness. "Do you care only for him? Have you no thought for me?"

"I love best," she said, "the one who is unfortunate."

"Unfortunate!" He threw up his hands.

Nevertheless Napoleon weakened, as so often he did where his family was concerned, not so far as to jeopardize his policies seriously, but to give them honors and spending-money enough to live like princes. When his wrath had cooled he summoned Lucien.

"You must give up your portfolio," he said. "I cannot publicly sanction your pernicious pamphlets and your reference to me as Cæsar, by retaining you. But I cannot forget that you are my brother. You are no longer Minister of Interior; you are Ambassador to Spain."

So he whom Letizia had called "unfortunate" went to Madrid, to bungle treaties and receive many handsome presents from prime ministers and kings. Still, Napoleon, mindful perhaps of Brumaire, patched up his treaties, overlooked his blunders until they grew too serious, then called his brother home, giving him a handsome income and a palace in which he could write more romances and display the masterpieces given him, some said in lieu of bribes, by the King of Spain.

Joseph did a little better—for the time. Off too he went, to negotiate with England the treaty of Amiens; and, coached by his brother, came back with excellent results. And Napoleon acknowledged his services by thrusting him in front of the First Consul's own person to receive the plaudits of the crowd. It was not an unaffectionate gesture, though it may have served an ulterior purpose. Nor was it entirely undeserved by Joseph, whose chief fault lay in having such a superior younger brother. But Joseph found favor only for a little while, for Lucien

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again got into hot water, and Joseph formed with him a new *entente*, thinking thus to strengthen their chances for succession.

Lucien's trouble this time was born of woman. Poor Christine, who had learned so quickly of life, had now learned something more from death. Lucien was inconsolable. He haunted her grave and buttonholed every one to recite her virtues. In fact his grief was so poignant that in six months he set up a grass-widow in a little hotel connected with his own by a tunnel, through which he paraded in his nightcap for surcease from his sorrow. A son was duly, or unduly, born; and in a rush of conscience, or because he thought this heir might do for a dynasty in place of a merely supposititious nephew, he gave the lady full benefit of clergy.

Again Napoleon was kept in the dark, until Joseph took it in his head to enlighten him, at the wrong time; for Napoleon, at dinner at Malmaison, had just been taking Josephine to task because of brother Jérôme. Brother Jérôme, too had gone and got himself married to a "nobody," a Mistress Betsy Patterson of Baltimore, in the new American republic.

"The young cockerel," the First Consul had just been saying to Josephine, "does nothing, knows nothing! You women spoiled him. While I was away he spent every hour of the twenty-four gaming, carrying on affairs, or going about Paris buying everything he saw and sending the bills to the Tuileries. Yet you did not correct his conduct, merely petted him and laughed at his follies. Why, when I came back and put him in the navy, this powder-monkey who scarce can shave, reads me a lecture on my naval policy. And now he marries overnight, some foreigner no one ever heard of, when I had other designs for him."

Having thus delivered himself he retired to his apartment upstairs, where Joseph was ushered in to explode the new bombshell. The First Consul also exploded.

"What! acknowledge a bastard!" he cried. "I will see you all back in Ajaccio first—and to starve. You flout me—all of you. My sisters and brothers form cabals against me. No, no"—this to Joseph's attempted protests—"I am not such an idiot! Let him give up this woman with whom he has lived illegally."

With the utmost delicacy Joseph suggested that the First Consul too had had affairs.

"Precious few!" retorted Napoleon. "Not one tenth of those you and Paris have credited me with. Nor have they been conducted in public to affront opinion and hurt my wife."

"But Lucien," interposed Joseph, "has been discreet. He has married her."

"'*Discreet*'! It has been an open scandal! And the woman is at any man's call. You are stupid to urge this. Do you not perceive such alliances weaken my position and that of my whole family, and that proper ones strengthen it? No, tell Lucien I do not care whom he lives with, provided it be decently. It is his business. But I will not acknowledge the woman or her offspring before the world."

There were more diplomatic interchanges between the second and

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third brothers, the first acting as intermediary. So Joseph, on the next occasion, reported Lucien's fine sentiments: "My son, wife and I stand together. Nothing shall part us."

"*Quelle sottise!*" once more exploded Napoleon. "He would play the noble hero in righteous indignation? I might accept such excuses from St. Anthony or St. Francis, but not from Lucien or Jérôme!"

He made one characteristic turn of the apartment, then paused before Joseph.

"You are all against me. I have given you everything, yet you cry for more. Well, your eternal wrangling has done one good thing—it has crystallized my determination. Frenchmen want no republic. Like all my brawling relatives, they need a strong hand, an emperor and an established dynasty. So long as I am merely an elected ruler, all Europe will continue to shoot at me from ambush, try to stab me, blow me up, as they did on the Rue Sainte Nicaise. Each day a fresh proof of plots by their hired assassins is brought to me.

"And," he added with sarcasm, not unmixed with hurt, "my brothers want thrones, my sisters diadems, to play with. *Eh bien*, you shall have them!"

The last straw came when Joseph and Lucien undertook to upset Louis who was supposedly safe in the Beauharnais faction since his marriage with Hortense and the birth of his son. Louis from his study of mortality and the pharmacopœia seemed to have passed on some of the very diseases guarded against in that horrendous tome, for the little Charles Napoleon, born in 1802 and now two years old, was a squawling and croupy infant. Nevertheless Napoleon had announced his intention of naming the child as his successor to the consulship, which in a month or so would mean the throne. The moping Louis had been indifferent to the honor; but when Joseph and Lucien placed a different construction upon it, he showed unusual spirit.

"Will you stand meek under such an affront?" said the two brothers. "Napoleon has made you inferior to your son." And locking his arms in theirs, before he had time to reflect, they haled him off to the palace, into which he stormed.

"What have I done?" he cried, "to merit this? To think that an infant is placed above me!"

"He couldn't wail more," said Napoleon, then stared, incredulous, as Louis, pacing the floor, lashed out with, "You shall not have him! I shall take him away! You shall not separate a father from his son!" and other reproaches, all crazy enough, until Napoleon, for once in his life retreated, crying, "Good God! what do they want now?" as he banged the door.

But exasperated as he was with all three brothers, again he relented, restoring them to their old places in the proposed succession. Still, this did not please Lucien. His love-child must have a place. Adamant now, the First Consul refused. Lucien wrote a note to the palace, then began to pack.

Napoleon did not show anger as he read that note: "I retire into Italy with nothing but hatred for you

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in my heart." Long he sat there, staring into the dusk.

There were other problems to set him staring and to hurry that march down the nave of Notre Dame. Murat and a squadron of his dragoons had dashed over the border, right into the nest of Bourbon princes at Strasburg, had seized one and haled him to the walls of Paris, then to the dark dungeons of Vincennes. Rumors were on every tongue, and over the town hung that ominous atmosphere that preceded the Reign of Terror. Was the First Consul to emulate the regicides by shedding royal blood?

If such was his intention, his face betrayed no uneasiness the Sunday after the capture, as he listened to the Latin sonorities of the mass, inhaled the sweet fragrance of the censers, and watched the pale fingers of the priest call down a benison from high heaven. A benison on what? On an atrocious deed? Josephine wondered and was thoroughly frightened, Napoleon's face was so immobile and mask-like. And never had he silenced her so harshly as when she had questioned him at dawn, that morning.

The devious Savary head of the private police, had just left for Vincennes with Caulaincourt. A hasty court-martial would be held. Indeed, so Josephine had heard, the victim's grave had already been dug. Fouché had proved, at least to her husband's satisfaction, that the assassins who had so often attempted her husband's life, had been in the pay of England and these Bourbon princes. It was undoubtedly true. No wonder he had determined to make an example of some one. But this Duke d'Enghien they had kidnapped, was youthful, ingenuous, well-liked. Fouché had probably forged the documents in this case—he was perfectly capable of it—that he might call down the wrath of Europe on his chief and strengthen the coalition against him. Thus far Josephine's intuitions led her, and very shrewdly; and so she foresaw disaster, an eternal infamy attached to that name she had taken at the civil magistrate's eight years before.

They were to dine at Malmaison. As they drove out through the country-side, every leaf and twig of which sparkled from the recent rains, Napoleon said not a word. In the late afternoon, however, he seemed to recover something of his spirits and played with the little Charles Napoleon on a marble bench behind a wind-break of cypress. In his lighter moments he was fond of practical jokes; had once pushed the stately Josephine into the breakers on the shore before all her *dames du palais*, and laughed when she emerged soaked. But now he played too boisterously; dangled the child on his boot, threw him up too high and made faces so grotesque that he frightened this nephew-step-grandson of his. Then he was nonplussed, for he liked children.

Joseph's cabriolet now swung up the long drive to the terrace of the château; and Josephine, recognizing him, went to meet him. For once there was accord, almost a *rapprochement*, between the factions.

"Is it true?" she asked.

"I am afraid so. They have dug his grave. With it Napoleon has dug that of his reputation."

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"See what you can do then. I cannot sway him. You know what he is when his mind is made up."

All that day it seemed that vehicles were to come from Paris to disturb the calm of a peaceful Sunday and to prevent a conqueror from making scarlet history. Finally, in disgust, Napoleon shut himself in upstairs. Letizia, like Lucien, had already packed and left Paris; but she determined once more to plead with her son. This blood he would shed must not be on his hands.

Age had at last taken toll of Letizia. The iron-gray had come into the chestnut as the iron entered her soul. And though she was only fifty-four and promised to live to a hale old age if worry over her turbulent family did not kill her, her figure had harshened a little, and she sat bolt upright against the carriage seat, no longer the Roman matron with the rose complexion, but an austere, eagle-eyed, worldly-wise woman just beginning to show her age.

A short distance this side of Malmaison, she saw a rider, black against the sunset gold, slightly rising and falling in the rhythmic measures of a gallop. He reined in as he reached them at a fork of the highway, and, pointing with his riding-whip, called, "Take the other road!" Then, catching a glimpse of a lady behind the drawn shades, he bowed low and galloped on. In passing, Letizia was sure she recognized the strange young man with whom she had talked at Ajaccio long ago, and later at Montebello; but it was too late to call him back.

The granite of her sterling common sense had always been shot through with mica specks of eery superstitions; and immediately she lost sight of the practical reason,—the heavy rains, that might have prompted the warning. She saw in his luminous features those of a supernatural messenger and, in his words, "Take the other road!"—so reminiscent of their old conversations—an admonition which she must convey, as though from heaven, to her son.

When her carriage drove under the port-cochère, Josephine shrank from greeting her mother-in-law. Still, she had force, this old lady. Perhaps she might influence her son. So, "You are welcome," she said.

"Thanks, Madame la Première Consul. Have you heard of this thing?"

"I have," returned her daughter-in-law sadly. "But no argument seems of any weight. Still, if you wish to see him, you will find him upstairs."

Not for worlds would Josephine now have knocked at that closed door. Letizia, however, did not falter, and when to his "Who is there?" she had answered "Your mother," she took his silence for assent and entered the room, finding him deep in his chair between walls lined with books, a bust of Cæsar on his desk, and ink-spots on the floor where he had flicked his pen. There were no lights in the room, save the twilight, and his eyes, she thought, were more deeply brooding than she had ever seen them before. At once she recalled that evening at Montebello when she had thought from his expression that he was doing violence to something deep within. And all he said now was, rather harshly, "You are welcome, sigñora, provided, like all women, you do not come to interfere."

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"Seven years ago, my son," she said, taking the seat which in his moody detachment he did not offer, "I interfered, as I said, for the last time. To-night I break that promise. I am your mother and cannot stand silent while you do this thing. It means that you invite your downfall; that you will bear the curse of the whole world to your grave!"

Involuntarily he twitched at this as if she had hit on a hidden nerve of fear. Then, controlling himself, he turned.

"Seven years ago too I tried to explain things to you, though matters of State are not in a woman's province. I shall try once more. Attend!

"You remember the attempt on my life in the Rue Sainte Nicaise? Very well. Did you know that there have been many attempts since? Quite right. These I thwarted; but I cannot thwart them forever. The Comte d'Artois, for one, has sixty assassins in Paris. Would you see your son murdered?"

It was difficult, the way he put it, and it was only a very thin surface of austerity that hid the mother's tenderness. Nevertheless she answered intrepidly:

"I would die for you, my son; but I would rather see you assassinated than an assassin yourself." For the moment she seemed crushed, then—"Surely there is some other way."

"There is no other way. I wish there were." He paused, thinking of another wakeful night by the sands of an Eastern sea. "I shall be damned for this as I was at Joppa and I shall be ruined if I weaken. But listen again: The King of England has his spies in France. On the West coast the Duc de Berri has landed. Among them they have hatched a neat plot. I am to be kidnapped, they say, polite word for murder. But I have matched their craft with craft. La Touché palmed himself off as my foe and joined the conspirators. He has secured papers—they lie before me. And some of the generals, Moreau, Pichegru, are in the plot. So here I am, a ring of spies and traitors in Paris ready to spring the trap, de Berri already landed, and the Duc d'Enghien on the Rhine border eager to cross. So I forestall them and seize the duke. No longer will they dare to lay a hand on me. I shall strike terror to their hearts by his death. Thus perish, they will see, all the enemies of Napoleon!"

For a few swift seconds Letizia gazed on him. He was so little like the man she remembered, so indifferent then to his security, actually chafing at the guards his friends advised as a reasonable precaution. And his generals who thought they knew him well would have been amazed to see him sunk in this melancholy, though twice before it had attacked him—once in his adolescence when he had pondered on suicide, again in Italy when in a rage at his generals he had told them to take over the command and do better. Even Achilles could sulk in his tent. But this was the third and the most serious attack.

At last his mother spoke with such measured words that each seemed uttered out of a deep agony.

"But this duke is nothing but a boy. You are flesh of my flesh, Napoleon, and to say it, strikes me to the heart; but I am afraid your

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decision comes somehow from your wish to be king."

"Who has suggested that, madame?"

"All Paris says it; and I can read you, my son."

"And if I am not crowned, what other course is there? They call us upstarts, *nouveaux riches*. You yourself should resent that, madame, as a Ramolino if not a Bonaparte. As long as I am consul only, they will conspire against my life. If I become emperor, with a dynasty established, they will recognize us at last and cease plotting to restore the Bourbons. It means security for France. If I fall, she will be helpless."

"Oh, my son, do you not count too much on yourself. God can raise up others."

"He has not appeared to," he returned dryly and a little scornfully.

"But can you not see? If you are content to reign as First Consul, a republican ruler, a just and enlightened one, your name will go down to be blessed for all generations. Already you have glory and achievements enough. It may be cursed—"

"It is good of you to prophesy, sigñora," he retorted sarcastically.

"I do not prophesy," she began; but even as she spoke, the bust of Cæsar, dislodged by some sudden movement of Napoleon, dropped to the floor to be shattered in pieces. It was the slightest of accidents, of course, but it did not lighten the mood of either of the Corsicans. They stared at the shards, then rapidly she went on:

"Oh, you must not tempt fate by accepting the crown or killing this boy. Once more I plead with you, my son. If it would sway you, I would go down on my knees to you."

"Enough, sigñora"—but his voice was gentler. "I know you mean well; but my decision is irrevocable."

She rose and for a few heart-beats stood in the gathering gloom, tall and as unyielding as her son, her dark gown so lost in the shadows that he could see nothing of her but her white face and pleading eyes.

"Farewell," she said at last. "I go to Italy to-morrow."

"With Lucien?"

She nodded assent.

So bitter was he now at what he inwardly termed her defection, that he turned away.

She took one or two steps toward him, paused, then turned also and glided so softly out of the door that he did not know she had gone.

At six next day, the bells of the neighboring church broke on the morning air. He had been quite cynical at times about religion, professing it to be good for society, since it contented the poor, through immortal hope, with the present good fortunes of the rich. Again he had defended even orthodoxy quite warmly. The recent cynicisms may have been due to a love of argument, or they may have been proof of a growing materialism; but they were, in a way, only lip-service to skepticism. Never did he hear those bells without being stirred by childhood recollections—the mysteries of the altar, the sacrament, and the admonitions of his mother and that just old man, the archdeacon. He was stirred by more than mere esthetic sensations or the pathos of a youth one cannot recapture. And he was

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moved now profoundly as he rose from his chair, hearing in ghastly counterpoint to the golden notes of the bells, sharp reports over a newly-made grave, a few leagues away.

A little earlier, a bewildered princeling had been taken from a dungeon, bidding his captors a courteous "Good morning!" and inquiring blithely where they were taking him. They led him down the staircase, followed by his dog, and through a postern into the dried-up moat, just as the sun rose. The sunshine was glorious, every twig and leaf on the plain seeming to reflect the light. Then he saw a heap of hastily piled up earth, a hollow beside it. He had his answer; he knew now where they were sending him. Still bewildered, he asked that his eyes be left unbound, as they stood him against the dripping walls, twelve long barrels pointing at his heart.

"Aim straight, messieurs!" he said gallantly.

They obeyed, though it is not easy to aim straight when one can see a handsome young face smiling bravely in the dawn.

The body tumbled. There was a sound of mattocks striking gravel. The earth fell, was heaped up. A little dog crawled toward it and whimpered.

And the shots and the sweet angelus on the morning air had been almost simultaneous. As the last bronze tongue grew still, Napoleon stirred in his chair and shivered. The fire had gone out.

Neither Lucien nor Letizia was present at the ceremony when they crowned her son emperor. The new court painter David, painted her in; but that was an artistic white lie designed to please a ruler who might like to have any breach in the family healed, even pictorially.

This magniloquent event did not take place until December second, although he had been proclaimed in May. Meantime, Cadoudal, the leader of the great conspiracy, had been executed; Pichegru had strangled himself; and General Moreau had been sentenced to prison, but only for two years, later to be nobly pardoned by Napoleon, though this old rival had aimed at his life.

In preparing for the new order, there had been considerable trouble about titles. As marshals of the new empire, Murat, Masséna, Lannes, Berthier, Ney, Bernadotte, Augereau Lefèbre, Mortier, Jourdan, had to be content; so also the two associate consuls, Cambacèrés and Lebrun, as arch-chancellor and arch-treasurer respectively. "Prince Joseph, Grand Elector" sounded well, and "Prince Louis, Grand Constable of the Empire." Even Eugène was a prince and old Bacciochi a senator.

But Elisa, Pauline and Caroline made quite a to-do when, at a dinner at Malmaison, Duroc announced each of the relatives by the new labels. Now Pauline had reveled in being called the Princess Borghese when Josephine was still only Madame la Première Consul. But now Josephine was Her Majesty, Hortense not only a princess, but *Her Imperial Highness*—a distinction with a difference—while Caroline was only Madame la Maréchale and Eliza plain Madame la Sénatrice. All through the dinner they sat eyeing like Cinderella's stepsisters, their

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sister-in-law. All through dinner, too, Napoleon twitted them, preceding every sentence addressed to the Beauharnais faction by the new titles, and looking at the three sisters slyly to see the effect.

It was too much. With the sweets Caroline fainted. And the imperial brother, as he bent over her, whispered, "As usual, you women have won!" and aloud to the guests, "Do not fear, *Her Imperial Highness* will come to." Then, as Caroline opened her eyes at the magic words, he called, with finger raised in mock admonition, "Announce them all over again, Duroc. And remember now, it is *Their Imperial Highnesses.* One slip and off with your head!"

Weather did not favor the coronation festivities. It was a cold and frosty morning when Constant pulled aside the draperies to awaken the one-time *sous-lieutenant.* So chill it was in fact that Constant advised an extra pair of cassimere, as he began slowly to array his impatient master, first with the exquisite cambric shirt which he patted lovingly, silk stockings embroidered in gold with diamond buckles to clasp them; and in prompt order, the white silk breeches and braces studded with gems. Then he got down on his knees to lace the velvet boots, Napoleon keeping up a running fire of comment the while, "What! gems even on the braces! The devil! Odiotte and Marguerette will send us a pretty bill!" but nevertheless not altogether displeased.

And now came the white velvet vest with diamonds in the buttons, and an under-coat of crimson velvet faced with white and caught with double clasps of diamonds. Finally, for this man who once had polished his own boots in Auxonne, the coronation robe, crimson, too, lined with white velvet and studded all over with gold bees and held by a golden cord and tassel! The little valet staggered under it, for it weighed eighty pounds.

Thus bravely arrayed in clothes costing more than a million francs, not counting the crowns awaiting him in the cathedral, he emerged with Josephine from the great entrance where the rabble had slain the Swiss Guard, and entered a coach, drawn like Cinderella's, by eight cream-colored horses. He, however, had no thought of the glory vanishing when his clock struck twelve.

And it looked like a pumpkin, this wondrous vehicle with its great gilt body surmounted by four gold eagles supporting a gold crown. Waist-high, the panels were painted in pink and blue; the rest was glass, so that the royal pair might be viewed, as is the casket in an undertaker's wagon.

The old pope, who had been inveigled into crowning him, Napoleon had sent on ahead, in a gilt coach preceded by a man on a mule bearing the historic cross. Then from the Carrousel by the Rue St. Honoré, where at Vendémiaire he had ordered his guns to speak, the great man rode on, led by Murat's beet-red plumes and clattering dragoons clad in green with glittering casques, through lines of red and blue foot-soldiers stationed at the sides to keep the populace back. Windows along the way rented at three hundred francs, and from cornice and ledge and pinnacle everywhere streamed gaudy-colored paper flowers and festoons. They had culled out a

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holiday, but one not nearly so exciting as those the crowd remembered. The tumbrel had given way to a pumpkin-coach.

The head of the long colorful serpent at last reached the bishop's palace by the Seine, which stood at the left of the cathedral with its dark towers, its peaceful saints and leering gargoyles; then the imperial party passed in.

The musicians, three hundred of the choicest from opera and stage, now struck up; the organ rolled; and to royal marches composed for the occasion, the conqueror took his place on a dais reached by twenty-two steps. Under a crimson canopy, close to a great throne he stood, facing a glittering throng of jeweled head-dresses, and gilt epaulets, that filled the farthest recess of aisle and nave and vault with myriad sparkles.

On one side of him stood the arch-treasurer with the arch-chancellor; on the right, Joseph and Louis, princes both, and grand elector and grand constable respectively. Josephine stood a step below, surrounded by her ladies-in-waiting.

The mass was now performed, the orotund Latin rolled out; the organ boomed; the crimson coronation robe was placed on the conqueror's shoulders; the laurel crown, the sword and scepter sparkling with brilliants, were blessed, and a frail old man reached out pale hands for the crown. But brusquely, for such a ceremony, Napoleon seized the golden laurel and placed it on his brow. At once a murmur ran through the crowd—one might have sworn it was from the ghostlike lips of the sainted who once had trod these aisles and whose likenesses now stood sculptured in stone —a protest at this throwing down the gage to the established traditions, this gesture signifying that at last the Church was inferior to the State and to that little man from Corsica. But at once his eyes swept the throng. Here were the lordliest and the most powerful in the land, but *his* creatures. "Defy me," the glance said, "who dare!" And one understood why *they* were below those steps and *he* above them.

But now it was Josephine's turn. The *dames-du-palais* and ladies-in-waiting had carefully robed her in silver brocade, studded, too, with gold bees, a little smaller than Napoleon's, while wrists, shoulder and brow were scintillant with richly gemmed bracelets, clasps and bandeau.

Softly lustrous were the dark blue eyes; and in bearing, Marie Antoinette was not more queenly. But Josephine had this advantage; she showed no hauteur, but a soft glance for every one there. All were glad to see her happy, all but Savary and cynical Talleyrand and Fouché, ever the death's-head at any banquet—and her emperor's relatives.

She herself was very happy. The shoals of divorce seemed to be safely past. Had not her lord and master said to his brothers when they urged the parting—oh, she had heard it—one can hear everything in a palace—"Why, now that I am powerful, should I put her away? My wife is now a good wife who does no harm. She will merely play at being empress, have diamonds, fine dresses, the trifles that will please her age. To give her these is but bare justice. I will not make her unhappy. She shall be crowned if it costs me one hundred thousand men!" Perhaps,

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like the Hindu holy men, he thought thus to acquire merit; perhaps he protested too much. At any rate the lady was reassured.

She too had a coronation robe, the train entrusted to Hortense and, by a cruel irony, to Eliza, Pauline and Caroline. It was very heavy with its seed pearls, but the fair Hortense held up her corner nobly. Not so the three sisters. When the signal came for Josephine's advance to the dais, they held fast, budging not an inch; their weight on the robe almost tore the diamond clasps from Josephine's shoulder and ludicrously threw her out of step. Napoleon from the throne saw the trick, glanced at his sisters—once—and the procession moved forward.

Before him Josephine knelt, and with some affection he placed the diadem, topped by a gold ball and studded with emeralds and amethysts, on the chestnut coils. He appeared genuinely glad so to please her, and not a little proud of the impression she made.

It was the only softly human note in the proceedings. Sometimes he himself appeared bored, stifling a yawn; and when the pope had poured the sacred oil on his head and it ran down his cheek, he brushed it away in irritation. He had been eager to hurry through with it all, perhaps because something was missing. His mother and Lucien were not there to see him crowned.

Whatever the reason, he did hurry the gorgeous spectacle just a little; and at last he marched out to more hosannas, and rode back in the pumpkin-coach to slip off his robes and don with a sigh of relief the green grenadier's coat. Then, while the people danced and the trees of the Tuileries flashed their innumerable colored lights and fireworks made bright the bridges of the Seine, he sat down at his desk and planned a campaign. He was glad to be at work. It had been a splendid fête-day, but it had been just a little cold.

In another capital, far to the South, sat a woman who in spite of her toil-worn hands, looked as though she should have been an empress. Advance descriptions of the grand festivities had come to her, but she had not been impressed. Indeed she had called it a circus, though sorrow lay in her heart. So that afternoon, while the organ rolled and *Te Deums* rose to high heaven, she counted her hoard of gold louis. Not for herself, but for this imperious son who rode so high over the world, but who one day might have need of them and of her.

And now it was night. The mists rose, beautiful in the moonlight streaming over the seven hills, but very deadly. By the beams she could see broken pillars where other Cæsars had trod. Where were they? Where was he, her son? Already his story was told, though he knew it not.

Thus they sat, leagues apart, the two who should have been together —his pen still scratching, while the valet replaced the burned-out tapers, —she by the window, watching those ghostly legions wheeling and countermarching through the mists and down the broad pathway of the moon. . . . She drew her shawl around her and fell once more to counting.

The End

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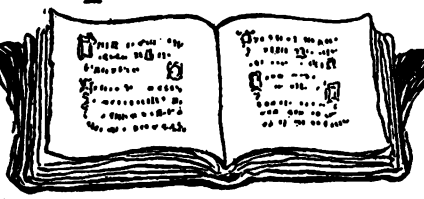
The Reading Room

Joseph Anthony



"Writing novels is such a delightful occupation!" said a charming lady who came to see Joseph Conrad one afternoon.

Conrad thought otherwise, for he set the good lady down as a torturer, and wrote to his friend John Galsworthy, in 1909:

"I sit twelve hours at the table, sleep six, and worry the rest of the time, feeling age creeping on and looking at those I love."

And that is the note that recurs most frequently in the close-packed two volumes of G. Jean-Aubry's "Joseph Conrad: Life and Letters."

Essentially, the causes of Conrad's lasting gloom were inherited. His father was exiled and broken by the Russian crown for setting down unpermitted dreams of Russian freedom; his fragile mother forfeited her life by accepting the sentence for herself as well. Conrad Korzeniowski all his life was as homesick as his parents had been, and found no cure for what ailed him even when he became Joseph Conrad and a British subject. He did learn to speak of "foreigners" with the proper tone of English condescension, and to address his friends as "dear old boy"; but he never felt his roots in the place where he was living—not even in Poland when he returned, for then it was much too late.

An equally important part of the Conrad heritage was an inability to compromise. He was a born irreconcilable, looking at the world through standards of absolute honor, faith and loyalty, and therefore finding it bad. But he had a sense of humor—a sardonic one.

Conrad's "delightful occupation" of writing novels, brought him, after he had written thirteen books, the sum of five pounds as a year's royalties on all of them. It looked very much as though he would have to take comfort in what posterity might do for him. But on that subject he had expressed his opinion in a letter to Cunninghame Graham, twenty-two years before:

"Posterity will be busy thieving, lying, selling its little soul for sixpence (from the noblest motives) and will remember no one, except perhaps one or two quite too atrocious mountebanks."

When prosperity came later, Conrad was racked by gout and the fear that his powers were slipping. Fortune brought him some favors, but always like the cow that yielded a large pailful of milk and proceeded to kick it over.

But Jean-Aubry points out that in the last analysis Conrad was his own destiny. Born of an inland people,

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he chose the life of the sea against all precedent and with none of the pressure of circumstance that goes into the making of most careers. In the same way, after having achieved his ambition to become captain of a sailing vessel, he decided he must command a steamboat on the Congo, and patiently and resolutely set to work with that end in view. The only logic in his decisions was that of a tremendous, unexplainable urge. However destiny may have shaped his ends, here was a man who was always sure to do the rough-hewing for himself.

Where good fortune did intervene for Conrad was in the fact that "Almayer's Folly," his first manuscript, fell into the hands of a young publisher's reader named Edward Garnett. From that time on, Garnett was behind him, encouraging, rebuking, pushing him bodily through a hole in the fence of immortality, with no care for bruised shoulders and ribs. The collection of Conrad's letters to Garnett, to be issued next spring, will throw more light on that situation, but the biographer hasn't missed it.

Mr. Jean-Aubry's book is essentially a piece of scholarship, but of a very human kind. His work in tracing the sources of Conrad's stories and characters to the writer's experiences on the *Vidar*, the *Otago*, and the *Torrens* is valuable, and is saved from pedantry by the realization that Conrad's moods completely recreated everything and everybody he encountered. Every page of these two volumes will be important to lovers of Conrad. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

History Without Reverence

We have had economic histories, biographical histories, histories emphasizing great movements and wars, philosophical, ethnographic and geographic ones. Hendrik Van Loon's own particular contribution is irreverent history. He is no more awed by the mighty figures of the past than a newspaper photographer by Calvin Coolidge, and his particular brand of scholarship, in "America," is as new as to-morrow morning's newspapers on to-night's news-stands.

To be sure, he deals out with his facts, large portions of the opinions of Hendrik Van Loon, but he is pleasingly honest about this. It is as impossible to have history without biases as dinners without cooks, and this writer's set of them gives interesting perspectives. He tells how, during the twelfth century, the herring that the Dutch fishermen were catching, moved from the Baltic to the North Sea, and draws from this cause, by a tortuous route, some effects that reach right down to the New York of to-day. From herring he goes to spices and tobacco. Referring to the Puritans, he records that "Generally speaking, they came for exactly the same reason as Tony the boot-black who makes no bones about it and says, 'America a fina country! I maka da mon.'"

Right or wrong, one feels that Van Loon's irreverences are inspired by a very real reverence for the truth. Not being a historian, I don't know whether his theories achieve it or not.

And, being a historian, neither does he. Published by Boni & Liveright.

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Politics Without Pain

It is easy to find a good portrait of Mohammed, Columbus or Bismarck in our literature, but clear-headed appraisals of Al. Smith, Andrew Mellon or Senator Borah are rare. That is why Walter Lippman's "Men of Destiny" is an important book.

Most writers on politics and international affairs are insufferably dull, and one suspects that the reason is they are secretly bored themselves. Mr. Lippman brings a Wellsian zest to his type-writer in the editorial offices of the New York *World*, and, being excited about the debt question, the application of the Monroe Doctrine, and the implications of majority rule, he conveys some of that feeling to his reader.

It is hardly possible to write of political subjects and convince every one of your impartiality; and those who believe Mellon to be the greatest secretary of the treasury since Hamilton, will be wrathy at what Mr. Lippman writes. But he has obviously tried to be fair—even toward the philosophical opinions of William Jennings Bryan, which is many people's notion of the height of tolerance.

The finest thing in Mr. Lippman's book is the brief tribute "To Justice Holmes On His Seventy-Fifth Birthday." It's all worth quoting, but this especially:

"At seventy-five, a justice of the Supreme Court and a scholar known wherever the common law is studied, his heart is with the laughing sad men, who have mixed bitterness and beauty." Published by The Macmillan Company.

Three Women And A Man

Louis Bromfield's long legs span the gap between the Victorian novelist and the school that has produced "Main Street," "Many Marriages," and "Moon Calf." His new novel, "A Good Woman," is, as far as the outlines of its plot are concerned, in the architectural tradition of Thomas Hardy; in mood it belongs to the modernists.

The "good woman" of Mr. Bromfield's story is Emma Downes of the strong chin and the ample bust; the redoubtable Emma, who held her head high when she was deserted by her good-for-nothing husband, who built up a prosperous restaurant, and raised her child to be a missionary. The book fairly vibrates with Emma's firm-footed tread and the sway of her bustles.

Equally good is the character of Philip's wife, that anemic little aspirant to martyrdom. And then there is Aunt Mabelle, a figure in heroic proportions of the *enfant terrible*—the vulgar, irrepressible, delightful Aunt Mabelle, who flaunts her aggressive motherhood in the faces of nice people, and loves to talk of subjects that are not for the ears of men.

All is well with Emma the Dominant, as we begin. She has married her Philip to just the right girl, has sent the two off to Africa, and is contentedly peeling the Zanzibar stamps from the boy's letters. Then the stern God of her faith sends trials to her. Unaccountably, Philip develops thoughts of his own under the blaze of the African sun. One of those letters with the prized Zanzibar stamps, arrives to inform his

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mother that he has made a mistake; he never had the authentic call to be a missionary, and is coming home.

The horrors of social embarrassment loom up before Emma. What will the ladies of the church group have to say about this? Emma prays. Philip's wife Naomi prays too, pathetically, but Philip comes home. More than that,—he comes home defiant.

From this point on, "A Good Woman" becomes a battle between the social satirist and the story-teller with the latter winning, to the great advantage of the book. More than once Mr. Bromfield seems on the point of lingering to pillory the humbugging Emma and all that she stands for; but the momentum of his own story sweeps him on, and the reader is left to sympathize with Emma or detest her, as he pleases.

Mr. Bromfield's novel abounds in live situations—Naomi falling in love with her husband after his backsliding; the no-account husband of Emma returning in time to embarrass her elephantine romance with a congressman; the piquant alliance between little Naomi and Aunt Mabelle.

It's a strange circumstance that in a book so full of real people, the character of Philip the rebellious missionary, never comes out in sharp focus. His love affair with Mary Coningham and his ambition to become a painter, have far less validity than the doings of that fine trio, Emma, Naomi and Mabelle. But it would take a Paul Bunyan to overshadow those three. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Pot of Message

Of late years, the complaint has often been made against H. G. Wells that his idea of a novel is a fat slice of propaganda garnished with a thin coating of story. While he has been industriously dealing in religion, politics and prophecy, he has been harangued by his disciples of earlier years for a return to the care-free vein of "Mr. Polly." One of those who couldn't travel the new road with him—John Cournos—remarked sadly a few years ago that Mr. Wells had sold his birthright for a pot of message.

As far as I know, Mr. Wells never bothered to answer this lament, but I do remember his saying, laughingly: "My friends are trying to educate me up to 'Mr. Polly.'"

In that endeavor Mr. Wells's friends have failed signally. His new novel, "Meanwhile," is the most propagandish of them all. In fact, in this case it's hard to see how the story would be palatable at all if it weren't for the exceedingly interesting propaganda.

"Meanwhile" is a tract on the subject of the British general strike, with a wistful vision of a new social order, a few side comments on the necessity for a revaluation of love and marriage, and a microscopic study of the mentality of Winston Churchill. But what a tract it is! Mr. Wells takes ideas for his heroes and villains—not allegorically, but in the most literal sense—and makes them warm, human and exciting.

Philip Rylands and his lovely wife are having a house-party at Casa Terragena, their lavish estate in Italy. One of the guests, a Mr.

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Sempack, smashes the small talk to smithereens by a monologue on Utopias. Mr. Sempack doesn't want to reform the world, but to recreate it, welding a new humanity and a newer, fairer social order. Mr. Sempack, like his author, is alternately precise and vague; he is persuasive as far as he goes, but one feels, as with Mr. Wells, that his favorite punctuation mark is a tantalizing row of dots. This glorious world of the remote future is all very well, say the house guests; but meanwhile, what? Mr. Sempack shrugs his shoulders.

Casa Terragena goes on with its tennis, bridge and teas, but the atmosphere of the party has been subtly changed. There is talk of a coal strike in England. Mr. Sempack kisses a lady, and is never the same again. Phil Rylands, though he loves his wife, drifts into a casual amour; but Sempack preaches utopian marriage to Mrs. Rylands, and all is well. Phil, much of whose fortune is in coal, goes to London to learn the facts about the strike. There a social conscience is born to him, and meanwhile—a child is born to Mrs. Rylands. For good measure, there's the rescue of a gentle middle-aged scholar from the staves of pursuing Fascists.

It's a luminous picture that Mr. Wells gives, of Labor's point of view in the general strike, and one in which Messrs. Churchill and Baldwin sit most uncomfortably, for his pen pricks against the tenderest side of an English Tory—the question of sportsmanship.

Those who count the new Wells a lost soul are going to sound again the old cry: "But this is journalism!" They might as well complain because it isn't lyric poetry. It's *Wells*.

For my part, I have just one complaint to make—against the presentation of the ruthless coal baron, Lord Edensoke, as one of those stagey villains who use their ill-gotten gains to pursue helpless women. That isn't good literature, good argument or good Wells. I am tempted to suspect one of those wicked British Fascists of having slipped it into the manuscript when nobody was looking. Published by George H. Doran Company.

READING RUMORS

A rather ironic situation was created when the judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club recently reported as their selection, "Your Money's Worth," by Messrs. Chase and Schlink. If you inquire what is strange about that, the answer is that "Your Money's Worth" is one of the most savage criticisms of the advertising industry ever written, and that Robert Haas, who conducts the Book-of-the-Month Club, is a prominent advertising man. He must have made a wry face indeed when he saw what came out of the bag, and got ready to send out 40,000 copies of a scorching indictment of his own business.

A tragic postscript to "Joseph Conrad: Life and Letters" appeared recently in the newspapers. It was the story that Alfred Borys Conrad, son of the novelist, had been sentenced to "twelve months in the second division" at Old Bailey, for converting to his use funds collected to buy manuscripts of his father's works. . . . See Conrad's prophetic

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remarks on posterity, quoted in the review of the "Life and Letters."

Log-rolling among writers and critics is a practise much condemned, and rightly. But if all those guilty of it were brought to bar, the roll of offenders would include John Galsworthy, Cunninghame Graham, H. G. Wells, and W. H. Hudson—persistent log-rollers all of them, in season and out, for their friend Joseph Conrad. Among them, they took much of the sting out of his early unsuccess, and prepared the way for his later recognition. . . . Something depends on who is doing the puffing, and for whom.

Louis Bromfield, just back from Paris, is said to have done some vivid work there at his newly acquired art of painting. But the least real scenes in "A Good Woman" are those that deal with Philip's launching out as a painter.

Novelists insist on making writers and artists of their protagonists, and the moment they have done so, a mysterious reverence paralyzes their pens. Searchingly realistic about everything else, they wrap the artist character in an aura of vague gropings that implies, but doesn't really portray an escape from the sordid world to a freer and clearer air. Some day a novelist will give us a new kind of escape story—the escape of the artist into the joyous freedom of bourgeois life—and therein will draw a much better picture of what it's all about. Arnold Bennett pointed the way in "Buried Alive."

Giles Healy, recently returned from an exploring trip in Venezuela about which he is writing a book, had many bizarre stories to tell. But the experience that made the deepest impression on him seemed to be a book—a wonderful, mellow book that a courtly Spanish host had given him to read in the moonlight, saying that it was the greatest in the world. The explorer could remember neither the title nor the author's name, but I remembered what W. H. Hudson had told me of the influence of Spanish literature on his style, and identified the book as "El Ombu."

Unfortunately, it is still necessary for most readers to have the Spanish grandee and the moonlight night in Venezuela in order to realize that W. H. Hudson is one of the supreme masters of English prose.

Something of what Hudson himself thought on the subject is indicated in what he wrote, shortly before his death, in answer to an enthusiastic letter from an American publisher:

"When I was young and ambitious and wanted things, the publishers closed their doors in my face. Now that I am old and worn out and don't want anything, they fling their damned checks in my face."

To which should be added this postscript: The publisher replied that *he* had never slammed any doors in Hudson's face. The old man replied with an invitation for a visit to him in Cornwall, and graciously gave the publisher what he wanted. (It happened to be some articles for THE CENTURY.)

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When the Reader Writes

In connection with Mr. Lyle Saxon's flood stories, we wrote Governor Martineau to learn if he is in favor of government control of the Mississippi, our inquiry prompted by the report that the question of states' rights had risen to the confusion of the issue. Here is Governor Martineau's reply.

The Editor

My dear Editor:

It is my opinion that the people of Arkansas not only do not oppose complete governmental control in the matter of flood prevention, but that they are almost unanimous in the contention that it is distinctly a subject properly coming under Federal jurisdiction. Personally, I think it would be no encroachment whatever upon the doctrine of states' rights if the Government assumed the duty of constructing and maintaining levees or whatever system might be found to be the most feasible.

To my mind there are several reasons which would justify the Government in taking over the project. In the first place, an overflow of the magnitude of the recent one in the Mississippi Valley seriously interferes with the commerce between the states, and vitally affects navigation. These two phases of the situation would seem to bring it clearly within the purview of the provisions of the Constitution, which confer upon the Federal Government, control of these two subjects. Abnormally high waters destroy telegraph and telephone communication between the states, and operate to cause grave delays in the transmission of the United States mail. It will not be disputed that the Federal Government has the right—in fact it is its duty—to provide effective means to guard against such contingencies as those above mentioned. A further justification for the intervention of the national Government is to be found in the fact that the public health throughout the entire country is menaced as the direct result of the great floods. It is fundamental, I believe, that the Government has the right to exercise jurisdiction in matters which concern the nation as a whole.

Conceding then that the Federal Government is authorized by the Constitution to expend money in flood control, it is the only authority which, from a practical standpoint, can do those things that are necessary. If only the states directly affected by overflows of the Mississippi and its tributaries should attempt to handle the subject, they would discover that there are no means or fixed policies by which they could act in unison. No single state could, by controlling the waters within its own territory, effect a plan which would prevent overflows of the magnitude of the one which has recently occurred; furthermore, the expense incident to the control of the rivers within the states along the lower Mississippi would be so enormous as to be beyond their financial capacity. There, perhaps, is no one subject over which the national Government is given jurisdiction which affects so many people as does the matter of control of the Mississippi and its feeders. A flood like the one which we have recently witnessed, affects not only the overflowed areas, but business interests in all sections of the country. The geographical location of the Mississippi Valley makes it a link between the East and the West, and any catastrophe within this area necessarily has a far-reaching effect. Any disturbance of normal conditions in the Mississippi Valley is a matter of concern to the entire nation.

John E. Martineau,
Governor of Arkansas

My dear Editor,

I have meant long ago to write and congratulate you on that article of Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy's —"As the Angels Which Are in Heaven"—in the June Century.

It is the best article on marriage that I have seen in any magazine—not only in what it actually

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says, but in general attitude toward the whole question. That sort of attitude seems to me just what is most needed: to give sane direction to panicky present-day feeling, and to stimulate intelligent and independent, instead of stereotyped, herd-thinking.

I have told all my friends to read it, and want to thank you for it for myself. I think THE CENTURY is far and away the most interesting magazine now being published.

With all good wishes,

Sincerely yours,
JANE ALDEN

Beacon Street, Boston.

My dear Editor,

I am sure that Mr. Kaltenborn will welcome a historical correction of one or two statements in his highly informing article in the June CENTURY, entitled, "Prohibition in Europe."

The writer gave credit or blame, according to the reader's point of view, to the Bolsheviki for the introduction of prohibition in the Russian Government, whereas, prohibition had been Russian law for five years before the Lenin and Trotzky revolution, having been introduced by a decree of Czar Nicholas II in 1914 following the incessant urgency of Michael D. Tchelicfeff a peasant member of the Duma.

The czar prefaced his historic decree with a rescript addressed to M. Bark, Minister of Finance, dated February 12, 1914, in which he gave his reason for refusing longer to have the Empire depend upon revenues from the liquor monopoly, saying: "We cannot make our fiscal prosperity dependent upon the destruction of the spiritual and economic powers of many of my subjects." These revenues amounted in 1913 to $467,500,000.

The marvelous benefits of the prohibition policy are told in the current history and literature of the period. I would especially refer to the official report of John H. Snodgrass, American Consul-General at Moscow, dated May 6, 1915; also to an informing volume by J. G. Simpson, "The Self Discovery of Russia," giving testimony of cabinet ministers, manufacturers, merchants, priests and peasants; all agree in the words of David Lloyd George that, "Russia has, since the war began, enormously increased her resources by suppressing the sale of all alcoholic liquors."

The prohibition policy was carried over into the constitutional system following the Kerensky revolution; and also into the Soviet revolution—but the Soviet Government, as told by Mr. Kaltenborn, was confessedly unable to suppress the illicit traffic, and so went back to the old system discarded by Czar Nicholas, of "deriving revenue from the destruction of the spiritual and economic powers of the people."

May I also correct Mr. Kaltenborn's reference to Finland? Prohibition did not originate with the Republic, but was twice enacted when Finland was a Russian dependency, but the Finnish legislation was vetoed by the emperor.

This will of the people was proclaimed by the Parliament, May 29, 1917, when Finland achieved her independence.

Sincerely yours,
SAMUEL WILSON

Jersey City, New Jersey.

My dear Editor,

I am a constant reader of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE,—have been for years. Some of the most significant articles I have ever read have appeared in your magazine.

I have been greatly entertained as well as impressed by the story in the June issue by Elisabeth Cobb Chapman, entitled, "With Glory and Honor." I have always contended that color and atmosphere were the chief essentials for a story of high type. This story has both, and is alive with the heart-throbs of true genius. It is refreshing to read and to ponder over such a story when so many authors are striving to write problem stories reeking with sex situations, etc. I am sure the more thoughtful and intelligent readers of CENTURY will always welcome such stories as this, which not only appeal to our artistic sense, but also teach us to see more clearly than ever the better side of our alien neighbor, and awaken in us a desire to be more kind and sympathetic toward all mankind.

Wishing you great success and prosperity.

EDWARD WATERS BROWN

Boston City Club.

My dear Editor,

It will please you, as it has pleased me, to learn that your correspondent is being deluged with requests for the list of less than one hundred books on "The Short Ballot in Literature." Upwards of fifty letters have been answered thus far—and not one adverse sound yet. I am hoping some one will bang both barrels at me in protest, but so far all is peaceful as a sucking dove.

Thanking you for your many kindnesses of the past, I am,

Faithfully yours,
HENRY M. ROBINSON

Woodstock, New York.

RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD

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The CENTURY MAGAZINE

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CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS

Lawlessness the Insidious Disease of Republics

WILLIAM E. BORAH

THERE is an ancient document known as the Constitution of the United States in which is written: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech." Not *deny* the freedom of speech, not *prohibit* the freedom of speech, but not ever shall Congress *abridge* the freedom of speech.

But there is a peculiar doctrine which has come to have recognition among us. It was said during the late war that as soon as war was declared, the Constitution of the United States was in a sense suspended, that the Congress could pass any law it saw fit. At first, that seemed to me to be a subject of amusement, and I still really think it is. But as a matter of fact, it was seriously advocated by learned and able men, legislators and heads of executive departments. It was on that theory and apparently on that principle that many things were done during the war. For myself, I want to repudiate it once and for all. I trust that no such vicious and un-American doctrine will ever be seriously considered by the people of this country. There is only one way you can change the Constitution of the United States or suspend any of its provisions, and that is in the same way and by the same power that made it—the people of the United States themselves, in the manner pointed out by the Constitution. Every clause, every line, every paragraph, of that Great Charter holds good in time of war as in time of peace. Washington was something of a soldier. Hamilton understood something of war. The framers of the Constitution had all passed through a great conflict that lasted eight years. They undoubtedly understood that the Republic would in all probability be called upon to wage war in the future. Do you suppose they thought they were building a government or writing a Constitution that was to function only during peaceful days? They wrote a Constitution sufficient and efficient to carry on the work of peace and also to carry on war. The Constitution gives sufficient power by its own

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terms for the conduct of war, and none of its provisions is suspended or annulled by the declaration of war. Any other theory would be utterly vicious. It would be to write into our very Government the doctrine of the tyrants, that necessity knows no law.

Let those who think our Constitution was made for peace and not for war turn to a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States and read it in full. The Court says: "The Constitution of the United States is a law for rulers and people, equally in war and in peace, and covers with the shield of its protection all classes of men at all times and under all circumstances. No doctrine involving more pernicious consequences was ever invented by the wit of man than that any of its provisions can be suspended during the great exigencies of government. Such a doctrine leads directly to anarchy or despotism, but the theory of necessity on which it is based is false; for the Government within the Constitution has all the powers granted to it which are necessary to preserve its existence, as has been happily proved by the result of the great effort to overthrow its just authority."

The belief is all but universal among those who deal with international questions that force must always be in the background, always be subject to call. Its futility for peace has been proved a thousand times but it still prevails. There are no words to describe and no philosophy to explain this superstitious idolatry of force. Governments make treaties in which they agree, under certain conditions, to employ force, to send armies and navies, to sacrifice treasure and life, and no one stops to ask: Will the contracting powers keep their promise? Who will see that they execute their pledge? It is all taken for granted.

But when governments make treaties, or propose to make treaties, in which they agree to submit their controversies to the decision of a court and abide the judgment thereof, immediately the question is asked: Who will enforce the judgment; where is your army and your navy to carry the decree into effect? As a matter of fact, it is precisely the same thing behind and back of both treaties—the solemn pledge of the nation, only that and nothing more. In one instance there is the honor of the nation to send an army and in the other, the honor of the nation to abide by the judgment of a court. We find no difficulty in relying on the former pledge. We utterly distrust the latter. It is another manifestation of that wicked, persistent distrust of human nature which comes down to us from the days when governments were founded on force and the people had no voice. You fix the machinery of government and the plans for peace, so that public opinion may operate, so that the average man and woman may have a voice, and the judgments of your courts will be respected.

As it is now, in the last analysis, there is no difference between the advocates of peace and the advocates of war. They ultimately meet upon the common ground that force is the final arbiter in international affairs. Every peace scheme ends with a provision for war and an arrangement for armies and navies. Speaking at Geneva last March, the

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Foreign Secretary of the British Government declared: "Brute force is what they fear, and only brute force enlisted in their behalf will give them the security of which they feel the need." He was speaking for peace. A short time before this a noted American general publicly declared: "If for one moment you remove force as the mainstay of government, that moment the civilization of 2000 years disappears like an exploded soap-bubble." He was speaking for war.

But here you have the doctrine from both sides, the doctrine which has lately reduced a continent to one weltering mass of human misery, still claiming to be the stay and prop of civilization, still accepted as the basis of peace and of war. Did Bernhardi claim anything different or anything more? Did Cæsar or Napoleon build upon any different theory? Does the law of the jungle rest upon any different basis? I utterly reject the doctrine that force is the mainstay of government. Unfortunately it still has its place in organized society, but it is incidental. It is subordinate to a higher and more enduring power, and should always be regarded and treated as such. The fleeing criminal and the pursuing sheriff are but an incident in the life of the countless millions whose devotion to order and obedience to law make organized society possible. We see only the criminal and the sheriff, and overlook the silent, majestic force which finds expression in millions of homes and in the daily occupations of the people and through which alone society is held together. If it were not for the love and loyalty of our people to our country, this Government would crumble in a night, and our army and navy would go with it.

We have reached a point where it seems to me there is no alternative. We shall either change our faith, or civilization will experience the crash which has twice before overtaken it. After 2000 years of this worship of force, after 2000 years of this teaching and of the practice which flows from such teaching, what are the results, what are the fruits? If any one is familiar with the vernacular of hell, let him undertake to paint the picture. Human tongue is inadequate to the task. First, a debt of $350,000,000,000, resting like an eternal mortgage—for it will never be paid—upon the brains and energies of the human family, driving men and women on to days and nights of ceaseless and fruitless toil. Nations rich, marvelously rich, in national resources, now on the very verge of bankruptcy, and still laying on like a burning lash upon the backs of their peoples, heavier and still heavier burdens. Hospitals from Leningrad and Berlin to San Francisco and Peking, crowded with the diseased, the maimed and the insane. Families broken and scattered, states dismembered, peoples oppressed, babes born prematurely old and cursed with inherited disease, communities visited with strange epidemics and incurable afflictions, and finally every government, in the face of all this, now searching for more deadly and destructive means of indiscriminate murder; these are the fruits of this worship of force, this urge for blood. I maintain that the human family cannot carry the creed. It is undermining and de-

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stroying the race. We have no alternative. We are compelled as a matter of self-preservation to reject this fetish. We must work definitely to outlaw war forever and to make it illegal.

There is another issue which is now confronting the American people. It is that of supporting law and order, or of preaching nullification and anarchy. Here again it is a question of loyalty to the Constitution and to the nation.

Perhaps no provision of the Constitution ever went into that instrument after more consideration and more deliberation, more agitation, more discussion, than the Eighteenth Amendment. Thirty-three states prior to its adoption, had established state-wide prohibition; the subject had been discussed among and before the people for the last fifty years; every state legislature had adopted the principle in some form or other. Finally, the amendment came before Congress, was discussed in both bodies of Congress, went to the respective legislatures of the states, was considered by the legislatures, and ratified by all the states except two. Certainly, no one can contend that this provision of the Constitution is there by accident. Certainly, they cannot successfully contend that it went there without proper discussion and consideration. The amendment is there as the deliberate, expressed will and wish and purpose of the American people. It carries the same sanctity and the same force as any other provision of the Constitution. It is there, and so long as it remains there, it is vital to the cause of good government, to the cause of constitutional government, and to the cause of law and order, that it be lived up to and maintained in all its integrity. There can be no more vital problem presented to a free people than the problem of whether or not they can hold and maintain the Constitution of which they have deliberately written.

What did this constitutional amendment do and propose to do? It established, in the first place, a great national policy, the policy that intoxicating liquors should not be manufactured, sold or transported throughout the United States, or any part of it; that they should neither be imported nor exported. Here, therefore, was a national policy declared and written into the fundamental law as the deliberate, the unmistakably expressed will and wish of the people of the United States. The question presented therefore is a greater question than that of prohibition. Important as the question of prohibition is, the question that is now presented is the enforcement of the amendment, the higher and bigger and broader question of whether we, as a free people, can maintain and enforce the provisions of the Constitution as they have been written. That involves the whole question of constitutional integrity, of constitutional morality—indeed, of the ultimate success of free government itself. Let us view it from that standpoint as we consider the question.

But the constitutional provision went further than the mere declaration of a national policy. It declared, or granted, the power to both the State and the National Government

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to execute and make effective that national policy. It gave concurrent power to the State and to the National Government to see that that policy was made effective. It did not leave it to the National Government. It did not withdraw from the states the powers which they had had and lodge them in the National Government; but after declaring a national policy, it placed the obligation upon both the State and the National Government alike to enforce it.

There has been much discussion about the duty of the State under these circumstances. It is a subject about which earnest and able men may differ. But the discussion has seemed to me to proceed on too narrow and too technical a plane. It is not only a question of what the State is legally bound to do, or what it may be compelled to do, but what the State as an integral part of the American Union and acting in the integrity and purposes of that Union should do. Certainly we cannot mandamus a state to pass a law or to execute or enforce a law. But there is an infinitely more compelling power calling the State into action, and that is the fact that the State is an integral part of the American Union. The whole purpose, the very existence of the Union requires and depends on concerted action in carrying out the aims and purposes of the Union as expressed in the Federal Constitution. We live under two sovereignties. We seek to combine and utilize local and national interests in one grand purpose. We are endeavoring in this way to work out the great problem of representative government. Is not every state a part, and anxious to be considered a part of that purpose? Is not every state interested and deeply concerned in working out that problem? Is not every state bound in the most solemn way to contribute to the fullest extent of its ability to the solution of that problem? Who wants to be considered a slacker in the most sublime task ever undertaken in the affairs of government—that of demonstrating that a people may govern themselves, govern under established law and in the spirit of regulated liberty? Does any one think such a task possible of achievement, if sovereign states withdraw or withhold their most zealous support of the supreme law of the land or any part of it? Forget for a moment that the Eighteenth Amendment covers the question of prohibition and think of it only as a part of the Charter under which we live and to which we owe allegiance and support, and how plainly the duty of every individual and of every state appears!

If some one thinks the Eighteenth Amendment is unwise and desires to come out before the American people and advocate its being taken out of the Constitution, neither you nor I can criticize him; that is a right which he has. But so long as it is there written, so long as it is a part of our Constitution, the questions of States' rights can have no hearing when the question of enforcement is up for consideration. The question of States' rights was fought out when it was before the State legislatures, and the states, as sovereignties, said: We delegate this power and are willing to coöperate with the National Government. And it is not the part of any government or any individual representing a state after that judgment

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has been rendered, to say: In my opinion, it encroaches on States' rights. It is a fearful doctrine which has been preached to us, this doctrine of disregarding the Constitution under the claim of States' rights. It feeds lawlessness as the poison of the swamp feeds the germs of disease. It is a libel on the whole theory of the American Union. It is an indictment of the whole superb scheme of 1789.

There is a well-organized movement in this country against a class of people who, it is said, are unfriendly to our form of Government and our Constitution, a class of people who are designated as Reds and Radicals. Those who are uneasy about the rights of property as guaranteed by the Constitution, are greatly interested in this work. They have a thorough organization dealing with the subjects of anarchy, Communism and Bolshevism, and those things which they feel undermine our Government and destroy the stability of our institutions. I thoroughly sympathize with their desires to inculcate respect for and loyalty to our institutions. I think you cannot spend too much time in educating the American people in the worth of the institutions under which we live and of the value of our form of government. A man who comes to our shores and openly defies our Constitution, is a most unworthy creature. But he is not so reprehensible, so much to be criticized, it seems to me, as the man who has been reared in this country, who has had an opportunity to know the beneficent worth of our institutions, who has witnessed the value through all these years of the law under which our Government lives, and who still disregards or defies some particular provision or amendment because it runs counter to his personal interests or personal views or personal vices. Let me say here—not all of them, of course, but many of those people of property, many of those who are much agitated over the question of foreign propaganda and its undermining effect on our Constitution, are the most pronounced, insistent, and persistent violators of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. The hotbed, the scouting, noisy rendezvous of lawlessness, of cynical defiance to the Eighteenth Amendment, is among those of social standing, of large property interests, and in the wealthier homes. Without their patronage, their protection, and their example, the bootlegger could easily be brought within the control of the law. I repeat again, I am thoroughly in sympathy with their anxiety over foreign influence on the Constitution, but I must say in all sincerity that just to the extent that they undermine respect for the Constitution, respect for law, by the lives which they lead and the examples which they set and by the influence which they exert against the Eighteenth Amendment, just in that proportion, to that extent, they are also undermining those provisions of the Constitution which protect property. The Eighteenth Amendment is in the Constitution by the same authority as the Fifth Amendment, which throws its protection around life and property. The undermining of one undermines the other. The Eighteenth Amendment is in the Constitution by the same authority and with the

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same sanctity as the Fourteenth Amendment, which stands between the State and the property-holder against all assaults by the State. That which undermines the Eighteenth Amendment undermines the Fourteenth Amendment. The Red sits in his darkly lighted room, around his poorly laden table, and denounces the provisions of the Constitution placed there to protect property. The "white" sits in his brilliantly lighted room about his richly laden table and defies or denounces the provisions of the Constitution placed there in the belief they would protect the home. I leave it to all good citizens whether it is not true that both are traveling the road of lawlessness, both sowing the seeds of destruction, both undermining the whole fabric of law and order.

Let these people of influence who insist on satisfying their appetites against the expressed will of the American people, understand that they cannot have their property secure, that they cannot have their homes safe, that they cannot protect their wealth and those things which they deeply cherish, if they continue by their examples and by their precepts to sow the seeds of lawlessness throughout the United States.

We all know from a review of history that lawlessness is the insidious disease of republics. It is the one great malady against which every true patriot will ever be on guard. It is but a short step from the lawlessness of the man of means who scouts some part of the fundamental law because forsooth it runs counter to his wishes, to the soldier who may be called into the street to protect property, but who, taking counsel of his sympathies, fraternizes with the mob. The great question, therefore, before the American people now is, not that of prohibition, because that as a policy, has been settled. The supreme question is: after we have determined as a people on prohibition, whether we have the moral courage, the high determination, and the unwavering purpose to enforce that which we have written into the Constitution.

In these anxious days, almost every one has a plan or a scheme for the betterment of conditions—for the adjustment, or readjustment, of things which seem so strangely, so persistently, out of joint. But if I were going to inscribe a banner under which to arouse the dispirited and discouraged millions of brave and loyal citizens, I should precede all other inscriptions, plans, and pledges with that of obedience to law because it is law. There are hundreds and thousands of people, with the number daily increasing, who would like to feel safe in their persons, safe in their work-shops and homes, who would like to feel that justice can be administered and laws enforced, and that the provisions of our Constitution which protect property are no more sacred than the provisions which protect human rights and moral values. What shall it profit that leaders have planned and patriots have striven and sacrificed through all these years if we have come at last to the fearful, accursed creed that constitutions are to be disregarded, laws to be evaded or defied, and, finally, that we are to accept and put in practise the vicious and destructive and savage rule that every man is a law unto himself?

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The bed-rock, the granite formation, upon which great civilizations and powerful governments are built, is obedience to the law. That is the beginning and the end of all good government. Without it we cannot hope for happiness and prosperity at home nor for prestige and power abroad. We have arrived at the time when we can afford to, when indeed we must, invoke the old virtues, appeal again to the simple precepts of government, and make obedience to law a cardinal tenet of our political faith. We do not need a new faith. We need the simplicity, the directness, and the self-surrender of the old. Throughout the land we need to preach the creed of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln with a tongue of fire. We need to have constitutional morality declared as was the Gospel of old to the high and to the low, for against this neither "things present nor things to come shall prevail." You can no more leave behind the fundamental principles of right and justice, of respect for and obedience to law, without paying the frightful penalty, than can a people, however high and strong in their material power, abandon the simple pronouncements of Sinai without sinking into utter degradation.

A DESERTED GARDEN

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

Some one living here—once long ago—
Loved flowers well, I know;
Through the gray crevice of a wall's decay,
A red rose gleams to-day.
The pink and blue of larkspur in the grass,
Lift lightly as I pass,
And bravely, bright—along the flowering walks,
Still bloom the hollyhocks.

Some woman planted all of these, I know,
And knelt to watch them grow;
Something of her radiance and grace
Still clings above this place.
Surely I think the day she went away,
She turned and wept to stay,
Knowing how tender all the young plants were,
And how they needed her.
I wonder—is she living still—somewhere—
And longs to give them care?
Or, sleeping through the bright blue summer hours,
Has she forgotten flowers?

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CIRCE

THEODORA DU BOIS

WARMTH of the summer afternoon lay upon him like soft silk coverings, and small dancing winds brought fragrances, pouring them about for his delight; the faint smell of salt from the south marshes, and cut grass from the lawn and roses from the moon-bowl on the terrace table. He was lulled by the hum and buzz of summer insects, and he swung the hammock drowsily as he read. Odysseus was in the hall of Circe, and her four handmaidens, they that were "born of the wells and of the woods and of the holy rivers that flow forward into the salt sea," were serving them. "Of these one cast upon the chairs goodly coverlets of purple above, and spread a linen cloth thereunder. And, lo, another drew up silver tables to the chairs, and thereon set for them golden baskets. And a third mixed honey-hearted wine in a silver bowl and set out cups of gold."

He was there himself in the halls of Circe, in that place with the "wide prospect"; and the walls of his mother's house of stucco and timber were gone, and there instead were walls of polished stone. And the wicker chairs of the terrace were silver, and the magazines on the table, with the wind idly flapping their pages as though trying to see if they held anything worth reading, were no longer magazines, but, miraculously, baskets and goblets of gold. And the warm and somewhat melted "choc'-late ammon' bar" he himself was eating was sweet honey-hearted wine and wheaten bread.

A cold nose poked itself into his hand, and for a second it was the snout of one of his enchanted companions; then, with a bark, it became the small black muzzle of Jock the terrier, Scot to the tip of his plumy tail. Shouts and tumult rent the spell of silence, and a whirl of lithe blue bodies and brown arms and legs burst from the house, slammed the screen door, leaped upon Derek's back, and resolved itself into Sonia and Charley, his young brother and sister just released from French.

"C'm on and be a brigand with us, Derek," Charley panted. "We're going to hide in the syringa-bush and shoot up some of the guys who come for tea and lift their jewels."

"No, no, not for tea, Charley, you poor cheese," Sonia objected. "Later on we said, don't you know, at night. It'll be more exciting. C'mon Derek, be a sport."

She draped herself over an end of the hammock, and her black bobbed hair swept the pages of Derek's book. The edge of the hammock must have severed her nearly in two, but she betrayed no inconvenience. And Charley bounced up and down on Derek's back shouting vehemently:

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"*Cheer* for *Prin*ceton,
Cheer for *Yale*,
Put old *Har*vard in the *gar*bage-pail,"

with a pound for each accent, Derek being bound for Harvard in some future year.

"Oh, come on Derek," Sonia pleaded, still inverted. "I've cut masks out of mademoiselle's black silk stockings—and we've got a—"

"Shut up," Charley stopped her.

"Well, never mind, but it'll be swell sport. It'll be the cat's pajamas."

"Why don't you cut out that rough line of talk," Derek growled; "cat's pajamas isn't girls' talk." At sixteen one may be an idealist about girls.

"Don't be an old grandpa," she retorted. "The syringa-bush'll make a swell brigands' cave."

"Forget it. Brigands are rotten things, and you kids have no business reading the papers and getting fool ideas in your beans. Charley, that's my back, old son. I'm no springboard. Cut it out, will you?" They struggled, grunting and panting, Derek playing the unwilling rôle of bronco, Charley digging knees and knuckles into his back. Amid the plungings the remains of the "choc'-late ammon' bar" were ground into a lemon-colored cushion, and Sonia aided the fray by swinging the hammock high and wildly, and taking up Charley's refrain:

"*Cheer* for *Prin*ceton,
Cheer for *Yale*."

While Jock, his literal soul always worried by signs of strife and tumult, barked shrilly and strove to establish peace by licking any face that came within tongue's reach. Then Derek, with a mighty heave, tipped Charley over upon the floor, and a thud and siren yells ensued, amid Sonia's protesting, in loud vituperation against Derek's brutality.

For a second Derek lay on his back in the hammock panting, strangely exhausted, wondering why he had so little wind this summer, why he was as tired as if he'd run the half-mile, and only after a rough-house with a kid. But Charley, at nine years old, had no business to yell like that.

"Shut up," Derek ordered gruffly. "Gosh, can't you stand anything?"

And then, of course, somebody had to come out and spoil everything—the worst possible person, too, their stepfather, nervous and annoyed.

"What's the matter here? What's the matter here? Is Charley hurt?"

"He threw me on the floor and nearly broke my wrist," Charley bellowed.

"What a gyp!" Derek growled, disgusted at such perfidy of tale-bearing. "It was only a rough-house."

But his stepfather's eyes stared at him as understandingly as brown glass globules. "I suppose sometime you will develop out of the Neolithic period, Derek. For the present, Charley, we must all suffer from your brother's barbaric urges." And the man gave an involuntary glance around as if looking for an audience to applaud his brilliant remark. He always did it, Derek had noticed, after he'd said something unusually clever and ironic. "What is that disgusting brown stain on the cushion?"

Foolish to feel so frightened about a simple question; nor did Derek see how a brown stain could be his fault,

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but probably it was. Things were always going dreadfully wrong and being his fault this summer. He sat up in the hammock, rumpled and disheveled, and focussed his thoughts on the cushion. Oh, yes, it was the ruins of the "ammon' bar."

"Must be chocolate," and his changing voice sounded so alarmingly like a stevedore's that he didn't dare add, "I'm sorry," which he was.

"Chocolate!" If it had been bloodstains from a slain and dismembered Charley the man's voice could not have registered more horror and disgust. "Of course it's impossible to eat chocolate without smearing it over the en*tire* landscape." And again he gave that little complacent glance about. "I thought you weren't to eat between meals, Derek?"

"He's always eating between meals, aren't you, Derek?" Sonia piped in cheerfully. "He's always trying to lift things from the kitchen, but the new cook won't let him—" And Charley added pleasantly:

"Derek's a pig—hunc-hunc-hunc!"

Then before any one could carry the agreeable discussion further, the picture changed as if some one had turned the pages of a book to another illustration. Three guests came up the terrace steps and Will Court—that was the stepfather—hurried toward them, the perfect urbane host, having flung a hasty aside to Derek to "straighten up those cushions. The hammock's not a sty, you know." Sonia and Charley leaped from the terrace edge and chased each other across the lawn, with Jock, a swift black streak in mad pursuit. And Derek's mother came out of the house, tall and fair. Her hair seemed painted on her head, and she wore a sea-green dress that Court said was the color of her soul or something, and a long string of strange gold and sea-green beads was about her neck and dripping earrings were pendant from her ears. The butler followed bearing silver tea things solemnly as if votive offerings to an oracle or god. And more people came from the house and up the terrace steps and eddied about the tea-table in whites and blues and yellows, while talk surged into waves of laughter and broke and surged and broke again.

And poor Derek, stranded in a small island of silence by the hammock, pretended to be busying himself straightening cushions, and wished unhappily that he could make his escape without being seen. He had hidden his "Odyssey" under his jacket, and he wanted to go off somewhere and lie down in the sun and read. He was tired, awfully sort of tired, and that beastly hunger that had possessed him all summer was urging him to some utterly crazy deed—to rush over and grab a handful of cakes from the basket on the table, for instance, or stuff a dozen or more sandwiches in his mouth at once. If they really meant that rule about not eating between meals, he thought he'd go off his bean, like the men you read of in the deserts, raving about food and water. Perhaps he was a little daffy now. He seemed to think about food the whole time; and he'd had to sneak so much dry breakfast food out of the pantry that the butler locked up the boxes now, and he couldn't get anything out of the new cook even by bribery. He'd soaked Derek with a rolling-pin last time and reported it to Court, and there'd been the dickens to pay.

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Now his mother was beckoning to him. He went over to her, awkwardly, miserably aware of his ungainly height, his red hair standing on end, his interminable arms and legs, and that vile untrustworthy voice within him that squeaked or growled as if it were some unknown being speaking through his lips. He hated it. And now she was telling him to pass things, and he knew he'd spill them all over the place. Oh, heck! Why had there ever been that rotten divorce, and why couldn't the judge have given him to his own father, so that he might now be happy and free building bridges with him in Yucatan, instead of passing piffling little cakes to overfed females in green. "Sandwich," he squeaked, shoving the plate up to the portly bosom of a matron who looked like an emerald pigeon. Absent-mindedly she took three. His mouth watered, and he felt suddenly weak. He had had one very small chicken patty for lunch and a foolish salad, no more filling than so much green tissue-paper. He'd been late for breakfast, and when he was late he was only allowed toast and fruit. And supper was sure to be a total loss. It always was—a boiled egg perhaps and another dab of salad left over from lunch. His mother and stepfather were never hungry themselves. "Hunger" to them was a literary term applied only to peculiar people in books or charity reports, a word as impersonal and unreal as "famine" or "plague." Moreover they were always out or having a party at home, and Sonia and Charley had regular nursery food, and it was easy for the servants to forget Derek. Perfectly natural, of course.

"Can I have some sandwiches?" he growled hoarsely to his mother, trying not to hope so desperately that she would say yes. But of course she didn't. She looked at him for a second as if he'd suggested snatching the food from the mouths of their guests.

"Must you be eating all the time, Derek?" she asked coldly, and, to his horror, he felt tears burn in his eyes. She could hurt so unbearably. Perhaps if he hadn't loved her it would have been different. But he did love her, and she always seemed to think he was such a beast. He took a cup of tea from her, and his hand shook, and he spilled some on her dress. Oh, agony! If one got much hotter with humiliation, one would surely flame up in spontaneous combustion like that old man in Dickens.

"Gosh, I'm sorry," he growled, and she said resignedly, coolly as clear water down a mountainside,

"Pass the cakes, Derek; perhaps you won't spill those."

So he passed them, wondering, forlornly, what came over him when he was with his mother. When he was here at home, what was he? Not himself surely. Not the self he knew he was at school—Derek Pyne, "Pile-driver Pyne," head of the form in Latin and English, lowest in math, fair in foot-ball, rotten in hockey, in line for president of students, and liked—he knew they liked him well enough—by both masters and boys. And his own father had thought him decent enough. That last year before the divorce he'd talked to him like a man and a friend. But his mother—why he was always afflicted with unutterable uncouthness in her presence, always spilling and bumping and growling and knocking over

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things, always thinking of something to eat, half crazy to wolf down the whole basket of little fat pink and green cakes he was passing. Why, it was almost as if he were possessed by an evil spirit when she was near, a beastly animal something. As if he were possessed by the spirit of a pig!

"Now when she had given them the cup and they had drunk it off, presently she smote them with a wand, and in the sties of the swine she penned them. So they had the head and voice, the bristles and the shape of swine, but their minds abode even as of old."

Circe! A thought so awful that it must not even be whispered in the secret gray places of his innermost mind. Stifle it, muffle it, slam the doors of his brain, bury his head in the pillows of oblivion. Circe. Circe. His own mother! She had woven a strange and evil spell about him. To her, to his stepfather, perhaps even to all these eating, laughing, vivid people, he had "the head, the voice, the bristles, and the shape of a swine." He must get away, out of this cursed merry-go-round of talk and colors and laughter, out where he could be alone and think.

It takes a lot of thinking to adjust and assimilate an idea such as Derek's. It had taken all afternoon, and even after supper he felt that he had not begun to get it straightened out in his mind yet. He was lying on his bed, having dined frugally on an anchovy *hors d'œuvre*, a small discouraged omelet, and a bit of salad left over from lunch. A hurried maid had brought it up to his room only after he had gone into the rear regions of the house and shouted down vistas of long dark stairs: "Hi, what about my supper? Make it snappy." So eventually it had come, and the maid had hurried down again to the making of more *hors d'œuvre* for the cocktail party now arriving in gusts of distant mirth; and Derek had eaten his meal in three minutes, and shoved the tray aside on his bureau and was lying on his bed trying not to think of Thanksgiving dinners and Sundays in the old days before his father had gone.

Miss Garfield had kept house then, a kindly dry old Englishwoman, daughter of a mid-Victorian clergyman. She had been the governess in Derek's father's family, and she believed that children should be well-fed with good roast beef and green mounds of spinach and baked potatoes, fluffy and smoking hot. John Pyne had liked that sort of food too; none of your foolish little dishes of lobstery things for him. Derek could see him standing carving a Thanksgiving turkey. A tall, bronze-haired, kindly man slicing the white pieces adroitly. "Want the drumstick, Derek, my boy? Dressing? Pass Derek the cranberry sauce, Katie. How about some dressing for Sonia? No? Don't believe it would hurt her. Tuck it in Derek. You'll need all the brawn you can get for foot-ball." There had been lots of good honest vegetables too in those days, beans and turnips and round white creamy onions to make your mouth water. His mother hadn't liked it, any of it. She called those meals "Teutonic orgies" and had sat at her end of the table, silent, beautiful, smiling that strange ironic little smile of hers, thinking—what?

But now Derek knew what his

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father had meant in that last talk together. "I've got to go off, my boy. I don't make your mother happy. I'm not the sort she wants. She'd like to turn me into a lounge lizard" —his jaw had set—"and if that's the type she wants—why it's the type she wants. I'll go off, and she'll get a divorce for desertion. I've made the house over to her, and of course I couldn't take you kids away from her. You'll be in school most of the time anyway. It's not easy, but life's not easy, ever. We've just got to stand it and be as decent as we can."

So that was that, and his mother had tried to change his father into a lounge lizard, just as Derek was being changed into a swine. And Will Court, what was he like? He had seemed a decent enough chap when their mother first married him, a little silly perhaps; but in the last year he'd grown irritable and nervous as one of these lynxes you see in a cage. Lean, restless, ready to rip you up at the slightest chance. And all the other people who crowded the place for teas and bridge and dinners and cocktail parties, the new "swift" crowd his father had never known, what a lot of them were like animals too! There was a reddish brown-haired woman like a chipmunk and a jowled man like a boar and two or three women like panthers and a little fat man like a prairie-dog. John Pyne had been wise to realize his danger and escape. Circe, tall and fair and lovely, waving a wand over a bronze-haired man with a tall spear and a shield, and a leopard's skin about him; and the man sinking, shriveling, changing into scaly green limbs, and a flat wicked green head, and a long flickering tongue, a great green lizard slithering, frightened, with a dry scraping sound over the rocks into the "wine-dark sea." Horrible picture!

Derek shuddered and sat up, thinking he must have dozed on the bed, wondering why he felt so weak and sick and why his heavy oak furniture seemed so unusually misty in the dusk. He'd just have to have something more to eat.

There he was again thinking about food. Perhaps he *was* going batty. There were the Gadarene swine. But, no, an evil spirit had gone into them out of a man. Still, couldn't the spirit of a swine go into a man just as well—couldn't one reverse it, perhaps? There was a big fat pig over in the old Reed farm-yard. No—gosh—the kids had told him the other day it had died. Maybe its spirit had slipped into his body. "Gosh, I am going clean off my bean," he thought and found himself saying it aloud and, in a panic, fled out of his room and ran softly down-stairs.

Below, there were lights, and laughter, and cars arriving at the front door. He caught a glimpse of his stepfather's thin back and his mother's fair smooth hair as she stood in the hallway. Then he slipped into the dark of the sewing-room and out of a window. There was a clear white piece of a moon lying on its back in the sky above him. He climbed down a trellis, feeling for precarious footing among the honeysuckle. Its fragrance surrounded him achingly. His father used to love it. Well, he'd go out to the garden and pull up a few carrots and perhaps find some tomatoes. Pretty poor eating without salt, but better than nothing.

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In the garden, the vegetables were wet with dew, and he crouched in the dark rows and tried to pull up the roots, but it was not easy. Wind sighed through a pine-tree beyond the corn-rows, and a rabbit or something scuttled, terrified, into the darkness. There were smells of pine and grass and sea and clover and carrots, and it was cool and full of peace. Back toward the house long lights of cars pierced the blackness of the driveway.

Then, incredibly, there was a shot—a woman screamed, and then—silence. Then turmoil, cars going forward, backing, people running out of the house, excited cries, confused by the distance.

As he ran, breathless, over the soft damp grass toward the house, he saw something move beneath a syringa-bush by the driveway. If some one were hiding there he'd soon rout him out.

"Get out of there," he ordered, never thinking it might be wiser to go to the house for help, and a small terrified voice answered:

"Oh, Derek—I didn't mean to shoot him. Do you suppose he's dead. Don't say he's dead, Derek. We only borrowed the revolver from Michael's room in the garage."

So the kids had been at the bottom of it.

"Come out, you two," he commanded; and Charley and Sonia, alarmed and dejected, crawled out from beneath the bush.

"We thought it would be fun to be brigands," Sonia explained tearfully. "Charley never meant to hit him, Derek, truly. He didn't know it was loaded." Even now they didn't see the possibilities of horror. And Charley was holding a revolver as if it were a toy. Good gosh! What awful thing had the child done?

"Give me that gun," Derek ordered. "If you've killed anybody, Charley, it'll be a sweet mess. Bunk up to the house now and climb up the trellis quick."

"How—about these Derek?" Sonia asked meekly, and held out—a string of pearls, cloudy white in the thin moonlight. "They're Mrs. Justin Baningway's."

"For Pete's sake! You young fools! Here comes some one. Beat it, beat it."

Two small shadows fled across the darkness of the lawn, and Derek found himself standing with a revolver in one hand and Mrs. Justin Baningway's pearls in the other. "Good gosh!" he thought and dropped the revolver in a pocket not occupied by carrots. "I'll have to give these darn pearls back to her right away. If she isn't dead she'll be crazy." He walked on up toward the house.

If he had only thought, he might have avoided it, but it never occurred to him. How could it occur to him? He walked up to the house intending to hand over the pearls to his mother and say something about having found them on the driveway. Then he would go on up to his room and eat his carrots and go to bed. But when he got to the front door there were a lot of people talking excitedly, explaining to a motorcycle policeman, who got off his cycle and pushed his way in ahead of Derek. The hall seemed jammed with men and women; and, oddly, the Baningways' chauffeur was sit-

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ting on the stairs, and some woman in a silvery shimmery dress was bathing the man's bare arm with cotton and water, and the arm was bleeding bright red blood into a green bowl a man in a dinner-jacket was holding. The officer was trying to find out what had happened, and Mrs. Baningway was crying out that her pearls had been stolen, her pearls had been stolen; and she clutched her neck and gasped as if she were choking. And Mr. Baningway said that a great thug of a masked creature had jumped on the running-board and brandished a revolver. And there was a man, a Mr. James Barnes, who said he'd been in the car right behind, and he was quite sure he saw two very short small figures jump on the running-board, but nobody paid any attention to him.

Then suddenly Derek's stepfather caught sight of him, and his voice shot out, high and nervous and excited:

"What have you in your hand, Derek?" and the whole world stopped talking and looked at him with hostile burning eyes, and he answered hoarsely:

"I guess these are the pearls."

And then, in the eyes of his mother, he read what she thought, and it was as if a pit opened before him down to the black depths of hell itself.

"I—I—I found them," he stammered, and the officer moved over and laid his hand on Derek's shoulder, and for a space of a ghastly moment no one spoke.

Then horror fell upon him. Every one talking—his stepfather flushed, infuriated, gesticulating. "What kind of a game was this to play on a man's guests? Did he know he'd nearly killed that chauffeur? Did he know it? It would mean a prison sentence. A good stiff military reform school to take some of the nonsense out of him—only the courts could handle this sort of a fellow—only the courts—"

The policeman was asking, "Now, where's the gun, young fellow?"

And some one was saying, "Look at his pockets," and the officer was feeling in his pockets and bringing out bunches of carrots, and a hysterical laugh went up all over the room.

"Here's the gun," Derek said, and gave it to the officer; and in spite of the murmur among the people, he still couldn't believe they really thought he could have played such a rotten trick. "Let go of me, will you?" and he tried to shrug the policeman's heavy hand off his shoulder. "I'm not going to run away."

"I could swear it was too small kids who stopped that car," the Barnes man was insisting quietly. "Are Charley and Sonia—"

"They've been in their beds all evening. They'd never think of such a thing." Their stepfather was vehemently indignant, and various guests chorused, "Those darlings—impossible—why, they're only babies;" but Derek's mother, standing pale before him said:

"Please go upstairs, Will, and see if they're in bed. Ask them if they have been out at all."

The man disappeared up the stairs, protesting, and a diversion was created by the wounded chauffeur's fainting on the ministering lady in the silver gown.

Derek leaned against a table, his legs shaking curiously, and he was

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astonished suddenly to see a hand pushing a chair up to him. It was the Barnes man saying, quite kindly, "Sit down, my boy." He had been a friend of Derek's father and probably was sorry to see John Pyne's son such a rotter. And now he was giving the officer a cocktail, and Derek sat down and wished he could rest his head on the table, but he couldn't, of course. Funny how heavy a head could feel.

From where he sat he could see the portrait of his great-grandmother Patience Pyne, at the end of the dining-room above the sideboard. It was Sonia's now. But he'd always liked that portrait. She had such a fine honest kind old face. His father used to sit at that end of the table, and she had seemed to smile down on him. Gosh, she wouldn't be smiling down on Derek now. Yet oddly enough she did seem to be smiling kindly too. Sickening if all this row came to a court trial. And the penitentiary? Gosh! He couldn't believe it. Even a "good stiff military reform school" would be bad enough though. He couldn't bear not going back to his own school in the fall. Surely it wouldn't be as bad as that. Surely Sonia and Charley would back him up, and he'd get out of this hole someway. Gosh, if his mother really believed he'd do such a rotten trick as hold up a guest and shoot a man, she'd never think of him as anything but a beast as long as he lived. In her mind he'd be one. Worse than a pig. She mustn't think that of him. He couldn't bear it. He shivered, and his hands trembled, and he clenched them tight to keep them still.

Colors wove bewilderingly, blurred before his eyes, the women's gowns, silver and flame-color, blues and yellows, greens and orchids and gold. Their necks and arms were like cream satin; they were silken people, strands of woven colors, not real. And his blood beat in his ears as if it were a gong—and his mother, Circe, going silently among the vivid figures—

"So they stood at the outer gate of the fair-tressed goddess, and within they heard Circe singing in a sweet voice as she fared to and fro before the great web unperishable such as is the handiwork of goddesses, fine of woof and full of grace and splendor."

Circe, the enchantress, was weaving this scene upon her tapestry. To and fro the bright colors ran, silver and flame-color, blues and yellows, greens and orchid and gold. From the strange dark magic of her mind she was fashioning this picture. And him, Derek, she was weaving into the pattern of a beast—

Then again his stepfather was before him, and that vivid crowd grouped watching, and the officer's hand again heavy on his shoulder, and the lights were too bright, too horribly glaring in the hall.

"Of course they hadn't been out of their beds. They said they'd been asleep all evening." So Sonia and Charley had passed the buck to him, had they? Well, through all his bitterness he realized that they were only kids, and what could you expect of them?

"Did Sonia and Charley have anything to do with it?" his mother asked.

And he answered gruffly: "No—I did it." What else could he say?

As he was going out of the room after the tumult of horrible talk and decisions—apparently he was to be

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allowed to spend the night at home and appear at court in the morning—he heard the Barnes man say to somebody in the doorway:

"I was tempted to telephone Pyne myself—"

"To Yucatan?" the other person was facetious.

"No—Pyne's back, at the Green Lion in the village."

And Derek gave one look at the Barnes man and went upstairs with his mind whirling dizzily between utter despair and unbelievable relief. His father back from Yucatan! His father not ten minutes' walk away in the village. If he could wait fifteen minutes, half an hour, he would go to him, just until the guests had gone, until the house was quiet—just half an hour. He must wait. Half an hour wasn't very long.

And then he was climbing down the trellis again and running through the darkness along the driveway, along the quiet street beneath black shadowy maples. He was leaving all that horror of the crowd and the shooting behind him. And his father was back from Yucatan.

The Inn was bright and cheerful with green and orange chintz around everywhere. He caught sight of himself, an alarming disheveled creature in a mirror in the hall. He looked so white and his eyes stared so perhaps he'd better not try to see his father. Perhaps he'd better go back after all. But, mercifully, there was his father in the dining-room doorway, tall and brown, and holding out his hands to him.

"Hello, Derek, old man."

And they were shaking hands, and Derek was fighting his absurd desire to shiver and cry like a kid. And there was the Barnes man too. Evidently he'd been telling his father all about the row, and he was murmuring something cryptic about half-starved and John Pyne nodded and said:

"Come on in and have some supper, Derek. Waiter, can you get us a good steak and some fried potatoes and new green peas? And how about a strong cup of coffee first?"

"Yes, please. I'd like it."

So they sat down, and the Barnes man had faded away, and presently Derek was eating and venturing a remark or two, and his father was leaning back smoking, watching him but not too closely, and talking; and he seemed to understand all about the beastly shooting business and to know perfectly well that Derek couldn't have done it, and he would straighten it out with the authorities so everything would be all right. And he had decided to apply to the courts for Derek, and they'd have a jolly little apartment in town with Miss Garfield back again, and Derek would go to his school in the autumn, and he and his father would take a trip next summer. Wouldn't that be great?

"Yes," Derek gulped, and then, looking at the bone which was all that remained of the steak, "I'm sorry to have eaten like a pig, sir."

"Pig, man!" and curiously enough his father's voice sounded almost husky. "You're no pig. If you grow a foot a year, you have to eat."

And Derek was tremendously relieved to realize he hadn't been such a beast after all.

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Is Man a Machine

And Life the Passive Product of External Force?

Will Durant

Determinism is the oldest of philosophies, as animism is the oldest of religions. The simplest faith sees whimsical will in everything, and the earliest speculation reacts against that vivid creed by asserting the helplessness of the individual in the face of omnipresent law. From these diverse beginnings religion and philosophy may reach one goal: the universal will may be divested of its whims and become identical with the inviolable order of the world.

In the ancient Orient, where the feverish fertility of man has outrun the patient bounty of the soil, and the soul is broken with hardship and dwarfed by the engulfing crowd, the primitive belief in will tends to disappear from religion as well as from philosophy; happiness is conceived as the cessation of desire and the bliss of surrendered personality, and a somber fatalism envelops priest and sage. In those seething cauldrons of humanity the individual can have no fundamental value or significance; against this background of an endless and tragic past he sees himself a futile atom projected unasked, out of nothing, struggling pretentiously for a while, and then drawn down irresistibly into the dark as by some unreasoning enemy.

But in active and progressive civilizations, where the mysterious flame of thought burns brightly in the face of fate, achieving some transient mastery of the environment, and rearing fair temples to divinity and proud structures of philosophy, the individual finds better reason for believing in his own creative personality; he feels in himself a spark of spontaneity, and fashions on his own model even the Olympian deities. So the Greeks saw growth and evolution in the universe; everywhere there were gods, and in the midst of contraries, harmonies appeared; it seemed to Plato and Aristotle that all the world moved toward some beautiful purpose as if drawn by a lover's eyes. Yet that exuberant culture was only a happy interlude, born of wealth and victory. When Spartan arms destroyed the Athens of Pericles, and Alexander leveled Thebes, men seemed no longer so akin to the immortals; and philosophy, in the Oriental Zeno, reached the conclusion announced by Sophocles many generations before, that *Moira*, dark fate, held power over gods and men.

Tired civilizations, like senile souls, are apt to be deterministic; unable to overcome the forces of death, they dignify their fatigue as fatality, and

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their defeat as destiny. It was in the black soil of this despair that Christianity grew, a slender flower of hope in a disintegrating world. And always in the heart of the new religion (where it was not richly overgrown with pagan rites and joys) lay the pessimism out of which it came; the other side of faith in heaven was distrust and fear of life. That gloomy faithlessness reached its nadir in the predestinarianism of the melancholy Calvin; God had foreseen all things, and therefore also the final lot of every man; the eternal selection or damnation of each soul was determined before its birth, for the future would not dare to violate the infinite prescience of God. Christianity, which had sought to comfort the bereaved and to solace the oppressed, fell apart for a while into creeds more cruel and more bitter than any earthly fortune.

It remained for modern minds to phrase this merciless theology in the new infallibility of science. Galileo, enamored of the mathematical regularity which he discovered in the stars, laid it down as the goal of every science that it should reduce its field of knowledge to mathematical and quantitative law. The high repute of Newton, and the transient perfection of his work in mechanics, cast a spell upon every student; physiologists and psychologists hungered for mechanical explanations and mathematical formulæ for the growth of the cell and the perturbations of desire. For a time philosophy was drunk with mathematics; Descartes suggested, with a cautious obscurity, that all the world was a machine, a geometry in motion; and Spinoza emulated the rigor of the universe in the Euclidean structure of his thought. It pleased the rebels of the enlightenment to learn that man was made not in the image and likeness of God, but rather on the model of the machines that in that age had begun to replace the work of human hands and wills.

It was the industrial revolution that destroyed the old philosophy of freedom. For first, it accustomed the mind to dealing with machines, and induced it more and more to think of causes as mechanical. The worker immured within factory walls, seeing all the throbbing life about him slip by on pulleys and revolve on wheels, forgot that older agricultural existence, in which life had seemed a matter of seeds miraculously sprouting from the soil, responding eagerly to every encouragement, and multiplying with a spontaneous and bountiful fertility. The world, which had once been a field of growing plants and wilful children, of loving mothers and ambitious men, became for the modern mind a vast array of mechanisms, from the planets that mechanically circled 'round the sun, to the microscopic life that mechanically congregated about a ray of light. Science was sure that it had at last been permitted behind the curtain of the cosmic drama; it marveled at the unsuspected machinery that had created delusions and shifted a thousand scenes; it concluded, in modest admiration, that the property-man was the real dramatist, and that the wires were the play.

But again, the industrial revolution made cities, and cities made crowds, and crowds unmade men. Once more in the modern metropolis those conditions appeared which in

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the Orient had shorn the individual of personality and meaning. In this teeming welter of population, one became a number or at best a "hand," the mind an instrument for measuring and counting; and man became part of the machines he fed. Democracy, which had proposed to liberate the individual, became itself a mechanism, a chain of "machines," automatically leading mindless masses to the ballot-box. It was as useless for the individual to rebel against this system of wires, pushes and pulls, as it had been for him to indulge in self-assertion against the crushing crowds and conformities of the distant East. Even the "leaders" became half-inanimate parts of the new contraption, as dull and will-less as the deluded herds whose noses were counted (or not counted), quadrennially, at the polls.

If the slaves rebelled against this mechanism it was with a philosophy that acknowledged the supremacy and divinity of machines. Socialism unhesitatingly allied itself with determinism and mechanistic science; it fed its recruits on Büchner and Haeckel, Spencer and Marx. Not only was the world a machine, but history was a machine, in which every move was caused by the price of bread, and a good economist sufficiently cognizant of present and past could predict with fatal certainty every turn and destiny of the future. Man was now a creature composed of heredity and environment; whatever he did was the result of ancestral or physical causes over which he had had no control; he was merely a marvelous, superfluously-animated automaton. Therefore he was "not guilty": if he committed crimes, society was to blame; if he were a fool, it was the fault of the machine which had slipped a cog in generating him; he should not be deprived of his right to vote, or be president for that reason. What the world needed was a bigger and better machine, a nationalized machine; one hundred million mechanisms managed by one executive machine, pressing a presidential button mechanically.

In an aristocratic age the leaders might have allowed a monopoly of this narcotic philosophy to the oppressed masses. But in a democratic century the loftiest thinkers felt themselves called on to share patriotically in the metaphysics of the mob. It became unfashionable and antediluvian to doubt the omnipresent and omnipotent machine. Great writers hastened to announce that they too were machines, whose thoughts had been put into them, with a time-attachment, a million millenia before. Taine acknowledged the new god, and created a theory of criticism in his honor; Zola wrote interminable tragedies to show that one must pay a price for having ancestors; Thomas Hardy presented man as helpless in the fell clutch of circumstance; Anatole France mourned with immaculate elegance the slavery of the soul and the futility of life, and d'Annunzio saw everywhere the triumph and mockery of death.

Doubtless the loss of our childhood faith has saddened us; and the double bereavement of every mature soul, which must lose the theological ideals of its childhood and then the social ideals of its youth, leaves the heart a little heavier with the weary weight of this unintelligible world.

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But something of the somber undertone that runs beneath our superficial gayety is the result of the jejune precipitancy of our thought. It was not demanded of us that we should fly from a theology that scorned the natural basis of existence, to a philosophy that ignored the creativeness of life and the initiative of mind, neither was it demanded of us that we should cast away, along with the garments of our old faith, the body of truth and beauty which they had transiently clothed. It was not asked of us that having abandoned our puerile pretense at being the center and summit of universal history, we should humble ourselves before the machines in our factories, and accept them as the Platonic ideas on whose august models fortuitous variation had fashioned our souls. We were not called on to give up our share in the vitality of the world, in the resilient expansiveness of life, in the persistent constructiveness of thought. But defeated on one part of the battle-front, we fled from the field in cowardly surrender and despair.

Was it necessary to yield so utterly? Is determinism inescapable? Is human behavior of the same order as the erosion of the hills, or the flight of the wind, or the tides of the restless sea? Is the inexhaustible solicitude of motherhood, or the eager ambition of youth, or the quiet tenderness of love, merely a mechanical redistribution of physical force and chemical elements? Is the undiscourageable pertinacity of life an appearance only, and the passionate striving for perfection but a blind compulsion, and the efficacy of thought a delusion, and the reality of will no more than a dream? Is man a machine?

Consider locomotion. Let us imagine a mechanism, some toy automobile that will run resolutely enough when its spring has been wound and released by a living hand. At its head we attach a square of rubber as a sensitive proboscis. We set the toy down upon a smooth floor, directly facing a slightly distant wall. We wind the spring, and then release it. We shall suppose that the alignment of wall, floor and toy are as perfect as in mathematical and mechanical theory. Under such conditions the car will rebound from the wall in the same line by which it came, and will approach the wall in that same line again. In theory it will do this repeatedly, always in a straight line against the wall, until its artificial energy is completely spent.

Now fill a rectangular glass bowl with water. Across the center place a transparent glass partition, as much shorter than the width of the bowl as will leave a narrow passage at each side. Into one side of the bowl drop a piece of food; into the other side, some lowly organism, as simple as possible,—say *Paramecium*. Observe it under the microscope. It moves directly toward the food; it strikes the glass partition; it retreats in a straight line; apparently it is a machine. But suddenly it veers slightly about, to the right or left; it sets out again, and once more it strikes the glass, rebounds and veers and strikes again. . . . It rebounds and veers and passes through the opening to the food.

Consider digestion. Some sensitive plants, such as the *Dionæa* or the

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Drosera, close upon and absorb particles of food placed on their surfaces; to inedible substances similarly placed they make no response at all. The *Amoeba* normally rejects what cannot serve for its nourishment. The little swan-animalcule, *Dileptus anser*, thrusts out a neck swollen with trichocysts (coiled stinging threads), which it discharges only upon fitting prey. The cells of the human intestine are selective in their action, each class of cells acting on certain foods and on no others. Every cell in the human body chooses from the blood-stream the specific substances that it needs; it ignores the rest, and pours into the blood the products of its own metabolic waste. It breaks down into parts the materials it chooses, and reunites their elements into the compounds required for its support and activity. It breathes, and eats, and excretes, and grows, and reproduces, and dies, as if it were an organism with an individuality of its own. Says that better physicist than psychologist, Le Bon: "That which these cells accomplish in every instant of our existence soars far above all that the most advanced science can realize. The scholar capable of solving by his intelligence the problems solved every moment by the cells of the lowest creature, would be so much higher than other men, he might be considered by them as a god."

Consider growth. How could a machine grow? Why should it care to grow? Was there ever a mechanism so marvelous that it might offer analogy to the astounding expansiveness of life? Behold the lilies of the field; what enchanting power is it that draws them from their prison in the soil, and lifts them slowly and gently toward the sun?

Here is a child; why does it hunger and thirst for nourishment, and reach out with its soft fingers to possess the world? See it grow; it needs but one food to make from it dimples and curls and laughing eyes. See it raising itself for the first time, fearfully and bravely, to a vertical dignity; why should it long to stand and walk? Why should it tremble with perpetual, perilous curiosity, touching and tasting, watching and listening, manipulating and experimenting, observing and pondering,—till it weighs the earth, and charts and measures the stars? What mysterious transfiguration of puberty is this, that takes the boy and quiets and broadens him into a man, that takes the girl and fashions her into a gentle beauty fairer than any art?

Consider regeneration. Cut off any ray of a starfish, and the ray will be regrown; cut them all away, and the center will regenerate them; cut away the center, and the rays will grow it again. A machine out of order does not repair its parts; it stands senselessly still waiting for the touch of a living hand to re-order its parts into meaning and efficacy. But these larger phenomena, which Bergson has unsurpassably described, are not the most significant; the simplest healing of the slightest wound is unmechanical and marvelous enough. With what artistry the new cells are laid over the injured flesh, as if some cellular intelligence were guiding the beneficent work! We offer mechanical or chemical aids to these vital processes, but we know that they

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have the same relation to Nature's healing power as marble or clay to the artist's hand. We know that in some way which mechanism will never illuminate, the energy and impetus of life will bear us on through a thousand battles and a thousand injuries, till that divine vitality is spent, and finds for itself another form.

Consider reproduction. Here is a little egg, invisible to the eye; here is a restless sperm, moving about in worlds unrealized. Each of these microscopic cells is infinitely rich with hereditary characters bearing the memory of a thousand generations; each carries within it unique and subtle qualities of body and mind, impulses, dispositions and aptitudes, hunger, eagerness and love; perhaps in their plasm already lie the passion and patience of genius. Well, let sperm and egg unite; suddenly those possibilities become realities, and the miracle of a new life begins. By some internal urgency, nourished with placental blood, the fertile cell divides into two cells, into four cells, into eight, into a hundred million cells that seem to grow in unity even as their number mounts. A heart forms and begins to beat; a brain forms and begins to feel; tiny hands and feet bud forth and stir in the womb, and then the little marvel enters the world; air and cold and sound and light impinge upon it; its eyes and lips and ears open, and all its nerves tingle with sensation. Life has broken through death again, and pours itself lavishly into its new mould, joyful and strong and young once more!

Is it mechanical? Jacques Loeb discovered that he could fertilize the egg of a sea-urchin with a salt solution or the prick of a pin; he concluded, hilariously, that he had proved the mechanical nature of reproduction. In truth he had merely shown that in certain cases the female organism can of itself generate offspring without even that casual assistance to which nature limits the male; he had rediscovered that peculiar parthenogenesis which biologists had known for a few thousand years. That the female herself was hardly as mechanical as the pin, or as simply chemical as the salt, might go without saying; indeed the performance of the unaided female seems a little more marvelous than that of her more fortunate sisters. It is also more ominous, and indicates that the emancipation of the female sex will in our century proceed to unpleasant extremes.

Far more revealing than these experiments of Loeb were the allied discoveries of Hans Driesch. Driesch had been brought up in the laboratory of Ernst Haeckel at Jena; he had every inducement to be a mechanist of the purest dye, but he found phenomena undreamed of in his master's philosophy. He cut a fertilized egg in half, and nevertheless it developed normally. He haphazardly disarranged the cells after the second division, and nevertheless the organism developed normally. He disarranged the cells after the third division, with the same result.

Now let us imagine, first, the cohabitation of two machines for the generation of a third machine. Let us imagine that each part of each machine is also endowed with the power and habit of reproduction, and con-

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tinually divides and grows. Let us imagine, further, that certain parts of the parent-machines coalesce to form the model of the new one; that the model produces the complete machine by spontaneously dividing into two, into four, into eight, and that the more it divides, the more it becomes one. Let us imagine some Brobdingnagian Driesch appears, who cuts the coalesced machine into halves, or disturbs its parts into a deliberate chaos, and let us imagine, finally, that the machine proceeds normally and successfully with its work, as if nothing whatever had happened. Was there ever a jollier hoax in science or philosophy? Is there any miracle in any religion, ancient, medieval or American, that could compare with this magnificent and monstrous myth?

But the mechanist will tell us that we are unfair, that we have taken his term too literally and have attacked a position he has not offered to defend. We may conceive his reply.

"What we mean," he says, "is not so much the machine-like character of human behavior, as the inviolable sequence of cause and effect in the mental as well as in the physical world. Man is a part of Nature, and is presumably subject to her laws. It is highly improbable that there should be a break in the causal chain; such a break would involve the destruction and the creation of energy. But the continuity and conservation of energy stand out visibly everywhere. Cease to feed a man, and soon his reactions stop. Feed him properly, and he becomes virtuous and patriotic; feed him wrongly, and you can make him an invalid, a criminal, a pessimist, an idiot, a believer in freewill. Measure a man's activity from birth to death; it will correspond almost precisely with the energy in the nourishment he has received. Obviously mental energy in man is a product of the energy contained in the organic substances which he uses as his food. But these substances are ultimately derived, through plant metabolism, from inorganic materials in the soil and air. To admit a rigid causal chain in the inorganic world is therefore to accept it for even the subtlest processes of human life or human thought.

"Again, it appears that the more we know of human behavior the more successfully we can predict it. Presumably, if we knew all the conditions affecting the actions of our friends, we could foretell their responses with the same accuracy with which we predict the phases and eclipses of the moon. But if determinism were untrue, if human actions did not follow invariable laws, it would be impossible to develop the prediction and control of human behavior by increasing our knowledge of man.

"Above all, a man's conduct is clearly the result of his character and the circumstances that surround his action. His character is the product of his past environment (back to his conception) and his heredity. 'We are,' as Mark Twain said, 'the tail-end of a tapeworm of ancestry.' We originate nothing, and we decide nothing; we are moved, directed, and compelled by forces ultimately external to us, and over which, in the last analysis, we have no control. Choice is a delusion; it is only a

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composition of determining forces. 'Men think themselves free,' said Spinoza, 'because they are conscious of their volitions and desires, but are ignorant of the causes by which they are led to wish and desire.' In truth our behavior is as rigidly determined by the forces that produce and encompass us, as the fall of a stone is fixed in time and space by its mass, velocity and direction. It is in this sense that man is a machine."

Let us see.

First of all, let the determinist honestly envisage the implications of his philosophy. If every action is necessarily the result of pre-existing and ultimately physical conditions, we must conclude, first that determinism and mechanism are identical, and that Michelangelo's piety and Shakspere's passion, Socrates' nose and Cleopatra's smile were due to the mechanical and chemical structure of the primeval nebula. It is a large order; one wonders at the readiness with which professional skeptics like Renan and Anatole France swallowed this deterministic camel. But even doubters are believers; their proudly scientific rejection of one faith is soon followed by their blindly human acceptance of another.

It remains a marvel that this tremendous nebula never choked the gullet of credulity. What hypnotism was it that made us for a generation accept the transient categories of physics as the laws and symbols of our lives? Which of us really believed that he was a machine, and acted honestly on that humorous hypothesis? Or did we secretly know, beneath this Byronic pretense, that sense and mind are active as well as passive things, and that we are in our little ways creative centers in the flux of force? How could we honestly conceive in terms of mechanism and determinism the vast variety and fertility of life, its endless experiments and forms, its inexhaustible ingenuity, its patient transformation of the world nearer to the heart's desire?

Our determinism came of Locke's conception of the mind as a clean slate on which sensations wrote, a passive wax, shaped and reshaped helplessly by external things. But we are being taught to-day a different psychology. At the bottom of our souls we find desire, desire which is "the very essence of man"; and we can trace in a thousand ways the selective and formative action of desire on our sensations, perceptions, memories and ideas. Life has divided its great hunger into specialized instincts and capacities; it is these that determine our actions, our attitudes, and the orientation of our senses; we are unconscious of innumerable stimuli that vainly try to send their messages to us; we ignore vast realms of sensible reality because we select through our purposes the sensations we need. We hear certain sounds that interest us, and are deaf to a thousand others; we look at some temporarily meaningless object and see straight through it to some goal that fills our minds and therefore guides our eyes. It is our purposes that interpret sensations into perceptions, unify perceptions into ideas, and co-ordinate ideas into thoughts. It is purpose, and not recency nor frequency nor vividness, that explains the association of ideas. You are told to add given pairs of numbers; soon

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the "mental set" of addition "determines" without effort the association of stimulus and response; and hearing "7 and 7" you answer "14." But if you had been told to multiply, you would have reacted with "49" to that identical sensation. You are not, then, the helpless recipient and victim of whatever stimuli may chance to impinge upon your flesh. You are an agent of selection. Education is not, as Spencer led the world to believe, a scheme for adapting you completely to your environment; it is the far more subtle art of developing in you the powers through which you may adapt your environment to your own purposes, and the susceptibilities through which you may receive the meaning and beauty of the world.

In this process of active adaptation we perform mental prodigies which only a fanatic could conceive as mechanical: we analyze wholes into parts, and recombine parts into new wholes; we dissociate ideas in perception, and re-associate them in reasoning; we consider purposes, measure values, imagine results and invent ways and means for our innermost desire. We recall the issue of past responses, vision their like again in these surroundings and judge them in the light of our purposes. Knowledge is the memory of the results of various modes of action; the more our knowledge, the greater our foresight can be; the greater our foresight the wider our freedom. Consciousness is the rehearsal of imagined responses; through memory, imagination and reason we eliminate unwise reactions, and express with some success our final aim. Freedom, like reason, is delayed response leading to total response; our freedom grows as by delay we permit a complex situation to arouse in us all relevant impulses, and as by imagination, we combine these partial impulses into a total reaction that expresses our complete and maturest self.

Mechanism is secondary; what we see as primary, fundamental, and immediate, what we take for granted in the actual and honest philosophy of our lives, is that every organism, in proportion to the flexibility of its structure, is a center of redirected force, and (in some measure) of spontaneous initiation. Life is creative, not because it makes new force from nothing, but because it adds its own remoulding force to the powers that enter from without. And will is free only in so far as the life of which it is the form, actively reshapes the world.

Can this conception of freedom withstand the assaults of the determinist? He will remind us that "will" is an abstract term (he will forget that "force" is not less so). To which we should reply that by will we mean no metaphysical entity, but the propulsive and expansive behavior of life itself. What life is, another page must try to tell; but let us not turn a fact into a mystery, or the determinist will recall the conservation of energy; the organism cannot emit more energy than it has received. Which is to forget that life itself is energy, visibly transforming the forces and materials brought to it into combinations that aim at the mastery of environment by thought, and occasionally succeed. What issues from action may be no more in quantity than what entered

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in sensation; but how potently different in quality! This transforming power of life is the highest energy we know; it is known to us more directly and surely than any other energy in the world, and is synonymous with freedom.

The determinist supposes that freedom is illusory because the "stronger" motive always wins. Of course this is a vain tautology: the motive that is strong enough to win is stronger than the one that fails. But what made it stronger if not its harmony with the will, with the desire and essence of the soul? "But there cannot be any uncaused actions." Verily; but the will is part of the cause; the circumstances of an action must include the forward urgency of life. Each "state" of mind follows naturally from the total preceding state of all reality; but that state and this include the transforming energy of life and will. "The same effect always follows the same cause." But the cause is never the same, for the self involved is always in flux, and circumstances are forever changing. "But if I knew all your past and present I could infallibly predict your response." You could if you knew also the nature and power of the life-force within me; you could, perhaps, if you abandoned mechanistic principles and asked yourself, for your guidance, what you —that is, life—would do in this complex of circumstance. Probably you could not predict successfully even then; probably there is in life an element of incalculability and spontaneity which does not accord with our categories and our "laws," and which gives peculiar zest and character to organic evolution and human affairs. Let us pray that we shall never have to live in a totally predictable world. Does not the picture of such a world seem ridiculously incongruous with life?

"But all action is the result of heredity and environment." Not quite; the determinist modestly fails to take account of himself. He supposes once more that life is the passive product of external forces; he neglects (if we may use a pleonasm) the very vitality and liveliness of life. We are not merely our ancestors and our circumstances; we are also a well of transforming energy; we are part of that stream of creative force, of capacity for adaptive choice and thought, in which our forefathers also moved and had their being. These ancestors are in truth living and acting within us; but the will and the life that were once in them is in each of us now, creating the "spontaneous me." Freedom is narrower and wider than as conceived of old; it is subject, no doubt, to ancestral and environing limitations of a thousand kinds; nevertheless it is as deep as life, and as broad as consciousness; it grows in scope and power with the variety of experience and the clarity of thought. Will is free in so far as life is creative, in so far as it enters, with its fluent energy, as one of the determining conditions of choice and action. There is no violation of "natural law" in such a freedom, because life itself is a natural factor and process, not a force outside the varied realm of Nature. Nature itself, as its fine name implies, is that living power through which all things are begotten; perhaps throughout the world this spontaneity and urgency, which we have claimed for life, lurk.

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To say that our character determines our actions is true. But we *are* our character; it is we then that choose. To say with Huxley that we may be free to act out our desire, but are never free to choose what our desire shall be, is also true, and also tautological; for we are our desires; desire is life itself, and in realizing our desires we realize ourselves. It is not enough to say that external and hereditary forces compel and conquer us; the other half of the truth is that life itself is a force of its own, with its own direction and power, cruelly limited and constrained, but effecting its will in an amazing degree, rising from the lowliest organisms to the lonely heights of genius, and covering the world with its forms and its victories.

This realization of our fundamental freedom restores to us our responsibility and our personality, and challenges us to create. There was something cowardly in determinism, with its shifting of guilt to heredity and society, those poor abstract scapegoats of our vice and our sloth. It reflected not only the domination of the individual by the vast industrial machinery of our times, but also the overshadowing of personality by the ever-growing city and the rapacious democratic state; in a mob it is difficult to retain initiative and individuality. Determinism was a result of the intoxication of physics with its own external glory, so that it thought to include the universe of mind, art and love in its partial and precarious formulæ. But slowly we are passing out of the age of physics into the age of biology. We shall learn to see, behind the superficial mechanisms of the world, the pulsing life beneath. We shall understand that in our modest measure we participate in the "procreant urge" of the world, and that if we wish, we may write some lines of the rôle we play in the drama of Creation.

Let us note before we end, how the mechanical approach is breaking down in biology, in psychology, in physiology and even in physics itself. "To-day," says Lucien Poincaré, "the idea that all phenomena are capable of mechanical explanations, is generally abandoned." "In modern physics," says Cassirer, "the mechanical view of the world has been more and more superseded and replaced by the electro-dynamic view." "In spite of the efforts of thousands of workers," says Le Bon, "physiology has been able to tell us nothing of the nature of these forces that produce the phenomena of life. They have no analogy with those that are studied in physics." As chemistry needs the concept of quality in addition to that concept of quantity with which physics tries to be content, so physiology needs, in addition to quantity and quality, the concept of organism. Physics and chemistry are the study of parts which determine the behavior of their wholes; biology is the study of wholes which determine the behavior of their parts.

Among the biologists themselves the rejection of mechanism has become a common thing: Driesch and Pavlow and Haldane are names that might make any mechanist take thought. And it is significant that Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, with all their hostility to tradi-

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tional theology, rejected mechanism scornfully.

Perhaps biology will rebel soon against its domination by the methods and concepts of physics; perhaps it will discover that the life which it is privileged to study reaches nearer to the bases of reality than the "matter" of natural science. And when biology is at last freed from the dead hand of the mechanistic method, it will come out of the laboratory into the world; it will begin to transform human purposes as physics changed the face of the earth; and it will end the brutal tyranny of machinery over mankind. It will reveal even to philosophers, who for two hundred years have been the slaves of mathematicians and physicists, the directive unity, the abounding resourcefulness, and the creative spontaneity of life.

THOUGHTS IN THE LOUVRE

Before Leonardo's St. John in the Wilderness

VIRGINIA MCCORMICK

Leonardo wearied of courts and kings
And of royal favorites too;
He was bored by Lisa's cryptic smile
Whose meaning he never quite knew.

"O, the King of France is all very well,
But I paint to his taste—not mine;
My stomach is sick of his fine French food,
And cloyed with his sweet French wine.

"I'll stow my palette and pots of paint,
In my shabby leathern bag,
And I'll hide in a little dirty street,
Where never a king can brag."

So he fled to a garret in old Milan,
With a shelf for Verrochio's bust,
And he boasted, "I'll paint as a free man can,
And not as a puppet must."

But the spirit of Louis held him fast,
And his art made a French grimace,
For he painted John in the wilderness
And gave him a satyr's face.

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THE IMPASSE OF MODERN MUSIC

Searching for New Avenues of Beauty

HENRY COWELL

FIVE hundred years ago the composer who attempted to enrich the simple music of his day by introducing what is now called the common chord, was roundly denounced by the critics of his day. Modern, they stigmatized his work, as if modernity in itself was necessarily evil, as if out of the modern music of yesterday had not come the classical of to-day.

Of the great works of music, nine tenths were criticized unfavorably when first produced. They offered something new which the ear,—hearing is the most conservative of our senses—at first refused to consider pleasing, sometimes refused to consider even bearable. The denunciations of Strauss and Stravinsky were only echoes of the storms of protest against Wagner and Beethoven by an earlier generation of critics, and the people who to-day term modern music a "development of twentieth century bunk," a "complete departure from the classics," "plotted nonsense," "world insanity," and "the embodiment of the spirit of ugliness"—I quote from present-day critics—are only repeating the criticisms of a century, or five centuries, ago.

It is not to be inferred that all the innovations which have been denounced as modern in their day, have been accepted later as legitimate enrichments of the field of music. Far from it. Of the many innovations offered, only a small fraction have emerged from the test of time. Why some music has lived and some died has been sensed but vaguely until recent times when, with a more accurate knowledge of acoustics, we have begun to perceive that acceptance or rejection has not been haphazard but that through the maze runs a thread of logic.

The development of European music has been chiefly the development of harmony. To trace its progress it may be clearer if we think of music as having dimensions—harmony as perpendicular and counterpoint as horizontal. The notes that are sounded at one time come under the subject of harmony, and melodies, whose notes follow one another to form tunes, make up counterpoint when played simultaneously.

The earliest European music of which we know had only melody, a single note played or sung at a time, and harmony made its modest beginning in the playing of notes an exact octave above or below this melody. At that early stage in the development of the sense of

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hearing, any other combination of notes was considered unpleasantly discordant.

An unknown monk gave the world a new idea: he punched two keys which did not form an octave; the sound pleased him and he trained his choir-boys to sing, not with the notes of the crude instruments that carried the tunes, but a fifth above. For a time his innovation passed unnoticed, then the cry of heresy was raised. In vain did the monk try to explain that the sound was beautiful. His act was considered not only ugly but a matter of desecration and for this he was excommunicated and exiled. Many, however, had heard his music and the sounds which at first shock seemed so repellent, by familiarity grew tolerable and then fascinating. Fifty years from the date of his excommunication the church itself issued an edict that all church music be sung a fifth above the notes, and thus gave official sanction to the tenor's traditional propensity for embroidering the pattern of music by singing above and below the written notes.

So began the development of European music whose leading innovators—Palestrina, Monteverde, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner and Debussy, the modernists of their day—have given to the present generation of modernists the inspiration of innovation as well as of beauty. Through five hundred years the principal developments have been to make harmony more and more complicated, while melody has remained comparatively simple and rhythm has atrophied.

Western music has taken one road and Oriental another, going in exactly the opposite direction. In contrast with our complicated harmony and simple melody and rhythm, they have not developed harmony but have complicated melody and rhythm. A cultured Chinese derives no pleasure from our greatest symphonies; our harmony only confuses him and the simplicity of our melody and rhythm seems to him childish and uninteresting. We retaliate, of course, by looking in vain for harmony in Chinese music and by having the complicated melody and rhythm fall upon our unattuned ears with little meaning. So, too, with the music of Indians, Africans and other primitive peoples. I once heard four Indians beating different rhythms on their tom-toms while the native audience sat entranced for hours listening to the harmonic variations of rhythm—with no melody and no harmony—to our ears, a meaningless and monotonous sound.

In the development of harmony we began by considering as pleasing only octaves, but gradually we have accepted smaller and smaller intervals between the notes. What to one generation was discordant has been accepted by the next as concordant, and the concords of earlier generations have been dismissed as insipid and flavorless. At first dissonances were passed over swiftly and the ear was allowed to rest on safely concordant notes, but gradually the ear has become trained to listen with zest to dissonance. Not however, to all dissonance. Some was accepted and some rejected, but only now are we beginning to understand the determining principle behind this test of time.

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Physics has offered so many rival fields of interest that acoustics has been virtually deserted since the time of Helmholtz. Recently, however, interest has been revived and scientists have given to the musical world corrections of our older theories of sound which will help us—not to create music scientifically, but to understand the steps of progress in the past and the possibilities and limitations with which we are now confronted.

As to the nature of sound itself, we have learned that what distinguishes sound from mere noise is that sound is produced by a periodic vibration, and noise by an irregular vibration. If a string is held at both ends, the complete vibration from one bridge to the other produces a fundamental tone. The string vibrates first as a whole and then divides and vibrates in sections. It divides first into halves and this vibration of the halves produces a tone exactly an octave above the first tone, thus creating the first overtone. The string then subdivides into smaller and smaller divisions, each new length producing a new vibration and a new overtone. When you hear a single tone, what you think is a unit is actually a combination of many parts, all of which can be registered accurately by scientific instruments and some of which can be distinguished by the unaided ear. Professor Miller of the Case Institute of Applied Science, who probably has the most acutely trained ear in the world, can hear as many as forty-four overtones without the aid of instruments, an extraordinary achievement, as most persons can distinguish only the first few overtones and even trained musicians can rarely hear more than a dozen.

As the overtones rise, they form a regular series and this overtone series constitutes a measure of harmony itself. If we start with C the first overtone is C, an octave higher, then G, C, E, G, F sharp, G, A flat, B flat, B natural, and C, at which point we return to the third octave above our original tone. This series of overtones is according to the natural pitch of tones, and may be played on a violin but cannot be picked out accurately on a piano as our pianos are tuned by an equalized scale, not by natural pitch.

The first intervals between the overtones are farther apart, but the distance between the notes grows less and less as one progresses up the series. The first notes we readily class as concords and the latter ones as dissonants, but there is no definite point at which we can say that concord stops and dissonance begins. We often hear it said that a person whose ear is acute cannot bear dissonance, but exactly the reverse is true. A keen ear hears more of the overtones which are a part of all sound, and the person who hears the higher, more dissonant intervals, grows accustomed to them and accepts them with enthusiasm. The great composers have steadily given us more and more dissonance. Each new interval has been denounced, usually with the extreme bitterness which critics feel toward the person who deliberately violates beauty. Time has taught us to accept certain of the intervals and to reject others. The important truth which is demonstrated scientifically by acoustics, is this: that the intervals which

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have been accepted have been accepted in the order in which they occur in the overtone scale—first the octave, then the perfect fifth, then the fourth, then the third, and so on. The innovations in harmony which time has refused, were out of that order. By this discovery science helps us to grasp intellectually the principle behind the beauty toward which we have groped slowly, blindly, yet surely through our emotional responses. The great masters who have developed our music step by step, have done so because their ears were keen enough to hear the harmony of the overtones and to play in outward notes the combinations which they heard.

The harmony of Schoenberg marks the interval between the fifteenth and sixteenth overtones, and the acceptance of Schoenberg brings music to a crisis, for the next step in the overtone scale cannot be played on the instruments which Western music knows. If the past is to be taken as a foreshadowing of the future, we should say that the next development in music would be to utilize the next steps in the overtone scale. Doubtless our ears would be ready to accept these new sounds, but we are confronted by the barrier of our own instruments and will be forced either to invent new ones or depart from the path of our historical development. Of course music can still be written with the materials which we now have in hand, but in the past each generation has added to the field of possibilities, and the impetus for the expansion of the barriers of sound has been part of the beauty of the great music of the past. Nothing more perfect than Beethoven could be written, but Beethoven was a fundamental innovator and to write, limiting one's self to the materials which Beethoven used and lacking entirely the impetus for a wider expression of beauty, would be only to produce more of the Beethoven-and-water school of music which has fallen flat even on the ears of those who object to any innovations since the master's.

We stand to-day at music's crossroads. The impetus for widening the possibilities of beauty, so integral a part of the creative genius, will force us to break the barriers. We are forced to depart from the historic tradition of development, but exactly where the barriers are to be broken, is the problem which confronts us to-day. The conservative critic says that the modernist writes outside of the old rules from ignorance and laziness; that he writes dissonance from ignorance of harmony, and breaks rules because he has no theory. Of a small minority this is doubtless true, but never have so much thought and study been put into music as by the modernists of to-day and never have men set themselves such extraordinarily difficult tasks. There are theories without end; some scientific, some esthetic, some based on nothing at all, but the hopeful thing about the modernists is that each has a theory and is willing to let time slip while he devotes his energy to proving he has a method.

If we must depart from the historic development of harmony we can either make the jump which our instruments can be adjusted to permit, that is, to the quarter tone.

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or we must abandon further steps in harmony and develop other elements in music. Haba, the Czech composer, is the foremost figure in the development of quarter tones, but it remains to be seen whether this quarter tone will be accepted. If it is accepted it will break all Western precedent by skipping over, by completely omitting, a field as vast as all the fields which we have explored step by step in five hundred years. Haba is primarily a musical creator although he brings to his music an amazing grasp of the science behind the art. He writes in quarter tones because his music demands this closer, dissonant interval—not merely to demonstrate the use of quarter tones. He has a piano constructed like two grand pianos, one above the other, the hammers of the upper striking downward and those of the lower striking upward, tuned to quarter tones. He has invented a notation for quarter tones and has published works on the acoustics and also on the psychology of the quarter tone; and his classes at the Conservatory of Prague are the only places in the world where the quarter tone can be studied.

If we are blocked by the limitation of our instruments from further steps in harmony, we can only turn for progress to the other elements of music, to counterpoint, rhythm, tempo, tonality, tone clusters, and the addition, perhaps, of the sliding tones which characterize primitive music. Along all of these lines the modernists are searching for new avenues of beauty and expression.

Carl Ruggles, foremost of American composers, is devoting himself exclusively to the development of dissonant counterpoint. His theory is one of the conspicuous theories of present-day music. Since the time of Bach and Handel no composer has given counterpoint such exclusive attention. His musical conscience is as straight-laced as his Puritan ancestors—Ruggles is the one American composer of genuine Yankee lineage—and his style is water-tight. The task which Ruggles has set himself to accomplish is well-nigh impossible; he often spends an entire day in developing a single chord, and his compositions, whose clarity of melodic line is stripped of all dross, are polished perfection.

To Stravinsky the world owes more, perhaps, for his introduction of rhythmical variations than for all his other unique and colorful additions to music. From 1700 to 1900 rhythm had atrophied. It was expected, even demanded, that a composition should continue throughout in one rhythm and the first attempts to alternate rhythms were denounced as monstrous. Stravinsky rose above this first storm of criticism, Scriabin broke down more barriers with his simple cross rhythms, and in America Varèse, who occupies a high place among the moderns, has narrowed the interest of his compositions to rhythm and the tone quality of the percussions. Rhythm is as essential a part of music as melody, but we have never made any attempt at developing rhythmic harmony or combining rhythmic meters. Gross accenting, of course, approaches this effect and in a halting and unacknowledged fashion, all music teachers make some effort to get

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their pupils away from the obvious accents which would otherwise become unbearably monotonous. At the moment we have a loosening up of meters for the reason that modern music changes meter, but we have not attempted to harmonize different meters at one time. We have limited ourselves to half notes, quarters, eighths, and further division by halves, but we do not divide by thirds, fifths, sevenths or ninths and we have no means of notating such divisions. We look askance at the very suggestion, yet, when we have developed rhythm one tenth as far as we have developed harmony, we shall be using rhythms in chords and shall have added enormous interest to music.

In orchestral music we may very practically evolve combinations in musical tempo which cannot well be written for any single instrument. As a matter of musical feeling a slow note in allegro is very different from a fast note in adagio, and music which is to convey more than a simple emotion, can be written far more effectively by using different tempos in its different parts. The effort of conveying different emotions in the same tempo is a tremendous handicap to a composer, and is largely responsible for the stilted and artificial quality of most opera. Take, for example, the quartette from Rigoletto, where Verdi attempts to portray the emotions of four different characters. It would be far more realistic if each part were written in the tempo called for by the emotion of the character. The contralto part should be sung in allegro, the tenor in allegretto, the baritone in adagio and the soprano in andante. Instead, all are sung in the same tempo, the conflict of emotions is reduced to an average and the standardized tempo reduces, rather than advances, the dramatic action.

Another of the long accepted rules of music which is being questioned to-day, is that of tonality, the homing sense of music which demands that a composition be ended in the same key in which it began. Schoenberg has made experiments in not returning to any key, and a whole group of composers, known as atonalists, now urge the logic of not returning to the original key. Most persons experience a disagreeable sense of incompleteness if a composition does not return home, particularly if the composer builds up the feeling of tonality and then disappoints the expectation, but the abler atonalists, such as Schoenberg, do not build up that expectation. The polytonalists return, not to one key, but to several keys at once and between different keys which synchronize, one experiences strange, peculiar emotion with great subtleties of feeling. Bela Bartok plays one hand in one key and a different key with the other hand which demands that the composer write in polyharmony, an innovation first suggested by Strauss. Polyharmony, with doubtless a widening future ahead, demands a very keen sense of acoustics as the chords, if put together ignorantly, are extraordinarily discordant, but when combined sensitively become a most effective means of creating atmosphere and emotion

The tone cluster, the use of an aggregate of sound, of all the major

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or minor tones within an octave or more, has not been worked out at all. It is not a hit and miss striking of notes, but a very definite construction of sound, with a thousand possibilities for the piano as well as for orchestral handling. Against the background of sound, the melody, carried higher or lower, takes on a new richness of tone and overtone values, and the shifting of tones within the cluster has possibilities of great subtlety. Once the public is willing to accept the cluster seriously and not regard it merely as a gymnastic method of piano playing, its acoustic soundness will be understood and its use as a means of obtaining strength and character of tone will undoubtedly be seized on by the large body of musicians who are seeking more adequate sound production.

There is a whole category of sounds used by primitive peoples in their music, which are highly expressive—the sliding tones, wails and other tones which do not maintain pitch. At the present time when our singers attempt to gain emotional effects by slipping and wailing, we are properly disgusted because this violation of pitch is not a part of our music and its use is due either to lack of technique or deliberate "cheating" for emotional effect. In old Italian music the sliding tone was a recognized musical device, very lovely in its place, but its use was discontinued. Seeger terms the sliding pitch "inarticulate" in distinction to articulate pitch, and recognizes the possibility of legitimately adding the inarticulate tones to our idiom. The idea is in the air. Weisshaus, in Budapest, is adapting it to his compositions and many other composers are working with the principle.

These are a few of the means whereby modern music is seeking to break the barrier with which Western music is now confronted, to break the barrier which otherwise threatens to balk its historic tradition of innovation and development. Modern music is distinctly not attempting to disregard the classics but rather to do exactly what those same classics accomplished in their day—to add new principles to what had been established before. The traditional line of development has brought us to the limitations of our instruments, the further development of harmony is halted, and from this impasse we must strike out in other directions through the development of those other elements in music which the classicists passed over in their race for more and more complicated harmony. Never have composers taken their task more earnestly, and never before has America—with Ruggles, Varése, Rudhyar, Ornstein, Salsedo, Aaron Copeland and a host of other young composers—stepped to the forefront in music with compositions that are not mere echoes and imitations of Europe, but alive with the vitality of new growth from new soil.

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PROPAGANDA LAND

Where Playing on the Mass-Mind Is the Chief Business of Government

H. V. KALTENBORN

WE ARE in the Krasnaja, the huge Red Square of Moscow. Well-filled street cars, plastered with signs advertising political meetings, clatter past the graves of Communist heroes under the Kremlin wall. Troops of young Communists march past behind the Red flag and the bugler, on their way to a demonstration. The inevitable crowd is gathering in front of the squat structure, half-Egyptian, half-cubistic—that houses Lenin's body. With Russian patience they will stand in line for hours to await the opening of the gates. In a side street a loud-speaker is blaring forth carefully selected news items. The daily radio newspaper is being published so that he who runs may hear.

This is propaganda-land. Nowhere else does a government devote itself so religiously to the spreading of ideas. The Red Square in Moscow is the beating heart of the Communist world, and no one is permitted to forget it. In the public garden plants and flowers have been forced into unnatural relations to outline the hammer and sickle emblem. Some devoted gardener has even arranged thousands of small plants of diverse shades of green into a tolerable portrait of the bearded Red leader who has just passed to his reward.

The moving picture house around the corner is advertising Part Three of "The Little Red Devil," a propaganda film of the war between the White and the Red armies. The posters show the three young Communist heroes, a girl and two boys, white and black. There are no sex or race distinctions in Red Russia. Groups of workmen are emerging from the former Club of the Aristocrats, across the street. It has become a Communist headquarters. From the Kremlin tower the ancient bells will soon chant the "International" not only for passers-by in the Red Square, but for the peasants in distant villages gathered about radio loud-speakers in their local reading-rooms, to hear the censored news items that precede the chimes.

In Russia playing on the mass-mind is the chief business of Government. If the Russian people were governed as well as they are propagandized, the Red régime would stand as a model. Communism considers all commercial advertising as economic waste. Hence all advertising experts and poster artists devote themselves to advertising Communism. Non-Communist organizations are forbidden, so the social instinct expresses itself through clubs and societies devoted to helping some de-

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partment of the Government achieve its Communist purpose. Party clubs, trade-union clubs, factory clubs abound. There is an Association of Friends of the Air Fleet with 3,000,000 members, and a Chemical Defense League of 1,000,000. Every organization must be directly related to the aims of the State. Social intercourse is a waste of time. A devout Communist resembles a devout Methodist in that he does not dance.

In October the Red Square will again be the scene of those great mass-demonstrations which provide such a dramatic expression of the Communist idea. Throughout the world, Communists will celebrate the tenth anniversary of Russia's October Revolution, "the first great triumph of the proletariat." The climax will come in Moscow's Red Square. For a year preparations for the event have been under way, and special funds have been gathered to install radio-receivers in remote villages in time to enable all Russia to share the anniversary addresses by Red leaders and the audible parts of the special programs. The manager of Russia's radio corporation expressed keen regret that television has not been developed to the point where all Russia might see as well as hear the impressive pageantry of the decennial.

Glorification of the mass in parades, pageants and processions is a Communist Government's idea of a proper celebration. The people play a part themselves. They are actors as well as spectators. Dummy figures of the British statesmen who broke off relations with the Soviet régime will be paraded so as to give the crowd a chance to revile and ridicule them. At the end of the day the people will even be permitted to tear these dummies into a thousand pieces. Demjan Bednij, the bard of the people, thus sings the conquest of the world by the masses:

Million-footed, yet with one body.
The pavement groans.
Million masses; one heart, one will, one step.
Right, left! Right, left!
They march, they march.
Right, left! Right, left!

Out of the soot-covered factory districts,
Out of moldy cellars, dirty alleyways,
There steps the new master!
His fingers bend and break with strength of steel,
The thousand-year-old chains that bind him;
Like bloody splotches the Red flags fly over him,
Steeled fists reach heavenward; the bourgeois whines;

The new Master speaks:
"This is all mine!
Streets, palaces, canals, the bourse, the bank,
Halls, granaries, gold stuffs, food, drink,
Libraries, theaters, museums,
The poet's poem, the singer's song;
The towers, ships, domes, lands—
Are mine, all mine!"

What this poet sings is no longer a vague dream. In Russia, libraries, theaters, schools, museums, poems and songs have but a single purpose or justification: to record, teach, exemplify the achievements of Communism. The Russian Government

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is strong because it is single-minded, desperately earnest, devotedly purposeful. "The world is armed against us," a high official of the Foreign Office said to me. "We are surrounded by that same ring of enemies from which Germany sought to escape by the foolish expedient of aggressive war. The imperialists waged war against us in 1919 and 1920 but they succeeded only in giving our young Red régime just what it needed—a new national consciousness. We became mutually dependent, we fought against the world on behalf of our new freedom, we defended the ideals in which we believe. We became strong because we stood alone."

It is the co-existence of this highly developed sense of nationalism with the true Communist devotion to internationalism that makes Russia a land of contradictions. On this account a study of the Red régime is both fascinating and difficult. The Communist abhors war, yet the Russian Government is as well prepared for war as any in Europe. Russia's industry is starving for credit. The mere gesture of recognizing pre-war debts would bring large loans. No one expects Russia to pay the old debts, but there is universal determination to make her acknowledge them. Yet the same régime that offers foreign bankers and business men interest rates of from twenty to fifty per cent for a few months' credit on raw materials and machinery, refuses to render even lip-service to czarist debts.

There are no "classes" in Russia's passenger transportation service, but there are "hard seats" and "soft seats" and the soft cost twice as much. There are no officers in the Red army but there are "commanders" whose functions coincide exactly with those of officers in bourgeois armies. There are no cabinet officers in the Government, but there are people's commissars who do the same work. Under Communism there is neither rich nor poor, yet the streets abound with beggars and the restaurants are filled with champagne-drinking profiteers. Private trade has been abolished, yet Moscow leads the world's capitals in the number of its street-peddlers.

In Moscow, Communism has its way more completely than anywhere else in Russia. Like most religions, it is preached more than it is practised, but the authorities insist vigorously on observance of the outward forms. In Leningrad the atmosphere is much more liberal. There one may go into the recently-restored State library on the old Nevsky Prospect and almost forget revolution, until the veiled portrait of a czar recalls recent events. Only rulers after 1800 are believed to exercise a contaminating influence; busts and portraits of their predecessors are left uncovered. Asked why the portrait of such a substantial bourgeois as George Washington was given a place of honor, the Communist attendant replied with a reproving smile, "But he was a Revolutionist."

Some 4,000,000 books, pamphlets, maps and manuscripts make up the Leningrad collection which includes much priceless material. Yet the Communist Government almost rivals the Boston City Fathers in seeing to it that books exercise no contaminating influence on the people.

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All foreign books are separately classified and housed in a special room to which access is accorded only to those equipped with a permit. No book reaches the Leningrad library except by way of Moscow. There a special institute passes on all manuscripts and only those that are approved are printed. The old system of printing books first and censoring them afterward, involved too much waste.

"It is one of my regrets," an assistant librarian confided, "that we cannot get the interesting books which are printed illegally in Moscow."

Now that it has enlarged its quarters and added a few more rooms that are reasonably well lighted—artificial light is barred from most rooms—the Leningrad library proposes to arrange more frequent exhibitions. Items from Voltaire's library, from the rich Duma library, from the thousand volumes printed before 1500, or from the rich manuscript collection, are occasionally placed on view. Most of the exhibitions center about such a figure as Lenin or concern the history of revolution. Just as our traditional histories deal largely with dynasties and administrations, the Communist historian deals mainly with revolutions, their causes and consequences.

Despite the largely reduced population of Leningrad, the library's circulation of books has trebled since 1913. The striking feature of the attendance figures shown on the diagrams and graphs which abound here as in every government office, is the rapid increase in the number of women readers. One must remember the semi-Oriental character of Russian life to realize the full significance of this change. Visitors to the library now total half a million a year, compared with 200,000 in the last prewar year. This is one bit of evidence to show that the Government's claim to have reduced illiteracy from eighty-five to fifty per cent, is not exaggerated.

The chief function of museums as of libraries is to serve a Communist purpose. Moscow and Leningrad each has a museum of the revolution. To visit one of them is to realize that revolution has its history, its traditions, its heroes, and its code of conduct. The revolutionary leader, especially if he died on the scaffold, is revered as we revere the victorious general. Enormous paintings of mobs in action replace battlefield pictures, and fragments of bombs—thrown by anarchists, are displayed as reverently as battle flags in the traditional war museums of Europe and America.

There is a special touch of irony in locating Leningrad's museum of the revolution, in some of the 1057 rooms of the old Winter Palace which once housed the glory of the czars. The shell-scarred façade has not been repaired, and even the window panes through which bullets passed during the street-fighting, have not been replaced. Pieces of glass have been carefully glued over the holes from both sides to exclude the air and yet show the holes to good advantage as a permanent memorial of the Russian revolution. On a chair in each room, generally idle and indifferent, is a woman Communist—the red bandana over her head proclaims her adherence to the party.

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One longs to ask her why she doesn't use her leisure hours to wash the windows. Perhaps she would reply that the objection to dirt is only another bourgeois prejudice.

Nowhere is guide-service more intelligently organized than in Russian museums, nowhere are museums more popular. Palaces such as the great Winter Palace in Leningrad, are divided into various sections, open at different times. The woman who shows visitors the apartments of Nicholas I was specially trained for museum work at Jena University and is devoted to her mission as a popular educator. "While the proletariat of the city is with us," she said, "much remains to be done with the peasants. I love to show them the vulgar luxury of these rooms, and picture the corruption and extravagance of their former rulers. I point out the room where Alexander II received his mistress, and the private staircase she used. They see the gorgeous ball-rooms and banquet-halls and I tell them about the czar's twenty personal cooks, the czarina's million-rubel gown. You should see them drink it in! Then I take them to the miserable boxes where the 2000 servants were quartered, and I explain how 7000 men slaved for seven years just to build the walls of this palace."

What this woman is doing in one section of the Winter Palace is being done in every palace and museum throughout Russia. Museum visits are a regular part of school work. Life in Russia under the last czar is spoken of as though it belonged to some far-off historic period in an earlier stage of man's evolution into a civilized human being. The emphasis is always on the oppressions, the extravagance and the corruption of the old régime.

In the famous Tetjakoff Gallery of Moscow, a teacher escorting a troupe of young children has stopped in front of Repin's graphic portrayal of the emaciated Dostoyevsky's unexpected return home from Siberia.

"Children what does this man's face show?"

"Suffering"—"hunger"—"misery"—"pain"—the replies come in an eager chorus.

"It is Dostoyevsky, the great Russian writer. Who can tell me where he suffered?"

No one is sure, but one ventures a safe guess: "In Siberia."

"Who sent him there?"

This is easier and several are able to gratify the teacher by replying that it was the wicked czar.

The writer asked Acting Minister of Education, Hodorovsky, "What is the dominant aim of Russian schooling?" and received the reply: "To teach Communism." The longer you remain in Russia the more you realize how intelligently every available means is used to achieve this aim.

In America, we are not sure that the moving pictures are doing all they should for education. Yet the Russian film "Potemkin" was so good as a film, that it had to be shown in the United States, and it was so good a piece of revolutionary propaganda, that it had to be censored before it could be shown. Few events outside of Russia are included in the "News of the Week" reel that precedes the feature-picture in every Russian moving picture theater.

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Three types of events in Russia are always included. Invariably the Red army or the Red navy makes some kind of a display. Always some prominent figure of the Government is shown in oratorical action, and always too, Russian boys and girls are shown engaged in athletic sport or parading and demonstrating as Communist pioneers. For some time the Communist Government employed a physical expert from the Young Men's Christian Association to train teachers of physical education. Through the appeal of moving pictures Russian youth is being urged to participate in every kind of inexpensive sport.

Every department of the Government has propaganda films that make the rounds of the moving picture theaters in the smaller towns and villages. Thus the Department of Agriculture teaches modern farming methods, the Department of Health has films dealing with such subjects as abortion, alcoholism, and the experimental work of the Pavloff Institute in Leningrad. Feature films deal with episodes in the history of Russian revolutions. If one of these strikes the public fancy, an attempt is made to build up a series of photo-plays exploiting the same characters.

Here is a paragraph from the advertisement of such a revolutionary film published as a reading notice in a Moscow daily: "In the American moving pictures you laugh a physiological laugh because of the sheer empty stupidity of a situation. Here the laugh is different. It is a vital laugh. It grows out of the fact that the problem creating a joyous revolutionary detective has been solved most successfully."

This thrust at the American film is necessary. For despite the best efforts of Russian producers, the technical excellence of American films and their display of Hollywood luxury make them more popular than native films which are often more artistic and always less "capitalistic" in atmosphere and treatment.

Trotzky has always been a great believer in having the Government provide the right kind of amusement for the people in order that the hours given over to recreation might also serve to emphasize Communist ideas. In the early days of Red rule, shortly after universal prohibition had been introduced, he suggested turning every one of the thousands of Government liquor stores into moving picture houses. Unfortunately for his good intentions, prohibition failed, and many of the former liquor stores are again serving their original purpose.

It was inevitable that the protagonists of world-revolution should also utilize the dramatic stage. "Art does not interpret life," a modern Russian dramatist declares. "It creates a new life. It is not a mirror in the hands of the idle bourgeois, but a hammer wielded by the proletarian's strong right arm." Stanislavsky's famous pupil, Mayerhold, founded a militant theater whose development provides one of the most interesting chapters in the history of modern drama. He proposed to divide the entire Soviet Union into theater districts, corresponding geographically to the army districts, and build up a "theater army." The first duty of this army was to be the

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total extinction of the traditional theater and all its forms. It was to be succeeded by a Communist forum finding expression in a new type of drama.

The stage was to supplement the work of press and poster in organizing the masses. Revolutionary drama was to interpret the psychology, the tragedy and the triumph of the mass. The emphasis of the traditional drama on individuals was to disappear. Mechanical design replaced artistic decoration, physical rather than psychological expression was sought in training and rehearsing actors. In the absence of a dramatic literature that responded to the new demands of the new day, classic plays were dissected and reshaped to suit the taste of Communist producers. Mayerhold justified his procedure by pointing out that Sophocles, Shakspere and Schiller reshaped the work of their predecessors. "Every recreation justifies itself," he declared, "provided it is born out of a real need."

The Moscow Art Theater took no part in the new movement. Stanislavsky continued to train his artists with the same careful attention to psychological detail that made his work universal. Some of his pupils turned to the new movement, but he refused to curry favor with the Government by accepting or producing revolutionary dramas. The new plays which he was willing to rehearse, the censor was unwilling to see produced. It was not until last season that a new play called "The White Guard" by Bulgakov, a young writer of undoubted talent, treating an episode of the 1918 revolution in the Ukraine, succeeded in meeting both the high artistic standards of the Moscow Art Theater and the revolutionary standards of the Government.

There is no denying the Communist genius for producing dramatic mass-effects on the stage and in outdoor pageantry. Not even Reinhardt has handled mob scenes and crowd emotions more effectively than some Russian producers. By recreating an emotional crisis that belongs to the personal experience of the audience, they establish that unity of thought and feeling between spectators and performers which creates the supreme dramatic effect. Most of their radical experiments in stage-craft failed. They had theoretical merit only, like the notion that a good orchestra should be able to play without a leader. In practice they made no appeal to the public and had to be abandoned.

It is in this realm of the arts that government by propaganda has failed most completely. There is something pathetic about the earnest enthusiasm with which the Communists sought to manufacture poetry, music, painting, drama, fiction, sculpture, in the same way in which they built up the Red army or the State trusts. Laboratory methods were applied to creative work and the results are amazing if not edifying. The cultural experiments of these first ten years of Soviet Government will provide a record of human temerity that is unlikely to be rivaled for many generations. It deserves intensive study. Some of its failures were probably due to the material handicaps which are crippling most Russian efforts. It is quite possible that the same artists who failed to create a pure revolu-

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tionary art, will yet follow the example of the Soviet Government and compromise with reality. When they do, Russia's genius for artistic expression will again come into its own.

Every one has heard about the Russian Government's effective use of propaganda railroad cars fitted out by different departments and carried to every town and village on a railroad line. The universal use of striking posters to visualize doctrines and slogans, is likewise familiar. But one needs to visit Russia to realize how this passion for transmitting ideas dominates the organization and routine of every social institution.

Thus the function of prosecutors, courts and jails is not to punish criminals, but, as Comrade Segal, in charge of criminal prosecutions in the provincial court of Moscow expressed it to the writer: "To establish the participation of the mass in the administration of justice."

The prosecutor does not wait to have cases brought to him. He scans the newspapers, particularly the columns carrying letters of complaint, to discover a cause for action. The judge is not only interested in getting at the facts in a particular case, but it is a large part of his duty to reveal existing defects in the working of any State institution. If inadequate supervision has permitted embezzlement, the judge makes a report to the authorities on the particular weakness revealed by his examination. It must be remembered that in Russia the motive of private interest which would remedy such defects in other countries, is absent. In all the lower courts every professional judge has two "people's adjuncts." These are judges drawn from the ranks of the workers who share the responsibility of the Court since there is no jury.

In Moscow there is a selected panel of 30,000 "peoples judges" and most of them are proud to serve. They receive a little elementary legal training through lectures and conferences, but rely largely on their "revolutionary conscience" which teaches them that the first duty of the Court is to defend the toiler against "exploiters." The Russian court is frankly a class-court in which a private trader could not expect to be treated as fairly as a member of a trade-union. The Court fixes the fee which may be charged by the working-man's lawyer, but the *nepman*—private trader—who is haled to court, must make his own arrangements. In return for being permitted to charge the *nepman* a good fee, the professional lawyer must give several hours of free consultation each week to proletarians.

Carrying the court to the workingman is another unusual way of promoting Communist ideas. "We believe strongly in the social value of court procedure," Comrade Segal explained. "I tried a prison warden who was charged with cruel treatment of the prisoners in his care. The case was tried in a large factory even though no factory workers were involved. It was a wonderful opportunity to show these workingmen what prison conditions were like under the czarist régime. My sentence in this case was handed down in the presence of 3500 workers."

Cases of hooliganism which are more common in Russian courts

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than almost any others, are frequently tried in the evening or on holidays in workmen's clubs. It is court-scene drama with the added thrill of reality.

Obviously a system that believes so thoroughly in popular education is going to utilize the public schools to reach the younger generation. Training for Communist citizenship is the dominant purpose of Russia's school system.

Every course of instruction is judged not on the basis of its value to the child, but for its value to the Communist State. That may explain why some of the courses seem to us rather advanced even for highly intelligent children. The eight-year-olds in Moscow schools are asked to undertake such subjects as "The Causes and Atrocities of the World War" and "The History of the Third International."

Nor is the school the only place where formal education thrives. Classes are carried on in connection with every factory. Workers are required to attend for a certain number of hours each week. If they are illiterate, half the working day is supposed to be given over to schooling. Every village has special classes for adult peasants. Half the time of army and navy recruits is devoted to general education. No soldier leaves the Red army without being able to read and write. There is to be no illiteracy in the Leningrad or Moscow districts after 1930.

Acting Commissar of Education, Hodorovsky, listed the four great problems confronting his Department, in the following order:

First: Compulsory education for all children. (Lack of funds has made it impossible to attempt this except in the big cities.)

Second: The elimination of illiteracy. (Intensive work among adults has reduced this from 85 per cent in 1914 to 50 per cent in 1927.)

Third: The preparation of qualified workers for agriculture. (This is being furthered by demonstration farms, radio lectures, propaganda trains and a peasants' newspaper with a circulation of 1,000,000 copies.)

Fourth: Preparation of highly qualified scientists, engineers and agricultural experts. (Most of these are now being brought in from Germany and other countries. It will be years before professional scientific education will make much progress in Russia.)

Except in mathematics none of the pre-war school text-books was retained. "Too much church and czar" was the curt explanation. The new books turn away altogether from the past and glorify the age of mechanical appliances. Even the primers elaborate in word and picture the advantages of electric light, running water, typewriters and other articles of daily use to which we have long been accustomed but which are the last word in modernity to Russian children. Less than two per cent of the public school teachers are Communists, but they have all passed an examination in "political literacy" which means that they accept Bolshevist rule and all that it implies. Any departure from the prescribed Communist curriculum is promptly reported and punished by dismissal.

In foreign languages English is

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emphasized as against French or German, in pre-war Russia. "English is the language of those who wield the most power," the Communist Commissar explained. "French is primarily a cultural language. Germany lost the war and her language is less important now." In this as in so much else, the Communist leaders are stark realists. Their chief illusion is that world-revolution is just around the corner although even Stalin admitted not long ago that this would take another ten or twenty years during which period "Russians must be careful not to forget that they are internationalists." At home they are not permitted to forget it and abroad Russia's secret agents do their best to help non-Russians keep it in mind. There is no single Russian institution without its propaganda aspects. The attempt to persuade is universal and untiring. In many efforts as in the attempt to make the Russian abandon his religion, it has failed altogether, but this has only resulted in a change of direction or of emphasis. The purpose remains the same.

It is unfortunate that this remarkable experiment in consciously directing the lives and purposes of 130,000,000 people, has not received more dispassionate and scientific study. From many matters of human concern the dead hand of tradition has been removed for the first time in history. Except where its own blind belief is involved, Communism renounces prejudice and preconceived opinion. Nowhere has there been a more complete break with the past or a more eager thrust toward the future. Yet nowhere has there been a more complete failure to achieve a set purpose.

The Russian church which was to be propagandized out of existence continues to be revered and maintained by the people. Private property is sought just as eagerly in Communist Russia as in capitalist America, although the search is more difficult and less frequently rewarded. The Communists teach that "Alcohol, like religion, is used by the bourgeois to enslave the proletariat," yet the Communist Government was unable to enforce prohibition and restored the liquor trade.

Communism was to bring a new heaven and a new earth. For a decade it has controlled the destinies of a great people and has sought to bend this people to its will. If the world had been more patient and sympathetic in the experiment's early stages, perhaps the Communist leaders might now be ready to admit their complete failure and steer a different course. They already acknowledge that pure Communism failed and that they are now trying a modified form of State-Socialism. Yet it may not be many years before the ruling group in Russia will admit that William James was eternally right when he taught the world to realize "Only that is truth which works."

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The Long Furrow

Lyle Saxon

Henry was a field-hand who lived on Yucca plantation on Cane River in the back country of Louisiana. He was a big black man, strong as an ox, humble as a mule. His eyes asked questions. He was born on the place and had never been more than twenty miles away from it in his life. His wife was a fat, loud-mouthed woman with gold hoops glittering in her ears; she shouted at his four black sons, sang louder than any one else in the African Baptist church, and "meddled" Henry when he was studying things in his mind.

When there's fighting in the big-road you can run home, the old folks say, but what are you going to do when the fighting is in your own cabin?

Henry plowed the east field day after day, year after year. Up and down, slowly, behind his mule and plow. It was known as Henry's field, although of course it belonged to Mr. Guy, the white owner of the two thousand acres that made up the plantation. Henry, in a sense, belonged to Mr. Guy just as the land did.

Along the edge of the field the river drowsed in the sun, choked with purple water-lilies, its bank covered with a thicket of trees and vines. Birds made their nests there undisturbed and green lizards and black turtles sunned themselves on half-submerged logs. From the trees long streamers of gray moss hung down, like old men dipping their beards into the water.

Sometimes Henry would stop at the end of a furrow, his head thrown back, his eyes staring into the distance. He wanted something. He couldn't say what it was exactly, but the ache was there. Standing behind his plow he would try to pray:

"Please, Jesus . . ."

Then he would stop. How can Jesus give a man something when the man doesn't know what he is asking for? Henry would flick the reins against the flanks of his mule as it waited in the simmering sun: "Git up, mule!" he would say.

Up and down the field. Slowly. Day after day.

The negroes all said that Mr. Guy's brother had come home to die. This was the principal topic on the store gallery at night when the black men loafed, watching the round red moon untangle itself from the trees and rise above its reflection in Cane River.

His name was Mr. Paul. When he was young he had lived on the plantation too, but that was all of fifteen years ago. He had been different from Mr. Guy, the older son of the

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old planter, even then,—sickly-like and puny from the time he was a baby. Why, Uncle Chawlie could remember him well,—a spindling little boy, lying on the floor of the gallery of the big-house painting with water-colors, or leaning back against one of the tall white columns, reading a book.

Guy, his brother, had been the very spit of his father,—diving from high trees into the river, or riding wild horses and rampaging over the country. Later on, when the older boy came home from the State University, he took hold of the place and ran things his own way. When the old planter died you hardly missed him. But Paul had gone away, up North, to lots of different places and then had gone to live over with foreign people somewhere. The negroes had almost forgotten about Mr. Paul until his return. There had been excitement then, for Mr. Paul was mighty sick,—coughing all the time and having fever. Tuberculosis it was. Lots of niggers die of it too. It's bad.

But Mr. Paul seemed to make a joke of it. For instance, he was contrary-minded, and insisted that he would not live in the big-house with Mr. Guy's wife and children,—said the disease was catching. Instead he had taken an empty nigger-cabin nearly half a mile away from the dwelling of the white people, had gone there directly after his arrival, and had stayed there ever since, all by himself. Sometimes he painted at a big easel outdoors, under the blossoming Chinaball-tree. He had been home a month now, and folks had got used to meeting a negro house-man riding on horseback from the big-house, balancing a tray of smoking dishes, or carrying a coffee-pot in one hand,—galloping his horse so the food would still be hot when he got there.

That was about all Uncle Chawlie knew, but he asked the others. Aunt Dicey, who washed clothes two days each week for the white folks at Yucca, went over sometimes and cleaned the cabin, scrubbed the floors and waited on Mr. Paul. She told stories about solid gold hair-brushes, and of lots of things she didn't even know the names of,—but who could believe that old woman? A natural-born liar, that's what she was, and always trying to be important in what she knew about white folks's doings. Nevertheless, it was true about the silk clothes; Uncle Chawlie had seen them himself, flopping in the breeze on the clothes-line: "Hones' to Gawd, yo' wouldn' believe!"

Henry, lolling on his elbow in the dark near-by, puffed deep on his pipe and said: "I sometimes sees him when I'm plowin' de eas' fiel' . . . Looks powerful sick tuh me . . . but 'e always say, 'Howdy,' friendly-like an' nice."

Uncle Chawlie 'lowed Henry could tell a lot more, but he was one of those shut-mouth niggers, no good at talking,—just studying to himself all the time. The matter dropped. The black men yawned, whistled to their cur-dogs, and disappeared, one after the other in the shadows, riding their sleepy horses toward cabins dotted along the river bank. But Henry sat on, alone in the moonlight, scratching his yellow dog between its ears and thinking about Mr. Paul. Funny thing about your

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thoughts—you don't know why they keep on running on things that way. Why, once Henry had got a tune in his head—a baptizing tune—and it stayed there for four days and four nights until he almost lost his mind. Now Mr. Paul was on his mind, just like that tune.

The cotton rows were very long, running all the way across a wide point that jutted out into the river. At the lower end of the field was Henry's house, and at the upper end of the furrow, the cabin where Mr. Paul lived nowadays. From far off, as he walked behind his plow, Henry could see the turkey-red curtains blowing out in the breeze, and the white man lying back in a big chair in the doorway, reading a book, or just sitting there, looking out. His figure danced up and down in the heat waves which swam over the furrows. Mr. Paul wore a purple silk dressing-gown nearly all the time, bright and gay. He liked the same colors that Henry did.

Sometimes Mr. Paul painted at a big picture out under the Chinaball-tree before the cabin. Henry couldn't see what he was painting, couldn't guess. He wondered though. Mr. Paul was thin and small, not big like his brother. He had quick hands and red lips and a lot of black hair. From a little ways off he looked a boy and moved about like one, delicate-like and soft.

His hand trembled the day he gave Henry a glass of lemonade through the high wire fence which divided the cabin-yard from the cotton field. Henry had been surprised. Mr. Guy would never have done that—or at least not in that way. Mr. Paul had a big glass pitcher of lemonade on a table just inside the door, and when he saw Henry and his mule approaching down the long furrow, he poured out a glassful and walked into the sunlight, bareheaded, handing it to him through the meshes of the fence. Henry stood on the other side and drank. Lord, but it was good! Nice and cool and satisfying. It didn't seem to satisfy Mr. Paul though for he had hardly tasted it.

When Henry was through drinking, Mr. Paul gave him a cigarette as long as a cigar and lighted a match for him. Their hands touched and Mr. Paul's hand was cold . . . That's what sickness does to you. You can feel Old Death coming.

Henry was mighty sorry for Mr. Paul. Wished he could do something. "Is yo' feelin' betta to-day, suh?" he said, and the white man answered: "Yes, I'll be well soon. I like the heat. I had forgotten how good it feels to be warm."

He said other things too, harder to understand. About the plowed land he talked, and about the mules and niggers and growing cotton: "A man forgets these things in cities . . . This is what I need. Simple things, like you, Henry—your plow and your mule and this good black earth with green things growing in it."

Yes sir, that's what sickness does to you. Sickness comes on horseback but it goes away on foot. Sometimes it never goes away. Mr. Paul had fever right that minute, and when white folks are sick they always seem sicker than niggers . . . they look sicker.

Henry began feeling sorrier and

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sorrier for Mr. Paul. Every time he came down the long furrows he looked and looked. The eyes of the two men met, held, until Henry turned his mule and plow around, and went back again.

When he came down the third row, Mr. Paul said: "Come and sit under the tree, Henry, and talk to me for a few minutes,—Guy won't mind. I'll tell him."

Henry looked up and down the wire fence. It was very high, two full widths of woven hog-wire. There was not a hole in it anywhere. It stretched out nearly half a mile, past the orchard, past the vegetable patch, clear to the edge of the flower garden of the big-house. Two years ago old Uncle Isaac, who lived in the cabin then, had been given the care of Mr. Guy's fine game chickens. Game chickens can fly high and are much too valuable to be stolen by niggers. The fence was to protect them. The chickens were gone now, gone like poor old Uncle Isaac, but the barrier remained.

Back of the cabin the long, empty chicken-runs stretched out almost to the river bank; at the end of these, the fence turned at a right angle and continued away from the cotton field a quarter of a mile or more until it joined the picket-fence around the stables and mule lot. To get to the cabin from the field you had to walk clear up to the big-house, where Mr. Guy sat in his "office." An explanation would be due for leaving your mule and plow. Mr. Paul couldn't get out into the field or to the river bank, and Henry couldn't get into the cabin-yard. Henry had to explain all this to Mr. Paul, because he didn't want the white man to think him unthankful for his offer. He went off behind his mule again, trying to make up his mind to ask the white man to let him come over some evening instead. Mr. Paul could tell him things he wanted to know, about men in far-away places, and cities.

But there was that fence. It was so high, and you couldn't cross it without breaking it down. And you couldn't do that, of course. Henry found it hard to talk through the wire. It got into the way of what you were trying to say. Besides, it is mighty hard to say things to white folks so they can understand you.

There were two questions Henry wanted to ask. If anybody in this world could answer them, it was Mr. Paul. Why was it that Henry couldn't get on, couldn't better himself? Why was it that he had to work, just like his old mule, day after day until he died? Stuck, like a fly in molasses. Henry wanted to learn *too* bad. But everything hindered him. His wife laughed and shouted, or got mad and burned up his books. She taught her four black sons to laugh too. "Nigger is nigger," she said, mocking him, shaming him before people. But that wasn't true, and Henry knew it.

He sighed and bent his head over the plow: "Git up, mule," he said. The beast strained forward under the weight of the heavy soil.

Up and down the field, slowly. Furrow after furrow.

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It took him three days to get up enough courage to talk again to Mr. Paul, and maybe he wouldn't have talked even then, but the white man came out to the fence to give him

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another of those long, good-smoking cigarettes. This time they talked of the picture Mr. Paul was painting. Henry wanted to see what it was, so Mr. Paul turned it around. Henry could see it was a stretch of cotton field, with a plow and a nigger coming along—Mr. Paul had put him in a picture without Henry knowing a thing about it. That was a strange thing, too. Henry couldn't see the picture very well because it was some distance from him, but he could see what it was. He was pleased and proud. This was something to tell the black men on the store gallery to-night. But someway, when the time came, he couldn't do it, even when the conversation turned to the sick man again.

People had come all the way from town to see Mr. Paul, but he had refused to see them, according to kitchen gossip—just wouldn't be bothered: "An' he's sure one sp'iled white man," Uncle Chawlie concluded.

"Huh! It wuz swellin' up whut bust de poutin' pigeon!" came the comment from a shapeless black shadow at his elbow.

"'E ain't sp'iled! 'E ain't proud!" Henry startled them all with the passion of his reply: "'E's a sick man, dat's whut 'e is!"

But Uncle Chawlie said only: "Aie-yie!" a comment which can mean anything or nothing. There was a long silence broken by the whining of mosquitoes and the stamping of the sleepy horses tied to the railing. Henry rose, whistled to his cur-dog and started home.

Across the narrow river the lights in the cabins were winking out, one after another.

The next night Henry didn't go to the store to loaf and visit with the other men. Instead he sat by the smoky oil-lamp in his cabin and tried to read from a book he had. His wife and children, already in bed, called out impatiently for him to put out the lamp, but Henry paid no heed. He wanted to learn to read better. Things came so hard. It was harder to read than plow, and he was tired already from the day's plowing. But it was nice to look out along the furrows and see the light in Mr. Paul's cabin. Mr. Paul was reading too.

It was the next night that Henry went out alone for the first time. His wife's nagging voice worried him more than usual:

"Fo' Gawd's sake put out dat lamp, Henry! De room is full o' mosquitoes dis minute. T'row dat ole fool book away an' lemme git some res'!"

Henry rose, blew out the lamp and went outdoors. The yellow dog, lying in the dark by the side of the house, beat his tail upon the hard-baked ground. For awhile Henry sat on the steps watching the light that glimmered in the cabin across the field. There was a light in the parlor of the big-house too, to-night. Company there. He wondered if Mr. Paul had walked over to spend the evening for once he had seen him walking through the orchard late at night after leaving the big-house. But that was a month ago. Mr. Paul seldom walked nowadays.

Finally Henry began to walk down the rows that he had plowed that day. The light in Mr. Paul's house urged him on. Maybe the white man was sick and needed something.

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When he came to the high fence he stopped and peered. Mr. Paul was nowhere in sight. Henry walked along the fence a little way and tried to look in at the open windows. From where he stood now he could see nearly all of the lighted room, but Mr. Paul was nowhere in sight. Maybe he had fallen to the floor and was lying there, too weak to get up.

And then, out of the darkness came a quiet voice: "Is it you, Henry?"

"Yassuh! . . . I jus' . . ."

But there were no questions. Mr. Paul seemed to think it was the most natural thing in the world for Henry to be there at this time of night. He said: "If you'll go along the fence to the big-house, you'll find the gate unlocked, I expect. Come on in."

"No suh, not to-night . . . I jus' come . . ." Henry paused. He couldn't say why he had come.

Mr. Paul got out of the hammock under the Chinaball-tree and came close: "I'm going to get a pair of pliers from the store to-morrow," he said, "and make a hole in that fence."

But the next day Mr. Paul was in bed. The doctor came all the way out from town to see him and he stayed a long time. Mr. Guy and his wife, looking worried, were at the cabin too. When Henry came close to the fence with his mule and plow at midday, Mr. Guy came out and called him, telling him to run quick to the store and bring something. Henry didn't know what he went for, as Mr. Guy had written it on a piece of paper, but the clerk in the store whistled when he read it and gave Henry a small package: "Looks bad," the clerk said.

That night Mr. Guy sat up in the cabin until after midnight, and when he went, Aunt Dicey was left to watch. It was nearly daylight before Henry slipped into bed beside his wife, his overalls covered with dirt from the furrows in which he had lain for hours, on guard. But it was not so serious after all for in a few days Mr. Paul was out in the hammock again. He hadn't forgotten either:

"I've ordered those pliers," he said, "I'm going to cut a hole in that fence."

Henry went back to the store gallery that night to loaf and visit with the men again. He was more silent than usual. He lay back against one of the posts, scratching the dog between the ears, and puffing on his pipe. It was cooler here than in his cabin. And the river smelled so nice.

When he left, he rode home in a roundabout way through the field in order to pass Mr. Paul's cabin and see in at the windows from his position on horseback. There was a light burning, but the white man was nowhere in sight. The hammock flopped empty in the breeze and the moonlight made all the cabin-yard visible. Henry ventured to call out softly: "Oh, Mister Paul!" but there was no reply.

He rode along a little way. His beast shied suddenly and stumbled. A piece of wire had tripped his old white horse. A hole had been cut in the fence and the wire bent outward, into the field.

Had Mr. Paul gone out, through the furrows, down to the bank of the river?

Henry rode out to see. The bank was full of cactus and flowering yucca. Young Chinaball-trees grew on the

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incline which led down to the water in which the moon was mirrored. The air was heavy with the sweet breath of night-blooming jasmine.

Silhouetted against the sky, Henry sat on his horse and looked out over the rippling river. Opposite, dark cabins dotted the bank. Nothing moved. And then, quietly, came a voice: "Henry . . . Is that you?"

"Yassuh!" Henry slipped down from the saddle and went quickly to the river's edge.

"You'll have to help me—I'm not strong enough to climb back into the boat."

Of all things! Poor Mr. Paul had tried to swim. He was clinging now to a rowboat which swung clear of the bank just beyond the shadow of a clump of elderberry trees dripping with white flowers. Mr. Paul's head and one arm were visible, his arm clinging to the boat.

Henry tried, first to reach the boat from the bank, but it was too far out. He slipped off his shirt and overalls and plunged in, sinking to his knees, at first, in the soft mud of the river's bottom. He reached the boat after a few rapid strokes, steadied it, and climbed in. The boat shipped water as he lifted the limp body of Mr. Paul from the river. Mr. Paul was breathing fast and his eyes were big and black. He lay naked in the moonlight, shivering, clutching Henry's arm with both hands. Finally he spoke:

"I couldn't have lasted . . . five minutes . . . longer, Henry. It's lucky for me . . . you came. If you want to call it luck."

"Oh, Mister Paul, yo' is too sick to try to swim. You might a-drowned yo'se'f . . . Gawd! Whut ud Mister Guy say den?"

Moonlight turned the wet body of the black man to bronze. He sat erect, one arm supporting the head and shoulders of the other man.

Two naked men, one white, one black, in a boat on a still river. Nobody else. Everybody asleep. And the world saturate with moonlight.

Henry felt as though he, too, were sleeping. ". . . Mister Paul . . . Yo' is goin' to catch col' lyin' heah . . ."

". . . It doesn't matter . . . Don't move. Stay here quietly and let me rest for a while . . . Don't let me cough . . ."

The boat drifted slowly, came closer to the bank and rested finally in the deep shade of the trees. Beyond the shadow the moonlight turned the water into hundreds of shiny ripples. The scent of the jasmine hung in the air, sickeningly sweet. From fig-trees across the river came the clear crowing of a cock, repeated a moment later by distant challenges. Again. Again. Then silence.

The white man spoke: "Stars are pretty things, aren't they, Henry?"

Henry knew he must answer. It was bad for Mr. Paul to talk. He made a great effort:

"Yassuh. Sittin' in my do'way night-times I often watches stars. De ole folks say dat when de Big Dipper tips 'way up, like it is tonight, dat rain is comin'. De crops need rain, Mister Paul."

"Yes—rain." He was making an effort to breathe quietly. "What else do the stars tell you, Henry?"

"Well, suh, de ole folks say dat yo' can read yo' future in de stars. But me, I don't know. Is dat

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true, or is it jus' a way a-sayin' things?"

The white man was coughing now. Not coughing hard, but somehow he didn't seem able to stop. His hands were clutching the negro's arm, his body was twisted. Finally he made an effort to sit up, then fell limp against the black man's shoulder.

". . . Strange . . . The air is miles high, they say . . . It runs away up . . . and stretches all around us . . . but I'm greedy . . . I don't seem able to get enough . . ."

"Lemme tek' yo' home, Mister Paul!"

". . . Not yet . . . Let me rest and—"

"Please suh . . ."

"It isn't often that two men are alone like this in a boat on a river at night . . . The fact that we haven't any clothes makes a difference too . . . I mean . . . clothes are things that disguise men from each other . . . But here, in the dark, we are ourselves . . . like two shadows talking . . ."

"Please suh . . . I can feel yo' heart beatin' and bangin' . . ."

"Like two shadows talking . . . I can't feel my body any longer. I can only feel your strength holding me up . . ." His voice became stronger. "It has always been like this in the South . . . I mean, white men leaning on black men . . . From the beginning. We made slaves of you; we made you work for us . . . You made us rich . . . In rising, we pushed you further away from us . . . And yet, the system failed somehow . . . Not only the war and freeing the slaves . . . Something else."

"Yassuh . . . ?"

"Black men began to think, to move about, to go away . . . Why, you'll go away, Henry . . . Or if not you, your children. Do you want to go? To see things, to learn things?"

"Oh yassuh, I want to go *too* bad . . ."

Now it was Henry who was breathless. He couldn't talk. He was like an animal trying to tell a man it is thirsty.

"It's come to me to-night. You and I stand for something that no longer exists—I mean that you came when I needed you. Your strength supports me. I can feel your strength. Do you see? You have everything that I want in life—simplicity, health, strength and—and interest in living. I no longer want anything.

"But it was something else that I wanted to say. I—I am like this land. When your strength is taken away, I shall live no longer. Weeds will grow in the furrows—the fields will go back to the brush—Henry! This is why I couldn't get you out of my mind as I watched you sweating in the field—working for something that can never be yours because I have taken it from you!"

The negro tried to speak, but Mr. Paul went on talking. His hands quivered on the black man's arm: "I see now that I must help you. I can help you if you will let me. To-morrow I will take you from the field, take you to work for me. Your wages will go on, but I will teach you . . . I can give you your chance, Henry. Will you come?"

"I—I'd be *too* glad. Yo' cain't mean it, suh . . . ?"

"Yes, I can give you something to go forward on. But I can't give you happiness, because I don't know what happiness is . . . It may be that when you sit in your doorway looking

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at the stars that you are as happy as man was meant to be . . . I am happier now, this moment, than when I first knew success. But no! I must not tell you that. What I mean is this: I am happy now. Do you see? The river, the stars—a friend to show them to—"

"You don't mean me, Mister Paul?"

"Yes, you, Henry—like brothers, maybe—"

"Please suh, yo' is cold. Lemme tek' yo' in."

"Not yet. How sweet the jasmine smells—everything is rustling and moving about—the moon is getting larger—and smaller—"

"Oh Mister Paul, lemme carry yo' home. I'm afraid."

"Soon, Henry, soon. I'll be better in a little while."

"I can carry yo' easy, suh!"

"I'm heavy, Henry."

"No suh, yo' don' weigh nuthin'."

Catching at the overhanging boughs of the trees, Henry pulled the boat to shore and carried Mr. Paul up the bank, along the cotton rows and to the wire fence. The yellow dog followed close at Henry's heels and the white horse raised his head.

Stooping, he put Mr. Paul through the opening in the fence, then crawled in afterward. The light was still burning in the cabin. The negro put the white man on the bed gently, wiping dry his feet, and covering him with a quilt. Mr. Paul lay with closed eyes. He was breathing easier now.

The black man stood looking about the cabin, looking at Mr. Paul's silver-backed hair-brushes, at the pictures turned with their faces to the wall. One of those canvases was the picture of Henry and his mule. To-morrow morning, like the picture, Henry would belong in this cabin with Mr. Paul. He felt very thankful. Now he knew what he wanted to pray for: "Please . . . Jesus . . ."

But what was he thinking of, standing there like that? He must go and get Mr. Paul's clothes and his own. This was his job now, waiting on the white man, learning things from him. Ahead of him he saw happy years. Learning things. Going North. Seeing cities.

He went back to the river bank, put on his clothes again and picked up Mr. Paul's robe and slippers from the grass. The yellow cur had followed him and was running about, snapping at fireflies on the slope. Henry spoke to the cur happily: "We got us a new boss now, dawg!"

To-morrow morning! Everything was going to be different. This was the answer to everything. Henry was going to have his chance.

The dog darted on ahead, his tail erect, and ducked through the hole in the fence just as though he knew he were welcome at white folks's houses. Henry followed, holding the robe carefully away from the sharp ends of the broken wire. The dog was at the cabin door, standing in the lamplight, looking in. One fore paw was raised. He sniffed the air.

Then he raised his head and whined, retreated into the shadow and bayed,—a long, mournful howl.

Henry stopped short, his eyes wide, his breath indrawn. Suddenly he shivered, for, from far off, another dog had answered.

And then, from distant cabins, from beyond the river, and from down the lane came the howling of other dogs—as faint and as final as death cries heard in a dream.

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THE EXPLORER PASSES

The Able Executive Is Superseding the Romantic Adventurer

FITZHUGH GREEN

COLUMBUS discovered America in the *Niña*, *Pinta* and *Santa Maria*. Commander Byrd flew for the first time to the north pole in a plane named the *Josephine Ford*. It cost Columbus $2115 to discover America. The "New York Times" and "St. Louis Post-Dispatch" paid approximately $200,000 for a north pole date line, or $2000 a word for Amundsen's radio message sent from the apex of the earth on May 12, 1926. These facts do not reflect on Byrd or Amundsen. They mark the passing of a romantic figure of forty centuries of human history—the *explorer*. Peace be to his collective ashes. Most of our modern joy, comfort, knowledge and health we owe to him and his heroic kind.

The explorer of yesterday was a man with a good digestion, strong heart and a burning aspiration to *get somewhere*. "Two pounds of pemmican and a half-gallon of tea a day," was Peary's formula. On them, he declared, a man could go around the world in any direction.

The successful explorer of yesterday emulated the savages who inhabited the wilderness he penetrated. In the tropics he ate hot spices to stimulate his liver, in the arctic he mixed blubber with his meat to increase the dietetic fuel, and in the South Sea Islands he anointed his body with oil against the stings of deadly insects. Among the Mongols he slept naked in his furs in lieu of a bath, rubbing off his bodily filth and later airing the furs. Sir John Franklin recounts with gusto, how in a pinch he devoured steaks cut from leather breeches. Cortés ate monkey flesh and snakes.

To-day's traveler to the inaccessible corners of the globe, does well to have health; but that asset is of secondary importance. His first is his organizing and administrative ability backed by an engaging personality.

A fully equipped expedition to either pole, Tibet, Central Africa or the head waters of the Orinoco, costs from $100,000 to $500,000 depending on the size of ship and number of men. An expedition without private ship and first-rate scientists representing the major departments of research, can scarcely claim wide public attention. It lacks dramatic potentialities. Emergency doesn't mean much unless many lives and a great deal of money are imperiled; though unique peril often reaches higher levels of news value. Witness the tragic case of Collins stuck in his cave a few years ago.

The leader of a modern expedition

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sets about his work much as would the promoter of some new industry. Let us say he is an American and proposes to fly from New York to Berlin by way of the pole.

First comes a critical analysis of the project. He assumes he needs an airship, two rescue ships, one on each side of the Polar Sea, a party of scientists and assistants and plenty of food and equipment. He estimates the rough total cost at $1,000,000.

It is hard enough to get people to buy gilt-edge securities that pay six per cent, but it is immensely more difficult to get them to invest in an enterprise that not only will pay no dividends, but may end with a lot of unexpected bills. The sales technique, however, is the same in both cases.

The leader works out a "sales" thesis something along this line:

1. A New York-Berlin air route has commercial and diplomatic possibilities; thus its opening should appeal both to government and bankers.
2. Endurance of air-craft can be tested no better than by such a long and varied flight; thus it should appeal to aviation.
3. Observations in meteorology, oceanography, ornithology, can be made en route; this should appeal to scientific bodies.

The canny leader then approaches the key-men in each field. He readily wins support of the army or navy by referring to the publicity value of his project. Some high-minded capitalist, who also doesn't object to the distinguished publicity, comes next. His name is to appear on the expedition's letter-head, and new land may be named after him. The names of capitalists are already scattered over arctic, South American and African maps.

Aëronautical and scientific bodies depend on publicity for their nourishment. The leader finds them at once responsive to his scheme. If they cannot contribute, they lend prestige. Through them eminent scientific colleagues are secured.

Now the leader is in a position to make some public announcement of his enterprise. "New York to Berlin Over Frozen Pole" blaze the banners of the next day's press. The lid is off. Like throwing a handful of grain into a chicken yard, the leader has invited the parasitic fowl of the publicity world to come scuttling his way.

Bidding begins. The leader's agent here takes charge. It wouldn't be dignified for the leader to bargain; also it wouldn't be good business strategy. In ten days he signs contracts with a newspaper syndicate, a magazine editor, a lecture bureau, a book publishing house and a film corporation.

Advertising contracts are more tricky and must be very carefully handled. Makers of a well-known cigarette are said to have offered $25,000 last summer to have one of the transatlantic planes named after their brand. Everything from fuel oil to gum-drops is supplied free, if the leader will later acknowledge that he found the articles useful in his voyage.

Soon the assets and liabilities begin to show some signs of balancing. Of course the leader has protected himself by signing his companions up not to lecture or write about their exploits without his per-

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mission. But this is only fair. If half of the million dollars must be repaid, the leader has to reserve all channels of potential profit for himself.

Then comes the day of departure. By this time the various firms who have invested heavily in the venture, have organized and made sure that all phases of the expedition are well advertised. Such stress is laid on the proposed scientific work that the scientists become embarrassed. Indeed, the leader himself is somewhat overwhelmed by the tidal wave of tumult that rises to a crescendo as he waves his hand in farewell. But all this will sell his films, lengthen his lecture booking and raise the price on his radio reports.

Thus our modern explorer need think little of his digestion, save as it may be damaged by incessant banqueting; or of his heart, except that it must stand the test imposed on it by merciless journalists, promoters and directors of public relations.

He finds himself the administrator of a huge business enterprise. Pure physical courage and indifference to incidental hardships, such as canned food and cold fingers, are taken for granted. They are trifles as compared with the terrific responsibility he owes to his scores of backers.

This is not a cynical picture. It is a new phase of an old game. The covered wagon traveler who needed only a little extra axle-grease could in the same way be compared with the traveler of to-day who must remember tickets, money, safety-razor, trunk keys, baggage checks, pajamas, fountain-pen and check-book when about to set forth on a railway journey.

Moreover, the leader of a modern expedition, while less picturesque and dramatic, is far more to be admired than his predecessor. He must not only have calm nerves and great endurance, but must be a shrewd business man, a canny politician and an adroit manager. Even then he gambles largely. The modern leader still dies. Scott perished. But even worse, he goes bankrupt. Stefansson is said to have lost on his last venture all he had saved in a lifetime.

In a sense there is nothing left to explore, unless it be the upper reaches of the air. Both poles have been "found" more than once, continents have been delineated and virtually all the high peaks have been scaled. It is not likely that any startling discovery of human, animal or vegetable species remains to be made. Is the continuation of exploration therefore just a commercial milking of a gullible public?

Certainly there is a continuation. Byrd and Ellsworth are actively planning further arctic work, MacMillan went again to Labrador this year and Beebe worked in the Caribbean. Major Forbes-Leith plans to enter the fastnesses of eastern Persia after the wild Persian ass, Commander Dyott is at this writing just back from the River of Doubt, Nansen heads a central European committee to send a huge dirigible from Germany across the pole and Roy Andrews is chafing at the bit while Chinese turmoil holds up his search for relics of ancient man. James Clark is home from Tibet and Hurley, Mawson, Wilkins, Davis, Putnam and a score of others are assiduously preparing for excursions out

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beyond the fringes of civilization. Certainly the exploring business is not dead even if the explorer as a type, seems to have passed out.

But what is there left to do? How about this:

Seven eighths of the earth's surface has never been gazed on by human eye!

A brash statement, but it loses color when it is qualified to mean that surface under water. The bottom of the sea is the greatest field left for the explorer. It sounds unexciting when one pictures the cold sunless depths of the ocean, yet William Beebe has just crossed the threshold of this, the world's last mystery, to speak after the meretricious fashion of the publicist.

He used his diving helmet along coastal shallows. Already off Haiti he has shot fish with air rifle and gamboled with man-eating sharks in their native haunts. He has peered into dark ravines and sketched strange foliage haunted by stranger creatures. Further out he will use a "self-contained diving suit"; one that doesn't have to be dangled at the end of a long hose. He hasn't gone far with this part of his equipment because deep-sea exploration has hardly come to life. Jules Verne in his "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" probably gives a more accurate picture than Beebe, of the way our explorers will fare forth in a few years amid the undiscovered monsters of the deep.

For great depths, 5000 to 10,000 feet, Beebe will have himself lowered in a massive steel cylinder designed to withstand enormous pressure. This cylinder is being built by the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. Some hint of what he will find has already been brought up during his entertaining "Arcturus" cruise. He declares that creatures in those strata carry their own illumination. It is an electric-lighted world.

Vertically above the Beebe locale, lies still another about which man knows little. This is the upper layer of the atmosphere. True our telescopes have penetrated millions of light years out into space, but the clear blue sky immediately overhead is full of interest for mankind.

Sir Alan Cobham points out that flight at an altitude around 50,000 feet will enable a plane to attain speed bordering on 1000 miles an hour. This means crossing the continent between breakfast and lunch, crossing either ocean between lunch and dinner and circumnavigating the globe in a day. Perhaps we cannot picture man ever rising above 50,000 feet, but certainly we shall have "soundings" taken far beyond that figure within the next few years.

Macready's work above 30,000 feet, lends some hope that these wild dreams may one day be realized. He has flown comfortably above Dayton, Ohio, in temperatures 80° below zero, in an air so rare that but a few moments of it causes the aviator to lose consciousness.

The writer was in charge of test work at the Naval Proving Ground, Indian Head, Maryland, when Professor Robert Goddard, of Clark University, was investigating the ballistics of his upper-air rocket. Goddard is not, as so many suppose, a fanatical dreamer. He is a calm fact-facing realist. He is applying theoretical forces of ejected gases to a body capable of carrying recording instruments to high levels, and his

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principles are those of the Fourth of July sky-rocket. His fuel is gas, alcohol or high explosive. His goal is anything from 50,000 feet to the moon itself. He has made progress and physicists say he has initiated a series of experiments that must succeed.

There are still further fields of this semi-speculative sort that are less sensational and therefore less emphasized in the press. The earth's interior is still a gorgeous riddle. In the first quarter of the twentieth century it was considered solid, but before that it was thought to be molten liquid. Now many thinkers are veering back to the liquid idea, qualifying their views by saying that the liquid is under terrific pressure.

A hole in the ground deep enough to add measurably to our knowledge of the earth's crust, would cost a minimum of $70,000,000. This was the figure put upon the project after conference between a physicist and an eminent engineer not long ago. At this figure the facts might not warrant the expenditure. Majority of mineral deposits are laid down by water sedimentation, therefore the greater the depth, the less chance of rich results.

As a matter of fact we have scarcely begun exploration of the outer crust. The first oil-well in the United States, 1859, was sixty-nine feet deep. A few years ago a well 5000 feet deep was a curiosity—drillers this year have gone down 8000 feet.

The Standard Oil Company reports the case of Ventura, California, in which vertical exploration bore rich fruit. At 2215 feet fair oil flow was accepted as final. A year ago further exploration brought in a gusher at 5150 feet. To-day drillers in the neighborhood are uncovering oil levels as far down as 6000 feet.

We must not stray too far from our theme: that the explorer as a type has passed, but his prototype remains. What is the best use to which civilization can put these gifted and inspired individuals—these men who would be Columbuses and Magellans, Scotts and Pearys, had they lived in the age of pure exploration?

It is all very well to dress up atmospheric strata, to bait the aviator and seismographs to entice the human mole, but we suspect they must prove flat fare to the born adventurer—reminds one of moulding dog-biscuit in the shape of bones to win the dog. No, there has got to be something more tangible; something that can be dramatized into a very definite struggle.

There are signs that this something has already been sensed by a discerning few. It has to do with the present enormous increase of the world population. The Malthusian theory is losing ground before assaults of pacifists and hygienists. Life is being extended and war is daily less likely, despite the piercing cries of our jingoes.

Since 1920 the population of the United States has increased about 13,000,000. This increase by itself is greater than the entire population of Canada, and while Europe is still in her post-war birth-rate depression, her figures are rapidly coming back to normal. Moreover, she hasn't the emigration outlet to us she had before. It won't be over fifty years, some statisticians claim, before we reach the 200,000,000 mark.

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Here then is a germ for innumerable exploring expeditions: pioneering voyages between population centers to establish better communication lines, and voyages out into the waste spaces to begin developing sources of food and raw supplies for the world's swarming humanity.

This year's New York to Paris flight is a good sample of the former. The 1927 United States Geological Survey's expedition to Alaska, is a sample of the latter. Both are looked on in some quarters as fruitless, yet both satisfy the exploring instinct that will never die; and both cater to the problem of swollen populations.

The British are especially active along this line. They have always had young men of an exploring turn of mind and England is astute enough to see the value of turning such youths to useful expansion work for the Empire.

The British Air Ministry has put through a plan for construction of a huge dirigible that will connect her colonies by air. This airship will be 720 feet long and have an air speed of seventy miles an hour, with a gas capacity of about 5,000,000 feet, or more than twice the size of the *Shenandoah*. The range of this ship will be on the order of 9000 miles at her economical cruising speed, and she will be able to carry one hundred passengers with baggage. Mooring-masts have already been erected at Cairo and Delhi. Mammoth sheds for "dry docking" are also being built at the same places.

These details give a picture of gigantic enterprise that must whet the appetite of the explorer. The whole thing is in the nature of a grand experiment. Pioneering flights by plane to date over the same course, can almost be numbered on the fingers of one hand. Pilots on such a ship going out into air territory largely unknown, are justly comparable to early explorers of the unknown seas.

Recently a Spanish aviator winged his way from Europe to South America over the rough trade-wind belt. He was the pioneering agent, indirectly at least, of the great Colon Company of Spain which has just been backed by the Spanish Government, with an appropriation of $5,000,000. This company has ordered from the German Zeppelin Company, a dirigible three times the size of our *Los Angeles*, for service on the route.

Our House of Representatives has voted $200,000 to commence work on a new American dirigible of a capacity exceeding 6,000,000 cubic feet (the *Shenandoah* was 2,100,000 cubic feet). Navigating this craft over long traverses on all points of the compass, will be work for the explorer. Indeed, the viking craft of Leif Erickson were in some ways safer and more enduring than our flimsy-engined balloons.

It may seem a little far-fetched to try to divert propensity for exploring to commercializing desert land, but there is much in common between the tasks, if they are not identical.

The total land area of the United States is 1903 million acres and only 800 million acres of this are considered arable. Scientific exploration of our swamp and desert areas under the direction of capable administrative leaders can be justly classed for thrill and profit with polar flights and African adventures. Russia,

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England and France are busy at this sort of thing already.

The first hydraulic power-plant was installed in 1869 in the northern French Alps. Since then prodigious development has taken place. More power must now be sought for the good and the safety of mankind just as is more food. Though the layman scarcely knows such a thing exists, there are at least two heavily capitalized companies enlisting crack aviators for exploration and mapping of regions that may hold "white coal."

Speaking of coal brings up the point that our known fuel supplies are not unlimited. Oil companies "wild cat" consistently; that is, they spend a certain percentage of their incomes in experimenting with new fields; this form of exploration is but a forerunner of intensive scouring of the globe from end to end for more coal, oil and other deposits that might be turned into fuel.

Professor East, the Harvard economist, says: "Strip the Treaty of Versailles of its verbiage, dissect the work of the Washington Conference, unravel the tangles at any international meeting-place and what are they in the last analysis? They are the efforts of peoples banded together into political units to secure survival for themselves and their descendants."

In spirit and result this has also been the true burden of the explorer's task. That he has ceased to be a leathery-skinned zealot with often more back than brain, does not belie the fact his soul goes marching on. The romantic explorer as a type has passed. His successor is outwardly much changed. Yet inwardly our shrewd urbane leaders of spectacular flights and voyages have not changed: they are the bold resourceful adventurers of old. Much of mankind's future is in their hands.

PAINTED HUSSY

BARBARA MADISON TUNNELL

Now autumn, like a wanton who invites
All plunderers, visits the land again,
Her flagrant dress and figure shocking sights
For decent, biddable, home-keeping men.
Laughing at spring's exploited innocence,
And scorning summer's steady ardent heat,
She flaunts her prodigal magnificence,
And lures a lover out of every street.

That some chose virgin spring and others made
Dull vows to matron summer, I've no doubt,
But some prefer this gaudy blowzy jade
Whose harvests are for all who seek her out—
Until grim winter finds her, spent and bare,
With frosted bittersweet twined in her hair.

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James Whitcomb Riley

A Sketch of His Life and an Appraisal of His Work

Edgar Lee Masters

The County Fair of Middle Western America was not a Vanity Fair to the people themselves. The balloon ascent was thrilling enough, and no one dreamed of the aëroplane. There were side-shows of performing Chinese, fire-eaters and the like; wheels of fortune, and barkers selling razors, can-openers and glass-cutters. The event attracted the country fiddlers, some of whom played for the platform dancers. Under the big trees beyond the race-track the shadows and the grass invited the farmer people and the villagers with their lunches, and the fire blazed for the making of coffee. For a week the same people walked the grounds ruining the grass and making paths to the sheds where the live stock was exhibited, or the products of the soil.

One saw for all this time, day by day the same faces, the same roisterers, the same old notables wearing stove-pipe hats and doe-skin coats; the same couples paired for the occasion, and soon to be paired for life. Every day the merry-go-round whirled to some melodic air that the boys were soon whistling, and which, after the Fair was closed, became the memorial voice of the ended carnival. A neighborhood flavor and character was developed in that one happy week, as it does in a town, as it did in fact in Indiana, which became a Fair with a spirit all its own.

A few other things must be added to the allegory. The Fair draws to its side the Muse of Memory. The old are present, those who have made the county, held office and waged the wars. The young sit on the grass with them at the lunch hour, and learn the tales of an earlier day. Queer characters, rural wits, men happy in drink, move amid the throngs, or stand about regaling each other with neighborhood news. By them may be standing bright-eyed youths with aptitudes for character and humor; and one of these may be a future James Whitcomb Riley feeding his genius on idiomatic turns of speech, odd sayings and pictorial episode. In fact this very thing happened to Riley. Indiana was a happy County Fair to him, which he saw under unusual advantages, and with eyes peculiarly gifted for gathering in what was quaint and joyous and innocent in country and village life. His State and his people had developed a culture distinctive of the first pioneer days; they had a spirit of their own of which such politicians as Vorhees was one expression, and Lew Wallace, Charles Major, Meredith Nicholson and Booth Tarking-

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ton were another; and Riley in poetry was still another. Each had his individual voice; but the overtone was this Indiana, this beautiful State carved from the old Northwest, with its admixture of southern feelings and ways of life, and its alertness to business, means of prosperity, politics, learning, books and the romantic outlook, transmuted from adventure, land hunting, the log-cabin, and the happiness of primitive living.

Riley did not wish, even if he could have done so, to go behind the happy appearances of the Fair. He might mention at times that there were fights, that some one was "stobbed"; but he did not penetrate to dramatic reasons. The old fiddler was always lovable, never trivial or clownish. The pioneers were heroic figures of the land-clearing days, of the trials of the wilderness, of the log-cabin with its happy simplicities. If they were prudent and sagacious old land traders who made good use of their chances, that was not for poetical treatment. He showed the Fair and its personages in their holiday dress, gay and amiable, laughing and feasting; if grieving or wounded, tenderly attended, and if ludicrous, still lovable. At the Fair he found the Aunt Marys, the Orphant Annies, the philosophical cobblers, the happy crippled boys. He did not probe for secrets and for causes; for to him, diagnosis was a form of cruelty. He may have learned something from Hogarth, whose life he studied with diligence as a boy and young man. If so he applied what he admired in the work of that painter to character depiction of amiable humor and tender sympathy. He did not gather stories in Vanity Fair. Aunt Mary's faults, if any, remain unveiled; the crippled boy's father is dismissed with a humorous line. When he became famous he gave his creed to the younger Cawein for him to follow too, confiding in him the secret of the great truth which the poet sees and should guard from any touch too merely human. "Give nothing to it," he wrote, "but pure joy and beauty, and compassion and tenderness: a Christ-like laying on of hands on brows that ache, and wounds that bleed, fainting from pain, and worn and weary."

What Riley did in his more than twenty books, was to give pure joy and compassion and tenderness, and very often great beauty to the Fair that he knew, to the life of Indiana of the pioneer days down to the dawn of the twentieth century. He put Indiana as a place and a people in the memory of America, more thoroughly and more permanently than has been done by any other poet before or since his day for any other locality or people. This challenging comparison will evoke the claims of other poets: Whittier and Bret Harte, for example. But Riley created many more types than Whittier did; and he did it with greater variety and charm, and truer to the atmosphere of the fair. Riley was more of the people than Whittier was, for he had a richer *wanderjahre;* but if he was not more of the people, Riley's people were more to be with than Whittier's. The stocks of Scotch-Irish and English and Germans which poured into Indiana during the first half of the nineteenth

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century from the Carolinas, Virginia, Pennsylvania, from Tennessee and from Kentucky, were a more vital, human and picturesque people than the New Englanders with whom Whittier dealt, and who for two centuries before his day, had lived in a state of unchanged and arrested activity. Bret Harte succeeded with a few strokes of satiric genius, the "Heathen Chinee," in chief, perhaps; but all in all, Bret Harte merely made a report of the American adventurer who absorbed a Spanish colony into the body of American life. The California of Bret Harte is a land that came and went as a camp, pitched and taken down. The Indiana of Riley was the spread of a people who founded a State and populated it before he was born. His first vision of it showed him what it was at first, and what it had grown from without greatly changing its character.

By 1870 when Riley was about twenty years of age, and had begun to appraise the part of the world into which he had been born, and who its inhabitants were, a definite and coherent culture met his active imagination, though it was in fact the culture of the County Fair which he saw. Around him were settled counties named for Jefferson, Jackson, Washington, and for Putnam, Clay, Fulton and DeKalb, all notables of the great days of struggle and beginning in America. He was born in Greenfield, Hancock County, not far from Indianapolis, and something more than half way across the State from Vincennes, which was the scene of the heroic exploits of George Rogers Clark during the year of Valley Forge in the Revolution. As things go in America, Indiana was old when Riley began to know it. It was thoroughly suited to his genius, and he loved it from his boyhood to his last days. Nothing ever allured him from it, nor so much as tempted him to leave it, even in the days of his fame and when his life was still in the making. He was happiest among its people, to whom he returned, glad as a boy to be home again; once from England, which did not attract him, and often from travels over America when he became the greatest platform poet that our country has produced.

In the twenties of the nineteenth century, the father and mother of Riley came into this land of Indiana. His father, born in Pennsylvania in 1819, was a soldier and afterward a lawyer of fame in his locality of Greenfield, for his eloquence both at the bar and on the stump. His mother was born in North Carolina, but as an infant came to Indiana, where Reuben Riley, the father of James Whitcomb, had preceded her by a few years. It was not into poverty that the poet was born, but into an atmosphere of moderate resources which was found among the rural professional and trading people of that day in Indiana and Illinois, and known in both States much later than Riley's youth. Riley was blessed, as Goethe was, by a mother of happy spirituality. She was a woman of joyous heart, a nature of pure delight, in love with the life about her in Indiana. Her father, John Marine, was a flat boat-builder, a revivalist and maker of rhymes, and a leader in the Methodist camp-meetings. For the faith of Wesley had largely taken Indiana

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by John Marine's day, and even as late as 1900, the Methodist church led all others in Indiana in the number of its communicants. The vision of mystical transformation of heart, with sudden purity of spirit, in which the convert felt and knew God, was in harmony with rolling prairies, and grassy hills and valleys around the Wabash and its tributaries. This religion under the influence of nature, became a form of pantheism, which influenced its children to tender pieties and hospitable fellowships, spiritual emotions which entered into the receptive genius of Riley.

Elizabeth Riley was a true child of this primitive country, and as she heard from her father and mother the story of Lafayette's visit to Henry Clay, which was being paid while they bore her as an infant down the Ohio and into Indiana, so later when she was growing to maturity on the banks of the Mississineva in Randolph County, she talked face to face with Johnny Appleseed, the happy and ragged planter of orchards, as he sat like a crow on the rail-fence, and recounted his travels. Along the way she gathered a fund of stories upon which she nurtured the imagination of her son, and bequeathed to him her passion for Nature, her genius of delight with the hills and the streams, which entranced her from the days when she was accustomed to climb to high spots in order to have the happiness of looking at the blue smoke curling from cabins in the pure air of the dawn. Gardens and fruit-trees enthralled her, and one of her friends reported that when she stood amid hollyhocks, she seemed to be in a spell. She saw oranges in the evening sky and red birds and gold finches appeared to her fancy as flying flowers.

The love between Riley and his mother is one of the most beautiful in literary annals. Her very name, Elizabeth, was music to his ears. He repeated it in awe, lingering with rapture over its cadences. He treasured her stories of the old days, her accounts of tramps about the little streams of Randolph County and her descriptions of the Beautiful River, which were her words when speaking of the Mississineva. And thinking through the years of her blue eyes and bright hair, she came to him as his dream of the Golden Girl, the Good Muse, and it dawned upon him that it was his mission to write poems of Indiana and its people, and to dedicate to memory the pictures and the music which this mother of the woodlands had given to his receptive mind. She was the love and the support, and also the divinity, who arose to bless and guide his dreams, and to inspire his hands to the portraiture of the pure beauty which he instinctively sought, when almost with the suddenness of a mystical transformation of heart, he became conscious of his genius. Before his awakening, and by the time that Riley was ending his sign-painting days, she died, leaving him to say of her, that taking "the first step with the good thought, the second, with the good word, and the third, with the good deed, she entered Paradise." So runs the Persian parable.

As Riley had everything in the influence of his mother to stimulate his vision of the goodness in women,

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to see the Aunt Marys, the kind Lizy Ellens, the tender Malindys who talked so "lovin'" of their men "that's dead and gone," of the Katys who grieved for sons killed in the war, of the whole gallery of simple-hearted and lovable souls; so in his boyhood in Greenfield was his life shaped for that intimate depiction of childhood which he gave to those most moving poems of little orphan girls and of little crippled boys, and to the inarticulate sorrow which comes from the loss of a child—poems stamped with deathless fame. They are truer to the current speech of a people than any poems written by an American, for not only are they truer in idiom, but they are truer in cadence and in dramatic fidelity to the language that his people spoke.

In choosing incidents and situations from common life, Riley employed a "language really used by men," to quote Wordsworth's preface to his own "Lyrical Ballads"; and if he did not actually surpass Wordsworth in the results, he used the Indiana dialect with such perfection that we in America must find his work more understandable, as it is closer to our lives. If a vernacular is to be reproduced, grammatical errors, and elisions must be reproduced; but more important still the ways of thinking and feeling of the particular people must be divined and portrayed. Riley did all of this. Because he knew and loved the children of Greenfield when he was a boy there, and the children of other places too, as he went on in life; because he knew the people of his land, his poems have in them the rise and fall of living voices; the whispers of wounded affection, of patient sorrow; and they carry of their own internal inspiration, the rhythm and the music of human passion.

In addition to the influence of his mother and the happy environment of his adolescence, his schooling was adequate, and not at fault. In the common schools he found poems in the McGuffey readers. At home he had Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales," which gave him the Greek and Roman myths; he had the "Lives of Eminent Painters and Sculptors," over which he pored again and again. He read Irving's sketches and histories, the "Alhambra" in particular; and "Oliver Twist" and much of Dickens. Later he went to the township library where he found the life of Boone, "Don Quixote," "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Arabian Nights" which became his constant delight. He read Tennyson and then Longfellow, whose poems never ceased to hold his admiration and devotion. To the last he traveled with Longfellow's poems and kept them by him. All the while in these formative years there were Greenfield and his boy chums, the walks into the country to Deer Creek, to the old swimming holes, where he stored his mind with details of color, and with sounds of animals, birds and pastoral life. In the evenings he had an instruction and a delight which have probably passed away from American boyhood, since the movie has come to amuse the youth of the land. There was the cobbler shop of Tom Snow, the Greenfield Socrates, where the boys came to sit for long hours to listen to words of wisdom and tales of wonder. The movie does not take

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the place of the cobbler's, or the barber shop, for it furnishes character made, not the material of character to be made by the observer.

One opportunity for gathering stories and poetical material seems to have left Riley's interest unexcited. He did not haunt the court room and listen to the trial of cases. Rather he was to be found walking with his beloved school teacher, Lee O. Harris, who diverted him from dime novels to Scott and Longfellow. These two strolled through the sugar-orchards together, making up rhymes as they went. In this happy boyhood that Riley lived, he acquired the most minute knowledge of the farmer folk, their mode of life and speech; and noting the speech of the village people, he discerned the difference between their locutions, between farmers and traders, laborers and odd characters. It was Riley's extraordinary ear, which making fine distinctions, heard and stored the idiom of the Hoosiers, so that when he made a character say, "When the army broke out," meaning when the war broke out, he was able to meet criticism out of the East and to prove that his ear and hand had not gone astray. His ear was equally sensitive to the speech of children, the brogue of the Irish, the broken words of the German, and the humorous turns and slips of negroes. "When de Folks is Gone" is not surpassed in our American production for keen portrayal of a certain type of negro, his way of talking and feeling. It is a perfect piece of dialect verse. So it was in these days of care-free life in Greenfield that he came to know the Griggsbys, and Squire Leachman, and numberless others whose portraits adorned his gallery at last.

Something happened now after the boyhood days in Greenfield, after his failure as a clerk in a store, after working for Tom Snow in the cobbler shop. He became a roving sign-painter, writing little rhymes as well, for the stores of the villages which he visited. This led to his traveling with Dr. McCrillus, who sold patent medicines. And at last he joined the Wizard Oil Company, which in those days sent a wagon and entertainers about the country, who barked on the village streets, and sold liniment to the rheumatics. Under a flaring light some member of the troupe told stories and heralded the magical therapy of the oil, and some one else sang a topical song and played the banjo or guitar. Riley was a rich acquisition to such an enterprise. He could not only sing songs, but he could compose them; he could not only tell stories, he could mimic character. In fact so unusual were his histrionic gifts, that years later when Coquelin and Sir Henry Irving heard Riley recite character poems, they expressed the opinion that the stage had lost a star. And at last while strolling with these medicine-wagons, he learned to play the guitar, and he played and sang to the crowds, not in monotonous chords, but with variety out of his excellent musical ear. He was not destined, however, to be a musician, even though Ole Bull came into the field of his various inspirations. He heard the great violinist, then took up the violin, but having jammed his thumb in a door one day, he could not afterward manipulate the strings. One em-

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ployment after another for his talents dropped away. He had failed miserably in mathematics at school. His father wanted him to be a lawyer, and put him to reading Blackstone, but his mind stumbled over dates, and over the tangle of feudal tenures. Meanwhile his signs in rhyme, his verses were going about from mouth to mouth, giving him a local fame, while he had been dreaming of being a musician, an actor, and at last an editor. And then, when twenty-six years of age, he sold a poem to "Hearth and Home," edited at the time by Ik Marvel. This fixed his ambition to be a poet, and to join a newspaper for a livelihood.

Launched now upon his career as a country editor, first on the "Greenfield News," later on the "Anderson Democrat," and later still on the "Indianapolis Journal," he poured forth an amazing quantity of verse in conventional English and in dialect. These early verses show a competent command of form and rhyme, of swinging meters harmoniously constructed. And in spite of alliterations like "glamour and glory," and of sentiment run to excess at times, some of his first lyrics have merit, but they did not have marked individuality. They were not subtle—their music was commonplace; but they were well turned. Considering what his contemporaries were producing then, and the susceptibility of a beginning poet to the fashions of the hour, either to follow them successfully, or to vary from them consciously, and in doing so to betray the line of departure, it is easy to make allowance for these first verses. One might say they were better in Riley's case, than "Hours of Idleness" were in Byron's, while they may be compared to each other in respect to conforming skill and music. But on the other hand his purely topical or newspaper verse which he was turning out as fast as a reporter writes copy, is better than much of the newspaper verse of this day. Indeed when he resorted to dialect, he was highly successful from the first, for dialect always gave him the most authentic command of his genius for telling a story or drawing a character. In addition to these more serious productions, he abandoned himself to quips and cranks, to parodies and to literary pranks out of an abounding vitality among which was the hoax of "Leonanie," palmed off on the Indiana public, and the country at large as a poem of Edgar Allen Poe, and which deceived both for a time. As a parodist Riley has never had an equal in America.

He was now in the middle twenties and past, a youthful wonder, perhaps, to his intimates; certainly a writer of fast growing reputation; but he was a talent of late and slow growth. He was thirty-four when he published his first book, "The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems"; but it contained "When the Frost Is on the Punkin," first given to the world in 1882; besides "Thoughts of the Discouraged Farmer," and "On the Death of Little Mahala Ashcraft." The last, though included by Stedman in his American anthology of 1900, is less successful than many of Riley's other poems in the same manner. The writing of verse is like the playing of the violin or the piano, in the

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particular that the same instrument and same piece of music in the hands of different virtuosos, yield entirely different results in point of manner, emphasis, everything that makes an interpretation. The physical and psychical organization of the player make the difference. And similarly iambics or anapests reduced to the same meter in the hands of different poets make a different music. Iambic pentameter when used by Tennyson, does not sound like the iambic pentameter of Swinburne or Bryant; any more than their voices resembled each other's. It is the way the stops are played, the pauses made, the stresses employed; it is the manner of varying the use of other kinds of feet that produce the total result. All of these things are to be accounted for on the basis of the spiritual diaphragm of the poet; and that is his genius. The characteristic voice of the poet, in consequence, will sound in everything he writes, no matter what rhythm or what meter he uses. His inner ear will inevitably select the time and the tone best suited to it; and these will adapt themselves to the landscape he loves and the spiritual flavor of the people he understands, so subtle is the penetration of musical words. Now Riley wrote quatrains and sonnets, even in dialect; he used in fact a good many verse schemes; but the most characteristic expression of his spiritual timber was in this rhythm, and the modifications which he made of it:

"When the frost is on the punkin and
the fodder's in the shock."

This is ascending rhythm, suited to narrative; and with its anapestic feet, and four stresses, remains fast, even under the colloquial drawl with which it must be spoken. It was a measure peculiarly adapted to Riley's emotional pulsations, and therefore to the ends of his lyrical and dramatic genius. Whenever he drew portraits of horse-traders, rural philosophers, returned wanderers, beloved neighbors, old men and farmer folk, he used it. The fact that he employed it in his first poem of note is in itself, significant, and shows how his spirit guided his hand. It was also adapted in its exact beat, or in modification, to his idealization of the "airly days," to that emotional reverie through which he saw color and light, shadows and forms, and the descriptive details of his beloved Indiana.

Before Riley published his first book he had opened a correspondence with Trowbridge, who was not so gracious to him as Longfellow was, to whom he sent some poems for criticism as early as 1876. Longfellow wrote him that his poems showed "the true poetic faculty and insight," but that he could not enter into a minute discussion of their merits. Yet Longfellow was particular enough to say that Riley had used the word "prone" when he meant "supine." When Riley published "The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems" Longfellow was dead, the year being 1883 in which Browning gave to the world "Jocoseria," which contained "Wanting is—what?" "Never the Time and the Place," and "Ferishtah's Fancies"; and to Browning in Italy, among other celebrities of the day, Riley sent his book. What Browning thought of these dramatis personae of Indiana, we are denied the pleasure of knowing. He seems not

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to have acknowledged the receipt of the book, if in fact it reached him. But perhaps the impassable gulf lying between *Evelyn Hope* and little *Mahala Ashcraft* put it beyond Browning to greet the new bard.

Now Riley's name began to rise in the world, and soon the lecture platform called to him. He had the problem of making a livelihood, and at first his books did not bring a great deal of money. But there was prosperity ahead in reciting poems, and at first there was the delight of delighted audiences, and he knew his mimetic gifts from the old days of the medicine wagon. He quickly won great favor as a lecture star, and later money too, after he had extricated himself from an improvident contract, made at the beginning when he was oblivious of business considerations, and was thinking of the unusual career that was opening for him. Finally when he associated himself with Nye, with whom his friendship was intimate and affectionate to the last, America saw a combination of platform talent better than anything that had preceded it, and which has not been duplicated to this day. He had wonderful mastery over such poems as "The Happy Little Cripple," "Griggby's Station," and "Little Orphant Annie." It was an unforgetable experience to hear him render them. Audiences sat spellbound, and then gave themselves to laughter and the drying of eyes. And with his recitations over the country, and many books successively appearing, and with his name very much in the magazines of New York, many honors and friends came to him. Degrees were bestowed upon him; he was elected to membership in learned societies. Lowell hailed him as a true poet; Howells and Mark Twain, Joel Chandler Harris and Charles A. Dana acclaimed him; many of the great of that day became his devoted admirers and correspondents. He bore his honors with dignity approaching humility; for he could scarcely see himself, once the sign-painter and roving medicine vender and maker of little rhymes, as the celebrity now deserving such attention. But he did not get the idea that his success entitled him to leave Indiana, and to try for something more in keeping with his new life, in Boston or New York. He never lost perspective upon himself. After all the applause of the country, the great dinners where he sat with other notables, the tributes paid him in oratory and in verse and prose, his greatest honor, as he deemed it, was when the governor of Indiana appointed Riley's birthday anniversary a State holiday, and he rode through the streets of Indianapolis, hailed by the school children whom he loved with such perfect integrity of heart.

This is a hurried outline of his career. He lived a busy and intense life, and as a poet and a reciter of poems his days were crowded. In his fame he was much sought, and often had to steal away to secluded and unknown places, to write.

At about sixty years of age, ill health came to him, due as much or more to the exhaustion of the lecture platform as anything else. Any one who reads of Riley's tours of the country, particularly if he has ever gone through the ordeal of catching

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trains, greeting people, being dined and keeping irregular hours, will believe that these labors more than anything else took away his strength, and shortened his life to something less than the allotted three score years and ten.

In classifying Riley's total output, making allowance first for the fact that many of his poems belong in two or more columns, for example that many of his child-poems are also dialect poems, it will be found that he wrote 223 poems about or for children; 141 poems of nature; 139 love poems; 136 humorous poems in dialect; 119 poems of tribute or for occasions; 77 poems of reflection; 74 narrative or dramatic poems; 70 poems of bereavement; 60 poems of backward turning fancy to old days; 40 poems on the various holidays; 25 on friendship and 22 on patriotism. The love poems have tenderness; a few approach to a certain passion, but they are not really passionate. They belong to the chivalric days of America when it was believed that women were better than men—to the days of the angelic woman. At the first he wrote a good many poems to inamoratas, but they are romantically mild. In 1875 he published "An Old Sweetheart of Mine":

As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known;
So I turn the leaves of fancy, till in shadowy design,
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

To quote this and drop the subject would be unfair to Riley. He did vastly better than this over and over again. In 1885, for example, he wrote a sonnet entitled "When She Comes Home," a beautiful celebration of domestic reunion after absence. In the same key of intensity is "The Wife Blessed," a lyric of exquisite refinement which sings marital happiness. But of passion that overwhelms with disaster and suffering, but with ecstasy too, he wrote no line. Men and women separated by tragic circumstance, trusting souls reduced by faithlessness to misery, could not have escaped his observation. And for dramatizing such souls he had before him Byron and Browning; yet Riley held to his creed of "laying Christ-like hands on brows that ache and wounds that bleed." That creed belonged to the nature of the man who was enraptured of hollyhocks and old-fashioned roses, but whom the beauty of woman led neither to memorable romance nor to matrimony.

His mild and chivalrous treatment of romantic love might be analyzed until its causes were traced to their source; but it suffices here to mention the fact alone. Neither Longfellow nor the poetical fashions of his day would have held him to the course he pursued if it had been in him to follow another. And similarly Hogarth, whom he read about so diligently in youth, left him uninfluenced for the contemplation and report of Hogarthian types, men or women, who were so much before his eyes in Indiana, look where he would to avoid seeing them. He took note of raggedy men, rural loafers at the country store, tramps, and such types, but he depicted them lightly and humorously; their deeper trag-

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edies he never touched. He had vivid powers of character-drawing; but had he had capacity for more searching drama, which he did not have, the brake which he really put on his genius, and the blinders which he fastened over his eyes, kept him from portraying other than the rural mirth and the innocent sorrows of the Fair.

Looked at another way, his work divides itself between poems written in conventional English and in a variety of measures; and poems written in dialect, but chiefly in the Hoosier dialect. When he wrote sonnets and lyrics in the traditional manner of the great English poetry he spoke for himself. When he wrote in dialect his characters spoke. They were a more authentic voice of his genius than his own voice was. Though his sonnets at their best were as effectual as those his American contemporaries produced, they lacked the unified condensation, the crystal summation which makes a sonnet a thing of memorable perfection. To enforce this point comparison may be made between his sonnet on a cricket and Keats's. Keats was a great master of the sonnet, to be sure; but the fact that Riley was not can be proved by placing their sonnets side by side. Stepping to a lower level of comparison, Riley's lyrics at their best are not inferior, and perhaps they are not equalled by those of any American poet of his day; and this is true in spite of the fact that sometimes only Riley's childlike sincerity save them from over tenderness, from the unrestraint which blinds sympathy to reality.

At times he attempted work that in no way belonged to him, such as "The Flying Islands of the Night." Indeed many of his poems in standard English give the impression of Aunt Mary dressed for some great occasion, and who looks odd to us in her silk gown, too fine and yet not fine enough. It may have been that the critical attacks made upon him for the use of dialect caused him to show the world what he could do in the Keats, Longfellow or Swinburne manner. But he was sustained in many ways for his use of dialect, by the example of Burns for one thing, and Tennyson for that matter. And certainly when Lowell and Howells called his successes in dialect indisputable poetry, he was justified in heeding them more than his critics, who were nothing but poetical scribes at best. Lastly he must have known that in this field of poetry he was a master, and one of the few conspicuous masters of the world. "Out to Old Aunt Mary's," "Griggsby's Station," "Little Orphant Annie," "Jim," and "The Happy Little Cripple," are not surpassed for pathos in the English language; and they have great beauty—the beauty of the Indiana hills and fields, of hollyhocks and yellow roses, and the song of the robin, in no wise impugned by a preference for the majesty of mountains or the ecstasy of the skylark.

But his work of incomparable merit, of unmatched excellence was in the field of childhood delineation. Here he has no equal, and no one to be mentioned in the same breath with him. Here he was pure genius. The work of other poets in this domain is artificial compared to Riley's.

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It is but tin toys prettily made and brightly painted and varnished when placed by the side of Riley's flesh and blood creations, native to a spot and a life of America—now vanished! His success with poems of children was largely due to the fact that he really loved them, and by reason of his child-like heart entered into their secrets. For humor one will look far to find anything in verse to excel "A Liz Town Humorist," "Joney," "Doc Sifers," "An Idiot," "Jap Miller," "Thoughts on the Late War," "The Raggedy Man," "Our Hired Girl," "Some Scattering Remarks of Bub," "Rubaíyat of Doc Sifers," "His Pa's Romance," and many besides these. They make a whole gallery of American types, too priceless ever to be lost. They are distinctively our own.

Satire and irony do not conduce to "pure joy and beauty and compassion"; but they were not among Riley's gifts. Neither did the experiences of his life, his early conditioning prepare him to use them. Saving a romantic pining for the "airly days," America suited and pleased him. The religious atmosphere around him gave him no disturbance; the course of the country politically met his approval. He venerated such figures as McKinley and Harrison who was one of the poet's friends and admirers. His man with the hoe owned a farm; there was no emptiness of the ages in his face, but it was lighted with smiles, and the jaw was not let down and not brutal; it was square and strong and told of the forests which had been felled, and the fields which had been cultivated. Riley's fallen in the Philippines had served the country patriotically, and they had joined the son of Katy, with whom Riley could sympathize "as she reads all his letters over, writ from the war,"—from the camp at Gettysburg. The liberty that Whitman chanted did not interest Riley; and if he may be classed with Burns as a singer of the wild-woods and of simple hearts, he has no part with the saturnine Scotchman when he flamed forth with such searing satire upon hypocrisy, privilege and cant. Riley lived and wrought in what might be termed the Old Gold Age of American life; and his best work was done when he was about fifty, and the twentieth century dawned. When he was thirty-seven he sang:

Tell me a tale of the timberlands,
And the old time pioneers—
Somepin a pore man understands
With his feelin's well as ears.

To the last he looked back wistfully at a halcyon past, as if, after all, his present was not everything he made himself believe it was. Well for him that he did not see much of the Age of Steel, which had begun to build factories and blasts, at the very gates of the County Fair!

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The Man Who Gave Up

Only One of the Casualties Along the Road

Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy

I have before me as I write, a pile of newspaper clippings taken from the daily press of the last few months. They relate to suicide. Almost at random I select one. It is dated San Francisco, and tells how the body of an unidentified man, a suicide, had been found under a tree on the grounds of Fort Funston, by a soldier of the fort. "The man," the account continues, "was apparently sixty-five years old, five feet seven inches tall with gray hair and a gray mustache, short clipped. He wore a gray suit with red pin stripes. His cuff links were initialed 'R.' In his pockets were $1.17 and a note which read: 'I am going deaf and blind. Enough said!' It was unsigned. In his right hand the man held a thirty-eight automatic with which he had killed himself."

Such a story is a commonplace of our modern life. It is a type, only one of a great array of other types, men, women and children. The daily papers are full of such cases, and in our year-books we find them all assembled, a ghastly army, segregated into ages, sexes and callings. Among them are not only poor but rich, not only low but high, for in this strange realm, the borders of which seem to spread out as civilization develops, there is no respect of persons. I copy this paragraph from one of our many almanacs:

"The victims of suicide include also a large number of people socially prominent, educated and wealthy. Among those during 1923, were 62 physicians, 48 lawyers and judges, 14 ministers, 32 college students, 64 bankers, 72 brokers, 43 actors, 26 editors, 32 club-men, 50 society women and over 100 wealthy men and women, some being ranked as millionaires, aside from 110 presidents and owners of large business concerns."

For the entire country the average rate is about 17 per 100,000 or in a population of 105,000,000 about 18,000 a year, the suicide rate among men being nearly three times as great as that among women.

America is admittedly the wealthiest, and is all-hailed as the most privileged country in the world. Nowhere else are physical comforts so widely diffused; nowhere else is the necessity list so extended and the luxury list so curtailed; nowhere else, it might be supposed, should the joy of life be so firmly entrenched. Yet, in Ireland, where poverty stalks everywhere, the suicide rate is 2.5 per 100,000 against America's 17. What is to be said about it?

Professor Masaryk, in his able

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book on suicide, attributes its steady growth to the decay of religion, and regards it as an insidious disease, noting with distress, how its growth keeps pace steadily with the growth of civilization. There is much learned discussion on the matter everywhere. The empiricist sits up aloft, and watches the world go by; he observes various things about suicide, its seasonal character, the steadiness of its ratio, the preference of certain classes and certain peoples for certain methods, and above all, its remorseless increase. He gets himself so stirred up that at last he can stand it no longer, and leaping from his seat, descends in a panic.

"Among the leaders of world civilization," he exclaims, "here is the situation: the birth-rate is declining, crime is increasing, lawlessness bubbling over, and the suicide rate steadily mounting up with all the insidious silence of a rising tide. Nowhere is this state of things more apparent than right here in America."

Well, strangely enough, none of these things alarms me. The fact that suicide is on the increase can only indicate to those who are willing to look far enough, not the approach of something evil, but of something ultimately good, overturning, overturning, overturning in its progress "until he cometh whose right it is." In the days when the suicide was buried at the cross-roads with a stake through his body, when his property was confiscated, when he was deprived, by the authority of the church, of all hope of heaven, and convinced of an eternity of hell; in the days when, all evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, mutual interdependence was much more pronounced than it is to-day, and the shame of failure much less in evidence; in the days when individual thinking was the exception, and mass thinking the rule, the would-be suicide had no doubt at all that, if he yielded, he would be jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. He was browbeaten on the one side, and comforted on the other. He did not attempt to think for himself, to face up to his own master, and to his own master stand or fall.

To-day, all this is changed. A man, much more than ever before in history, has to decide for himself. All bars and bans are lifted, and thousands of individuals are standing like calves turned out of the stall for the first time, into the green pasture. They are dazed and bewildered. They are running hither and yon. They pause in groups and exclaim to one another about it.

"Why nothing is denied to us. All the old bars are down. Why should I do this because somebody says I should? Why should I refrain from doing that because somebody says that I should refrain?"

And some turn to crime, and some, to all manner of indulgence, whether it be of sex or of license in any other form, and some in terror turn back to the bondage from which they have escaped, and plead that the mountains of tradition and custom should fall once more and cover them; and some, unable to return and unable to go forward, seek desperately the way of escape apparently offered by self-destruction.

But when all the criminals and all the drunkards, all the vicious and all those who put their hands to the

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plow and turn back have been reckoned in, they are found to be only an infinitesimal part of the great host which is marching steadily forward to a fuller and truer understanding of life.

Within the last fifty years, the world has broken through into an entirely new strata of existence, and the field is everywhere strewn with wreckage and beclouded with smoke. The old order has gone; the new order has not yet taken full control. The fool standing by and watching the destruction of the old gods and the cutting down of the old groves, is saying in his heart, "There is no God." But the great mass of the people are really feeling after God more earnestly than ever before "if haply they may find Him."

As a great religious writer of the last century has well put it: "If you venture upon the quiet surface of error and are in sympathy with error, what is there to disturb the waters? What is there to strip off error's disguise? If you launch your bark upon the ever agitated but healthful waters of truth, you will encounter storms."

Well, that is all, as it seems to me, that is happening, whether the storm appears as a short skirt or a co-ed rum party, as a bank bandit or a suicide. And that has always been true, for the world has always been moving, and moving forward; but during the past fifty years, the pace has been accelerated past belief.

Then progress invariably comes in one of two ways, either through suffering or understanding, generally through a combination of both. To-day, the world seems to be learning, to a quite disproportionate extent through suffering, and this suffering takes the form of all manner of eruptions, among which suicide occupies an evermore prominent place. Through great tribulation the world is entering the kingdom, but it is entering the kingdom. The suicide is only one of the casualties by the way.

We cannot, however, leave the matter there. We cannot leave the casualties untended, or relinquish our efforts to prevent them. The elderly man who went out alone to shoot himself under the stars of a Californian sky, knew little of these things, and if he had known more, would have cared less. What is to be done about it? What can be done to help this man and thousands like him to learn the great secret through understanding, rather than suffering? How are we going to find an outlet for that tremendous thwarted will to help which wells up in the heart of millions when they read a story such as that of the suicide of Fort Funston?

A beggar comes to our door; he tells us a pitiful story of hard luck. We hear him coldly and impatiently for we have heard so many stories like this before, so many untrue stories, and we know how many men and women earn a living and a luxurious living in just this way. We get rid of him as quickly as we can. Next morning, he is found not far from our house, a suicide, leaving behind him a pitiful note of despair. He had tried and tried and tried and had failed.

"Good gracious," we growl to ourselves, "if I had only known it was as bad as that."

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But then we never do know, and there is no possible way that any one can find out and be sure. If he had told us, this man, that he was going to kill himself, we would have construed it as a threat, or have been roused against him as a coward. What *is* to be done about it?

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I remember, years ago, a short editorial, apropos of some notable and particularly pitiable case of suicide, that appeared in one of the London papers. It was entitled "Tunnels." I recall very little about it, save that it aroused much of comment, and contained this one great thought: "If only people would realize when they are passing through a hard time, no matter how hard, that they are merely passing through a tunnel, and that to jump out of the train in the middle of the tunnel neither mends nor ends anything, but only adds to the toil and the tears, and postpones what is, in any case, inevitable: an ultimate re-emergence into light." Those are not the exact words, of course, but so it was in effect.

The simile has always seemed to me a strikingly just one, for it holds every way. The longer, the darker, the more sulphurous the tunnel, the more certainly is a leap from the train a leap from the frying-pan into the fire. At that moment, for us, there is no better 'ole.

Such counsel, moreover, is far from being the counsel of despair. For the tunnel is not really something pestilential into which our sorry fortune has lead us, but something that actually constitutes for us a short cut to the light, at the other side. It all depends on our outlook on life. If we regard life as something that has a beginning and an ending, and believe that the years between the beginning and the ending constitute for us all there is to it, and that of these years a third is spent in growth, a third in maturity, a third in decay, and that, of these three thirds together, a full third is spent in sleep, a twenty-fourth in dressing and undressing, a twelfth in eating and a sixth in amusement or in mere movement from one place to another, all the rest of the time being devoted to earning the wherewithal to enable us to continue doing these things, to sleep, to eat, to dress and to play, but especially to sleep; and if we further believe that death constitutes a sure release from it all, then the dictate of wisdom would be to hail death as a friend.

But if, on the other hand, we regard life as an infinite progression in which there are really no hardships, or trials, or mistakes, but only experiences, in which the habits, the customs, the prejudices, the modes of every day existence are but the script in which the story is being written, and have, in themselves, no more intrinsic connection with the eternal reality which we call life than letters to thoughts, then we will begin to make discovery of great facts. We will discover what the Preacher discovered two thousand years ago, that as a man thinketh in his heart so is he, and what Shakspere enunciated twenty-seven hundred years later, that there is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so.

It all depends on the hope that is set before us. If the expectation is sufficiently desirable, sufficiently

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sure, sufficiently settled, it is sufficient to offset the troubles of attainment, and to insure that attitude of mind which is ready, able and willing to endure to the end.

In the days of far away and long ago, before the dawn of the industrial age, the automobile, the telephone, the telegraph, the radio, before free education, when heaven was heaven and earth was earth, when the fact of an angel with wings was never questioned, and the vision of the Almighty seated on a great white throne was accepted by the many as one of the great realities of life; in those days, everything was in its place and everything in order and everything explained. It was the age of innocence, and the road from the age of innocence to the age of understanding, inevitably passes through the valley of doubt.

It is just here where the world to-day is finding itself. Fighting every step of the way against its own deliverance, it is being forced to come out from under the rule of persons into the rule of principle. It turns with a laugh and a gesture of defiance from its old Cæsars, but has not yet realized that a greater than Cæsar is here. It is this real presence, now so largely appearing as a tormentor, as one who goes about stirring up the people, setting everybody by the ears, sons against fathers, daughters against mothers; calling in question the most unquestioned things; casting down authority; holding up to derision time-honored sentiments and laughing them to scorn; it is this very presence of Truth, of *that which is*, which, when it has overturned, and overturned and overturned all that must be overturned, will ultimately appear as the prince and the savior.

The very urgent need of the hour is the hastening of this day; in plain language, the acceptance by the individual of the fact that his new-found liberty from the tyranny of authority can only find permanence as it is predicated on the service of Principle which is perfect freedom. In the old days, the hope of heaven above was sufficient very often to bridge over the troubles of the earth beneath. In these days, heaven, recognized for what it is, a state of mind, has come down to earth. In the words of the Man who perhaps knew more about it than any one else, "The kingdom of heaven is within you."

The whole world is passing through a tunnel, and while ever increasing multitudes are rejoicing that they are on their way, vast numbers are still in doubt and in fear and trembling. Then when individual fears are added to this world-fear, some there are whose hearts fail them; and with a sob of despair, they follow in the path of the man who gave up.

Yet the remedy lies always in holding on, and the great new work for the missionaries of the new era is to broadcast this fact, "strengthening the weak knees and the hands that hang down," with ever clearer glimpses of the glory to be revealed, not hereafter, "in the world that is to come," but in the world that is now. So, as the way is opened, and humanity climbs higher, in place of the man who gives up will, more and more, be found the man who thinks better of it, the man who holds on, the man who wins through.

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The Last Pew

Elisabeth Finley-Thomas

The tall lines of the white carven reredos back of the altar seemed always to aspire for him, to help actually in lifting that indefinable emotion that was perhaps his soul, toward that vaster something that must of a certainty be his God. He had chosen this church for regular attendance when he first came to New York, principally because of its beauty. Beauty had been lacking in his earlier life and yet half consciously it was his invariable quest. Wherever he found it, was sanctuary, and where more appropriately could he seek it than in God's house, as his mother back in the Vermont days had called places of worship.

The little Gothic temple of his childhood in Burlington had furnished for him his first glimpse of beauty more than thirty-five years ago, and when the large white hand of the most magnificent of bishops, weighted with the Episcopal amethyst, was laid upon his bowed head at confirmation, William Le Roy Jackson had felt obscurely that he had been consecrated to beauty as well as to religion and that they were in a sense the same.

"Defend, O Lord, this thy child with thy heavenly grace; that he may continue thine for ever . . ."

He could hear the deep voice now, the perfect Oxford accent, and the words "heavenly grace" had held for him an obscure implication of God's personal splendor even more than of his power to save.

To-day at the four o'clock service at Saint Barnabas', the light shone through the small stained-glass windows set in the altar screen, gloriously collaborating with the conception of the architect, transmuting, transforming, translating whatever of the hopefulness of prayer had been there before.

Yet, for some reason, William Le Roy Jackson, sitting in the last pew, found it difficult to concentrate either upon the altar or the pulpit, whence the doctrine of the Virgin Birth was being defended with the acrimonious and illogical violence usual in lost causes. His gaze kept wandering to two figures in a pew in front of him, two figures that had taken a firm hold upon his imagination and even upon his affection, during his first year in New York, and at a time when his solitude had confronted alike the massive social formations and confused gregariousness of the great town.

He had grown to love this lady and her son. In his thought he had insinuated himself into their lives, lives in every way distant from his own and yet reminding him, though more by contrast than by analogy, of the relations between his mother and himself.

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At the very beginning he had examined the name-plate on the pew. "Salisbury-Montgomery"! That was no casual nomenclature derived from a petty trade or from evident mismating. It bespoke at once the delicate adumbrations that seemed always to envelop the pair, the fine gradations and tonalities of superior breeding and opportunity.

William, reconstituting their history, deduced that Mr. Salisbury-Montgomery must be dead, for the lady was invariably clad in the shadowy darknesses of floating, vague materials, which though evidently "mourning," in no way resembled the Stygian blackness of "widow's weeds," heavy alpacas and stiff crapes, that had declared to Burlington, Vermont, his mother's posthumous respect for her deceased husband, W. Le Roy Jackson, first cashier of the Green Mountain Savings Bank. These sable garments, had been for William, the first standard of feminine apparel, yet, even then, he had felt that they typified a moroseness which should form no part of sorrow. His mother had made of his father's death not a grief but a grievance. She laid it up against him, attributing it not to the large, fateful gesture of a mysterious natural numerical law, but to the fact that on a certain Tuesday he had declined to carry his umbrella to the bank, although rain threatened and she had urged him repeatedly to do so.

The minor cares of housekeeping, the incompetence of hired girls, the interest on the mortgage and her Willie's delicate health had early nicked all remaining prettiness from his mother's fretful countenance. Mrs. Salisbury-Montgomery must have been fortunate he felt, in meeting tragedy differently. That she *had* met it, was evident not solely because of the prescribed livery for conventional sorrow, but because life had carved a definite record upon her. The fact that it had not defaced her, must be due he fancied, to her manner of accepting the Great Encounter, possibly by not haggling with it. She must too, have sought because of her son, to keep herself intact. The boy was a splendid little chap about nine years old, straight and upstanding, with features that would have made one guess that he was the child of a beautiful mother. Amusingly devout, his robust singing of the hymns, generally out of tune, very often had made William smile. Once too, when the thin childish treble of his responses had trickled in a thin stream far behind the congregation's deep simultaneous wave of "Good Lord deliver us," the lady had caught William's eye and had quite unaffectedly, and perhaps unconsciously included him in her fond amusement.

This afternoon the boy's little red-gold head was snuggled against the somber fur of her soft cloak and her arm encircled him as the slowly rising and falling cadence of the sermon made him drowse away, for a moment, from the "grown-up" attitude of alert attention which he generally maintained at some cost, and also with evident pride at "behaving well in church."

Perhaps William was a little sleepy too, for his mind seemed to fold the gray panels of the screening years and to wander back into his own childhood. He had been a delicate

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boy, so thin and weak, that his mother obstinately unhygienic, had kept him annually housed from Thanksgiving to Easter, flannel on his chest and cotton in his ears, guarding him against the bitter Northern winter. Physically he had survived fairly well the lack of oxygen in the small house overheated by a huge base-burner, but even now, he knew he looked old and wizened beyond his forty-five years. It was however, his mind and soul that had suffered most from the pernicious anemia of an existence whose windows were hermetically sealed against all outside radiance. He recalled the enfeebled joyousness of emerging each Easter from his chrysalis of champhor-oil wrappings, still closely muffled, into the cool freedom of the early spring.

"Your Willie looks pretty smart to-day, Mrs. Jackson," Mr. Mott, the sexton, would remark.

"I never thought to raise him," his mother would reply, sighing proudly.

Easter was always lovely, the banked-flowers, the hymning choir, the bishop! It was Willie's resurrection too, from the horse-hair tomb of his mother's back parlor. It had been at Easter that the tender frost-bitten leaves of his young emotions had first been stirred, sent chasing one another across his soul, riotously, indecorously lifted by the frolicking breeze that swept his heart at the sight of Minnie Mott, the sexton's daughter. He remembered her now, a rose tucked under the brim of a leghorn hat, curls burnished and shining, clinging to her cheeks in little round tendrils like a split dandelion stem when you put it in your mouth.

He had peeped through his fingers during prayers to look at her and had seen that most of the choir-boys were similarly lax in the observance of church etiquette. That year, when summer had come, he would often watch her on Main Street, arm linked in arm with other girls, and glancing laughingly over her pretty shoulder, at the group of high-school boys who seemed perpetually to follow in her train, compelled to attendance as irrevocably as the tail of a comet. He himself went out of his way to greet her, often running breathlessly round a whole block to achieve the appearance of an unpremeditated meeting and the casual reward of a "Hello Willie." He knew she never thought of him again, until their next encounter. "Mrs. Jackson's Willie," that was the name the town called him by, was scarcely material for the vagrant notice of the gorgeous Minnie. Once, near the corner drug-store, he had enough courage to approach her with a shy: "Say, Minn, how about a chocolate sundae?"

Sadie Baxter, her intimate friend, whispered a giggled aside into Minnie's ear, and he heard enough to know she was laughing at the knitted scarf his mother had insisted on tying around his neck. But Minnie was generous:

"Bet yer life!" had been her easy reaction.

Of course he had to include the objectionable Sadie and they had perched, all three, on the tall stools of the soda-water fountain, while he ordered the drinks in lordly fashion, from a clerk in a linen jacket, who became so incapacitated by Minnie's pulchritude, that he inadvertently mixed strawberry juice with choco-

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late syrup and had to draw the delicious beverages from their shining labeled faucets all over again.

But this adventure had been merely a detached episode. Most of his time continued to be spent with his mother in the dreariness of the ugly little frame-house in an obscure street of the lower town, far from the beauty of the university campus, Burlington's chief pride. Perhaps if his mother had allowed him to essay the normal boyish existence, sink or swim, live or die, things might have been different. Finally he had managed to free himself from her imposed conception of him as a semi-invalid and had got through high-school and taken a business course. By that time, however, the widow's health had begun to fail and she was querulously despondent if he left her alone in the evening. Consciously or unconsciously she exacted mortgage payment on her former devotion, precisely as if love were a loan, not a free gift, and Willie had never failed in these "dues" up to the very last moment of her complaining life. He was glad to think of that now: "Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days . . ." yet his life he knew had been impoverished beyond repair by these obligations to her affection.

After he had "made good" in his small position in the bank, he had tried to see more of Minnie; but his mother used every means of her narrow selfishness to hold him back. She never liked Minnie.

"I don't approve of her," had been her often repeated phrase. "Extravagant and bad-behaved too, puts powder on her face behind the palm-leaf fan in church. She'll come to no good end, and don't forget you're all I've got to look to, son, now I'm suffering from a mortal disease." Thus she covered carefully and assiduously with her elderly ashes, the flares and flickers of what was really the steady fire of a deep youthful devotion. And Minnie herself had done nothing to coax it into flame.

The day came however when it had burst through the dry crust of his resignation, when defying the authority of his mother and the timidity of his own nature, he had ventured to offer Minnie the cloak of a protection he would have thought too meager except for her sudden need.

For Minnie, the radiant, the glorious, had in the words of the local prophetesses of the "Sewing Circle," turned out badly. In point of fact she had turned quite sharply to the left escorted by the organist, a curly-headed young man who, having studied in Paris, was bored in Vermont. Scandal circulated, the "worst"! The bishop was consulted; the organist's resignation suggested and accepted, and Mr. Mott advised to send his daughter away for a time. Minnie blighted and pale, awakened Willie's chivalry to the point of complete self-forgetfulness. He had found her on that summer evening of his only romance, seated sulkily on the back veranda of the sexton's little cottage, and glowering resentfully into the twilight that lay over the garden, and had thrown, as gallantly as any Sir Walter, the plain mantle of his honesty and good name over the splash of mud in which she had so carelessly chosen to besmirch her pretty feet.

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And it was then, that Willie's estimate of Minnie, rather than Mrs. Jackson's, had been splendidly vindicated. Suddenly she had turned on him, eyes like the drenched reflections of stars in clear pools.

"Why, Willie Jackson," she said, "you must have a pretty poor idea of me! Not but what I thank you just the same—"

"No, no don't, Minn," he had warded off her gratitude with a gesture.

"You didn't think," she had gone on, "that after all the times I've laughed at you, I'd use you now, just as a makeshift, did you? I may have my faults—I guess this town doesn't think I have anything else—but I'm not that poison-mean. Besides—" she checked herself bridling jauntily.

"Besides what?" he had probed anxiously, bending forward.

"Maybe I'll surprise the folks around here before long," she swaggered prettily. "Perhaps it'll be like a serial in the Ladies' Pictorial Journal. Anyhow the next instalment'll give them plenty to chatter about."

"Minnie," he had cried. His own disappointment forgotten in the half divined implication that she might be going to join Tomlinson. "Don't believe him, don't! He's a cur or he'd have acted different already. Don't let them send you away, either, Minn. If there's any good in him, he'll come back and fetch you as quick here as anywheres. And of course, this offer—I mean my—I mean everything I've said, holds good if you ever—"

She had flushed at his insult to Tomlinson and the rest of the interview was strained and unfortunate. He had cursed his invariable clumsiness. The very next week she left town, for, it was somewhat reassuring to feel, a secretarial position in the Old Ladies' Home in Rutland, a situation picked out for her by the bishop. Unfortunately three months later she had disappeared from her post and presently she was popularly alluded to in town as "dead or worse." Mr. Mott, the sexton, grew suddenly old and haggard. The final touch of crimson was added to her escapade, when a Burlington matron on a visit to New York, wrote home that she had seen Minn Mott at a movie with that scalawag Tomlinson. That was the last the town ever heard, though it was suspected her father carried on a surreptitous correspondence with her, which the wardens would have disapproved.

"And now to God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost be ascribed . . ."

The sermon came to an end. William Le Roy Jackson assembled his wandering wits with some compunction for his inattention, and scrambled to his feet. The lady in the pew in front of him, handed her boy a bright coin to put in the collection plate, and William fumbled for the fifty cent piece which he invariably added to the general solvency of St. Barnabas'.

The vestry-men had started down the aisle, resplendent in white waistcoats and shiningly "boned boots." The bills and envelopes overflowed the collection plate. "Good measure, pressed down and running over," thought William, as the gentlemanly white hand of one of the wardens flattened the abundance with a complacent gesture. William chanced to

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know that he was a "big banker" and that his hand could have signed without trembling, a personal check running into figures ten times greater than the amount of any collection. As the six men swung up the aisle, he experienced a sharp twinge of envy, not for the waistcoats, nor the boned boots nor even the bank accounts. It was the fraternity of a common service that he envied them. They belonged to one another, to their families, to society, to the church. They had what were known as "ties." He had none. Often, inconsistently perhaps, he missed that too securely knotted tie, loosed by death, with his mother.

In this church he had no real place, though he had sought to find it, had come to it with the thought that God's house should be man's home. Willing to pay highly for the privilege of permanency in such a mansion, for counting himself a member of St. Barnabas', he had approached the verger, magnificent in black silk and velvet, and had asked the rental price of a "sitting." A supercilious glance at William's rather shabby last year's overcoat had seemed to convince the guardian of the sanctuary that any specific information would only be futile, and he had replied succinctly that there were no vacancies and that a long waiting-list comprised only the "best people." But whether he referred to the stars in the potential haloes of the applicants, or their rating in Bradstreet, William was unable to determine.

"The Blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost . . ."

Then the recessional, the prayer in the vestry! William rising to his feet, busied himself arranging the hymnals and prayer-books in the rack, that he might watch, as he always did, Mrs. Salisbury-Montgomery and her son as they passed his pew on the way out.

The boy's face was turned upward toward his mother, his high chattering treble, released from the constriction of respectful "church manners," bubbled with confidences. What, reflected William, did the Virgin Birth matter, as long as there were love and birth? Suddenly from the twittering babble of the child, a phrase detached itself:

"See, Mother, there's our lonely friend again!"

He perceived that the child's gaze rested on him.

"Hush, hush, darling," came the hurried whisper, as Mrs. Montgomery hastened on with her boy.

"Our lonely friend"; yes it was true that he was lonely; but he had not known that he showed it so plainly. He tingled with a feeling of shamed embarrassment for he had all the decent modesties of sincere emotions. Still, he reflected, it was pretty cute of the little fellow, to call him "friend." At that, he guessed he was glad they'd noticed him at all. With a half sigh, he followed his beloved pair down the aisle eager to be warmed by a ray of a sunlight he felt they could well spare.

The rector, a new-comer, ardently democratic in matters of religion, was waiting in the vestibule to shake hands with members of the congregation.

"I see you here often, Mr.—" he hesitated questioningly.

"Jackson," prompted William.

"Ah, Mr. Jackson," he repeated

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the name with professional cordiality. "You seem to be a regular. Now why not associate yourself definitely with the parish? We are rather hard up for volunteers to pass the collection plate at the Sunday afternoon service. Help us out. We need you. How about next week?"

William's elderly heart gave a great throb. He was "being included." This was the first definitely friendly gesture made in his direction since his arrival in New York.

"I should be very glad indeed," there was scarcely a hint in his halting answer of the wild jubilation of his soul.

"Splendid; come a little before the hour of vespers then, next Sunday." The rector turned to grasp the hand of an important looking parishioner, who had been waiting a trifle impatiently, and Willie longing but not daring to extend this moment of brief contact and to ask for particulars, passed out into the vestibule and down the stone steps to the street. He caught a quick glimpse of Mrs. Montgomery and her son being tucked by a footman into the dim recesses of a motor, and he stood looking after the car until it had passed beyond the next traffic signal.

"What a day, what a wonderful day!" he thought, as he turned westward, in the direction of his rented room on Fifty-fourth Street. There must be something kindly fateful about it,—the child had called him "friend," the rector had invited him to "belong." Life had opened its door a tiny crack. Who could tell when it would swing wider?

He wanted to celebrate. Childs's was closed on Sundays, so he stopped in at the "Cruller," a tea-room that prided itself on good New England food and was rather expensive.

The elation of the afternoon carried through the cornbeef and baked beans, but with apple-pie and coffee, he began to wonder whether he could spruce up enough to venture to accept the honor of carrying a plate in St. Barnabas'. His new suit was "pretty fair" still, and he'd buy a pair of patent leather shoes early in the week and make darn sure to have the squeak taken out of them too. He was always careful about his linen and he'd choose a good neck-tie, not too loud; he guessed he could just about manage. He hoped Mrs. Montgomery and the boy would be there to see. They'd be glad he wasn't so lonely. He wished he were less clumsy. His feet seemed always to be getting in his way. He must make sure not to drop the plate or let any of the money fall off. He remembered once up in Burlington, he had spilled vanilla cream on Minn's best party dress at a church musicale. Once again his mind swung back and took up the review of the years that had followed Minn's disastrous departure, gray, empty, hard years of devotion and sacrifice to the growing exigencies and needs of his mother, years of a suppressed rebellion, that kept alive, under the bitter sediment of his experience, the determination to get away, somewhere, anywhere, where he should at least be at liberty to use as he chose, the dubious freedom of his final decades. And with his mother once laid beside his father beneath the big flat stone, marked with their joint names (poor mother! she would wear Eternity as heavily as she had Time, he felt sure!) he had gone his lonely

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way toward a city where he had hoped to begin anew. But the "anew" had not represented much.

Of course, his position as collector for an insurance company gave him greater variety than he had had looking out through the window of the cage marked "Paying Teller" in the Green Mountain Savings Bank. That was why he had taken it. All day he trudged about, his umbrella balanced in one hand (his mother had been more successful in instilling the umbrella habit into William than into his father) and a brief case in the other. At first the different sights and sounds, the complicated civilization of half a dozen races, the vast intricate web and woof of the whole urban scheme, had enthralled him even more than he had expected. But gradually, the big whirligig on which no one ever asked him to ride, began to weary him in his rôle of spectator. The more perhaps, as he was not a very successful solicitor. His honesty was prepossessing but he lacked the forceful insistence that is even more important. In the vernacular of business, he was no "go getter." His work took him out of the office and he had made no friends. Most of the men were younger, snappier. Often he could not follow their jokes and allusions. His room in the Fifty-fourth Street lodging-house was comfortable enough; he had brought from Vermont, an old fashioned student lamp, green-shaded, with some books, and he would have enjoyed the brotherhood of a friendly chat over a pipe, but he knew instinctively that what he had to offer would have no lure for his comrades in Nassau Street, and he had never subjected himself to the disappointment of a refusal. To-night he was not in a mood for solitude. The occasion required further celebration. It was the most eventful day, socially speaking, since his arrival in New York. When he had placed his ten cent tip under the crumpled paper napkin, he decided to go to a movie.

The week that followed dragged at first, weighting his eagerness almost unbearably; then it began to race onward toward the climax.

He was at church half an hour before the time and received his instructions from the pompous verger with faithful attention. The "plate" was placed beside him in the pew, fairly far forward. He had been bidden to start up the aisle immediately after the sermon. From time to time he put his hand down to feel the cool smoothness of the metal circle. He could not keep his mind fixed on the service. Once or twice he glanced back and saw that his friends, the Salisbury-Montgomerys, were in their seats. He was glad that they would be present to witness his triumph.

A strange clergyman from the "Bible Society" was to make an address. He told droningly how many Gideon bibles had been put in hotel bed-rooms all over the United States during the year, and after describing their moral influence upon the "drummers" of the country, ended rather abruptly.

William rose stumblingly and went forward to the front pew, passing the plate to an old lady with an ear-trumpet, who was not ready with her contribution and had to fumble for it in her reticule. He passed on to the next and the next. Suddenly he became aware that there was some-

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thing wrong. He was about a quarter of the way down the side aisle, when, glancing across the church, he saw that none of the familiar figures of the wardens had moved from their pews. A girl in a red hat tittered. He blushed purple, his embarrassment sending the blood buzzing to his ears; he could not command his thoughts, but looked around dazed. Then straight up the aisle, toward him came a small gallant figure, the childish face flushed to the ears. It reached him, stood before him.

"Please," came an eager whisper, "you've made a mistake. I have to tell you, the bible-man was only making an announcement. The sermon is beginning now. Sit down quick." It was over in a minute, and the boy had made his way back to his mother. William collapsed into the nearest pew.

He had disgraced himself, muddled the whole thing,—his one beautiful chance of "*belonging.*" The rector, above him in the pulpit, must have seen—the congregation must be jeering at him. Hot and cold waves swept over him. He wanted to flee, to hide himself, yet he could not face the mocking eyes that he felt were boring little hot holes in the back of his coat. . . . The boy, how nice of him to come to the rescue, to try to save him! Even in the misery of his embarrassment, Willie was grateful for his brave interest. . . . Never, never, would he dare enter the portals of St. Barnabas' again. In the exaggeration of his mood, he thought of himself as a pariah, an outcast.

"Without form, and void," the rector was quoting. That was what life would be for him now, "without form, and void." He bowed his head.

The proper moment for the offertory had now arrived. He knew he must go through with it, no matter how it hurt, play his part, keep his word to the rector. Mrs. Jackson's Willie had never been one to lie down on his job. He rose, crimson to the forehead, faced about, and ran the gauntlet of the kindly amused glances of those who had witnessed his predicament.

He dreaded to raise his eyes toward Mrs. Montgomery when he reached her pew, yet he felt he must know how his two friends had taken it. His glance hung on them almost appealingly. In the face of the mother he saw only gentle sympathy, while the boy smiled at him as if there was some happy conspiracy between them. At least there was this much: *they* had forgiven him! Debased, degraded, though he was from the momentary eminence of his one opportunity, he hugged that remaining comfort to his soul.

But after he had laid his plate upon the pile before the altar, and had stood with the other men in front of the rail while the choir praised "God from whom all blessings flow," even that consolation failed him. He escaped by the side door of the transept before the final benediction.

The small mistake grew to the stature of tragedy in his lonely life. There was no one to laugh it away in sympathy and understanding. He felt he had lost everything for he could not bring himself to go back to St. Barnabas'. Humbly he frequented a small mission on the extreme West Side. But he missed the cathedral-like beauty of the larger edifice and the nobler presentation of the great truths.

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He regretted the loss of his friends, whose unknown but imagined lives had meant so much to him. He had discovered some months ago where they lived, and in the aggravation of his present discomfited loneliness, he began to make a practice of passing the house whenever he could, going a block or two out of his way to do so.

One late afternoon he was dragging rather wearily down Fifth Avenue and had reached the crossing nearest the house, when a car drew up sharply at the curb. The door flew open and out jumped a small flying, radiant figure.

"Please," cried a clear childish voice, "won't you come in to tea with us, right away now? We've missed you at church ever so much. We live right here," he pointed to the slightly weather-stained marble of a great entrance.

"But—" stammered Willie—

"Mother says please do!" His small friend announced the clinching argument.

"We both want you." The tall lady in black stood beside them with her hand outstretched.

He bowed in a speechless ecstasy of assent and followed toward the vestibule. He had never seen a room furnished as was the one where the tea-table gleamed in the light of the wood-fire, the lamps, the tall dim mirrors, the convenient tables and the deep chairs! He sat rather on the edge of his, his tea-cup trembling in his hands, while Mrs. Montgomery tided him over his initial shyness with pleasant commonplaces that gave him a familiar foothold.

"Are you a born New Yorker?" she asked finally. "But I need scarcely ask that. *No* one really is."

"I'm a Down-Easter, I guess," he answered. "Burlington, Vermont, is my home town."

She glanced brightly across at her boy. "Isn't that interesting Jimbo!" she said, adding in quick explanation, "My secretary, an awfully nice woman, hails from that part of the world. We are both devoted to her. She's had a hard life and come through it bravely. Jimmie," turning to her son, "run up and fetch her down for tea. I'm a New Englander myself. It will be rather like old-home-week won't it, to talk over old standards as well as old places?" she laughed.

Jimmie vanished with a flash, buoyant as always. It was marvelous sitting there in this sort of palatial fairy-land, reassured by her matter-of-course, quiet friendliness.

"Mr. Jackson," she said (somehow adroitly she had got his name, from him), "you must excuse a certain abruptness in our hospitality. My boy forms his friendships spontaneously, and I do not like to check him. He has always wanted to meet you again."

All at once before the warm graciousness of her tact, the last dike of his timidity went down. There poured from him in a released flood the story of his loneliness in New York, of his interest in her and her son, his vicarious enjoyment of their lives as he had pictured them, and finally the confession of his complete discomfiture after the occurrence in church.

She laughed kindly.

"How generous of you, Mr. Jackson," she said, "to spare us so much attention. As for that little contretemps in church, you don't mean to say you've allowed that to trouble

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you? I was glad Jimmie played up and helped you out, as one gentleman to another, but it wouldn't have mattered anyway. I once saw old Mr. Abercrombie fall flat going up the steps to the altar, and scatter coin all over the chancel. That was *really* embarrassing, yet nobody thought the worse of him. I shall tell the rector to see you and rescue you from the morbid idea of staying away. Dr. Andrews needs new men for his work in the parish, and you must not stand outside. Even Jimmie has been given a responsible position in the 'infant class.'"

"I've brought her," called Jimmie from the doorway, "but she didn't want to come!" He dragged a half reluctant figure over the threshold.

The bent face was in shadow but suddenly it was raised and the straight gaze widened as it met Willie's starting eyes. Dimmed, older, saddened, yet gallant and unbeaten, she stood before him.

"Minn!" he cried. "Minn!" as he lurched forward almost at her feet. She put her hand in his quite simply.

"I've often thought that Jimmie looked like Eros," reflected Mrs. Montgomery. "We shall see if I was mistaken."

TO BETSY

(*My Black Rag Doll*)

CARLEY ROBINSON

I put my singing childhood down with you,
And laid my best of laughter in the box
Where you now lie. I know you still must wear
Your wistful, painted, understanding smile
Under the dusty cardboard cover. Yet
I, as a child, may never look inside
And pick you up again. My childhood sleeps
With you.

Perhaps, near the end of Life's long avenue,
A trembling-fingered lady with white hair,
May lift the lid and smooth your rumpled dress.
. . . Remember that I told you this, for she
Who laughed and dreamt her dreams with you, is there.

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INDUSTRY AT A TURNING POINT

Is Our Economic Structure Out of Balance?

MAGNUS W. ALEXANDER

NATIONS, like individuals, have their days when they stick out their chests and feel very much satisfied with themselves. In such periods, when the stomach and purse are both full, things take on a rosier hue. An easy optimism becomes the dominant attitude under the somnolent influence of self-satisfaction. Yet, the glib way in which we talk of prosperity and boast of breaking records should put us on our guard against the error of accepting what *seems* for what *is*.

The present era in American economic life is undoubtedly one of prosperity, of plenty of work for those who wish to work, and of good feeling all around. Yet, any one who has his fingers on the pulse of our industrial life, knows how sensitive that pulse is to numerous influences which may send it suddenly above, or as quickly below, normal. The fact is American industry is at a turning-point, is gradually entering a new and different period of development. The situation warrants us in focussing attention on some of the problems now existent, although perhaps not readily discernible, and on others in the making, which will determine industry's speed and direction in the years ahead. The nature of these problems should be understood even though the problems themselves may not be definitely circumscribed. They should be discussed and analyzed, unfettered by traditional thought or dogma.

The French have a saying to the effect that one cannot make an omelet without smashing some eggs, nor a revolution without smashing some heads. Similarly, one cannot in this age of rapid change, enter upon a discussion of economic, social or political problems without smashing some pet ideas. After wondering for thousands of years how to arrange their hair, women finally decided to cut it off. The problems of industry, while confronting mankind for a long period, have not proved capable of such easy disposition.

Since the World War, American economic life has been in an apparent state of buoyancy. Students of economics, mindful of the European experience that it is not the height from which one falls, but the sudden stop that hurts, have been asking themselves how much longer we shall be able to run counter—as it appears to them— to economic law. Without accepting their conclusion, it is true nevertheless, that conditions in the United States present some apparent anomalies to orthodox economic and social thought.

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Why is it that, for example, in the face of most liberal spending, we show such an increase in savings, whereas in Europe, where thrift has been emphasized and widely practised, actual savings have gained but little?

Why is it that the United States, in the face of the highest wage scales in the world and with a wage level that is rising, shows a declining level of wholesale prices?

Why, with the purchasing power of the American farmer at a low ebb —bearing in mind that agriculture normally exerts an annual purchasing power for nearly ten billion dollars' worth of goods and services, buying each year about one tenth of the value of manufactured products and supplying one eighth of the total freight-tonnage carried by the railroads, and with buying power throughout most of the world below normal —why have we been able to maintain such a high level of industrial activity?

Why is it that, with our supply of cheap foreign labor largely cut off through the restriction of immigration, with money wage-earnings higher than ever before, and with the standard of living two and one half times as high as that of the Old World, why is it that Europe, with its cheaper labor and lower living standard, is often unable to undersell us in world markets?

Why is it that, with employment and earnings at unprecedented levels and with charitable work conducted on a more scientific basis, relief expenditures in the United States have been steadily mounting, increasing faster than population and showing since 1916 an increase of sixteen per cent measured in dollars of the same purchasing power?

Why is it that, in the face of high tax burdens, high wage rates and salary levels together with a declining price level, business has in most lines been able to yield fairly good profits?

Why, with employment during the winter of 1926, fully two and one half per cent lower than the average for the winter of 1914–15, was the United States in a critical situation then and apparently prosperous now, and why is the falling index of employment no longer indicative of an alarming condition?

The answers to these and similar questions that might be raised, are not altogether easy. In many respects, actual conditions at present seem to run counter to the doctrines of the economists, so much so that there is a growing belief that the United States is moving in the direction of a new industrial-economic development in which a disregard for tradition is not only being shown, but will be increasingly made manifest and necessary.

Modern business America can hardly be said to date back of the year 1870. The period between that date and 1900 may be broadly characterized, economically, as the age of exploration, exploitation and risk-taking, just as technologically it may be spoken of as the iron and steel age, the coal age or the electrical age. While the willingness to take risks is an ever present element in an industrial life that rests on free competition between individual and individual, and between organization and organization, the last thirty years of the nineteenth century were

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conspicuously daring, since it was in this period that most of the beginnings of our present-day economic life were made. It was preëminently an era of cutthroat competition, of self-reliance, of self-made men, and of laying the foundation for subsequent growth.

Toward the end of the last century and into the early years of the present, we ran through a brief but intensive muck-raking barrage that tended to clear the atmosphere, and prepare business for its next advance. The first quarter of the century has been one essentially of tightening the slack, of conservation of resources, both human and material—and of the introduction of management and scientific management methods. It has been a period of simplification and standardization, of concentrated attention on the more efficient use of brains, and of power and tools whether human or mechanical, and of the elimination of waste. It has been a period of coöperative, as contrasted with cutthroat competition, and finally, the period in which fact finding and scientific research, as a basis for the determination of plant policy, industrial policy and national policy, have been carried on and supported as never before. The period may be epitomized in this sentence: we have learned that there are many kinds of substitutes, but that there is no substitute for the Golden Rule or for intelligence in business.

Many signs clearly indicate that American industry is again entering a new era of economic development, although it is impossible at this time to characterize or designate it, for at the beginning of any formative period no one can tell what elements will last in the process of clarifying and solidifying, or how far certain tendencies will run. Since facts are more pertinent than speculation, let us look at a few that are germane to the discussion.

There can be no doubt that to-day, life is fuller than in the past and that it holds rich promise for the future. The question is whether this condition is permanent or only fleeting. To be sure, wages are high and have reached, or are apparently reaching a state of stabilization; and the standard of living is also high, and likely to remain so, in comparison with that of pre-war periods or with that now prevailing in other countries. With business conducted along more intelligent and efficient lines, employment is more regular and more secure. "We ought not to have any more panics in business, but if we do have them, it will be because they are man-made, not because they are natural phenomena. Panics are occasioned very largely by distrust and ignorance," is the pertinent statement of one of the great industrial leaders of our country.

Hours of work are now generally shorter, and home life for the average family in the United States is less drab, while household drudgery has been fighting a losing battle against efficiency devices and methods of various kinds. These are some of the evidences of our material prosperity, but in these very gains certain dangers that are worth thinking about are involved.

Out of increased earnings, higher standards of living and greater leisure, new national habits have grown which, wisely directed, may mean

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great social gain but which otherwise, may lead to social and economic decay. One of the habits is that of spending before earning, and while instalment-buying, now running in excess of six billion dollars a year, has greatly widened the market for consumer's goods, no one knows just where it will lead us. Will this development of consumer credit prove a valuable gain or will it turn out to be a delusion and a snare? What also shall we say of the new leisure we have won? Are we making the best use of it, or are we simply wasting it and developing disrespect for intensive work, especially among the younger people who have come to a new heritage without fully understanding its significance, or being adequately prepared for it?

Due partly to changing social standards, but mainly to our rapidly rising standard of living, we are cultivating an aversion to manual toil; and we are sending more and more boys and girls to schools of higher learning. Is this steadily mounting class of white-collar workers becoming a nation-wide fetish that, if continued at the present rate of increase, is likely to throw our national life out of balance? Between 1870 and 1920, the number of clerks and other office employees increased in the ratio of one to fourteen; between 1910 and 1925, their number almost doubled. Clerical and sales employees in stores have more than doubled, and while servants, housekeepers and stewards have declined over one third between 1870 and 1920, barbers, hair-dressers, and manicurists have increased over three times, and a further rapid increase has undoubtedly taken place since 1920.

The civilian army of government employees, federal, state and municipal, has grown at such a rate that approximately every ten persons otherwise gainfully employed, support one person on the public payroll. Even fully recognizing the great service rendered, does not the question arise whether our public service is not costing more than is justified by our social demands and by the results achieved? Between 1920 and 1925 the number of students enrolled in the elementary and secondary public schools, in colleges and universities, according to the United States Bureau of Education, rose from slightly over twenty-three and one half millions to about twenty-eight millions, which was one and one third million more than the number to be expected on the basis of the population increase. Between 1910 and 1924, according to the same source, the cost of education in the age-group of from five to seventeen, rose from sixteen dollars and ninety-eight cents to sixty-two dollars and seven cents a student a year. About one and one fourth of all State and local expenditures is now devoted to this single item in the cost of education. What proportion of the young men and women who are being sent to high schools, and especially to colleges and universities, has adequate capacity for learning and will be able to return in social value the money invested? Is the present tendency in education, illustrated by the mounting expenditure and the over-crowding in the advanced schools of learning, sound and wise, and is the older generation justified in dancing to the tune that is being played at a cost for public education

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in excess of two billion dollars annually?

Less than four out of every ten persons in 1926 were gainfully employed, according to estimates of the National Industrial Conference Board. The remaining six plus were living on the returns of their investments or were being supported by others or at public expense. Whereas the gainfully occupied in 1910 numbered 38,167,336 or 41.5 per cent, out of a total population of 91,972,266, in 1920 there were 41,614,248 or 39.4 out of a total of 105,710,620, this on the authority of the United States Census Bureau. But for 1926, the gainfully occupied are estimated by the National Industrial Conference Board at about 43,600,000 which is 37.2 per cent of the estimated total population of 117,136,000. The 39.4 per cent gainfully occupied of our population in 1920, compares with 56.6 in Germany of the same year, 44 in Great Britain and Ireland, 53.3 in France and 46.8 in Italy. Of the more important industrial countries in Europe, only the Netherlands and Denmark recorded a lower proportion of the gainfully occupied in 1920, than did the United States. Is this decline between 1910 and 1926 to be put down as a credit or a debit in our national economic ledger?

But even without resorting to statistics, all will agree that the farm, the great breeding place of independent, resourceful and healthy citizenship, has been giving ground to the white lights of the cities, and that the farmer has been rapidly turned into a factory, mill or store worker, as the desire for a higher money return and for a greater participation in the cities' pleasures have made the nation forget the compensating benefits that farm life offers. Are these and other trends and tendencies signs of economic and social health, or do they forecast serious vital problems in the decades immediately ahead? Thoughtful students believe that underneath all these changes definite portentous situations exist.

For example, is the lack of balance in the scale of well-being and monetary return of investment and labor between the two giant industries, agriculture and manufacture, to be viewed in terms of temporary instability of agriculture and recurrent failure of crops, or does it mean a fundamental realignment that is going on in our basic economic life? Are we to become, at least partly, dependent on the agricultural products of other lands? Will it be possible to avert the threatened dependence by improved methods and extended mechanization?

There are other instances of an unbalanced condition in our economic structure that are not so well known, because unlike agriculture, they have not been dramatized. In the bituminous coal industry, more mines are being operated than can be worked at a profit, and in the anthracite fields, the threat of interruption is more or less constant. In the building industry there is great danger of overbuilding and especially of unproductive building because of high costs, largely due to wages which at the end of 1926 were almost double those in manufacturing and fully 85 per cent higher than those in railroad transportation. Does this lack of balance not present a

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menacing condition that concerns our whole national life and which may seriously affect it in the near future?

Viewing our industrial operations in the large, we know that inventions and frequent technical improvements often make for instability of processes and uncertainty of business. The railroads find a rather sudden and strong competition in the motor-truck and motor-bus. The ice producing industry sees its sway threatened by the electric refrigerator. Cotton and silk manufacturing industries are confronted by a rapidly growing artificial silk production that is tightening its grip on purchasing habits. And generally, many commodities which were once regarded as staples are now in the class of fashion goods. In all these cases and others that could be cited, are the industrial branches affected merely at a turning-point to a new and prosperous development, or are they doomed to diminishing returns and eventual elimination? Recent industrial history discloses the fact that many industries have promptly sensed, and quickly adjusted themselves to the threatened influence of change.

But history reveals also that these industries have had alert management, intelligent and well informed, on general economic conditions and trends, a new type of management that is in itself not class-conscious, but recognizes all interests in industry and seeks to coördinate them into a harmonious relationship. How significant the responsibility is of those who administer industry, may be realized from the fact that less than three and one half per cent of the factory establishments in the United States now employ somewhat over fifty-three per cent of all wage-earners in manufacturing. Plants whose annual value of employing is $100,000 or more, are producing fully ninety per cent of the ten and one quarter million industrial wage-earners.

Still another important factor, indicative of American industry at a turning-point, is shown in the public's sympathetic attitude toward industrial combination. For it is now obvious that great inventions and improvements, of which the public is the beneficiary, could not have been made without the massing of capital in the iron and steel industry, in the electrical and chemical industries and in others that have built and are maintaining huge laboratories for scientific research. Nor is the public unmindful of the fact that only by mass-production can the necessaries of life be provided at reasonably low prices. Will industrial management's policies continue to merit and to strengthen this favorable public opinion? That is the vital question.

As we contemplate our economic life broadly, we are impressed with two important aspects that deserve a moment's closer reflection. In the first place, we find efficiency to be the watchword of the day, but it is an efficiency that is wider in scope and actuated by higher motives than it was in the past. Its motive is not the salvaging of scrap at the end, but through research and scientific knowledge, to see that there shall be no waste at the end to be reclaimed. We find also that the more scientific

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management in present day business does not spring from competitive necessity alone, but from the more professional attitude of business toward itself. Industry is more than a medium for making profits regardless of the means. It seeks a steady elevation of the standard of business conduct; not because it pays, but because business has found that it cannot thrive long in a low moral atmosphere. It aims to develop self-government, not because it fears State Government, but because it believes that if it wills it can more effectively police its own affairs. What the ultimate result of this new spirit in our industrial life will be it is too early to say, but it is certainly a future to be viewed with pleasant expectations.

American industry is at a turning-point. A slow but significant change has come upon our folkways of earning and spending, and our industrial life has begun to feel that the changing tide is moving with it. High standards of living, abundant and ingenious machine production, increased leisure, new tastes and habits have come and have brought with them a new atmosphere in which our industry must work. As our initiatives and inventiveness in the past were born of necessity and nurtured by adversity, so now they are challenged by the new problems of prosperity.

Let us remember that the modern factory system is but a century and a half old, and that its intensive development in the United States has taken place within the last fifty years. The fact, therefore, that the problems confronting us are in many respects new and confusing, should not discourage but should stimulate us to scientific study. The obstacles that lie ahead are many, but they can be removed when once recognized and understood, and when leadership has the will and the courage. We have blazed many trails in the path of economic progress, but can our industrial leaders prove as resourceful and as successful in meeting the new conditions as they were in meeting the old? That is the question facing American industry at its new parting of the ways.

GIVE AND TAKE

LUCIA TRENT

I am the eager one,
I am the giver,
My love sweeps
Like a spring-flushed river.

But your love is tranquil,
Tender and still,
Like a snug white cottage
On a high green hill.

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THIS FARM OF MINE

I Want To Be a Countryman

WALTER A. DYER

AS I LOOK back on this day, it seems to me that it has been an unusually thoughtful one for me, and yet my thoughts have been neither constructive nor connected. They have been playing about the details of our life here on this farm during the past ten years. And mixed with these recollections and reflections there has been a growing wonder at the mere fact of our being here at all. I have been able, in a way, to stand apart from myself and observe myself living here in this old house amid these acres, and I see a rather curious sort of person in an unaccountable environment, seeking persistently, if somewhat blindly, for contentment and satisfaction and an opportunity to realize life at first-hand, not through the medium of artificial machinery. It was some such quest, vague and unformulated, that must have brought me here.

Fate plays strange tricks with us sometimes; that is one way of putting it. God moves in a mysterious way; that is another. You have your place and occupation and I have mine, and it is not always easy to account for them. Our parents did not plan these things for us. Very likely we did not plan them for ourselves. The dreams of our youth, as they begin to materialize, usually take on new and unprevisioned forms. It is one of the mysteries that help to make life and the contemplation of life, so vastly interesting.

Twenty years ago I would have been totally incapable of imagining myself in my present situation with my present occupations. I was a city man then, spending my working hours at a desk, animated by certain ambitions connected with my profession, and living much in the manner of scores of my fellows of the same financial and social status. I think I had visions of some day retiring to a farm. In fact, I know I had. I had always found the idea a pleasant one to play with. I had always been a little eccentric in my aspirations, I suppose; I wanted to break away from the life of the herd. But twenty years ago the idea was in a nebulous state. The dream resembled the subsequent reality in only its vaguest outlines. I had never heard of this farm, did not know that such a place existed; I did not visualize myself in a situation such as the one in which I now find myself.

At length, one spring, we found ourselves the owners of a farm. It was, as I recall it, a somewhat impulsive proceeding, not without an element of rebellion. Miriam and I

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had been looking about in a tentative sort of way. We read enticing advertisements. I believe we even looked at a farm or two, but we were not satisfied with the environment. It struck us—and I am surprised now at the wisdom of the view—that happiness on a farm depends as much on the character of the neighboring town as on the nature of the farm itself.

The idea of looking first for the ideal town and then for a near-by farm seemed novel and alluring. We knew such a town—Roxville—and we went there. I have no entertaining tale to tell of farm hunting. We visited a real estate agent in a most prosaic manner, and he sent us out to look at an old place in the adjoining township of Lisburn. We were captivated at once by the picturesque white house, the big barn, the stone walls, the pleasant fields, the young orchard. We liked the owner. We looked at one or two other farms in a perfunctory sort of way and then returned and signed on the dotted line.

The telephone rang this morning and Miriam answered it. It was Mrs. Rice talking.

"Mr. Sutton is dead," said she. "I got a note in the mail just now, from Jamie." She had but few details to add and Miriam had but little to say in reply except to express her sorrow. When she told me, the only comment I could think of at the moment was, "He was a good man." We both felt the shock of it, felt somehow that another link with the past had been severed, for Joseph Sutton was the man from whom we had bought our farm.

The news brought back to me very vividly the events of that first year of our farm ownership. The Suttons remained here as tenants until winter and we spent a little time with them during the summer. We became well acquainted, particularly with Mr. Sutton. He considered himself a failure in life. He was a poor man and he had made several moves that had turned out to be unfortunate for him. I will not go into all that. I am more inclined to raise the question: What is a failure?

We are all failures, more or less, it seems to me. We have all fallen short of achieving the ultimate goal of our ambitions. Few of us are conspicuous successes when we stop to think of all the millions of people there are in the world. But instead of taking this fact of comparative failure philosophically, instead of joining sympathetically with all the other failures in the world in a community of interest, we continue to compete in an attempt to exploit our minor successes, to try to gain satisfaction in some petty superiority over some one else. It is rather absurd.

Even if Joseph Sutton had more abundantly succeeded in a material way, he would never have been guilty of such a lack of sense of proportion. He was not that sort of man. There was too much honesty and humanity in his heart. If the state of one's soul is the measure of one's greatness, rather than the amount and conspicuousness of one's worldly possessions, then Joseph Sutton was no failure. That is the sort of thing Miriam and I talked about after we had recovered from the shock of the news.

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The most valuable things that we purchased with this old farm have turned out to be the unforeseen things, —things that were not mentioned in the title. Title deeds do not record or catalogue spiritual qualities. The friendship of Mr. Sutton was one of the things that came to us unbargained for. It has been worth much to us to have known him. I think he has had a good deal to do with such rectification of my philosophy of life as I have been able to achieve. He has bolstered up my faith in my fellow-men. I think I have never known a gentler, kinder, more honest, more unselfish man than Joseph Sutton, and I have come to believe that such virtues weigh more heavily in the balance than the evidences of material success. It is only thoughtlessness that prevents us all from seeing it.

From those first days, thus recalled, my mind has been traveling on down the years. It was a decade ago that we finally came to make our home here and to become citizens of Lisburn. We were not altogether happy at first. In principle we were not disappointed with the new life, but in practice, a great deal of readjusting had to be done. We could not immediately reorganize our affairs to suit the new environment, and yet as I look back, I seem to see all that in a kind of rosy glow, and to regret that time has flown so swiftly.

It is a curious and fortunate fact that unpleasant impressions fade from the memory more quickly than pleasant ones. Life seen in retrospect, like life seen in prospect, often takes on a glamor denied the present. The imagination, which thus reconstructs the past in a brighter form than that in which it was originally experienced, is one of man's happiest gifts.

I ran across a passage in Thoreau's Journal the other day, that sets forth beautifully the curious but fortunate fact that unpleasant impressions fade from the human memory more quickly than pleasant ones. We forget the little irritations, remember the little joys. Thoreau says: "How is it that what is actually present and transpiring is commonly perceived by the common sense and understanding only, is bare and bald, without halo or the blue enamel of intervening air? But let it be past or to come, and it is at once idealized. The man dead is spiritualized, the fact remembered is idealized. It is ripe and with the bloom on it. It is not simply the understanding now, but the imagination that takes cognizance of it. The imagination requires a long range."

I suppose the same truth underlies Wordsworth's definition of poetry as "Emotion recollected in tranquillity." As I look back over these past ten years the memory is a happy one. I know that we made no mistake in cutting loose from certain ties and certain conventions. I am glad that I am a countryman, entirely apart from the question of success or failure. And I have been thinking to-day that perhaps we make a mistake in letting the present seem "bare and bald." Is it not, in essence, the same golden thing that it was pictured in prophetic imagination, and that will eventually appear in recollection? There

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is something to be said in favor of *carpe diem*. Would it not be worth the effort to idealize the present also, to eat our honey as we gather it, to apply to the present some of that imagination that glorifies the past and the future?

I believe I am learning to do it. That is one of the fine things about living in the country. One has the space and the quiet (actual leisure is not essential) in which to ponder these things and to make application of one's philosophy. I am finding this present life good.

Thoreau goes on to say, "It is the faculty of the poet to see present things as if in this sense past and future, as if distant or universally significant." We all need to cultivate more of the poetic quality of our natures, and it seems to me easier and more natural to become a poet in the country than elsewhere.

I am, you see, gradually crystallizing my ideas as to what this life in the country means to me, the allure that made me seek it and that makes me wish to celebrate it. Not every one can do or wishes to do what I have done, to live as I live, and I am not seeking to make converts. I am merely endeavoring to pass on such enlightenment as this life has brought me. I have had, in a humble way, my revelations.

As I think back over those years, it seems to me that I have learned some things of value. I have learned some things, I think, that help me to live more comfortably with my fellow travelers through what Bunyan called the wilderness of this world. I have learned that most of the obstacles to friendliness and coöperation and sympathy among men are artificial obstacles. Let me tell you, in all candor, how I have discovered this, for to me it is a great and significant discovery.

I call myself a countryman, and I mean to be a countryman. I have meant to be a countryman from the first. Not a farmer, perhaps, in the strictest sense of the term—meaning one who wins his entire livelihood from the soil by the sweat of his brow—but a countryman nevertheless. This has been, and still is, my fixed determination. But it has not been quite as easy of accomplishment as I fancied it would be. It is easy enough to think of oneself as a countryman, but to be unquestioningly accepted as a countryman by one's rural neighbors, is another matter.

I have reached the conclusion—and I will admit that it grieves me—that something of the outsider will always cling to me. My origin, my education and training, my background, my previous condition of servitude inevitably set me apart and differentiate me in some degree from those who have been born and reared on farms and who all their lives have faced the rural problems and borne the rural burdens. I cannot tell you how reluctant I have been to make this confession even to myself. I can only say that I have honestly tried to overcome these obstacles, and I think I am justified in believing that I have worn down many barriers. It has taken time and patience but I am filled with hope for the future and with joy in such success as I have achieved. Does this seem to you to be a strange and insignificant am-

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bition? Let me say that I believe the whole fundamental question of human brotherhood and social democracy to be at the bottom of it.

It is in making this effort to adapt myself to the common ideals and standards of my neighbors that I have learned the truths I want to tell you about. And when I say myself, I mean Miriam too; for if a married man has not the coöperation of his wife in an undertaking of this sort, he is defeated before he begins.

I have come to the conclusion that the whole conception of caste is an anachronism and out of place in a democracy such as we wish ours to be. Caste is one of the singularly persistent survivals of a less enlightened age. Our civilization should have outgrown it, but even in this day and in this country the consciousness of caste is virtually universal. Instinctively (instinct is largely inherited habit) we classify people according to their wealth, earning capacity, social position, raiment, education, political rank or other manifestation of worldly success. It is artificial and absurd, and we all know in our hearts that it has little or nothing to do with character and the real worth of a man. It seldom takes into consideration the spiritual qualities which are the only ones of permanent value.

I will not say that the sense of caste is absent in the country. Quite otherwise. But country people do not accept caste unquestioningly, as city people are inclined to do. Their social hierarchy is less rigid. They are more inclined to view claims to caste with suspicion. I think they are more nearly ready to throw the whole fabric of caste overboard. Joseph Sutton, I believe, was a man liberated from caste.

I flatter myself that I have achieved a partial emancipation. I think I have succeeded in destroying some of the illusions. I know that some of my town acquaintances, observing me under different conditions and at different times of the year, have been perplexed as to how to place me. This amuses and secretly pleases me. I should like nothing better than to prove that their whole system of classification is nonsense.

This sense of caste breeds a ridiculous sort of competition. People are forever trying to climb up an entirely imaginary and illusory ladder, trying to slip somehow into a niche above that of their neighbors. If one means proves ineffective, they try another. If circumstances of birth, breeding, environment or financial resources seem to have condemned them to a certain stratum of society, they try to make people think they belong to a higher one. If the facts won't bear them out, they try to bluff.

There is not so much of this endless and futile competition in the country. We know one another too well. We're pretty shrewd, too, when it comes to that; bluffing doesn't go far. The result is a greater social candor and sincerity. Joseph Sutton made no pretenses whatever.

And out of all this comes simplicity, or as near an approach to simplicity as we complex and muddling human beings can hope at present to achieve. One needs to become as a little child, you know, to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven. On my farm I have found a more complete simplicity than anywhere else—sim-

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plicity of living, simplicity of practical affairs, simplicity of human contact, simplicity of philosophic outlook. Contentment and simplicity, I am persuaded, are two of the most desirable ends of life.

The achievement of this outlook has been one of the chief rewards of my life here and of my effort to fit myself into the rural environment. I have found human friendliness and frankness. I have found a more serene and satisfying philosophy of life; and in this I am conscious of a spiritual renewal that is most heartening. It shows that a man can be made over into something a little more satisfactory to himself.

Very often I have come upon a discarded snake-skin in the stone walls or in my woodpile. The reptile has emerged a new and shining creature, leaving behind him an integument that has served its purpose and is no longer of any use to him. Man, always tending to become case-hardened in his ideas, can thus slough off his old self if he will. The possibility of human metamorphosis is one of the most encouraging things I know of.

When I began this paper I had it in mind to point out some of the things that have endeared this farm of ours to us since the day when we received the title deed from Mr. Sutton. And perhaps I have done it. For nothing ties us more securely to the place than these human connections as they appear in the light of our clearing perception of them.

We love our friendly white house and its familiar contents; we love our natural surroundings and count them beautiful; we love our occupations in house and barn, garden and orchard; we love our animal comrades here. But nothing that we have produced on these acres, no fruits or grains or vegetables, can equal in value the spiritual crops that have sprung up and come to fruition, scarcely noticed, like the wild cherries in the hedgerows.

It is not mere sentiment, I think, the attachment we feel for this place, though I don't know of many things better than sentiment. We have a strong sense of home, both of us, and I would not part with that for any wealth or power. All around us we see people giving up their homes; the children have married and gone away, and the house seems too large, and the servant problem has become insoluble. We cannot understand how they can esteem so lightly a thing as precious and enduring as home. For our part, we have been sending down our roots deeper and deeper each year into the stony but not uncongenial soil, and we are proud and happy in our bondage.

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THE FINDING OF FITZGERALD

A True Story of the Royal North-West Mounted Police

T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

"WE'LL never know now," said the Mounted Policeman, more to his photograph album than to me, "what made him do it. Fitz wasn't the one to talk, anyway."

I smiled inwardly. They were all alike in that, these Mounted Police, and now Staff-Sergeant Dempster was talking at last. To be sure I had survived several hours of misgivings. He had read my letter of introduction and said nothing—had invited me to supper and said next to nothing, and we had done the dishes still in silence, until a photograph on the wall had blessedly led to the album whose pages were memory.

I reasoned that if a man had crossed from Halifax to Vancouver, taken the boat to Skagway, the train to White Horse, another boat down the Yukon to Stewart River, and then penetrated for three days into the dark backward and abysm of that territory to see Dempster at his little isolated detachment, it would at least prove a certain sincerity. But the famous non-com. who was now lighting his pipe, had met other sincere questioners and remained unmoved, and I wondered what *might* move him.

The regular features of his almost Indian-dark face spoke steadiness, his deep brown eyes and low voice harmonized with the vast silent setting beyond the cabin door, for he had lived so long with stillness as to contemn expression. And then, without preamble, he spoke of the days of Francis J. Fitzgerald, while I watched the long, motionless sub-arctic summer twilight gather over one of the great solitudes of the world—the theater of this story.

"We'll never know now what prompted the brown-haired boy, rather tall and slight, to stand before the recruiting officer in Halifax—the autumn of '88 I think it was—and say he would like to join up. He had been working in a shoe store and found that walls were a torment to him. He told Sergeant McGibbon his age was twenty-one years and six months, and when McGibbon expressed a doubt that despite a blasted Irish assurance, he looked barely seventeen, Fitz remarked that one shouldn't always judge a man by his looks. There was something attractive about him, even as a kid, and when the sawbones passed on him as a fair candidate, McGibbon swallowed his doubts and signed him on. So Fitzgerald went home and announced to his family he was leaving for Regina.

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"Fitz hadn't been long on the force before he emerged from that state of suppression so becoming to a buck, to appear before the Commissioner—Commissioner Larry Herchmer, then—to answer to the charge of using profane language toward a superior. He was sternly admonished, since cursing even a corporal is improper. Still more improper was it to be seen crossing the barrack's-square under tow, like one of his native Halifax barges, with a constable carrying his hat. Fitz's defense was just like him. He said that if he had been able to get more liquor during the winter, the few drinks he'd taken wouldn't have gone so to his head. Herchmer warned him that he'd be dismissed for a single repetition.

"Fitz must have taken the warning to heart. For nine years nothing was heard of him even on the defaulter's sheet. But the life had got him. He kept on re-engaging, postponing the commonplaces of civilian ambition—money, a home, a settled existence—and acquiring a fondness for the unfrequented places and the strange enjoyments which are the gift of insecurity. As a boy he had let an old sailor tattoo a star on the back of his right hand; a star, mind you, and not an anchor—there's a difference. And now, after nine years, his star was about to rise.

"Inspector Moodie, one of the great pioneering men of this outfit, chose Fitzgerald for company on the long patrol from Edmonton up here. It took the best part of two years, and Moodie recommended Constable Fitz for promotion. As a corporal he volunteered for the mounted rifles in the South African War. An incident of that time will show you his determination to carry out anything he set his mind on. He was camping several miles from the place where his application had to be registered. During the night he was awakened and on rushing out of the tent to see what was wrong, caught his little toe in a guy rope and broke the bone. The next day he walked several miles without his boot which he put on just before reaching the office. He was afraid if they knew of the broken toe he would not be able to get away with the bunch.

"It was shortly after the war that I first saw him. He had just come from London. He was handsome now, straight, well-set and his clear gray eyes seemed able to tell your very thoughts. He had won honors, the confidence of men, and had seen the world. Down East he met a girl who must have had more than the usual charm, for Fitz went to the length of getting engaged."

The staff-sergeant paused to refill his pipe. "With all respect to women," he resumed, "they are not a man's destiny. That is a mystery already in the veins, a necessity to be drunk from the cup of chance. This girl must have seen the star on Fitzgerald's hand, and caught the eagerness in his voice when she let him talk about his long patrols, the passes of the Skeena and the silent rivers flooding north. But she blinded herself to these signs or she would have insisted on his 'purchasing.' She made the mistake of letting him go North unmarried, to finish out his term. They never ceased to be engaged, but never saw each other again. She could not know, and per-

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haps Fitz did not fully comprehend how deeply wedded he was to the North. It is a strange and silent bride whose hold, once established, is too strong for any man to break. Why should a man, able, witty and with social gifts, seek a place like this? Why should he turn from men and desire the unconsciousness of nature? I have often wondered, but I do not know.

"I said a place like this, but where Sergeant Fitzgerald went with three constables in 1903, to establish the detachment of Fort Macpherson, was infinitely worse. Here at Mayo we get several mails a summer, but in those days, if a boat reached the delta of the Mackenzie once a year it was an event, and the fort, which was a Hudson's Bay Company hut surrounded by the dilapidated shelters of Eskimo and Indian, was still farther away, up the Peel, and as filthy as inaccessible. But Fitz saw to it that his men fitted themselves into the life of the place, a thorn in the trader's flesh, a godsend to the missionary, and for the natives a source of unfailing relief when hungry, ill or bored.

"Consoling the natives was not, of course, the primary reason for the creation of this outpost. Macpherson was to be the base for a more ambitious undertaking—the conquest of the western arctic. Whalers had tapped oil and were playing hob with the natives on the coast, customs were to be collected, and to collect customs one must occupy the country. So leaving two constables at Macpherson, Fitzgerald took a Constable Sutherland with him to Herschel island where the emotional Irishman and the high-strung Montreal lad established the most northerly police post in the world.

"Fitz never would talk much about those days. He aged under them. Herschel island was no place for a white man—a bare rock, devoid of wood or fresh water, some distance from shore, in a zone where the wind never ceased blowing and the shore ice never disappeared; for company, whaling crews; for duty, curbing animal debauch and collecting tithes. Yet they carried it out, kept the whalers from landing liquor, and established law and order—just the two of them. Never for a day did they let the force down.

"Yes, Fitz came into his own there. It was a curious paradise his star had led him to, yet more congenial than the prairie, city or sea. And when a man definitely throws in his life with the North, it becomes at once home and kingdom to him. As staff-sergeant and inspector, Fitz managed his frozen kingdom well, jesting with Constable Carter, a good solid worker, keeping house at Herschel with Selig and Kinney, vying with Forrest, the best Northern man that ever mushed from Dawson to Macpherson."

"After yourself," I interpolated.

"After nobody." Dempster looked out of the window for a full minute before he continued. "I must tell you about that stretch of country, 500 miles over the Yukon watersheds. Harry Mapley was the first man to make the run. He had built up a pretty fair frontiersman's physique in the wilds of London, like a lot of men in the outfit, and showed us that a hazardous patrol across treeless plateaus and along intricate

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bottoms could be looked on merely as a welcome break to headquarters' routine.

"Forrest brought the time down to twenty-one days in 1907, and more than once Fitz and I discussed how it could be lowered. Finally Fitz's turn came to try. He had persuaded Commissioner Perry to permit him to reverse the patrol, enabling him to return to Macpherson with the winter mail. This time, Fitz determined, the record should fall. He would leave every superfluous ounce behind, even to a shot-gun, and would not take a guide. Guides are likely to be slow, and Constable Carter, who had just taken his discharge, wanted to come out, and do the guiding. With them went a good Northern man, Taylor, and a young fair-haired fellow, Kinney. They engaged Indian Esau to put them on Mountain Creek which was hard to strike, then leave them to their own resources. You can picture setting out on the shortest day of the year, 1910. It was seven in the dark of morning when they left, a light snow falling. A blue mist lay on the river-white, and all Fort Macpherson lined the bank to see them off: old Trader Firth with his fifty years' beard, the Rev. Mr. Whittaker and his wife, Corporal Somers who would now be in charge of the post, guide Esau's wives and all the rest of his swarthy tribe, not forgetting the dogs.

"'See you in March,' I can imagine Fitz saying to Somers, and to his party; 'all right, boys.' The dogs lean into their collars, sledges creak and move, the party fades, becomes a dot, disappears into the bluish dark—yes—and into eternity."

There was no sound in the detachment, none without in the midnight dusk faintly glowing with the beauty of the stationary sunset. I certainly did not intend to speak. At length Dempster continued:

"That January the cold passed all knowledge. Eighty degrees of frost, even ninety, day after day, sent the inhabitants of Dawson hurrying from shelter to shelter. Our O. C. forbade horses to be taken out. Dogs bled at the mouth. We reminded one another in barracks that the weather was the cause of the Macpherson patrol being overdue, but when January turned February, we peered often and anxiously down river in the hope of seeing the black dots emerge from the gray-blue mist.

"At last they were seen, February 20. 'It's about time,' said Superintendent Snyder, and his look showed the strain he had been under. We gathered to welcome the party, and I do not want to feel again those doubts and certainties when the men proved to be Indians, among them Esau's cousin. He told the O. C. that Fitzgerald had sent back his guide from Mountain Creek before New Year's Day. It was only twenty days from Mountain Creek to Dawson.

"In a few minutes Superintendent Snyder sent for me. 'You will leave to-morrow, Corporal,' he said, 'to locate the whereabouts of this party. Where would you expect to pick up their trail most surely?'

"'Inspector Fitzgerald would have to cross the Hart River divide, sir,' I told him, and showed him on the map where it would have to be.

"'Then it would be advisable to make for that point and take up his trail. I can't give you any specific directions. You'll have to be guided

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by circumstances and your own judgment.'

"The next day he sent me off with, 'Bear in mind, Corporal, that nothing is to stand in your way until you get in touch with this party.' Snyder was a good officer.

"March is a quick month up here. The sun circles higher every day, the weather warms, the snow grows heavier. I knew we dare lose no time; for an unusual thaw, much water on the ice, illness or any wrong-headedness meant dangerous delay. But I had good men: Constable Fyfe, ex-Constable Turner and an Indian guide, Charley Stewart. Down the Yukon, up Moosehide Creek, over Seela Pass"—Dempster's long finger traced the route—"down the Blackstone, across hills to Cache Creek, down to Michel Creek, out upon Big Hart River, on to Wolf Creek, up that and over to Forrest Creek, and so to the Little Wind—a fairish distance to unravel in twelve days. The snow was at its deepest, and we had to watch for the slightest buried sign. It wasn't just patrolling, you see, it was ransacking a landscape 500 miles long and indefinitely wide, and at panting speed.

"The first hint of a previous traveler was seen on the twelfth day,—merely a depression in the snow, and a depression so slight as to be noticeable only when one sighted across a sheltered level, but certainly an old trail. Whether Indians or whites had made it, or in what direction going,—there was no clue. The river having been frozen to the bottom, flowed on top, submerging all traces, and the ghostly sign could be picked up only on widely separated bars. Where the Little Wind flowed into the Big Wind, it was lost. There was but one way to find it: to cross and recross the river, poking here, there, in circles, patiently, deftly, trying to feel a harder snow compressed by a snow-shoe underneath. And after all, it might not be there.

"That was a day of foggy, uninviting, waist-deep toil, with the mercury at forty-two below, and in the end we had to pull across the river to make camp in some standing timber we saw there. Fyfe was ahead, I remember, and his 'I'll be damned' was the first intelligence of fact. Some one before us had hoped for shelter in that timber, and had left empty corned beef tins such as the outfit used; and an unrotted gunny sack proved the camp not so very old. Even yet we couldn't tell which way the party had gone, but a strange uneasiness came from a simple cause the next day: the trail went around the river points instead of cutting corners.

"'I'm afraid somebody's broken a leg or something,' said Turner.

"'How could they?' I asked.

"'You smashed a couple of ribs yourself,' Fyfe reminded me of the last trip when I'd fallen against the portable stove.

"'Suppose they had broken anything,' I replied, 'they would just as well have gone on as turn back. Besides Fitz wouldn't turn back. Not that wild Irishman. No, he wanted to be tough and talk about it afterward.'

"I thought I was speaking truth, but the uneasiness deepened when four miles farther on we reached another night camp and in the next day's travel three more. 'Looks like

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hungry,' said Indian Stewart. Only great weakness of men or dogs could compel such brief day's travel, and there fell on us one of those profound pauses that come when men are thinking but unwilling to express their thoughts.

"At last we reached the mouth of the Big Wind and there, stalking across the wind-blown ice like ghosts of the living, we saw a line of old snow-shoe marks, pointing downstream. We knew now we had been following a retreat. How pressing a retreat, we discovered the next day in an old prospector's rotting shack. It was dark, and as Turner entered, his first match showed an empty toboggan standing against the wall, its canvas sagging, and beside it hung seven sets of dog-harness, while in the corner lay some paws of dogs and bare shoulder-blades. 'Eating dog, by God!' he exclaimed.

"'Trouble, all right,' said Indian Stewart.

"We were very quiet that night. Discoveries had been coming too fast, and we wondered what the next would bring. Yet it was impossible to conceive of anything truly serious. Fitz was invincible. I don't like to say so now, but I had set out on that patrol hoping to have the laugh on old Fitz. When I saw those shoulder-blades however, I was willing to forego the laugh to find him safe. Our hope of this was strengthened by tracking him up the drifted mountain creek, over the difficult windy portage, over the Caribou Born country and so to Trail River. Just down that to the Peel, down the Peel to Fort Macpherson and the mystery would be solved. All was plain sailing, and we clung to the half-concealed trail, finding a dog skin in every one of Fitz's camps, but worrying less and less.

"Upon reaching Indian Colin's fishing cabin it was dark, and we had supper well under way when I caught sight of something lashed to the rafters. 'What's old Colin got cached up there?' I asked, never foreseeing the blow it was to give us. It was a despatch bag lettered R. N. W. M. P.

"'To lighten his load,' began Turner.

"But Fyfe interrupted him. 'It's no use. We're less than two days from the fort.'

"That was the terrible truth. The undeniable logic of that bag's presence cut the last string that held our hopes together. Those letters uttered one question which could not be silenced: why hadn't Fitz come back for the bag? It was a question we had to pass the night with, and it got us up early the next morning. Five miles farther was a portage, a slough, a little frozen lake, and sitting in the middle of the lake, we found a police camp-stove, cups and tent-poles with the tent. It was as if a final dash had been determined on. The retreat, it was plain, had become a rout, yet the fort was so very little farther. Soon we saw something fluttering on the cut-bank 200 yards away—a blue rag tied to a willow.

"From the rag a dim trail led into the bush, led to the fact itself. There, in a neat little camp, we came on two bodies, lying side by side, the darkened shadows of Kinney and Taylor. It was plain to read what efforts Fitzgerald and Carter had made to provide for those boys until some one could return with aid. A

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camp kettle half full of moosehide cut in pieces stood near them—a stew of taunting bitterness. They were wrapped in all the blankets. Probably they had lived for days, listening for the crunch of a snow-shoe, starting at the deception of voices in the trees. Kinney had died first, and then Taylor, crushed by this desertion, surrounded by the dark and loneliness and cold, sick in body and mind, endured until he could endure no longer, and had ended it. The friendly rifle lay across him.

"We covered the bodies with brush since we could not take them with us, and pushed on through the cloudy March day with a raw wind starting out of the west. The trail was snowed deep here and we lost it many times in the ten miles before we came to an indistinct mark leading to a cut-bank on the right limit. Here Fyfe, poking about, kicked up a snow-shoe, broken. This was the end. In a moment I came upon the body of Constable Carter. When the snow-shoe had broken, there was nothing for him and Fitzgerald to do, in their state, but build a fire—a signal of smoke, you see. And so they made their fire and sat there, talking, only the trees know what, and lay there, thinking, only the hares know how long. But one thing *is* known. Discipline stayed with them, discipline proved stronger than hunger or fear of death. In all those days of efforts to find their way we never found evidence of discipline faltering a moment. There is no word in Fitz's diary, even to its last entry, of any wavering in self-control, and it takes trained courage to keep men going two hundred miles on dog-meat, seventy on none at all.

"They were only twenty-six miles from Macpherson when Fitzgerald lit that last fire. After Carter died, the Inspector made the effort to carry him a few feet away, cross his hands on his breast, and cover his face with a handkerchief. Then he went back to resume his own death-watch, and the snow told of a gallant tenacity. There were many paths trampled to gather firewood, and when the handle of the blunted ax broke, when it was settled that he was to enter the serene twilight, Fitz picked up a scarred branch and wrote his will on a last scrap of paper. Perhaps you have seen it at Headquarters: 'All money in despatch bag and bank, clothes, etc., I leave to my dearly beloved mother, Mrs. John Fitzgerald, Halifax. God bless all. F. J. Fitzgerald, R. N. W. M. P.'

"So it came about that the name of the outfit was his last word. He lay down on the cooling embers and his face was calm as in a falling to sleep. The horror must have passed from him: the terrible exertion, the hunger, the responsibility for Carter lying there and for those boys waiting up the river. Instead there must have drifted through his mind other days: the strange congenial activities at Herschel island, the wistful features of a woman waiting, and the first time that he was up before the O. C. at Regina; the day he told the recruiting officer he was twenty-one, and the sailor tattoo man at Halifax—and home.

"When we came on his wasted body, it had already begun to shape itself to the contour of its mother earth. His left hand was lying peacefully on his breast, but the right was extended—the hand with the star."

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A Clubless Woman's World

Foundations Women Have Built Are Priceless and Indestructible, but—

Ida Clyde Clarke

The woman's club movement is slowing down. The woman's club, as it has flourished for two generations, is middle-aged. There is nothing in its method or in its program to capture the imagination of the women of the younger generation. Club daughters of to-day may "carry on" half-heartedly for a time, but club granddaughters of to-morrow will find the club, as it is now constituted, wholly inadequate as a means for either pastime or profit.

During the next quarter of a century the woman's club will decline steadily from its original and now half-conscious purpose, and by 1950 it will be so changed as to be scarcely recognizable. Let no club "fan" of to-day become alarmed. The woman's club as an institution is not going to pass out suddenly. It will linger, sustained by its glorious memories and stimulated by slogans, until finally it will be assimilated and absorbed into something newer and finer, and its passing will be so gradual as to escape the notice of those who are passing with it.

There will always be clubs and organizations of many kinds, but they will be composed of people who have like interests. Those interested in art will form art-clubs, those who care for music will have their music-clubs, and those interested in civics will associate themselves together for the purpose of furthering civic improvements. Sometimes these clubs will be composed of all women and sometimes of all men, but the division will be according to interest and not sex.

But a blight has struck the "cure-all" club, officially known and much exploited as the "departmental club" —the club that undertakes to do at least a little of something about everything that is wrong, but not very much about any one thing. Men know better. They have no such clubs.

Intelligent women are coming to see that breaking a group into departments, divisions, committees and sub-committees, leaves it weak and helpless against the great and challenging tasks, and they are becoming increasingly unsatisfied with what the average club of this type has to offer.

Even the fine club-houses in some of the larger cities are being thrown open more often and more widely, are developing into community centers. Why read papers to each other about music when we can listen to the best music over the radio? Why talk about art when the best ex-

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amples of painting and sculpture are available to any group or any community through such coöperative and capacious institutions as the Grand Central Art Galleries of New York?

By the year 1950 we shall probably have learned that the problems humanity is facing are neither men's problems nor women's problems, but the problems of humanity itself; and that if we are to reach a solution of them, it must be through the joint efforts of both men and women. There is no woman-problem that is not essentially a race-problem. There is no problem of human welfare now engaging the attention of men, that does not also need and deserve the attention of women, though men do not always realize this.

When France first became alarmed over the decreasing birth-rate and appointed a National Birth-Rate Commission to learn what could be done about it, no woman was appointed a member of the Commission; they said this was a serious business and that it was none of woman's concern; woman's place was in the home where the cradle-rocking was going on, and when the man decided what was to be done about the birth-rate, he would come home and tell his woman. There was something wistful about a resolution passed at the first meeting of organized women in which they pleaded with men to allow them to become members of the National Divorce Reform League. In the dim recesses of their souls they seemed to feel that this was their business too.

Why a "League of *Women* Voters"? Why not a "League of Voters"? Women may need political missionary work more than men, but women never have had any luck persuading women. Mrs. Catt knew that when she failed to provide women speakers for her latest conference on the Cause and Cure of War, held in Washington. Mrs. Catt knows perfectly well that women prefer the tongues of men or angels—especially men. But it is equally true that women have a technique in handling and persuading men, that is undreamed of in man's philosophy. There would be, therefore, more hope of getting the fifty per cent of non-voting American citizens to the polls if we administered a fifty per cent mixture of feminine lure and masculine logic.

Gradually, thinking people of both sexes are coming around to this belief, and the great and powerful clubs of the future will be co-clubs, composed of men and women associated together because of some common interest or some common need. In law, medicine and other professions, men and women pursue the same courses of study, take the same examinations, pay the same license, and practise under the same regulations. Why, then, must we have *Women's* Medical Associations and *Women's* Bar Associations? Why Chambers of Commerce and *Women's* Chambers of Commerce? Is there any sense in male democrats and female democrats having separate organizations?

Woman is moving inevitably toward her proper place in the human scheme of things, whether she wills it or not. It is as if we were on a moving sidewalk, propelled by an invisible power, onward and upward

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to some plane we cannot see. Just how much organized woman has done to accelerate the progress of woman no one can say, but to this writer it seems evident that, in this stage of our progress, we can do little more than mark time so long as women persist in working in sex-groups at things that concern the whole of humanity—especially when the effort is directed to fields over which men have control, which is to say almost every field.

The woman movement, in its broader aspects, is as different from the woman's club movement as the motion of a great ocean liner is different from that of a little tugboat hustling around inside the harbor. One has swiftness, sureness, grace and power; it moves majestically, and keeps unerringly to its prescribed course. The other operates busily and noisily within a limited area, and is not constructed for long journeys or heavy cargoes; it huffs and puffs, guiding a gigantic and unwieldy ocean ship many times its size, into its narrow berth, or pushing with its nifty little nose an obstinate monster of the deep, toward its dock; its mission is to go nowhere in particular, to do nothing for its own sake, but to pull to-day and push to-morrow, and always with enthusiasm, whether the cargo be coal, gold or human lives. It will always be necessary for great ships to make their way through narrow channels to crowded docks, but the usefulness of the tug will decline as piloting and docking facilities are improved. The organization with a single high purpose is glad enough for a pull here and a push there, as long as every cause has many organizations; but as the method of the single-purpose organization is improved, and as the fashion of belonging to many organizations declines, it will have less need for outside assistance.

Feminism in America has developed in two distinct directions. The first woman's platform written in the world, aside from a declaration of rights, was formulated at the organization meeting of the International Council of Women and the National Council of Women of the United States, held in Washington in 1888. That meeting was initiated by a group of feminists including Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, May Wright Sewell, Clara Barton, Frances Willard, Mary A. Livermore, Julia Ward Howe and Lucy Stone. The meeting was called in commemoration of the Seneca Falls, New York, meeting of 1848, at which women made their formal demand for equality. Delegates were present from fifty-three organizations, ten of which were devoted to temperance work, about twenty to religious causes, the rest being "purity leagues," "anti-vice societies," and "suffrage organizations." Only one "culture club" was represented—Sorosis of New York, with Mrs. Jenny June Croly, its founder and president, as delegate. Sorosis was twenty years old when the Washington meeting was called, having been organized by Mrs. Croly in 1868, and during those twenty years "culture-clubs" had been springing up here and there all over the country.

Mrs. Croly left no record of her impressions of the Washington meeting, but its program was perhaps a

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little stronger than she thought the women were ready for. Those feminists of the forties believed that women should have equality of opportunity in every field—in education and the professions, in industry and in the churches. They demanded equal pay for equal work and a single standard of morals. It is a tribute to the wisdom and vision of those feminists of forty years ago that the platform they wrote is still intact, plank for plank. These are the things women are standing for to-day. It is with some reluctance, though, that I record that the eternal feminine asserted itself even in that first serious-minded convention. We almost wish they hadn't done it, but they did—they passed a resolution providing that a committee be appointed "to suggest a business costume for women, which shall meet the demands of health, comfort and good taste." Why the business women only were to be reformed, we are not told.

Mrs. Croly, listening in on this program, evidently had her own idea as to the direction the woman movement should take. In 1889, the year following the Washington meeting, sixty-one clubs sent delegates to a meeting held in Madison Square theatre, New York, and, under the leadership of Mrs. Croly, what is now the General Federation of Women's Clubs came into being. Of this meeting Mrs. Croly said, "There was nothing aggressive in the work . . . only the opening of doors and windows of souls, and constant light and sunshine flowing in upon their minds and souls. It was the most wonderful of experimental gatherings."

It is plain that the new organization had no reforms in mind. It said, "Give us culture or give us nothing." It concerned itself almost wholly with letting the light into its own soul, while the feminist group considered the male the benighted sex, and its activities were centered in sending the light into man's darkened soul.

The Federation was born with a slogan on its lips: "We look for unity, but unity in diversity." They may still be looking around for unity, but certainly diversity has been achieved. The present president, in her last official address said: "From four committees in the beginning, the work has so grown to meet the opportunities and demands for federation service that there are now eight departments of work, each with its divisions, committees, specialists, and advisers, and more than one hundred and twenty-five activities are being given effective attention. To-day the Federation has coöperative relations with more than 100 agencies among the federal departments, bureaus, and services, and national and international organizations." If that isn't diversity what is it?

In these two great organizations—the National Council of Women founded by the feminists and the socially minded, and the General Federation of Women's Clubs, motivated by the desire for self-improvement—began the melting and flowing toward a new mold of high-tempered feminism. One was sophisticated and forthright, the other uncertain and coy. It would seem that one was right as to program and

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the other was right as to method, for at the end of forty years we find the National Council of Women little more than a name, while the General Federation is dizzy with success. What is still more interesting, the Federation no longer admits pursuit of culture as its main object but its eight departments of work follow almost to the letter the program laid out for women by the feminists in 1888.

Were the Federation leaders right? Were women unable to bear too much light flooding through the doors and windows of their souls all at once? Were forty years of training necessary to socialize their thinking and bring them to the point where the suffragist leaders thought they should start? That the National Council languished while the Federation grew, cannot be denied. To quote Mrs. Sherman, the national president: "Nothing ever succeeded like the success of the club movement in the last decade of the nineteenth century. Every woman joined some club and some women joined every club, as long as their finances permitted the payment of dues. There were big clubs and little clubs, inclusive and exclusive, for every purpose under the sun."

The simple and inescapable truth is that organized women have at last got back to where they started forty years ago. But is it going to take them forty years longer to develop a technique adequate for their work? I believe they will seek and find a short cut to service through smaller and more specialized groups composed of men and women. The State organizations are far more efficient and more effective than the national organization of which they are parts.

I dare to prophesy a clubless woman's world by 1950, in the face of reports of increasing numbers of clubs joining the General Federation and their increasing number of members. It is this very bigness of which it constantly boasts and the hopeless multiplicity of its interests, that render the Federation of Women's Clubs an unresponsive, inefficient organization, despite the unquestioned ability and zeal of its leaders. It is being consumed by fires kindled by its own energies, and no genius of leadership can save it from itself. The larger it becomes the more unwieldy it is. The Federation itself is beginning to feel a kind of hardening of the arteries, and its greatest danger lies in enlargement of the heart. It is so big and so complicated that it is easily clogged; and it is so kind-hearted that it warms up to every cause from feeding the birds to international relations, forming committees and passing resolutions endlessly in their interest. Its latest contribution in the field of international relations was a pageant, presented with great success at the Atlantic City Biennial. It handles the most ponderous questions with a light and cameo-like touch. One example of the Federation technique will, I think, prove my point.

One of the eight departments of work is "Public Welfare," a comprehensive topic of vast importance. This department they have divided neatly into six divisions—Child Welfare, Public Health, Problems of Delinquency, Problems of Industry, Indian Welfare and Narcotics. In

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each of these such highly specialized agencies as the Children's Bureau and the Women's Bureau are functioning effectively. If any appreciable results are to be obtained in any one of these fields, it will require the undivided attention of the entire organization for a generation, and at best, the effort would be amateurish. Yet a chairman of Public Welfare, working without pay or expense money, is expected to make a showing at every convention.

Though the present chairman of Public Welfare is one of the ablest and most experienced women in the country, she was helpless before the task. She reported that within the two-year period she had written 2600 letters. Now that is a great many letters for one woman to write when so many other things are pressing in on her, but it is an average of only one letter a year to each 100,000 of the population—hopeless, utterly hopeless as a measure of education or reform. "The study of health laws," continues the report, "has assumed national importance," and yet we are told the only project of importance "was made possible by the generosity of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company."

The question of narcotic control is considered to be important enough to justify a division devoted to the subject, and yet the chairman's report filled scarcely a page of the small pamphlet covering the whole field of Public Welfare. To quote: "Illness in the families of two chairmen of the Western Division has handicapped the work which has had to be carried on by the States without regional assistance. Nobody has heard from the regional chairman of the South since her appointment, therefore no work has been done in that section. . . . The original chairman of the Northwest reports Washington as being the only State in the territory to carry on contests suggested by the program."

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The only widespread response to the chairman's efforts on behalf of three million club women in the interest of the welfare of a hundred million people, was in regard to a suggested May-day celebration which was carried off enthusiastically in thirty-four of the forty-eight States. If evidence were needed of the futility of much of the well-meant effort of national organizations to do worth while things, it may be found in the final paragraph of the report of the chairman of Public Welfare: "Summing up the situation, it would seem that a subject that is purely educational is not as arresting as one that provides more entertainment, and if each year shows an increase in interest, one must be satisfied." But the point is that women of intelligence are not satisfied with May-day parties and such once-a-year frills, when vital and all-the-year-round problems are crying for attention.

Having within the past year observed club women in action in forty States, I am convinced that the majority is weary with the inertia and ineptitude of the old-fashioned women's clubs, and in many States and in many individual clubs, the program has been completely socialized by leaders who are not willing to waste their time in futile efforts.

Notably in North Carolina, club women are facing the realities of public welfare work, and are meeting

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new issues in a new way, without a suggestion of the cumbersomeness and the overlapping characteristic of the national organization. Alabama club women are working directly with the State officials and have gained the respect of these officials. These and other like signs point to a merging of the interests and activities of men and women that seems to me inevitable.

Though the Federation has pushed and pulled with all its might in an effort to help many a great cause on its way, it has never initiated an important campaign nor started a great movement in the interest of human welfare. It was nearly a quarter of a century old before it accepted the principle of equal suffrage, and it was years later that it began in earnest to develop a social consciousness. It has invariably waited until things have been done or half done and then "indorsed" them. It has given assistance to such measures as the Sheppard-Towner Act, but it did not originate the idea back of that act, nor the Children's Bureau that did the actual technical work in its behalf.

The greatest organization of women in the world boasts of but one single concrete accomplishment, *as a national organization*, during the World War. The Federation sent to France a unit of one hundred girls to "do social service work"; and when the war was over, it found it had about $70,000 in the treasury, and for years it seemed that this money could be used for nothing but to send girls to France, though there was no longer any earthly reason why they should go. Only recently, I believe, this money has been released.

And how many splendid opportunities the Federation has had to put the full force of its power back of great movements of national significance! There is the crusade against illiteracy that is beginning to stir the heart and fire the imagination of America—the only great movement for human welfare that has ever been inaugurated and carried on by an American woman. Starting with the now celebrated "Moonlight Schools" in the Kentucky mountains a few years ago, Cora Wilson Stewart has sounded the battle-cry against ignorance until it now rings around the world. Mrs. Stewart says that the progress she has made would not have been possible without the effective assistance she has had from a number of State federations, but a study of national programs seems to show that the great National Federation of Women's Clubs has only played around the subject. Here indeed was a chance for a fine and challenging piece of constructive work for America—human in its appeal and national in its scope—but the Federation failed to accept the challenge. It allowed the American Red Cross to recognize the merit of Mrs. Stewart's work and the practicability of her plans by giving headquarters to the National Illiteracy Commission in its building in Washington. Mrs. Stewart has worked heroically and almost alone as far as national organizations of women are concerned. It is gratifying that such people of importance in their respective fields, as William Allen White, Dr. John H. Finley, and Ida Tarbell, have rallied to her support.

That the Federation itself is dimly

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conscious of the changing psychology of women as well as of its own limitations, is quite evident. Its leaders are wise and experienced women. Mrs. Winter, as war president of the Federation, displayed rare ability in carrying the Federation through the period of its greatest difficulties. Then came Mrs. John D. Sherman, different in type and temperament, but apparently capable of coping with the new problems and the new-woman psychology developed by the war.

Furthermore, the Sherman administration has a "Colonel House" in the person of Mrs. Robert J. Burdette, of California, a "good angel" to this and other worthy causes. Mrs. Burdette gives lavishly of herself and her means, wishing nothing in return but the satisfaction of seeing the work go forward. But unless these clever women can find some job for organized women to do —some one big challenging job worthy of their intelligence and the enormous spiritual power they have generated—the women of coming generations are sure to seek outlets for energy and opportunities for personal service through other means and by other methods.

It is unfortunate and it may be significant, that the motto carved in an antique cabinet in the Federation Headquarters in Washington is: "Welcome now within my gates; sit down and be at peace." That is a motto for the aged—not for youth.

Two emergency measures have been suggested for rejuvenating the Federation. One is a saline life-stirring solution in the form of "Junior Memberships," and there is an unmistakable note of ecstasy in the latest report of the Chairman of Junior Membership. It is clear that the Federation is quite upset with enthusiasm over the Juniors, but how do the Juniors feel about the Federation? Once upon a time some generous people built a fine "Neighborhood House" in a tenement district of New York. It really was a wonderful Neighborhood House, but as some one said, the only trouble with it was the neighbors didn't like it. The Chairman of Junior Membership said in her report to the National: "The Juniors are the pride, joy and potential power of the Women's Club. They are the dynamic force to awaken enthusiasm for the best things in life. . . . Let us give the Juniors a chance to work and play under our guidance—in the club-house . . . almost every State rushes to the contest with the appeal of pronouncement that 'we were the first State to organize young girls for sweet charity's sake,' or for 'self-improvement,' or for 'recreation,' or for 'life work.'" Now this indicates that the Juniors are being treated just as little girls were treated fifty years ago. Then the report continues: "Each State, in fact each club, has its own sweet way of directing Junior work."

It does sound very sweet and lovely, but it is a middle-aged attitude toward the very young. When the New York League of Women Voters met some time ago, the "New Voters Section" was represented by Margaret Hatfield of Barnard College, and Dorothy Day, of Skidmore College, and these Juniors told the Seniors how they felt about things. Here is what Margaret is recorded to have said:

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"You want us to become part of the League of Women Voters and you won't even let us vote. You invite us to meetings and all we are asked to do is to pour tea and pass cake. The girls of my generation are not interested in pouring tea or passing cake. All of the reforms you are working at really affect our generation more than yours. We are the ones who would be most affected by another war, and who have to live under your child-labor laws and your marriage and divorce laws."

The other suggestion for stimulating Federation life is a project for raising an endowment fund of $5,000,000. This would be a wonderful idea if the money could be raised by the professional money-raisers to whom the delicate task is to be intrusted, and if somebody could think of something to do with the money if and when it is raised.

If the Junior injection fails to rejuvenate, and if the $5,000,000 fund dribbles away through three hundred committees working at three hundred causes, then somebody simply must think of something else to do very quickly, or the great structure built up with so much enthusiasm by the women of my generation and yours, will be forgotten by the women of the coming generations.

Impossible, you say? Well, I am not sure. About two generations ago women built in Chicago with much enthusiasm, a great memorial building to Frances E. Willard. It was one of the finest and tallest and one of the most beautiful and useful buildings in the world, and was erected at a cost of $2,000,000. The other day they began to tear that building down. They said the city had outgrown it in these thirty-five years, that it was old-fashioned and ugly; that the equipment was out of date, the architecture antiquated and bad, and that the structure was utterly useless. But the land upon which it stood—oh, that was priceless! So they are going to erect a fine new building on the old site to meet the new demands of a new generation.

If every one of the sixteen thousand women's clubs composing the Federation were to go out of existence in one day, the three million women members would miss the club meetings and the committee meetings for a time, but every single important activity of the clubs of to-day would be continued, and newer and better ways would be found for doing the things that women think should be done. The foundations women have built upon are priceless and indestructible. But why go on living in a superstructure that is hopelessly out of date, and whose walls are crumbling? Why keep patching the roof and stopping leaks and adding rooms? Why not let the new builders build the new structure since they, and not we, will have to live in it?

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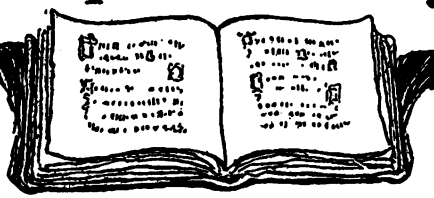
The READING ROOM

Joseph Anthony



Out of children's garden-parties and grown-up playing, a session or two at a woman's college, and a one-sided love affair, Rosamond Lehmann has created a novel that has the touching minor-keyed beauty of a Housman poem. Her title, "Dusty Answer," is taken from a line of George Meredith's, but her kinship is more with the author of "A Shropshire Lad."

A poetical analogy may seem far-fetched with a novel, but it is quite implicit in this lyrical story, with its simple, insistent rhythms, its unrestrained outpouring of pagan moods and unashamed emotions. Here there is no striving for dramatic effects, no self-conscious literary technique, only something that is felt and tasted and told. It is as though the author never knew that any books had been written before, or had forgotten, and set out at the beginning of things, unhurried, intent, to tell what it feels like to be young and have dreams, to grow up, and bruise yourself against stone walls.

"Dusty Answer" tells of Judith Earle, a shy, "difficult" girl, who matured to realize that she was in love with Roddy Fyfe, who lived in the interesting house next door; of how, with the queer bravery of timid people, she told him so; and of how, without being at all a villain, he "misunderstood." No recriminations; no illegitimate child; no social disgrace; only the melodrama of an intolerable memory. Puzzled, beaten Judith, trying to reason her way out of it all without self-pity, goes her inquiring way in the end, with a high dignity.

Basically, the theme of "Dusty Answer" is the incurable loneliness of the human spirit. Judith's love for Roddy Fyfe is ironically paralleled with the hopeless love of the fumbling Martin Fyfe for Judith, and logic tells her that the thing to do is to say yes to Martin's inept pleading. Logic loses, as it generally does in life.

A rare sensitiveness colors the pages of Miss Lehmann's book with memorable impressions of gardens and woods, of children's paper-chases and grave discussions, of the ridiculous importance of small things when one happens to want them, of the baffled childishness of grown-ups in friendship and love. She writes with her eyes and ears and scent and touch as well as her mind; and the result is a book that, for all its pathos, is defiantly flooded with life. Published by Henry Holt and Company.

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Miss de la Roche Pulls the Strings

The Atlantic Monthly Press's prize competition has yielded a novel that is really a prize. It is "Jalna," by Mazo de la Roche, an accomplished and aristocratic novel about bourgeois people.

The name of "Jalna," taken from a military post in India, was given to his pretentious home in Ontario by Captain Philip Whiteoak when he shed the British uniform and went to Canada to live on an inheritance. The grandiose hopes of the Whiteoaks faded in their ineffectual children, and it is with their grandchildren that we are concerned as the story opens. There's Renny Whiteoak, an immature patriarch, running the farm and governing his brood of brothers and sisters; Meg Whiteoak, filling her days with unforgiveness of an erring fiancé; Piers, efficient farmer and lover; Finch Whiteoak of the caddish conscience; Eden the thin-blooded poet; and little Wakefield Whiteoak, most lovable and spankable of children.

In an elaborate design, this generation of Whiteoaks is patterned through the book, with the frayed Uncle Nicholas and his Yorkshire terrier at one end, Uncle Ernest and his cat at the other, and Grandma Whiteoak, chewing a peppermint, smiling uncomfortably down at them all. And, since Miss de la Roche's highly developed sense of design leaves no unfinished pictures, Grandma has her malign Hindu-cursing parrot. So aptly and precisely does each of the protagonists, including the animals, bow and strut his stuff when Miss de la Roche pulls the strings, that they might all be puppets. The remarkable thing is that these people, and their ambitions and quarrels and muddling loves, are real.

The stodgy walls of "Jalna" inclose a quite complete miniature world, though occasionally a newcomer is admitted, as when the fastidious Alayne Archer of New York, marries Eden.

It's the story of Alayne and Eden that provides the central motive of the complicated pattern. Alayne, brought to "Jalna" by her romantic young poet, fell in love with the matter-of-fact Renny, and he with her. The poetical Eden, in turn, found a wayward sister-in-law more attractive than his wife. "Jalna" rumbled with impolite drama, and all its long-smoldering volcanoes went off at once.

Craftsmanship of a high order animates every corner of this little world, and keeps the varied stories moving to their neat climax. But the author's finest achievement, I think, is in the portrait of that elusive, life-loving youngster, Wake Whiteoak, who is as much out of place in the solemn doings of his elders as a kitten at a state funeral. More than technique went into the drawing of Wake. Published by Little, Brown & Company.

Far From the Chestnuts of Clermont

At a time when biographies are generally being written like novels, Willa Cather comes along with a novel that's written like a very able biography. "Death Comes for the Archbishop" is the straight-away story of Jean Marie Latour, ap-

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pointed by Rome as vicar apostolic of New Mexico, of his lifelong friendship with his assistant, Father Joseph Vaillant, and their deeds of methodical and plodding heroism for the glory of God.

In the year 1851, Father Latour started from Cincinnati to find his bishopric. About a year later, after a taste of every peril of the road, he reached it—only to find that his credentials hadn't been forwarded by the church official in old Mexico to whom they had been intrusted. So Father Latour mounted his horse and set out again, baptizing, marrying and saying mass on the way. His position assured at last, the bishop settled down to organize the fold of straggling Mexicans and Indians, while Father Joseph took on some of the cruder duties.

It was Father Joseph who cooked the noble onion soups that were the cure for a Frenchman's nostalgia, and cunningly imported the angelus bells. It was Father Joseph, too, who begged that inseparable pair of mules, Contento and Angelica. Riding his wretched old horse into the far-away ranch of Manuel Lujon, he pointed out ever so casually that one of the good mules would be the saving of his life on the long desert journey. The mule was proffered for the good of Manuel's soul. But no! Could he, a humble priest, accept this wonderful steed while the bishop himself rode a wind-broken hack in Santa Fé? Sadly he shook his head. . . . And so Angelica went with Contento across the desert, and the two mules did more than their share in the spreading of the faith.

There are bad priests as well as good ones in Miss Cather's story—Father Martinez, who was half desperado and half Friar Tuck, and the acquisitive Father Lucero. Martinez was cuffing a boy when his bishop arrived at Taos and remarked casually: "He is my own son, Bishop, and it is time I taught him manners." Could the gentle bishop, thousands of miles from his source of power, combat such intrenched arrogance? The gentle bishop could, and how he did it, makes very good reading.

There were many meetings and partings between Bishop Vaillant and the beloved Father Joseph, until Contento and Angelica took the stout missionary West on his last trip. Then the bishop, his battles fought, dreamed of the chestnut trees of Clermont and waited for death. It's a mellow story, unhurried and full of serene power. Published by Alfred A. Knopf.

Will, The Dark Lady, and W. H.

A Shaksperian scholar is often written of as some one lacking the juices of life, drowning poetry in sheaves of references and gloating over foot-notes. There is a satirical glimpse of one of these dry-as-dust Shaksperians in "Jalna." But scholarship that can really throw new light on the career and personality of Shakspere is important, all the same—important because interesting.

"Shakspere: Actor-Poet," by Clara Longworth de Chambrun, is a book that represents a prodigious amount of painstaking, luminously intelligent work. Madame de Chambrun shakes out the basket of known facts about Shakspere's life, and exhibits them from every possible angle, but,

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realizing that the measure isn't and never can be a full one, refrains from stuffing it with far-fetched imaginings. Her chronicle can't help being fragmentary, but it's alive as far as it goes.

Just as a politician is required to lay down his platform on the tariff and farm relief (the fact that Madame de Chambrun is a sister of Nicholas Longworth may have suggested the analogy), the Shakspere biographer is expected to answer these questions: Who was the dark lady of the sonnets? Who was the Mr. W. H., to whom they were dedicated?

Madame de Chambrun is one of those who believe that the lady was Mrs. Davenant, hostess of the inn at Oxford, and she has an impressive array of arguments to prove it. W. H. she holds to be a transposition, caused by the printer's fear of censorship, of the initials of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. Out of her patient marshaling of facts to this effect, there arises the arresting picture of Shakspere and his noble patron competing for the love of a beautiful woman who was out of bounds for both of them.

Not afraid of being undignified, the biographer quotes a spicy old anecdote in connection with the Davenant theory. Young Will, the son of Mistress Davenant, was running home happily, and a townsman asked where he was going in such a hurry. To see his godfather, Mr. Shakspere, was the reply. "There's a good boy," said the neighbor; "but have a care how you take the name of God in vain."

But I should hate to leave the impression that gossip sets the tone of any part of this book. There's no wielding of a whitewash brush here, and neither is there any smirking. This is the most human and sensitive full-length portrait of Shakspere I have come across. Published by D. Appleton and Company.

Dividends in Spanish Silver

The not so jolly life of Francis Drake, and his not so rollicking cruises on the Spanish main, are the subject of E. F. Benson's biography in the "Golden Hind" series. Those who like to have their buccaneers buccaneering, will grieve to learn that Sir Francis wouldn't allow his men to frequent low roistering places of amusement, and wouldn't tolerate card-playing and dice aboard his ship.

Cruel historians have washed all the piracy out of Captain John Kidd in recent years, and now they make of the swashbuckling Sir Francis, a little calculating business man, nursing a grudge. Mr. Benson tempers his unromantic facts with an oft-repeated phrase about Sir Francis singeing the beard of King Philip of Spain, and it *has* a brave ring to it; but it's quite drowned out in the sputter of scratching pens as Sir Francis figures out his dividends. And as for good Queen Bess, one has to commit an anachronism to imagine her at all—it's a whole battery of adding machines that goes with that royal lady.

Great courage, genius in seamanship and outstanding leadership Mr. Benson grants to Sir Francis, but never a hint of the joyous daredevilry that has always savored the name of Drake. The piety of this short, sober man, and his conviction

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that he was doing the work of the Lord each time he ballasted his ship with another ton of Spanish silver, are disconcerting. If historians keep on being so distressingly truthful, in time to come we'll have to lavish all our stored-up impulse of hero-worship on the mythical but satisfying Paul Bunyan. But I mustn't vent my disappointment on Mr. Benson, who has done a good job. Published by Harper & Brothers.

READING RUMORS

Here's the latest contribution to the fund of Shaw stories:

A very attractive young lady came hastily out of the Royal Automobile Club and had a head-on collision with an elderly gentleman whom she recognized as G. B. S. When she had recovered her breath, she said contritely, "Oh, I'm so sorry, Mr. Shaw!"

G. B. S. surveyed her blandly. "Well, I'm not!" he replied.

When an American publisher on his buying trip in London comes across a book that he would like to have on his list but which seems to have small sales possibilities, he buys a few hundred sets of sheets of the book and has them bound up with his imprint. This is the basis on which Elliott Holt acquired Rosamond Lehmann's "Dusty Answer" for Henry Holt and Company—whereupon it proceeded to become one of the outstanding books of the year.

Quite a few outstanding successes have been taken originally as sheet importations—among them "The Constant Nymph." But in this case, as with "Dusty Answer," the tremendous possibilities of the book were seen, and an American edition printed, before publication date, thereby protecting the copyright.

In general, the custom of buying sheet editions from England is falling into disfavor—partly because of our exceedingly unfair copyright laws, which give no protection to a book not actually printed in this country within a few months of English publication. No such restriction is imposed on American books in England.

Apropos of the international book market, it is interesting to note the speed with which American books are penetrating England. Five years ago Wild West stories were almost the only American books in general demand in England. Now nearly every English publishing house is on the lookout for good books from the States. Much of the credit for this belongs to the enterprise of Jonathan Cape.

The blurb-writer and editorial assistant of to-day is the novelist of to-morrow. Sinclair Lewis used to work for Doran and Stokes, Louis Bromfield for Putnam's, Barry Benefield for THE CENTURY Co. But it would be wide of the mark to suppose that their publishing training has had anything to do with their success as authors. Publishing jobs attract young writers as a logical means of making a living—but that's quite a different matter from creating writers.

Konrad Bercovici, cruising about Europe wherever the lure of a story

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leads him, is having an interesting time of it. He writes me from Roumania:

"We arrived in Vienna the 15th of July, while the so-called 'Revolution' was in full blast. We had a few pleasant nights listening to the crack-crack of machine-guns and the purring carabine reports in the distance, and watching the smoke and smelling the odor of the burning Palace of Justice. We got out of Vienna (paying heavily of course) in an automobile, that took us to the Hungarian border, from where we took a slow train to Bucharest, standing up for almost twenty-four hours, for there was no place to sit down. We arrived here the morning before the king died.

"I had occasion to take note of how enterprising American journalism can be. On the way to Vienna, we traveled together with a Mr. Wohlfeil, who represents a newspaper photo service. Although it is not his business and he is not especially trained for such work, he took pictures of the goings-on in the street, while bullets whizzed by his ears, and stopped taking them only after the enraged mob smashed his camera."

In "Latest Contemporary Portraits," Frank Harris tells how he paid a visit to A. E. Housman to ferret out the secret of the Cambridge poet's greatness, and came away deciding that the author of "A Shropshire Lad" wasn't so great, after all. From first to last the essay is perfect, a howling masterpiece of unconscious humor.

Picture the retiring, sensitive Cambridge don having the privacy of his rooms invaded by the aggressive Mr. Harris and two equally pushful friends, come to carry him off to lunch by main force and cross-examine the great secret out of his soul. Mr. Housman finds it easier to go than to resist. He parries their questions, retreats from their expressions of admiration, and nervously consults his watch. They are not a little surprised at his lack of response. Why, one of them is an editor, and has graciously offered to print any little poem that Housman may happen to have lying about—and the queer fellow answers vaguely, guardedly. He must be written out—that's it—written out.

But Mr. Harris gives him another chance, before forming an irrevocable judgment. He bestows his approval on the poet for (one wonders why he didn't pick on Rudyard Kipling!) the fine irony with which Housman has shown up the hollowness of patriotism.

At last Housman speaks up—like an angered god who has been petitioned for a sign, and gives it in the shape of a sharp crack on the head of the supplicant. He replies:

"I resent your truculent praise."

And so the sad Frank Harris goes away with his friends, to tell the world that A. E. Housman is finished as a writer, that he never *was* much of a writer, come to think of it, and—

Why, this Housman fellow has no sense of humor!

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When the Reader Writes

My dear Editor,

I must congratulate you on the August Century. Every one in my household is enthusiastic over it, and I found myself reading it through. The story, "Beyond Sound of Machine-Gun" is pretty close to being a classic. "Acadians in the Flood" is also a fine piece of work.

Sincerely yours,
William W. Ellsworth

New Hartford, Connecticut.

For years Mr. Ellsworth was secretary of The Century Co. and on the death of Mr. Scott was made president. He retired ten years ago.

My dear Editor,

I see from the June number of The Century you welcome letters from subscribers and possibly a letter from one on this side of the water may not be unwelcome even though it may not be altogether flattering.

Let me say at the beginning I have known The Century all my life as my father took it as far back as I can remember, and I have followed his example for a good many years except during the war period when it was unobtainable. I sometimes wonder though whether or not to continue it, it is so different from what it was, say twenty-five or thirty years ago, but whether it is better or worse than it was, I am unable to say. No doubt The Century to-day is much more informative than it was at the period I speak of, but does a magazine improve by becoming less entertaining and more informative?

Last winter I had the great pleasure of visiting America—and shall be returning there on business in September this year—and I have nothing but enthusiastic praise for America and Americans as I met them; individually they are most hospitable, generous and courteous to the stranger within their gates. What I missed though, was the old American humor to which the earlier Century had accustomed me and which is now missing from it and, so far as my experience went, from the American people in the cities. Do you not all take life too seriously? Possibly in this respect The Century is a more faithful mirror of America and the Americans to-day than the old Century was of its times, and the fault, if any, is in the subconscious mental picture I had of America and the Americans.

In pre-war days I was associated in business here with a number of Americans all of whom were born story-tellers and humorists, and possibly that strengthened the picture I had formed of the Americans being pre-eminently humorists, some dry and pawky, others scintillating and brilliant, but all gifted with a sense of humor which touched and often illuminated everything. Life with these men was very pleasant; we worked hard and did good work but it was always lightened and made easier by their sense of humor which flashed and sparkled all the time.

The historical articles in The Century were always good and, personally, I always enjoyed them and wanted more, especially articles dealing with American history and historical personages. I think I best enjoyed The Century in the days when it contained long serial articles on the American Civil War, and I wish the time was ripe for a similar series upon the recent World War which, though it horrified me while it was on, fascinates me to-day as does no other subject. Maybe I am alone in that.

Your articles on World Politics are also interesting if only from the different points of view from the European or British to which we are accustomed. Here of course we cannot always accept the conclusions your contributors arrive at nor can we always accept the premises upon which these conclusions are based, but these in no way lessen the value or interest of the articles.

The most interesting reading I know in any of our magazines are the authentic stories which appear in "Blackwood" from civil servants and naval and military officers stationed in out-of-the-way parts of the world. (You are probably more familiar with them than I am.) What I suggest to you is that there is a very rich mine of similar material available from your own civil servants and naval and military officers scattered throughout the world, if it could only be tapped,

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and I can think of nothing better calculated to stimulate that interest in world affairs, which I am sure you wish to create and foster in the American people, than such stories and articles. At the same time I think such stories and articles would improve THE CENTURY, good as it may be, as somehow people in the out-of-the-way places generally manage to see the funny side of things—if they did not, life would be too burdensome altogether.

Yours very truly,
J. A. McLAY

Rose Lea, West Park, Leeds.

My dear Editor,

About a year ago I subscribed to THE CENTURY because I wanted to read "Bull-Cooks." Recently I renewed my subscription for a two-year period because I have come to feel a need for the magazine. It is one of four that I read from cover to cover. Some of your articles are "hard labor" for my sort of mentality, but I study them because I believe they are good for me; "The Withered Arm," for instance. I have come to know you so well that I am always sure of a zestful treat after conscientiously trying to do justice to "deep stuff." This month I was especially delighted to find "Whistle-Punks" after absorbing psychology from Joseph Jastrow—hence this letter.

When I am through with this issue it will be going the rounds of our lumbering operation as did "Bull-Cooks"; and like "Bull-Cooks," I expect it will finally get back to me covered with Douglas fir pitch, donkey cup-grease, and no doubt in this instance, smears of "choc'lit-bars" too. Mr. Holbrook knows his loggers.

D. C. E.

Westimber, Oregon.

My dear Editor,

I picked up the August number of THE CENTURY, by accident, not having read it for years, and I must confess the accident gave me a most delightful surprise. There is a thrill in every article, even to one who is just a plain every-day sort of reader, neither critic, author, nor indeed a very literary person.

"The Withered Arm," "The Short Ballot in Literature," "Acadians in the Flood," "Ripened Years," were gripping, and I am not usually nor very easily impressed. But if I had a voice in the selection of Best Stories of 1927, I should certainly name your story, "Beyond Sound of Machine-Gun" by Llewellyn Hughes, as worthy of a place in such a list.

Pardon this effusion. It is my first offense.

Respectfully yours,
ELIZABETH R. KIMBALL

Worcester, Massachusetts.

My dear Editor,

In the September issue, in an article entitled, "Debts and Our Allies," Charles L. Guy makes some statements which, I feel, cannot be permitted to pass unchallenged.

I would not quarrel with Mr. Guy on the debt settlement, as I am not competent to do so, but it seems that his zeal to make a good case for cancellation, has lead him to make statements which cannot be substantiated.

For example, in explaining how defenseless the United States was in 1917, Mr. Guy states that we had "no navy capable of transporting troops across the Atlantic in safety." May I ask Mr. Guy to look up the records of the American navy for the period 1917–19? He will find that the "unprepared" navy conveyed two million men across the Atlantic without loss.

"Without coöperation of the Allied Governments, we faced a certainty of defeat . . . even our very existence as a separate nation, was imperiled." This statement, unfortunately, does not fit the facts. Mr. Guy seems to feel the United States and Germany were engaged in a war into which the Allies stepped to save us from a "certainty of defeat." Rather, the Allies were close to defeat when the United States entered the conflict.

And finally, "Of course they do not like us. Who does like a braggart?" That from an American. Our nation has its faults and one of them is speaking too readily of our virtues, but has Mr. Guy discussed France with a Frenchman or England with an Englishman? He will find that other nationals praise their fatherlands as heartily as we do. And although there are "apologetic" Americans, has any one seen an apologetic Englishman?

In closing, may I remark that I have followed the arguments pro and con for cancellation and that Mr. Guy presents nothing new on the subject?

Very sincerely yours,
J. L. EVERHART

Syracuse, New York.

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